

## Chapter 15

### MARY PALEY MARSHALL<sup>1</sup>

Mary Marshall deserves a record of piety and remembrance, not only as the wife of Alfred Marshall, without whose understanding and devotion his work would not have fulfilled its fruitfulness, but for her place in the history of Newnham, now nearly three-quarters of a century ago, as the first woman lecturer on Economics in Cambridge, and for her part in the development of the Marshall Library of Economics in Cambridge in the last twenty years of her life.

She came of that high lineage from which most of virtue and value in this country springs—yeoman farmers owning their own land back to the sixteenth century and beyond, turning in the eighteenth century into thrifty parsons and scholars. The Paleys had been thus settled at Giggleswick in Yorkshire for many generations. Her great-great-grandfather took his degree at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1733, and was headmaster of Giggleswick Grammar School for fifty-four years. Her great-grandfather, born just over two hundred years ago, was William Paley, fellow and tutor of Christ's and 'the delight of combination rooms', Archdeacon of Carlisle, author of the *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*, which anticipated Bentham, and of what is generally known as 'Paley's Evidences' (*Natural Theology, or Evidence of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity collected from the Appearances of Nature*), the reading of which a generation later by another Christ's man, Charles Darwin, put him on the right track. She has bequeathed to the writer of these pages the small picture of the great Archdeacon which always hung in her room, and she once showed him a small packet, in an embroidered case, of the love-letters of this most unromantic of

<sup>1</sup> From the *Economic Journal*, June–September, 1944.

the philosophers. One of the Archdeacon's grandsons was F. A. Paley, Greek scholar of the mid-nineteenth century, another was Mary Marshall's father, Rector of Ufford near Stamford, an evangelical clergyman of the strictest Simeonite sect. Her mother was a member of the Yorkshire family of Wormald.

In the last years of her life Mary Marshall put together short biographical notes which she called *What I Remember*. She kept them by her chair down to her last days, and would, from time to time, add new passages, as she sat there alone and another echo from the past came back to her. It will be published, for there is no more tender and humorous record of the early days of Newnham and the newly-married Cambridge which blossomed from the desert when the ban on marriage was removed in 1882. Meanwhile I will steal from it here and there in what follows as much as is permissible, perhaps more, though much less than would be in place if the notes themselves were not due to be soon published as she wrote them.<sup>1</sup>

In these notes she recalls her upbringing in the country Rectory, where she was born on 24 October 1850. 'These twenty years were spent in a rambling old house, its front covered with red and white roses and looking out on a lawn with forest trees as a background, and a garden with long herbaceous borders and green terraces. I did not realise the beauty of the place until I visited it years later, as an old woman.' Reading her memories of those years in the same week as Coulton's records of his upbringing in Norfolk not much later (he, too, from yeoman farmers in Yorkshire, with records back to the sixteenth century, turned parsons and lawyers), is to understand what the world has lost in the atmosphere of plain living and high thinking and strictly restrained beauty and affection, which is the only education worth much. Perhaps no one who was not brought up as an evangelical or a non-conformist is entitled to think freely in due course—which means that before long no one will be so entitled,

<sup>1</sup> [Published by the Cambridge University Press, 1947 under the title of *What I Remember*, by Mary Paley Marshall. *Ed.*]

as is, indeed, obvious to see. Mary Marshall, by living for ninety-four years without decay of the grace and dignity and humour of character and sensibility which nurture as well as nature had given her, was able to show to the youngest student in her Library the beauty, the behaviour and the reserve of an age of civilisation which has departed.

But what a very odd, and sometimes terrible, thing are strict principles! Why can an age only be great if it believes, or at least is bred up in believing, what is preposterous? The Simeonite rector's beliefs were so strict that he could not even be intimate with any neighbouring clergyman; he thought Dickens a writer of doubtful morality (perhaps he was); when his dear Mary escaped from the narrow doctrine, it was a fatal breach between them; and she had recorded of her childhood—'My sister and I were allowed dolls, until one tragic day when our father burnt them as he said we were making them into idols; and we never had any more.'

Yet he allowed his Mary to go up as a student to Cambridge when such a thing had never been done before. He had been the loving playmate of his children, and who could wish a better education than he devised for them as Mary Marshall recalled it to her mind eighty years later?

