F. HAVERFIELD

1860–1919

FROM 1500 onwards Haburfelds, Hawberfildes, Haberfeilds, and Habberfields are on record as holding land and making wills in the plain between the Mendips and the Quantocks. It was from this stock that there sprang a certain John Haverfield who, soon after the middle of the eighteenth century, was appointed Superintendent of Kew Gardens by the Princess Dowager of Wales on the recommendation of Lord Bute, a sound judge in all things botanical. John Haverfield *primus* died at a ripe old age in 1784, leaving as his successor in office a son of the same name. A daughter of John Haverfield *secundus* survives in a Gainsborough portrait. His eldest son, likewise a John, held commissions in the 43rd and 48th Foot, and served as Assistant-Quartermaster-General in Spain and Portugal in the year of Talavera. Lieutenant-Colonel Haverfield died in 1830. He had been twice married. His first family continued the name of John Haverfield for one generation and the tradition of soldiering for three; two of his great-grandsons fell in action in 1915. His second wife was Isabella Frances Meyer, daughter of the Würtemberger Jeremiah Meyer, who migrated to England as a lad of fourteen in 1749, designed the bust of George III for the coinage of 1761, and ultimately became one of the foundation members of the Royal Academy; her sister Mary is the 'Hebe' of Sir Joshua Reynolds. William Robert, the only issue of John Haverfield *tertius* and Frances Meyer, was ordained in 1850 after graduating at Oxford. Two curacies in Somerset and a third at Shipston-on-Stour were followed by his presentation in 1864 to the living of Headington Quarry in the immediate neighbourhood of his old University. He had never been robust, and within a year and a half ill health compelled him to resign and retire to Bath. For a short time he took light duty there. Then he finally broke down, lingering on in invalid seclusion for some seventeen years more. In 1859, while still in the diocese of Worcester, he had married Emily Mackarness, one of whose brothers was afterwards well known as Bishop of Oxford, and another as Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. She died three years later in giving birth to a daughter. A son, born at Shipston on November 8th, 1860, had been christened FRANCIS JOHN.

As the father was seldom well enough to see them in his sickroom, the immediate charge of the motherless children devolved upon a

faithful nurse. It was therefore not a normal household from which young Haverfield was sent to a preparatory school at Clifton in January, 1872. His new companions were quick to recognize that he was quite unlike themselves. Very shy and somewhat awkward, with little aptitude for games, he received the rather ruthless welcome that might have been expected. But he was content to make his mark after his own fashion, and in the summer of 1873 he rejoiced the whole school by carrying off the first scholarship at Winchester in the same term in which his rival in the top form, Stanley Leathes, won the corresponding distinction at Eton. In the larger society, just as in the smaller, he was confronted by unusual difficulties until grit and character and ability could win him the respect that he deserved. These early experiences undoubtedly left their mark. In self-defence he was driven to don an outer panoply, which he was never able altogether to discard, although long before the end it had worn extremely thin. Inwardly he was in no way embittered. He did not complain and, what is more, he never cherished the slightest personal resentment for what he had endured. Yet he must sometimes have felt it acutely. A passage in a paper which he contributed anonymously in 1884 to the *Lancing College Magazine* is very significant. In the course of a defence of school athletics (of which he was a warm advocate) he draws a sharp line between the mere 'slacker', on whom he would have no mercy, and the 'duffer', who has his fullest sympathy. He then proceeds:

> 'Very few boys care much, while boys, for intellectual excellence. But a few such there are. We do not mean those who prefer the society of their elders to that of their companions, for the healthy boy dislikes the society of man. We mean boys who care for something beyond games—for excellence in work, for politics, for literature. Such boys are uncommon in a school, and, being uncommon, unprotected and generally unable to defend themselves, are little tolerated. It is the old story of the Irish dogs snapping at the tidy coat. Of the harm this intolerance does, even in its mildest form, few have any conception. Other boys may express themselves only in casual whispers and gestures; the victim, however, speedily discovers what those mean; he loses confidence, and loss of confidence, that is of self-respect, means carelessness in all matters, despondency, and perhaps ruin. The remedy for this we leave to the boys at the head of the School; they can give, if they will, the necessary protection; they can understand a little how far superior intellectual is to physical excellence—the mind to the body.'

