



THE EAGLE.

Michaelmas Term, 1919.

PINK FORMS.

(A DIARY OF A DAY IN JUNE, 1915).

WENT up to the War Office to-day, by request, to see the Director of Army Purchase at 11 o'clock about my possible appointment. Train rather late, and only got there about ten minutes before the hour. Entrance hall simply jammed up with people. After a struggle succeeded in getting a Pink Form, filled it up, stating my name and business, and took it to the messenger. Messenger would have none of it. D.A.P. didn't live in the War Office, but at Empire House, Caxton Street. Pointed out that the letter said quite definitely I was to see him at the War Office, Whitehall. Messenger obdurate. He couldn't help what the letter said. D.A.P. wasn't in his list, and therefore could not be in the War Office. Took a taxi to Caxton Street. Filled up another Pink Form (2) . . . Dear, dear ! the attendant was exceedingly sorry, but D.A.P. didn't work at Empire House ; his room was in the War Office, Whitehall. . . . Yes, he really was certain, but would 'phone up and make sure. . . . Quite so. . . . Took another taxi back to Whitehall. Filled up another Pink Form (3). With difficulty succeeded in persuading the messenger that D.A.P. really *was* concealed in the War Office somewhere. Put,

with a dozen others, in charge of a Boy Scout, who led us at great speed and by a most complicated route over most of the War Office, slipping his charges, so to speak, at wayside halts, where they were handed over to more staid and elderly messengers. Arrived at last at D.A.P.'s rooms. Apologised frantically to his Private Secretary, Mr Short, for being so late, and explained. Mr Short couldn't understand it . . . very careless of the messenger. . . . Mr Summer was engaged at the moment, but would I take a seat? Took it. . . . Chatted with Short. . . . Pleasant fellow, Short. At 11.45 D.A.P. still engaged. Might I smoke? Certainly. Lit a pipe. 12.30, knocked it out. D.A.P. still engaged. 12.45, message from D.A.P. He was exceedingly sorry, but it would be quite impossible now for him to see me this morning. Could I come again in the afternoon? Say 2.45? Certainly: I quite understood . . . busy man . . . many engagements. . . . I would be lunching at the Greville, and if at about 2.15 it seemed clear that D.A.P. would be unable to see me till later, would Mr Short be so good as to 'phone? He would. Parted, Mr Short kindly making certain that the Boy Scout had returned my Pink Form, without which, it appeared, I would never get out of the War Office. . . . Lunched peaceably at the Greville. Left about 2.20, and strolled back to the W.O. across the Park. Arrived at the W.O. Filled up another Pink Form (4). Put in charge of a different Boy Scout, who fairly ran us round the War Office, at higher speed and by a route totally different from before—purposely, I suppose, to prevent one learning one's way about. Dangerous people, visitors who get to know their way about the War Office. Arrived at Mr Short's ante-room. Mr Short was desperately apologetic. . . . He must have just missed me on the 'phone at the Greville. . . . Had called me up about 2.25 to say that Mr Summer had been detained at the Treasury, and would be quite unable to see me till 4.30, when there seemed no doubt that he would be free. *Would I mind?* . . . No, no! of course . . . these little things couldn't be helped. . . . Strolled round to the Pantopragmatic Society's and amused myself in the Library for an hour or so . . . and had a cup of tea. Strolled back to the War Office. Filled up another Pink Form (5). Messenger beginning to know me. Taken

up by yet another Boy Scout, who conducted us by yet another route, crossing and re-crossing his tracks several times—some sort of Baden Powell dodge, I suppose—and had an ingenious device of going very quickly round a corner, apparently in the hope that some of his charges by sheer force of inertia would go straight on and get lost—without their Pink Forms. Stuck close to him, and finally arrived once more at Mr Short's room. . . . Mr Short was very sorry, but D.A.P. was engaged at the moment . . . would I take a seat? Took it. . . . 4.45 D.A.P. would see me. . . . 5.15 left . . . with my last Pink Form clutched tightly in my hand.

As I left, saw the same Boy Scout with a Satanic gleam in his eye conducting another crowd of helpless and ignorant passengers through the mazes of the War Office . . . dashing at breakneck speed up the stairs while bearded men panted after . . . dodging round the corners . . . He will certainly lose some . . . and there they will be left . . . with no kindly Pink Forms to let them out . . . Probably they are there still . . . wailing along the twilit corridors . . . scrambling at impassable partitions . . . toiling up, stumbling down, aimless and unending stairs . . . Alas! poor ghosts!

G. U. Y.



VISITATION.

WHEN you are gone from earth
 And I brood here alone,
 Where failing flames beneath the last charred ember
 Die in the midnight hearth:
 —When every dream is done,
 Will you look down upon me and remember?