I can't remember much about our education till I was nine years old except that Mrs Markham's *History of England* was read aloud to us and Geography was learnt from two books *Near Home* and *Far Off*, and that we played scales on the piano. In 1859 a German governess came and more regular lessons began. History, it is true, was chiefly dates and we learnt them by a Memoria Technica, beginning 'Casibelud Boadorp', etc., and Geography was chiefly names of Towns and Rivers. But we were taught French and German pretty thoroughly and the family talked German at meals. Science we learnt from *The Child's Guide to Knowledge* and *Brewer's Guide*. All I now remember of these is the date at which black silk stockings came into England and 'What to do in a thunder storm at night', the answer being 'Draw your bed into the middle of the room, commend your soul to Almighty God and go to sleep'. We did a little Latin and even Hebrew with my father and some Euclid. As to story books, we read *The Wide, Wide World*, *Holiday House*, *Henry and his Bearer*, and *Sandford and Merton*. On Sundays we learnt the Church catechism, collects, hymns and Cowper's poems, there

was a periodical called *Sunday at Home*, and we read and re-read the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Fairchild Family*. This had a prayer and a hymn at the end of each chapter, and some children I knew took all the prayers and hymns at a gulp, so as to get them over and then freely enjoyed that entertaining book. But our chief knowledge of literature came in the evenings when my father read aloud to us. He took us through *The Arabian Nights*, *Gulliver's Travels*, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, translations of the Greek dramatists, Shakespeare's plays and, most beloved of all, Scott's novels. These we acted in the garden and called ourselves by our heroes' names. The evening hour was looked forward to all day long and its memory has followed me through life. One point about this reading has always puzzled me. Though Scott was approved, Dickens was forbidden. I was grown up before I read *David Copperfield* and then it had to be in secret. I suppose that there is a religious tone in Scott which is absent in Dickens.

In 1869 the Cambridge Higher Local Examination for Women over eighteen came into being, and in the warmth of this newly risen sun the country chrysalis prepared to spread her wings. She and her father worked together at Divinity and Mathematics; her French and German were already good; and she went up to London for the examination. 'Professor Liveing invigilated and Miss Clough came and comforted me when I was floored by the paper on Conic Sections and was crying over it.' As a result of her performance in the examination she was offered a scholarship if she would go to Cambridge with Miss Clough. 'My father was proud and pleased and his admiration for Miss Clough overcame his objections to sending his daughter to Cambridge (in those days an outrageous proceeding). My father and she became great friends and in later years when we had dances at Merton Hall I can see them leading off in Sir Roger de Coverley.' He cannot have associated her too closely with her free-thinking brother, the poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, Matthew Arnold's Thyrsis. Indeed, her careful ways were more akin to her ancestor, Richard Clough, the famous agent of Sir Thomas Gresham in the reign of Elizabeth (who, it is curious to remember, was also the ancestor of Mrs Thrale). Between Mary herself and Anne Clough there was a deep and lasting affection.

Thus in October 1871 Mary Paley was one of the five students who went up to Cambridge to live with Miss Clough at 74 Regent Street (now the Glengarry Hotel), which became the nucleus of Newnham College. In the next year the industrious virgins became twelve and moved to Merton Hall 'with its lovely garden where the nightingales kept us awake at nights and with its ancient School of Pythagoras supposed to be haunted, though the only ghosts which visited us were enormous spiders'. It was terribly important that there should be no scandal, and the strictest discipline and propriety were enforced by the friends of the new movement, of which Henry Sidgwick was the leader. But they were not a dowdy lot, as *Punch* of that day probably assumed. Mary Paley herself had noble features, lovely hair and a brilliant complexion, though she does not record that. And

there was my chum, Mary Kennedy, very beautiful with Irish eyes and a lovely colour. This caused Mr Sidgwick some anxiety. In after years Mrs Peile, a devoted friend, amused us by describing how in those early days of the movement he walked up and down her drawing-room wringing his hands and saying 'If it were not for their unfortunate appearance.' Some of the Cambridge ladies did not approve of women students and kept an eye on our dress. Mr Sidgwick heard rumours that we wore 'tied back' dresses (the then fashion) and he asked Miss Clough what this meant. She consulted us as to what was to be done. Could we untie them?

[This characteristic passage, just as she used to talk of the old days, was written by Mrs Marshall in about her ninety-third year.]

Three years went by, and then the grand excitement of two women, Mary Paley and Amy Bulley, sitting, as Newnham's first pioneers, for a man's Tripos, the Moral Sciences Tripos of 1874, the only examination at that time of which Political Economy formed a part. It all had to be very informal by agreement with the examiners. I give the story of the last lap in Mary Marshall's own words:

We were examined in the drawing-room of Dr Kennedy's house in Bateman Street, the Kennedy of the Latin Grammar. He was rather excitable and hot tempered (we called him the purple boy).