But his tastes were unconventional as well as intellectual. In 1868, when he was little more than a child, great discoveries of Roman remains were being made at Bath. What he saw of them impressed

him deeply, and must have given an unwonted sense of reality to his earliest Latin lessons. At Winchester, under Ridding, he proved himself an indefatigable worker, knowledgeable all round in many things not generally taught at school, and quick to learn how to distinguish grain from chaff. He was adjudged equal for the Goddard after a Homeric struggle, which old Wykehamists can still recall. At the same time Sir Charles Oman, his friend for forty-six years, remembers him chiefly as 'much given to archaeological excursions, and to using German text-books different from the ordinary text-books employed in the class. He always preferred to read off the curriculum and for his own pleasure'. So it was at Oxford, where he matriculated in 1879 as a scholar of New College. Pelham made him a follower of the modern school of Roman historians, and Henry Nettleship lured him into the by-ways of Latin lexicography. Philosophy, on the other hand, did not attract him, and he gave it the minimum of attention. Consequently, while he easily secured his 'first' in Moderations, he missed his proper class in Greats, and with it his immediate chance of a Fellowship. That was in 1883. Next year he accepted a post as sixth-form tutor at Lancing.

This decision can hardly have been a mere *pis aller*. He relished the company of young people more than do most men. During his Oxford vacations, too, he had seen much of the Headmaster of Bath College, Mr. T. W. Dunn, whose manner of handling boys he admired warmly, and whose enthusiasm for teaching he came to share. His choice of a profession, therefore, was probably deliberate. And, if one may judge from casual conversations, he always looked back with satisfaction on his eight years as a schoolmaster. Of these years a vivid picture has been supplied by the Rev. H. W. McKenzie, late Headmaster of Uppingham, who was Headmaster of Lancing during the concluding part of Haverfield's sojourn there:

> 'It is not easy to place F. H. as a schoolmaster. There was a time when he seriously thought of aiming at a headmastership. But happily the idea faded away. He would have been quite out of his element; and the loss would have been great. He was made for something bigger than a mere pedagogue. Indeed, few men were less like the ordinary schoolmaster. His methods were all his own and not cast in the ordinary mould. He had none of the "tricks of the trade": even his personal appearance in a class-room was unusual. He had no thought for the conventionalities. He was there not so much to teach as to let all who would learn. With the ordinary sixth-form boy—with his smattering of Classics and his thoughts for the playing-field—he was hardly a success. Not that he cold-shouldered him because of his lack of literary wits. Still, when there are differences about the things that

matter, it is not easy to run an easy course. And with him the things that mattered were hardly those of the ordinary schoolboy. But, granted a chosen few with real desire for learning, he was ready to spend himself and all that he had in stirring the lighted fires.

Even so, it must be conceded that he was sometimes difficult. I have in mind two clever boys of whom the one was nursed and trained by F. H. into a fine character, fine in morals and in brain, while the other—they could not draw together, and it was left to his successor as sixth-form master to produce the results. Yet no one could come into his class-room without discovering that there was some one there who was out of the common, not only in method but also in largeness of outlook and immensity of knowledge far beyond the ordinary master. He realized, too, the value of illustration. He filled his rather inadequate room with models and maps—many of them self-made—and with everything suggestive and likely to catch and retain the schoolboy's attention.

But I soon found that he required to be "given his head". He had his own ways, and was not inclined to change them. Not that I ever had any friction at all: he was wholeheartedly loyal and ready to work beyond what was agreed upon, but it must be according to his own lines, which, as I have said, were not those of the ordinary schoolmaster. And so I suspect he was not always at one with his colleagues. It is unwise for a headmaster to know too much, and I never inquired; but I feel sure things did not always go smoothly. His sitting-room was open to the boys to come in and prowl round and read or borrow books. The literary—nay, even the untidy—look was a great attraction. Boys learned from him by talk and personal contact even more than they learned in the stated hours of teaching. He was no athlete, but none of his pupils could accuse him of lack of interest in that which bulked perhaps too largely in their daily thoughts. When he had passed away from school life, he refused to drop out; he maintained his interest in the boys he knew, and was ready to get hold of and help any one who came up to Oxford and had need of advice. He kept himself young in the sense that he could unfailingly enjoy the society of the young; while his friendship once won was firm to the end. In looking back over my work with him at Lancing College it is impossible to forget the help he gave, by his example, in things higher than the mere scholastic round.'

Meanwhile he grew steadily in intellectual stature. As a rule, his vacations were spent abroad. Since one of his objects was to strengthen his hold on foreign languages, he usually travelled alone. Nor, indeed, would it have been easy for him to find a companion of energy and enterprise to match his own. During the summers of the later 'eighties', for instance, he ranged over the whole of Central Europe, exploring even the Bukowina and the Dobrudscha, and wandering on foot among the Carpathians. In term-time he devoted his leisure to writing. As early as 1882, while he was still an undergraduate, two important articles had been published over his signature

in the *Academy*, then at the zenith of its fame and influence. Now he contributed numerous papers, first to the *Journal of Philology* and the *Berliner philologische Wochenschrift*, and then to an ever-widening circle of other periodicals. As the stream gathered volume, its channel contracted and deepened. Roman epigraphy proved a natural point of convergence for what had been his two main interests at Oxford, Latin lexicography and ancient history. And it so happened that at the moment the epigraphy of Roman Britain was ripe for competent handling.