Will you look down with eyes
 Lovely but pitiless,
 Because you understand my ignorance,
 And cannot sympathise
 With the poor witlessness
 That sees you not, and makes you no response?

Or when you see me grey
 And naked as a child,
 Will you put up your hands towards your brows and say
 "This was my lover for a day
 Who very seldom smiled!"?
 (I have no angel's tongue to tell the way).

"He who was strong and young
 Has grown both weak and old;
 This paragon of vain philosophies
 Stammers with foolish tongue".
 —Or will you turn
 Lips to be kissed, and fall on distant knees?

E. L. D.



CAMBRIDGESHIRE IN THE "TRIBAL HIDAGE".

IN a former number of the *Eagle* (June, 1918) was printed an outline of the method by which the problems of that ancient record of the Anglian and Saxon settlements, the "Tribal Hidage", can be solved. Some of the changes moreover were indicated which have become necessary since the essay in the *English Historical Review* of 1912. The necessity arises chiefly from two causes:

I. The discovery of the interesting hidage of Essex (*Notes and Queries*, xi, x, 282) with its 1000 hides for the arch-deaconry of Colchester. The evidence that the Colchester area was in Wulfhere's time under Mercian domination made it probable that this 1000 hides, or at least that detached part of it which lay in the northwest corner of the county, would be counted in the 30,000 hides of the Mercians.

II. Although Freeman in his book on *Exeter* argues for an early conquest of Dorset by the West Saxons, the authorities generally seem to regard it as one of their latest achievements. If so, its hidage cannot be reckoned, at least in full, in the 7000 hides of the Hwinca territory. (It may be advisable once more to remind the reader that Hwinca, Wixna, etc., are genitive plurals). The districts of 7000 hides which are so prominent a feature in the "Hidage" may be illustrated from "Beowulf". On the hero's return after the slaughter of Grendel, Hygelac gave him a splendid sword, a precious treasure of his nation, as well as "seven thousand", a house and lordly seat—

Thæt he on Beowulfes bearm álegde,
 And him gesealde seofon thusendo,
 Bold and brego-stól. (2194-6)

Thus rule over 7000 (hides, or dwellings, or fighting-men) was a fitting reward for a hero.

I.

The smaller areas of the "Tribal Hidage", from south Gyrwa to Wigesta, are difficult to trace in detail, though the total can be assigned approximately in the Cambridge and Huntingdon region where it is well known the Gyrwas dwelt. The addition of the detached portion of Colchester mentioned above, most of that portion belonging physically to the Cam basin, helps onward a satisfactory solution. The following arrangement may be suggested as a basis:

South Gyrwa (600 hides). In Cambridgeshire—Longstow Hundred (100 hides) and Papworth (96); in Huntingdon—Hurstingstone (158), Tose-land (214), and the small adjacent hundred of Kimbolton (27)* now included in Leightonstone. In all, 595 hides.

North Gyrwa (600 hides), as before, viz. Chesterton and Northstow Hundreds in Cambridgeshire and the "parts of Holland" in Lincolnshire.

East Wixna (300 hides), all in Cambridgeshire—Flendish Hundred (46 hides), Chilford (54), Staine (50), Radfield (70) and Whittlesford (80). In all, 300 hides. This is the district formerly mentioned as containing so many "hams", e.g. Bottisham, Teversham, Balsham and Wickham.