The Tripos papers came by 'runners', as we called them, who after getting

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them at the Senate House hurried to Bateman Street: among these runners were Sidgwick, Marshall, Sedley Taylor and Venn. At the Examiners' Meeting there was at that time no chairman to give a casting vote, and as two voted me first class and two second class I was left hanging, as Mr Sidgwick said, 'between heaven and hell'<sup>1</sup> and Dr Kennedy made the following verses:

'Though two with glory would be cramming her  
And two with fainter praise be d—— her,  
Her mental and her moral stamina  
Were certified by each examiner.  
Were they at sixes and at sevens?—  
O Foxwell, Gardiner, Pearson, Jevons!'

As we were the two first of Miss Clough's students who attempted a Tripos we were made much of. The Miss Kennedys gave us very delicate light lunches, and after it was over they took us to stay with them at Ely until the results were known for fear that the excitement might be too great for us.

All the 'runners' were familiar Cambridge figures of my youth. Apart from Marshall, they were all very short, and had long, flowing beards. Though, perhaps, their beards were not as long then as when I knew them twenty-five years later. I see them as the wise, kind dwarfs hurrying with the magical prescriptions which were to awaken the princesses from their intellectual slumbers into the full wakefulness of masculine mankind. As for 'her mental and her moral stamina', succeeding generations for another seventy years were going to be able to certify that.

Next year, 1875, Sidgwick invited Mary Paley to come into residence at the Old Hall at Newnham, where Miss Clough had now assembled about twenty students, to take over from Marshall the task of lecturing on Economics to women students. What a galaxy of eminent and remarkable women were assembled at Newnham in those early days! Mrs Marshall in her notes mentions among these early students 'Katherine Bradley, "the Newnham poetess"' (better known along with her niece as

<sup>1</sup> This is literally borne out by the parchment certificate of the Tripos results which has been found amongst Mrs Marshall's papers. It actually records that two examiners placed her in the first class and two in the second, and leaves it at that!

Michael Field), Alice Gardner, Mary Martin (Mrs James Ward), Ellen Crofts (Mrs Francis Darwin), Miss Merrifield (Mrs Ver-rall) and Jane Harrison', not one of them without at least a touch of genius. The mention of Jane Harrison led her to run on:

This was the pre-Raphaelite period, and we papered our rooms with Morris, bought Burne Jones photographs and dressed accordingly. We played Lawn Tennis and Jane Harrison designed the embroidery for our tennis dresses. Hers was of pomegranates and mine of Virginia Creeper and we sat together in the evenings and worked at them and talked. I had known her as a girl and even then she was called the 'cleverest woman in England'. Though in the end she read for the Classical Tripos she was nearly persuaded to read Moral Science by Mr Marshall, and she always afterwards called him 'the camel' for she said that she trembled at the sight of him as a horse does at the sight of a camel. She used to declare that she had brought about my engagement to him by stitching clean, white ruffles into my dress on that day.

For in the following year, 1876, Mary Paley and Alfred Marshall became engaged to be married. So far as she was concerned, it had been, I suspect, a case of love at first sight five years before. In her first term in Cambridge at 74 Regent Street she recalls:

My first recollections of Mr Sidgwick and Mr Marshall are the evenings when we sat round and sewed the household linen in Miss Clough's sitting-room. This was my first sight of Mr Marshall. I then thought I had never seen such an attractive face with its delicate outline and brilliant eyes. We sat very silent and rather awed as we listened to them talking to Miss Clough on high subjects.

In her first term she began to go to his lectures—in the coach-house of Grove Lodge, which had been lent for lectures to women. 'Mr Marshall stood by the blackboard, rather nervous, bending a quill pen which took flight from between his fingers, very earnest and with shining eyes.' Mrs Bateson, wife of the Master of St John's, gave a small dance in the Hall of the Lodge. 'Seeing that Mr Marshall seemed rather melancholy, I asked him to dance the Lancers. He looked surprised and said he didn't know how, but he consented and I guided him through its mazes, though being shocked at my own boldness, I did not speak a word, and I don't think he did either.' Next an invitation to tea in his rooms,

the highest in the New Court of St John's, chaperoned by Miss Clough. There is a fascinating account of Marshall's lectures, one extract from which I cannot forgo:

In these lectures he gave us his views on many practical problems, e.g. dancing, marriage, betting and smuggling. As to marriage. 'The ideal of married life is often said to be that husband and wife should live for each other. If this means that they should live for each other's gratification it seems to me intensely immoral. Man and wife should live, not for each other but with each other for some end.'

To which Mrs Marshall added the comment 'He was a great preacher.'

Meanwhile she had promised Professor Stuart to write a text-book for the Extension lectures. After the engagement he began to help her with it.