Haverfield's peculiar qualifications for such a task did not escape the discerning eye of Mommsen, whose personal acquaintance he had made in Berlin. The outcome was that in 1888, five years after he had sat for Greats, he was invited to become one of the editors of the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*, surely an unprecedented distinction for one so young. His *Additamenta quarta ad Corporis Vol. VII* was ready in 1890, and with its issue his reputation as an epigraphist was made. On laymen the slim brochure of eighty pages may not have left much impression. With scholars it was different. They could appreciate the strenuousness of the labour involved; they could gauge the insight and the skill and the experience that were implicit even in a discussion so terse as '*descripsi et damnavi*'. Two or three sentences from his prefatory note are worth recalling, partly as a specimen of his Latin style, partly for their trenchant account of the chaos out of which order had to be brought: '*Titulos quos quidem adire potui, ipse contuli: libros ad rem spectantes pro viribus excussi. Et horum quidem magna est copia; cum enim nunquam ii fuerint antiquarii qui chartae parcerent, tum prae ceteris hos nostros scribendi quoddam cacoethes invasit. Eduntur societatum archaeologicarum acta, transactiones sive memorias quas vocant, rudis indigestaque moles et sepulcro potius archaeologiae quam monumento futura.*'

These are hard words, and their candour is characteristic. Haverfield was not in the way of mincing matters when he felt that plain speaking was required. Yet the result of his quest was to be more far-reaching than he realized. If it left behind it a disheartening sense of wasted effort, it also served to introduce him to the study of Roman Britain as a whole. The impression that the remains of ancient Bath had made on his boyish imagination was still strong. To his more mature intelligence a much wider vista was now opened up. Here was a definite bit of work to be done, and he felt more and more drawn to the doing of it. Thus it came about that the scholar and the historian developed into the archaeologist. His study of Roman inscriptions broadened into a study of Roman forts and roads and 'villas', of pottery and fibulae, and of the host of 'minor objects'

which to the ordinary man may appear to be trifles, but which to him were full of possibilities as links in the chain of evidence. None the less his interest in scholarship and history remained unabated. His acknowledged distinction in these two departments of learning was presently to bring him the offer of a Senior Studentship at Christ Church, and the beginning of 1892 saw him once more in residence at Oxford.

So far as the common round of tutorial duties went, his life during the next fifteen years was but an ampler version of his life at Lancing. From the outset he was universally respected. But his forceful personality did not always adjust itself automatically to the views and the customs of older or more conservative colleagues, and the pupils who got most from him were those who were able to catch something of his own infectious enthusiasm for research. In the sphere of administration his unresting energy found vent in various unexpected directions. While in charge of the Library, he prompted the compilation and issue of a scientific inventory of the many valuable drawings it contains, and initiated similar work for the collection of English music and for the pictures. As Junior Censor, he had the care of the portraits in Hall, and these he catalogued himself after consultation with experts; his *Brief Guide* has run through five or six editions, each an improvement on that which had gone before. He was Senior Censor for a single year, the year before he resigned his Studentship. At Christ Church the two Censors are responsible for internal discipline. The control of a couple of hundred high-spirited undergraduates is not a business for which Haverfield was obviously fitted, or which one would have expected him to enjoy. Yet he found it much to his mind, and he did it uncommonly well. Mr. J. G. C. Anderson, whose opportunities for judging were exceptional, writes to me: 'Here he was very successful. Sharp when sharpness was necessary, he was also tactful, discriminating, and reasonable; and his gift of epigram often saved an awkward situation.' College tradition has laid firm hold of some of his more memorable *mots*, such as the happy exhortation with which a belated quadrangle-gathering was dissolved in harmless laughter: 'Let those who can take those who can't to bed'. One other side of his life at Christ Church was conspicuous. To old friends and to new his hospitality was unbounded, and it was shared by even the humblest and least intellectual of his pupils. 'Whom would you like to meet?' was his invariable question to non-residents, when a week-end invitation was accepted.