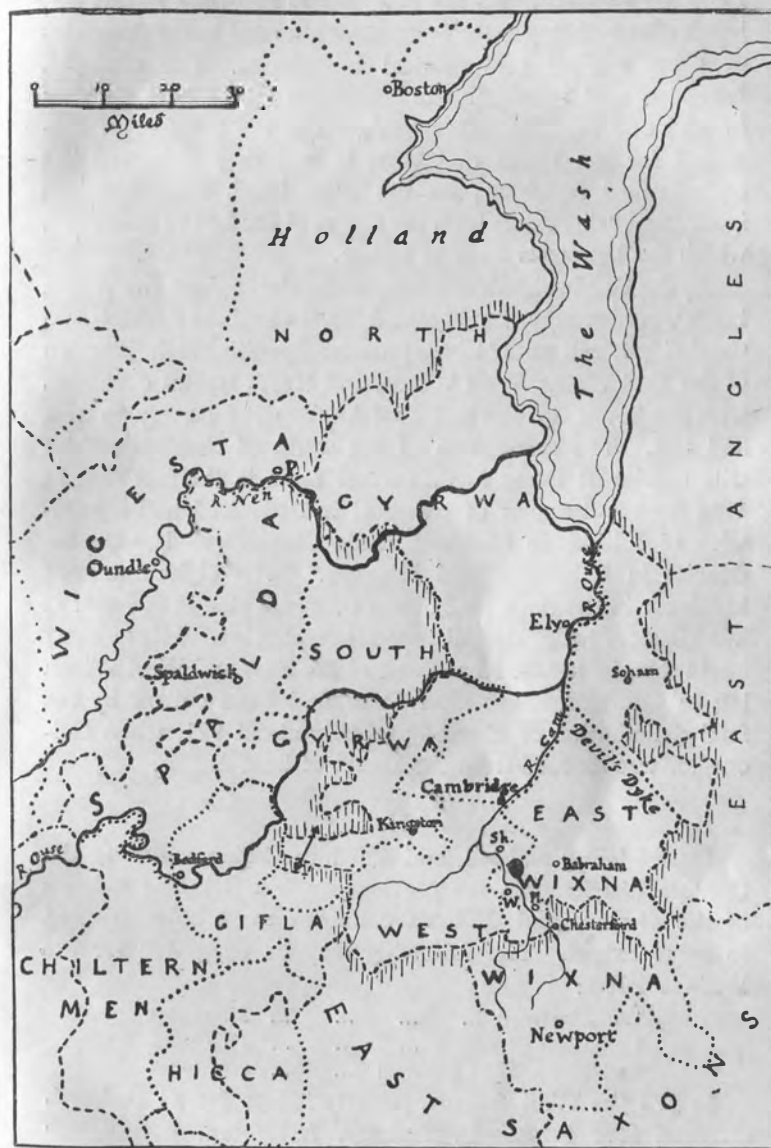
West Wixna (600 hides). In Cambridgeshire—Armingford Hundred (100), Wetherley (80), Thriplow (91½); and in Essex—Uttlesford (249), Clavering (54½) and Freshwell (60½). In all, 636 hides.

Spalda (600 hides). In Huntingdon—Normancross (185) and Leightonstone (172); in Bedford—Barford (105), Stoden (100), and Wiley (104). In all, 666 hides, which may include the 40 or 50 hides lacking in the Gifla number as shown in the former article.

Wigesta (900 or 800 hides), as before, viz. the "eight hundreds of Oundle" given to Peterborough.

The Cambridgeshire hundreds of Staploe and Cheveley have been excluded, because, being in the diocese of Norwich, they must have been East Anglian. The old ecclesiastical arrangements of rural deaneries have suggested the Cambridgeshire groupings above. Generally speaking, archdeaconries corresponded with counties and rural deaneries with hundreds or groups of hundreds. The plan adopted has been, where possible, to take the hundred, with its hidage, as the area for use in tracing boundaries, and to group the

* As an alternative, the little hundred of Weneslai in Bedfordshire may be used.



County Boundary ---- Hundred Boundary

THE FORMATION OF CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Leighton Buzzard. As the conquest is recorded as one act, hundreds according to the indications afforded by the deaneries or other ancient ecclesiastical boundaries. For example, Longstow and Papworth are associated above, because they formed one deanery. One weakness of the boundaries suggested for the Hicca and Gifla is that they disregard the ecclesiastical divisions; on the other hand, these divisions ignore that "direct line from the source of the Lee to Bedford", which the hundreds seem to follow.

By the Cambridgeshire arrangement above given the Wixna lands would occupy, roughly speaking, the basin of the Cam, and Cambridge itself would have a prominent position at the junction of the East Wixna, West Wixna, and North Gyrwa countries, with the South Gyrwas and East Angles not far away, to west and east. The association of the south of Cambridgeshire with northwest Essex has a further basis in the fact that in 1086 the royal manor of Newport in Uttlesford had a bere-wick of 3 hides in Shelford, while Chesterford had dependencies in Babraham and Hinxton.* The eight unnamed hundreds in the same part of the county which in 975 met at Whittlesford to decide a dispute concerning land at Swaffham† could then be identified as those of the East and West Wixna left in Cambridgeshire after three had been cut off by the final delimitation of Essex—probably about 921, when Colchester was rescued from the Danes of East Anglia.

II.

Dorset being omitted, and 600 hides being added to the Chiltern district as in the previous *Eagle* article, the hidages of the Hwinca and Chiltern countries must be readjusted to some extent. The following may be suggested for the Hwinca 7000:

Wiltshire (part)	3500 hides
Hampshire (North)	1500 hides
Berkshire (west of Sonning)	2000 hides

In 571 the West Saxons, penetrating as far as Bedford, annexed four towns—Lygeanbury, Aylesbury, Bensington, and Eynsham. The first of these may be represented by

* *V. C. H. Essex* i, 338, reading Hinxton for Histon.
† *Liber Eliensis* ii, 34.

and as three of the towns are certainly in the Chiltern country, it may reasonably be supposed that the four towns (no doubt heads of tribal districts) belonged to the Chiltern-dwellers of the "Hidage" with their corresponding 4000 hides, an average of a thousand hides for each town. The details would be:

Lygeanbury. In Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire, 600 hides; in Buckinghamshire—Cotslow (364), Burnham and Stoke (218). In all, 1182 hides.