It was published in our joint names in 1879. Alfred insisted on this, though as time went on I realised that it had to be really his book, the latter half being almost entirely his and containing the germs of much that appeared later in the *Principles*. He never liked the little book for it offended against his belief that 'every dogma that is short and simple is false', and he said about it 'you can't afford to tell the truth for half-a-crown'.

It was, in fact, an extremely good book; nothing more serviceable for its purpose was produced for many years, if ever. I know that my father always felt that there was something ungenerous in Marshall's distaste for this book, which was originally hers, but was allowed to go out of print without a murmur of complaint from her when there was still a strong demand for it. The book which replaced it in 1892, under a similar title and over his sole name, was of quite a different character, being mainly an abridgment of the *Principles*. The 1879 volume, so great an advance when it came out on what had gone before, is the little book in green covers, not the thicker one in blue Macmillan cloth.

In July of 1877 they were married. But their real honeymoon came, I think, in 1881, when, after four years as Principal of University College, Bristol, Marshall's health broke down and

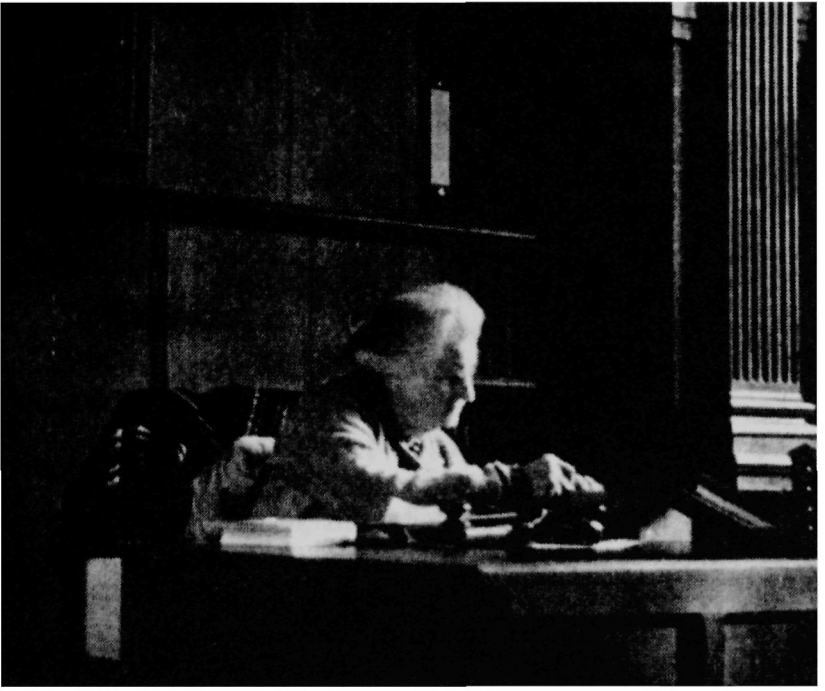


she took him for a long rest cure to Palermo. I fancy that this was the period of most unbroken happiness and perfect contentment in her life. Recalling it sixty years later she wrote:

We were five months at Palermo, on a roof, and whenever I want something pleasant to think about I try to imagine myself on it. It was the roof of a small Italian hotel, the Oliva, flat of course and paved with coloured tiles, and upon it during the day Alfred occupied an American chair over which the cover of the travelling bath was rigged up as an awning, and there he wrote the early chapters of his *Principles*. One day he came down from the roof to tell me how he had just discovered the notion of 'elasticity of demand'.

This is the beginning of a fascinating chapter which describes the Sicilian scene. Marshall, who was suffering from stone in the kidney, was not unduly ill. His powers were at the height of their fertility. There was no controversy, no lectures, no tiresome colleagues, none of the minor irritations to his over-sensitive spirit which Mary was to spend so much of her life soothing away. Nature was kind and lovely. 'From the roof we had a view of the *conca d'oro*, the golden shell of orange and lemon groves stretching a few miles inland, and of the mountains which met the sea on either side and formed a semicircle of varied shapes.' They looked down upon a little court. 'It was a small court but the most was made of it. The trellis work over the pathways was covered with vines loaded with grapes, and there was a lemon tree and an orange tree and plenty of flowers. The houses around had their balconies paved with coloured tiles, which especially near Christmas time were inhabited by turkeys, whilst pigeons lived in holes and corners.' She loved the morning visit to the market to buy fruit. All her life, down almost to her latest days, Mary Marshall was a gifted amateur water-colourist, never so happy as when sketching. Whilst Alfred composed the *Principles* on the roof, Mary went out with her brush and colours.