His Christ Church days were also the days when his phenomenal outside activities attained their greatest intensity. He was an indefatigable reviewer. His notices of new books, which appeared

regularly in the *Guardian* and elsewhere, were models of their kind, showing a consistent endeavour to keep abreast of the march of knowledge in the whole field of classical scholarship. His reviewing, however, was a mere πάρεργον. There was much besides. In 1895 he saw through the press a posthumous volume of Henry Nettleship's *Essays*, and three years later he produced a revised edition of Conington and Nettleship's *Eclogues and Georgics*. Of Roman Britain he thought constantly and wrote assiduously. A multitude of articles in many periodicals, each of them succinct and directly to the point, made his name a household word to students of the subject at home and abroad. Local correspondents flooded him with letters, which he answered with exemplary courtesy and promptitude. Lest he should miss anything of note, he joined innumerable societies and read their publications. Nor was all this enough. Apart from entertaining, his chosen recreations were the carrying out of personal examinations of Roman sites and the scrutinizing of Roman remains in museums and private collections. In the late summer of twelve successive years, for example, he settled down with R. P. L. Booker on the western half of Hadrian's Wall, and directed the spade-work that furnished him with material for his annual *Report of the Cumberland Excavation Committee*. When an archaeological expedition was afoot, distance and weather were of no account. Even a mid-winter snowstorm would not deter him from keeping tryst on a bleak Scottish hillside, if a new inscription had come to light.

The earliest public recognition of the position he had attained came from the far north in 1905, when the University of Aberdeen made him an Honorary Doctor of Laws. About the same time he was invited to give a set of Rhind Lectures in Edinburgh. Next followed his nomination to the Ford Lectureship at Oxford. His course of Ford Lectures, delivered in the spring term of 1907, attracted widespread attention as a brilliant summing-up of the most recent results of Romano-British research. Publication was urged upon him, and he readily consented. But happenings of the first importance for his future intervened. In April he married Miss Winifred Breakwell, and crossed to the Continent on an extended holiday. In May, when he was in Florence, he received a telegram informing him that he had been elected Camden Professor of Ancient History, in succession to his old friend Pelham whose death in the preceding February had been so grievous a loss to Oxford and to learning. This involved the severance of his connexion with Christ Church; henceforward he was *ex officio* a Fellow of Brasenose. On his return from abroad he lived for some months in Oxford, while he was building for himself at Headington a house that he called by a name reminiscent of the

Northumbrian moors he loved so well. A man of forty-six was bound to find marriage and domesticity a very real adventure. The many for whom Winshields had ever an open door and a more than kindly welcome, know how completely the adventure succeeded. They cannot but feel that all who cared for Haverfield should be grateful to the memory of his wife for the new happiness she brought him. But it can only be to her memory. When he died, the 'poison of her grief' proved too potent for an always delicate frame. She followed him in less than a year.

There was a singular fitness in his being called upon to fill the chair that William Camden had founded, for Camden's *Britannia*, published in 1586, represents the first tentative effort to trench the ground which Haverfield tilled to such splendid purpose. Moreover, his promotion came at exactly the right moment. As he sometimes admitted to his friends, the daily routine of college work had begun to be rather irksome. He now breathed an atmosphere where his peculiar qualities could have fuller play. He had the warmest admiration for Pelham's method of exposition; he has said of it that it 'commanded attention by an imperious, passionless logic which in its own way amounted to genius'. But he had already acquired for himself a method that belonged to nobody else, nor is it likely that he could have changed it, even if he had deemed it desirable to try. In the event his lectures proved magnetic enough to draw and to hold large audiences. The flow of quips and telling phrases sufficed to keep the groundling in good humour. Behind these there was a vast background of solid erudition which secured the initial confidence of all who had come to learn. And this confidence grew insensibly as point after point was driven home with a wealth of apt and novel illustration, on the accumulation of which it was easy to see that endless pains had been lavished.

When business responsibilities came his way, he shouldered the burden cheerfully. For years he served as a Governor of Westminster School and of Roysse's School, Abingdon. He had been a Visitor of the Ashmolean Museum from 1901, and his duties there were specially congenial. He was keenly interested, too, in the School of Geography and in the Association for Promoting the Education of Women in Oxford. On the Hebdomadal Council, which he entered in 1908, he was regarded as a force to be reckoned with. At the same time it would be idle to compare his influence as an administrator with that which Pelham had wielded. Truth to tell, affairs were not his real *métier*. This is not to say that he was unpractical, or that he lacked dialectical skill. Rather, under conditions that suited him, he had a remarkable knack of putting things through, and on any subject he

was a formidable man to argue with. In a general discussion, too, his faculty for keeping himself and others to the point was often of the utmost value. But he was not made for team-work; he was no respecter of persons, and he was too impatient of the unessential, not quite ready enough to compromise or to suffer gladly those whose vision seemed to him less acute than his own. In academic as in national politics he invariably leaned to the liberal side. Sometimes, indeed, he left even his fellow-liberals behind. If he occasionally spoke and wrote as if he were disposed to belittle the strictly educational aspect of University work, that was not because he was blind to its importance; it was because he felt intensely that, without a basis of profound and accurate knowledge, education of any kind is a sham. In his view a University was valueless as a training-ground, unless it were first and foremost a living well-spring of learning. Under the stress of this conviction it was inevitable that his attitude should now and then have been critical. But Oxford had never a more loyal son. Had there been room for doubt, the terms of his will would have shown where his affections lay. He bequeathed his collection of archaeological books to the Ashmolean. Subject to a life-rent for his widow, the University was to receive the rest of his estate, to be applied for the furtherance of Romano-British studies.

His professorial leisure was abundantly occupied. Of the many societies he had joined, there were four in whose doings he was particularly interested—at one time or another he was either President or Vice-President of them all—the Society of Antiquaries of London, the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society, and the Somersetshire Archaeological and Natural History Society. Through these the leaven of his influence permeated the whole of England. It was equally active to the north of Hadrian's Wall: witness his Honorary Fellowship of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. But all the bodies named concern themselves, as a matter of course, with much else than Roman remains, and all of them except the first are avowedly more or less local in their outlook. It seemed to him, therefore, that in this land of group-activity there was room for yet another organization, at once wider and more restricted in its scope. Its principal object would be to provide a focus for the discussion of Roman history and Roman antiquities, Roman art and Roman architecture. Incidentally, however, it would break down the walls of partition between students of the Roman occupation in different parts of the country. An even greater advantage would be that it would bring such students into immediate contact with the main current of Roman research at our own

Universities and abroad; one of his *obiter dicta* was that 'it is of no use to know about Roman Britain in particular unless you also know about the Roman empire in general'. The idea appealed strongly to those best qualified to help, and the Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies was formally inaugurated in 1911, with Haverfield as its first President. The fruits of five strenuous years of office will be found in the earlier volumes of the Society's *Journal*.

It was not surprising that marks of outside appreciation should multiply apace. In 1908 he was invited to serve on the Royal Commission appointed to report on the Historical Monuments of England; in 1910 he was included in a very select band of distinguished men who were made Honorary Doctors by the University of Leeds when its new Chancellor was installed; in 1912, when the British School at Rome was granted a Charter of Incorporation, he was one of the three members of Council nominated by the Crown; in 1914 he was given a seat upon the Board which the Ancient Monuments Act of the previous year had called into existence. Only the first of these involved any real addition to his work. It was well that it should have been so, for both hands were already full; as one of his friends has said, he was for many years 'the clearing-house for Roman Britain'. Every discovery was reported to him directly or indirectly, and everything of moment was scrupulously recorded for future use. Sometimes, after a personal visit, he would publish an account of a notable find, more especially if it were an inscription. But he was always ready to leave the task to others, if he were reasonably satisfied of their competence. He was singularly unselfish in such matters; and, when the stage of printing was reached, no one could have been more generous in encouragement or more vigilant and helpful in the reading of proofs.

Nevertheless he was far more anxious that people should dig than that they should write. 'To-day the spade is mightier than the pen; the shovel and pick are the revealers of secrets.' So ran one of his aphorisms. The digging, however, must be systematic and must be controlled by knowledge. Haphazard and ignorant methods deserved unsparing condemnation; they might do untold harm by destroying priceless evidence. Every well-considered scheme of excavation had, of course, his whole-hearted support—Silchester, Caerwent, Newstead, and Wroxeter, to mention some of the better known. But the one with which he was most closely associated was the uncovering of Corstopitum, the buried Roman settlement at Corbridge-on-Tyne. Operations there began in 1907 and continued until the outbreak of the European War. He was a prominent member of the Executive Committee, and season after season saw him on the spot, deciphering

inscriptions, studying the chronological sequence of Samian and other pottery, impressing on his fellow-workers the vital importance of a careful observation of minutiae. The active assistance of a number of University men, some of them former pupils of his own, gave him much satisfaction. He had often lamented that in England there was such scant opportunity for the young scholar or historian to obtain a real insight into the mechanics of original research; the absence of a proper discipline of the kind seemed to him a grave hindrance to progress. He was sanguine that in the years to come the practical experience gained by these helpers at Corbridge would fructify abundantly. Two or three of those from whom he expected most were ere long to find a grave on the field of battle. The survivors can still justify his hope.