The place I cared for most and in which I spent many hours, trying to make a picture, was the Cappella Palatina. It is small and dimly lighted by slit-like windows so that on entering from the sunlight hardly anything could be seen but a mass of dim golden shadows. Gradually, however, the wonder-



8 Mary Paley Marshall (1942)



ful beauty of outline and detail emerged. The outlines are Norman, and Saracenic workmen filled in the rich colour and oriental devices. Most beautiful of all was the golden apse, out of which loomed the great Christ's head.

They were months of perfect bliss.

For the next forty years her life was wholly merged in his. This was not a partnership of the Webb kind, as it might have become if the temperaments on both sides had been entirely different. In spite of his early sympathies and what he was gaining all the time from his wife's discernment of mind, Marshall came increasingly to the conclusion that there was nothing useful to be made of women's intellects. When the great trial of strength came in 1896 over the proposal to grant women's degrees he abandoned the friends of a lifetime and took, whatever his wife might think or feel, the other side. But Mary Marshall had been brought up to know, and also to respect and accept what men of 'strict principles' were like. This was not the first time that her dolls (which she was in risk of making into idols) had been burnt by one whom she loved.

Yet it was an intellectual partnership just the same, based on profound dependence on the one side (he could not live a day without her), and, on the other, deep devotion and admiration, which was increased and not impaired by extreme discernment. Nothing escaped her clear, penetrating and truthful eye. She faced everything in order that he, sometimes, need not. By a gift of character and her bright mind and, I think one should add, a sort of natural artistry, of which I have never seen the like, she could charm away the petty or the irritating or the unnecessary with an equable, humorous loving-kindness. Neither in Alfred's lifetime nor afterwards did she ever ask, or expect, anything for herself. It was always in the forefront of her thought that she must not be a trouble to anyone.

Thus splendidly equipped, she now merged her life in his. Both at Bristol and at Oxford, where they were soon to go, she lectured on economics, and when they returned to Cambridge she resumed her lectureship at Newnham, where she was in charge

of the students for many years. She kept a watchful eye over the proofs and the index of the early editions of the *Principles*, and there are other ways of influencing the course and progress of a great book than open or direct criticism. The degree of D.Litt. of the University of Bristol was conferred on her. But she never, to the best of my recollection, discoursed on an economic topic with a visitor, or even took part in the everlasting economic talks of Balliol Croft. For the serious discussion she would leave the dining-room to the men or the visitor would go upstairs to the study, and the most ignorant Miss could not have pretended less than she to academic attainment. Her holiday task was not to debate the theories of the Austrian economists, but to make water-colour sketches of the South Tirol. Indeed, her artistic gift was considerable. She seldom showed her work to her friends, but she exhibited regularly with the Cambridge Drawing Society, and has left to Mr C. R. Fay, who has deposited them with the Marshall Library, a substantial selection of the scenes, where she sat with her sketching stool and easel whilst the Master, on his "throne" with an air cushion and a camp stool which when opened against a pile of stones made a comfortable back to lean against', defined, in a hand less steady than hers, the representative firm.

On their return from Palermo there was one more year in Bristol. In 1883 Marshall succeeded Arnold Toynbee at Balliol as lecturer to the Indian students in Oxford. At Oxford he had larger classes than at any other time, since 'Greats' men as well as the budding Indian Civilians attended his lectures. She records:

At that time Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* roused much interest. Alfred gave three lectures on it at Bristol which Miss Elliott said reminded her of a boa constrictor which slobbers its victim before swallowing it. At Oxford he encountered Henry George in person, York Powell being in the chair and Max Müller on the platform. Shortly after another duel took place with Hyndman, who called forth Arthur Sidgwick's *Devil take the Hyndman*. Bimetallism and Home Rule were also raging about that time and were subjects too dangerous to mention at a dinner party.

The short interlude at Balliol, then at its highest point of brilliance and of fame, certainly introduced Alfred Marshall to a larger world than he had known previously. He became one of Jowett's young men. Jowett, who was on the Council of Bristol University, first came across him there, and the time at Oxford confirmed a friendship with both the Marshalls, whom he would afterwards visit at Cambridge. Mrs Marshall records:

My first sight of the Master was at a dinner party given by the Percivals. He and Henry Smith were on the Council of the College, they came regularly three times a year to its meetings and generally stayed at our house and these visits were a delight. They were such a well-fitting pair and seemed so happy together, for though Jowett was rather shy and silent unless with a congenial companion, he was quite at his ease with Henry Smith who was the most brilliant and humorous talker I have ever met. I used to sit up with them and Alfred till well after midnight. It took me about five years to feel quite at ease with Jowett, for his shyness was a difficulty, but after a while we got on quite well and only talked when we wanted to. I sometimes took walks with him and he would make a remark now and then and fill up the gaps by humming little tunes.