There were other reasons why he welcomed the aid of University men. He deplored the aloofness with which the loftier circles of academic opinion had hitherto been prone to regard the exploration of Romano-British sites, the coldness (as he deemed it) of their attitude to archaeological work as a whole. Even an unofficial indication of sympathy was therefore cause for rejoicing. Again, as was shown by the part he played in bringing the Roman Society to birth, he was a convinced believer in the need for combination among scholars. If the Corbridge undertaking produced substantial results, it would not be amiss as an object-lesson. We in this country required to be taught; organized co-operation in the service of learning was one of the things that they managed much better abroad. That being his view, every effort to remove the reproach could reckon on him as an ally. Hence his unswerving loyalty to the British Academy. Although not a foundation member, he was chosen a Fellow as far back as 1904, and subsequently served on the Council. His essay on *The Romanization of Roman Britain* originally appeared in the *Proceedings* for 1906. In 1910 he began to give to the Fellows each winter a sketch of the discoveries relating to Roman Britain which had been made in the previous twelvemonth. The earlier of these sketches were never printed. But *Roman Britain in 1913* and *Roman Britain in 1914* have both seen the light, and it was his intention to continue the series, thus reviving a custom he had followed from 1891 to 1904, when he published annual or quarterly summaries in the *Antiquary*, the *Athenaeum*, and the *Classical Review*.

But his ideal of co-operation was more than national. It was international. He had correspondents in various Latin and Slav countries—Cumont, Cagnat, Rostovtzeff, and others. With Germany his relations were more intimate still. As a contributor to the *Corpus Inscriptionum*, he was in regular communication with Berlin. As a

Member of the Imperial German Archaeological Institute, he supplied the *Archäologischer Anzeiger* with periodical reports of Romano-British developments. Mommsen had been a personal friend. Dessau, Mitteis, von Domaszewski were among those who maintained the tradition. In the circumstances the shock of the momentous Fourth of August was violent in the extreme. He was too good a historian not to realize all that was at stake when the nations of the world plunged into an orgy of mutual destruction. He knew that the struggle would be bitter, that civilization itself would be imperilled. He foresaw that, whatever the immediate end, the way of reconciliation would be long and hard. He felt as if the entire fabric of his most cherished plans had been irretrievably ruined. For a week or two he was literally stunned. But the mood soon passed, for on the ultimate question of right and wrong he had never wavered for a moment. He was one of the large number of people on this side of the Channel upon whom the violation of Belgium's neutrality reacted most powerfully, leaving the moral issue so stark and clear that doubt or hesitation was impossible.

Before the October term opened, he had pulled himself together and was ready to face the novel task by which he and his contemporaries were confronted. To those who had been familiar with the city under its normal aspect, Oxford during the long years of war presented a strange and a melancholy spectacle. Of the younger generation there remained only the women students, and a handful of undergraduates too young to serve or physically unfit. The lecture rooms were all but empty; the river and the playing-fields were deserted; the Examination Schools were filled with wounded men. And the sounds were as unusual as the sights. The streets echoed to the rumble of army waggons and the tramp of marching feet; the quiet of the most retired of college gardens was broken by the harsh and insistent droning of aeroplanes. The whole atmosphere was depressing in the extreme. In these surroundings the older members of the teaching staff, or such of them as had not been claimed for emergency duty in London, did their best to forget their anxiety as to what was happening overseas, and strove manfully to prevent the total collapse of academic activity. Haverfield took his full share of the work that was going, not despising the drudgery and hoping against hope for the return of normal conditions.

But, when peace did come, he was to have no part in repairing the breach or building the old waste places. In the latter half of the Long Vacation of 1915 the name of Leonard Cheesman, Fellow of New College, appeared among the 'missing' at the Dardanelles. As the weeks wore on, news trickled back that he had fallen on the 10th

of August, leading a forlorn hope at Chunuk Bair. Haverfield said little, but those nearest him knew that he had been cut as with a knife. Cheesman had been his favourite pupil, the most brilliant of the little group of 'disciples' that he had gathered round him, the man on whom he hoped that his own spirit would in due time rest. And there was more. A strong personal attachment had grown up between the two; the younger of them was almost as much at home in Winshields as if he had been a brother. The effect of the blow was to increase the strain on Haverfield to the breaking-point. He ended the term in a state of physical exhaustion such as he had never yet experienced. A day or two before Christmas the climax came in an onset of cerebral haemorrhage. In six or eight months he was able to resume his duties, having made what seemed a wonderful recovery. Though he complained that intellectual effort tired him, his mind was as clear and acute as ever. His friends, however, noted with pain the gradual weakening of his bodily powers in the year or two that followed. After the signing of the Armistice he became much happier, and was full of plans for future work. In particular he gave a great deal of thought to a scheme for the publication of a complete collection of Romano-British inscriptions with illustrations and notes. This had been sketched out during the War, and now its realization looked possible. One of the scholars whose collaboration he intended to secure was Rostovtzeff, whom the turmoil in Russia had driven to England. In the early autumn of 1919 he revisited in his company several familiar Roman sites, including Cirencester and Hadrian's Wall, and returned to Oxford full, to all appearance, of fresh vigour. Physically and mentally, indeed, he was more like his old self than he had been for years. On September 30th he was exceptionally bright. But towards midnight he had a sudden seizure. Half an hour later he passed away without suffering.