Thus the Marshalls easily took their place in Balliol and Oxford society. Evelyn Abbot, Lewis Nettleship, Andrew Bradley, Strachan Davidson, Albert Dicey and Alfred Milner were Fellows of Balliol.

The Women's Colleges had recently started and I had the great good fortune of getting to know Miss Wordsworth, the first Head of Lady Margaret Hall. She was wise and witty, her bon-mots were proverbial and walks with her were a joy. Then Ruskin was at Oxford giving drawing lessons, lecturing to crowded audiences and inciting undergraduates to make roads. Toynbee Hall was being founded and the Barnetts often came to Balliol to stir up the young men to take an active part. The Charity Organisation Society had just started. Mr Phelps was Chairman and Mr Albert Dicey and Miss Eleanor Smith (accompanied by her dog) regularly attended its meetings. There was also a Society led by Mr Sidney Ball for the Discussion of Social Questions, so the four terms of our life at Oxford were full of interest and excitement.

And there were Jowett's dinner-parties:

He enjoyed bringing his friends together and almost every week-end during Term he asked people to stay at the Lodge who he thought would like to

meet one another or would be likely to help one another. His plan was to have a rather large and carefully arranged party on the Saturday which Arthur Sidgwick used to call a 'Noah's Ark' dinner, for so many strange animals walked in in pairs. One amusing pair was Lady Rosebery, a large lady, and the small Prince of Siam. There were the Goschens, the Huxleys, the Matthew Arnolds, Robert Browning, 'Damn Theology' Rogers, an Australian Prime Minister, Sir Robert Morier, Cornelia Sorabji and the Alfred Greys among many others. He liked to spend a quiet evening with his friends. He came once to meet Albert Dicey and Eleanor Smith, the sister of Henry Smith, who was as well known for her brusque home-truths as he for his genial humour. Another time he brought Ruskin, who told funny stories and made us laugh with quaint rhymes about little pigs, and Miss Smith who knew him well said she had never seen him merrier. Alfred happened one day to meet Professor Vinogradoff and was so much fascinated that he asked him to dine with us and meet Jowett who had arranged to come that night. There was a little stiffness at first, as Jowett had not met Vinogradoff and as usual was shy with strangers, but as the evening went on talk became more and more free; after dinner we sat out in the little back garden under the birch tree and a full moon and then it became what Jowett called 'good', on philosophy and poetry. I never heard him talk as freely as he did that evening and I would give much to be able to recall that conversation. He enjoyed discussing economic questions with Alfred and would bring out his little notebook and take down a remark that specially interested him. He once told me that Alfred's talk was the best he knew. At another time he said 'Alfred is the most disinterested man I have ever known.' Our faithful old servant 'Sarah' interested him and he was the only person to whom she would speak of her religious difficulties. When he stayed with us at Cambridge he would sit with her in the kitchen and talk them over.

The return to Cambridge in 1885 is best described in Mrs Marshall's own words:

By the end of four Terms we had quite settled in at Oxford. The small house and garden in Woodstock Road suited us well. I taught the women students, Alfred enjoyed teaching his big classes, and though he always felt that Cambridge was his true home, we thought that our future would lie in Oxford. However in 1884 Fawcett died and Alfred was elected in his place, the only serious competitor being Inglis Palgrave, and in January 1885 we went to Cambridge, hired a house in Chesterton Road for a year and in 1886 Balliol Croft was built and we settled down there for good. In 1885 prices were still low and the contract for the house was £900, though on account of a mistake on the part of the architect it cost £1,100. For several years it was the only

house in Madingley Road and we chose the site chiefly for its forest trees. Alfred took immense pains in planning the house and in economising space, especially in the kitchen department. He was anxious to have his study on a higher floor as he thought that in Cambridge it was well to live as far from the ground as possible. However J. J. Stevenson the architect persuaded him to be content with the first floor and a balcony.

It is a commentary on the change in the value of money that after Mrs Marshall's death, Balliol Croft, with nearly 60 years of its lease expired, was sold to another Professor migrating to Cambridge from Balliol for £2,500. It was part of Mrs Marshall's small inheritance still preserved from the Archdeacon's large profits as author, from the long Headmastership of Giggleswick in the eighteenth century, from the yeoman farmers of Yorkshire back into the mists of time, which was invested in this house; and has now filtered through to the University of Cambridge for the Marshall Library, the first-fruits of the bequest being the purchase in June 1944 of the original MS. of Malthus's *Political Economy*.

For the next forty years 'one year passed much like another'. The Marshalls had a very small house and one faithful servant, but were endlessly hospitable not less to the rawest undergraduate than to visitors from the great world. The 'one faithful servant' deserves a separate word. For forty-three years Sarah, and after her death Florence. Sarah (Mrs Marshall wrote) 'nearly always gave warning in November, that most trying month, but I paid no attention, for I knew she would not leave'. She belonged to the Plymouth Brethren, the gloomiest sect of a gloomy persuasion.

She became an excellent cook and loved having great responsibilities. Though she considered it wrong to 'enjoy' herself she used to say that the happiest week in her life was when the British Association met at Cambridge and when there were about twelve at each meal; she ran the whole concern and would lie awake at nights considering the menus for the next day. At one time she was troubled by the feeling that she was not being of enough use in the world, but was consoled when she realised that by good cooking she was keeping Alfred in health and was enabling him to write important books.



Mrs Marshall knew how to win devotion. She recalls how Lady Jebb, who, coming 'to England in the 'seventies as a young American widow, took the place by storm, and don after don fell before her', once when the conversation was about servants, said that she believed very much in praise, and ended by 'Just think how much praise is required by the Almighty'.

In the earliest days of the Labour Movement the Marshalls used to invite the working-class leaders to stay. 'Ben Tillett, Tom Mann and Burnet were among our visitors and a specially delightful one was Thomas Burt.' Edgeworth would often be there. 'We had of course many visits from Economists from U.S.A., Germany, Italy, France and Holland. We were very fond of Professor Pierson and his wife who stayed with us several times and of Professor and Mrs Taussig.' And, of course, we his pupils would be forever lunching there when there were interesting visitors for us to see, or taking tea alone in the study for the good of our souls and minds.

But apart from visitors the Cambridge society of those days formed a remarkable group:

I became a member of a Ladies' Dining Society of ten or twelve who dined at one another's houses once or twice a Term, the husbands either dining at their Colleges or having a solitary meal in their studies. The hostess not only provided a good dinner (though champagne was not allowed) but also a suitable topic of conversation, should one be required, and she was allowed to introduce an outside lady at her dinner; but it was an exclusive society, for one black ball was enough to exclude a proposed new member. Its members were Mrs Creighton, Mrs Arthur Verrall, Mrs Arthur Lyttelton, Mrs Sidgwick, Mrs James Ward, Mrs Francis Darwin, Baroness von Hügel, Lady Horace Darwin, Lady George Darwin, Mrs Prothero and Lady Jebb.

'There seem', Mrs Marshall reflected in her extreme old age (and, I fear, with justice) 'to be fewer "characters" now than in by-gone days.'

Most of the Long Vacations were spent in South Tirol, especially with Filomena, who kept the small wayside inn at Stern in Abteital.

One year we discovered that in the next village were assembled a large part of the 'Austrian school' of economists. The von Wiesers, the Böhm Bawerks, the Zuckerkandls and several others. We boldly asked the whole company to a tea party in our enormous bedroom, which was the largest and most desirable room in the inn, and we afterwards adjourned to the tent shelter in the field nearby. Filomena was proud of having such distinguished guests and got up at 4 a.m. to make fresh butter and various delicacies for the entertainment. von Böhm Bawerk was a wiry and agile little man, an ardent mountaineer who climbed a dolomite almost every day. This somewhat exhausted his economic energies and he did not want to discuss the Theory of the Rate of Interest, a subject which I had rather dreaded, as he and Alfred had recently been corresponding warmly upon it. Professor von Wieser was a noble-looking man and a delightful companion with a wife and daughter to match and I much enjoyed the return tea party which the Austrian School gave at the beautiful old peasant's house where they were spending the summer.

In 1920 a last, and rather disastrous, attempt was made to travel abroad. And after that the end of this sweet partnership was not far off.

The next three summers we spent in a lovely and lonely Dorset cove called Arish Mell, where he worked away at his third volume. But after *Industry and Trade* had been finished in 1919 his memory gradually became worse and soon after his doctor told me quietly that 'he will not be able to construct any more'. And it was so, though fortunately he did not know it. For in the old days he used to come down from his study and say 'I have had such a happy time, there is no joy to be compared to constructive work.'

Yet after Alfred Marshall's death there were still another twenty years for Mary Marshall of serene beauty and of deeper intimacy with Alfred's old pupils and their wives.