A few months after his death a bibliography of his writings was printed in the *Journal of Roman Studies*.[1] It does not profess to be exhaustive, reviews and anonymous articles being for the most part omitted. Nevertheless, with a total of some 450 entries, the list is sufficiently imposing. The marvel grows, when it is remembered how much labour went to the final shaping of the excellent and seemingly effortless English of which he was a master. If pushed for time, he could write—and write extraordinarily well—with a speed that a trained journalist might have envied. But he had laid to heart the Horatian maxim,

> *Saepe stilum vertas, iterum quae digna legi sint scripturus.*

[1] Vol. viii, pp. 184-98.

As a rule, his books and more important articles made headway slowly. Despite his beautifully clear hand, he had been one of the pioneers of the typewriter in Oxford. Sometimes he manipulated the instrument himself. Far more frequently he dictated. When a few pages had been drafted, they were generally laid aside for a day or two, then revised and typed out afresh, a process that might have to be repeated three or four times before his fastidious taste was even tolerably satisfied. Nor did he allow what he ultimately accepted as the 'fair copy' to go to the printer, until there had been still further revision, until every unnecessary word had been erased, each phrase adjusted in its proper order. He was all for clearness and simplicity of structure. He had less faith than the majority of classical scholars in the value of Latin prose for the teaching of English composition. It seemed to him too involved, and he thought Greek a better model. His own creed was summed up in the precept he had tried to inculcate at Lancing: 'That style is best which attracts least attention'.

Besides being an index of his unremitting industry, the list is an unerring reflection of his interests. Lexicography, pure scholarship, textual criticism, geography, even botany, art, and mediaeval architecture, each has a place alongside of ancient history, epigraphy, and archaeology. In the end, of course, the last three overshadow everything. Equally of course, within these three, the roads all lead to Roman Britain. Thus it is no accident that in his *Ancient Town-Planning*—an enlargement of the Creighton Lecture for 1910—the reader, after being taken to Babylon and distant China, to Greece and Italy, to Africa and Gaul, is brought back at last to Lincoln and Silchester and Caerwent. As might be anticipated, the items in the bibliography vary greatly in length and importance. Had the author been asked to which of them he believed that the most enduring value would attach, he would probably have singled out the *Additamenta quinta ad Corporis Vol. VII*, published in 1913. While it is nominally a record of new inscriptions, it also contains the essence of his reflections on not a few crucial problems that are more than epigraphical. It is, however, a book for the scholar, or rather for the specialist. Ordinary students will prefer to think of the quite admirable *Romanization of Roman Britain*, or of the lucid and comprehensive chapters that lend an added distinction to the stately volumes of the *Victoria County History*. So long as he was in full vigour, he liked to believe that, after all the counties of England had been dealt with, there would still be time for him to gather the whole of his material up into a definitive *Britannia Romana*. When war and illness interrupted the current of his life, the hope was regretfully dismissed. But, even had the break not occurred, the dream might have lacked

fulfilment. Though he was struck down in his prime, the days of his years were passing at too great a speed.

We know that he worked hard. It would be misleading to suggest that he did not also work quickly. But his ideal of thoroughness was high; he was every whit as unwilling to put up with the second-best in matter as we have seen that he was reluctant to be content with it in form. Again, the outside demands upon him were becoming more and more incessant; they increased in direct proportion to the growth of that intelligent curiosity about things Roman which he set himself so sedulously to foster. Yet again, and here is the main point, the farther he himself advanced, the larger did the task that lay ahead of him become; new and unexplored recesses were revealed by every fresh gleam of light that he threw upon the darkness. Such was the penalty he had to pay for making his subject living and progressive. And this is where his real monument must be looked for. As long ago as 1907 he was able to claim that 'the inquiry into the history and character of Roman Britain, with all its defects and imperfections, has been carried much farther than the inquiry into Celtic or Saxon Britain, much farther too than the inquiry into any other Roman province; and our scientific knowledge of the island, however liable to future correction and addition, stands by itself among the studies of the Roman Empire'. That Roman Britain should be to us a thing of substance, is the measure of our debt to Francis Haverfield.