Forty years ago specialised lending libraries for students, from which they could take books away, were rare. It was an essential part of Marshall's technique of teaching to encourage his pupils to read widely in their subject and to learn the use of a library. To answer a question on price index numbers, a third- or fourth-year student would not be expected just to consult the latest standard authority. He must glance right back at least to Jevons and Giffen, if not to Bishop Fleetwood; he must look at any articles published on the subject in the *Economic Journal* during

the last twenty years; and if he is led on to browse over the history of prices since the Middle Ages, or to compare the price of wheat in terms of wages in the times of Solon and of Charles II, no harm will have been done. A favourite pupil would be made to feel unworthy (i.e. of his great mission to be an economist and carry on the tradition of this high clerisy) if his eyes had scanned less than ten to a dozen volumes before his answer was shown up. He had three ways for making this possible. First of all, he established in his lecture-room a library of the more obvious books, small but, of course, much more extensive than any undergraduate's stock. When he resigned from his Professorship he passed this collection on to his successor. I think that I was its first official librarian and prepared its first printed catalogue. Beyond this was his own extensive collection, from which the pupil, after tea at Balliol Croft, would be expected to take away as many volumes as he could carry on the way home along the Madingley Road. Finally, he had long ago adopted a practice of breaking up learned journals, for which purpose he would sometimes acquire an extra set, so as to collect and bind the articles according to subjects. A great number of such volumes now lie in the Marshall Library, and this was a source which, together with its footnotes, could lead the raw student from one reference to another, until, if he persevered, he became, for that week at least, a walking bibliography on the subject. The preparation of these volumes, and subsequently the cataloguing of the items by author and subject in 'the brown boxes', had been, for time out of memory, the special task of Mrs Marshall.

With all this, as a means of education and personal contact and inspiration, Mrs Marshall had been passionately in sympathy. The book-laden departing visitor would have a word with her downstairs before he left, and she would see him out of the door and along the drive with the deepest satisfaction in her eyes. So when Alfred passed beyond her care, to preserve this tradition and to keep *his* books still living in the hands of the succeeding generations of students became her dearest aim.

First of all, his library passed to the University for the use of students in *statu pupillari*, to be amalgamated with the existing student's library just mentioned, to become *The Marshall Library of Economics*. Next she set up a substantial endowment fund by payments under covenant, which she supplemented by paying into it an annual sum from the royalties of his books, the sale of which for some years after his death, so far from diminishing, increased. (In her will she had left the Library a further £10,000 and all her husband's copyrights.) But above all she decided to become herself in her proper person the tutelary goddess of the books and of the rising generation of students. So in her seventy-fifth year, defying the University Regulations, by which it is now thought proper that we should all be deemed to be deceased at sixty-five, she was appointed Honorary Assistant Librarian of the Marshall Library of Economics; and so she continued for nearly twenty years. Every morning till close on her ninetieth year, when, to her extreme dissatisfaction, her doctor prohibited her (partly at her friends' instigation, but more on account of the dangers of the Cambridge traffic even to the most able-bodied than to any failure of her physical powers), she bicycled the considerable distance from Madingley Road to the Library (which in 1935 was moved to the fine and ample building, formerly the Squire Law Library, adjoining the Geological Museum in Downing Street), wearing, as she always did, the sandals which were a legacy of her pre-Raphaelite period sixty years before. There she spent the morning in charge of the Library, first of all assisted by an undergraduate, afterwards, as the scale of the work grew, by a professional under-librarian, Mr Missen, from 1933 onwards; thus relieving of routine duties the successive Marshall librarians, Dennis Robertson, Ryle Fay and since 1931 (with an interval) Piero Sraffa. Keeping up 'the brown boxes' remained her special and most favourite task. She always spoke of the place as 'My Library'. Her heart and her head, as was the way with her, were equally engaged, and it became her main contact with the flow of life and the pulse of the Cambridge School of

Economists which had begun to beat so strongly in Balliol Croft sixty years ago.

On 7 November 1936 (see *Economic Journal*, December 1936, p. 771) there was a small function in the Library when she presented a copy by William Rothenstein of his portrait of Marshall, which hangs in the hall of St John's College. Thereafter she sat at the head of the Library at a small central table under the portrait. (There is, fortunately, a most characteristic photograph of her so seated.)<sup>1</sup> In 1941, when she was ninety-one, bronchitis began, for the first time, to make her attendance irregular. In 1942 she was not able to be there, except on 14 November, when she was present at the celebration of the centenary of her husband's birth (see *Economic Journal*, December 1942, p. 289) and made a speech in full vigour of mind, telling those present what happiness and delight her husband had drawn from the labours of his study. On 7 March 1944, she died, and her ashes were scattered in the garden of Balliol Croft.

Modest as morn; as Mid-day bright;  
Gentle as Ev'ning; cool as Night.

<sup>1</sup> [See portrait facing p. 240. *Ed.*]