In any endeavour to account for what he accomplished, two or three qualities must emerge conspicuously. His instinct for relevance and his shrewd, penetrating commonsense were fundamental; they gave him a rare power of appreciating the value of evidence, and made him as relentless a judge of his own theories as he was of the theories of others. His patience in noting details was balanced by the readiness with which he held the accumulated mass of information at command; the smallest facts, provided they had a bearing on his subject, seemed to have been pigeon-holed in his orderly mind and to be available at a moment's notice. Above all, he had vision, a faculty of synthesis, which enabled him to divine the connexion between isolated particulars, and to fit each into its appropriate place, until there grew under his hands a picture whose outlines all men could discern. In these respects it might not untruly be said that he resembled Mommsen. No eulogy, however warm, would have pleased him more. As has been pointed out in a singularly felicitous appreciation in the *English Historical Review*,[1] Mommsen's influence was decisive in moulding his career. His admiration for him amounted to reverence: 'He was the greatest scholar of the European world since the

[1] Vol. xxxv, pp. 63–70.

Renaissance, and his unequalled and amazing achievements stamp the historical research of the nineteenth century with its peculiar feature. It is the age when Roman history was newborn.'

These last words recall a criticism that was occasionally made upon Haverfield's own attitude as a historian. It was sometimes hinted that he was too exclusively devoted to the Empire. The explanation is twofold. He held that the 'sources' for the period of the Republic, being almost entirely literary, had probably taught us as much as we are ever likely to know. There was no scope there for the exercise of his peculiar gifts. 'The Republic', he says somewhere, 'was one of those states which mark the world, but not individual sites, by their achievements. Such in Greece was Sparta; and, as Thucydides saw long ago, the history of such states must always lack archaeological evidence.' The Empire, on the other hand, with its wealth of archaeological material, offered unlimited opportunities for independent inquiry and for the thrill of new discovery. Weightier still was his conviction that, properly understood and interpreted, the story of the Empire had a far more vital meaning for the present generation than had the story of the Republic. Its problems, its possibilities, its dangers were closely analogous to those of to-day. We had much to learn from its methods, and something to learn from its fall. 'Even the forces which laid the Roman Empire low', he insists, 'concern the modern world very nearly, more nearly indeed than do the causes for the downfall of any other empire about which we have full knowledge.' It is worth observing that, in surrendering himself to the spell, he was more or less unconsciously following in the footsteps of his master. As a young man, Mommsen wrote that the Empire had '*wenig Geist, noch weniger Geschmack und am wenigsten Freude am Leben*'. In his old age he is reported to have declared that, if he had to live his life over again, he would begin his study of Roman history with Diocletian.

Thus far I have written of Haverfield as a scholar, a historian, and a teacher. It is desirable to add a few lines on Haverfield as a man, all the more so because in his lifetime he was frequently misunderstood and was, perhaps, not always careful enough to see that it should be otherwise. Simplicity and directness were of the essence of his character. He was singularly fair-minded, and every opinion, every proposal on which he had to pronounce was examined strictly upon what seemed to him to be its merits. On most questions, of course, he had decided views of his own, and these he was slow to abandon unless convinced by reason and argument. It was useless to try to impress him by the weight of eminent names. With him it was things, not persons that counted. When he felt sure of his ground,

he was inflexible. That was probably fortunate, since within his own province he was almost invariably right. But he sometimes provoked a regrettable antagonism by the lightness with which he brushed 'authorities' aside. Moreover, his early experiences had developed a brusqueness of speech that was apt to be disconcerting. In his later years this was rapidly melting away in the sunshine of success and happiness. To the very end, however, he was more concerned to say what was true than to say what was tactful. Personal rancour was utterly foreign to his nature. It would have accorded ill with his genuine sense of humour. He was, in fact, magnanimous to a degree. And he was always willing to help any one, no matter how humble, who was anxious to profit by his guidance. In such circumstances his generosity and his patience were alike inexhaustible. Finally, those who found his manner difficult would have been grievously mistaken to argue therefrom a carelessness for human love. He did not wear his heart upon his sleeve; he had, indeed, a more than average allowance of the educated Englishman's *εἰρωνεία*. But his affections were none the less securely rooted. His enjoyment of hospitality and his delight in the society of the young were surface manifestations. Beneath these was something much deeper. I may venture to quote the testimony of a private letter addressed to myself by one who lost touch with him when he left Lancing, and regained it, after a long interval, in Oxford. 'I retain his memory unbroken by the gaps which years made in association, and know that in him it was true "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother". When I came up here to spend my days of retirement, his kindness was beyond words—and my heart is full of him and his little acts of thoughtfulness—and will always be so.' For my own part, I feel this to be the most appropriate note on which a sketch of his life could close.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

*** In writing the foregoing notice I have received help from practically all of Professor Haverfield's surviving friends whom I have had occasion to mention by name.