Aylesbury. In Buckingham—Aylesbury (382), Ashenden (335), and Desborough (148); in Oxford—Thame (120) and Bullington (210). In all, 1195 hides.



THE CHILTERN-DWELLER'S LAND.

Bensington. In Oxford, the Chiltern hundreds (549) and Dorchester (139). In all, 688 hides.

Eynsham. In Oxford, Woolton (406), Bampton (206) and Chadlington (292). In all, 904 hides.

This shows a deficiency of only thirty hides. If Eynsham be omitted, and the north-east part of Oxfordshire and the rest of Buckinghamshire be included instead, the total comes to 4014 hides.

In conclusion, a few words may be added about the great mystery of the "Tribal Hidage", viz. the entries "Noxgaga, 5000 hides : Ohtgaga, 2000 hides". In the former article the suggestion was repeated that these may be subdivisions of one of the greater areas of 7000 hides. Another solution is obvious also : that they are summations, omitting 100 hides each, of the smaller areas just preceding them. Thus South Gyrwa 600, North Gyrwa 600, East Wixna 300, West Wixna 600, Spalda 600, Wigesta 900, Herefinna 1200, and Sweodora 300 together yield 5100 hides, reduced to 5000 exactly if the reading Wigesta 800 be adopted. Then Gilla 300, Hicca 300, Wiht 600, Aro 600 and Faerpinga 300 amount to 2100. This would further suggest that "Noxgaga" was a term referring to the Anglian districts annexed to Mercia proper by Penda or Wulfhere, and that "Ohtgaga" (otherwise Gohrgaga, probably for Gohthgaga) was a corresponding term for Jutish or Saxon districts so annexed. The word itself has at least resemblance to *Iótas*, *Eótenas* and *Geátas* used for the Jutes.

J. B.



DEAR SLEEP.

LET me
Devoted hours to thee
In quiet keep,
Sleep, gentle Sleep.

Give me soft arms,
Enfold this heart
Unto thy bosom deep,
Oh gentle Sleep.

Subdue the beat of drums, subdue
The fiery dart of upstart theme,
Of ambushed dream.

Subdue the hum
And haggles of the mart
Where ever new
This thought for that drives bargain
Up and down.
Joyless is the outcome.

With cool caress of lips
Hot eyes and brow encumber.
Deep, deep, deep,
Deep let me drown in slumber,
Liquid slumber,
Sleep, gentle Sleep.

F. K.



THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE
MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE AND OF THE
CHOIR SCHOOL AND FOR COLLEGE
SERVANTS WHO DIED ON ACTIVE
SERVICE, 1914—1919.

AT half-past ten on Sunday morning, October 26th, the College assembled in the chapel to commemorate, in God's presence, its gallant dead.

The service opened with two sentences from the Burial Service sung in procession by the choir. Then the Master, after briefly declaring the intention of the service, read over the Roll of Johnians, of chapel choristers, and of College servants, who fell in action or died on service during the memorable years 1914-19. Two Psalms followed. First, Psalm cxxx *De Profundis* struck the note of mourning, passing at the end to trusting confidence that God will yet redeem His people; then Psalm cxxvi *In convertendo* caught up the note of triumph, culminating in the conviction that 'he that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him'. The All Saints' Day Lesson, Wisdom iii 1-9, was read by Dr Bonney. After the Lesson the choir sang the Burial anthem, 'I heard a voice from heaven', after which the whole congregation joined in singing the fine hymn composed for the occasion by Mr Glover. Next followed the *Kyrie eleison*, the Lord's Prayer, and prayers commending the departed to God's mercy with thanksgiving for their good example, conducted by the Dean. Then the congregation

joined in singing Bishop Walsham How's hymn, 'For all the Saints'. After the Collect for All Saints' Day, Dr Bonney gave the Blessing. The service ended on a peaceful key. A beautiful passage translated from the Italian of Gabriello Chiabrera by our greatest poet was sung as a concluding anthem to a setting composed for the occasion by Dr Rootham. The Last Post was sounded from the ante-chapel, and Tallis's Funeral March brought the service to a close.

We append the Order of Service containing the Roll of Honour :

ORDER OF SERVICE.

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Set to Music by WILLIAM CROFT.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts ; shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer ; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.

Set to Music by HENRY PURCELL.

Brethren, we are met together as one family to remember before God those who went out from us during the late war and have laid down their lives for their country and for mankind. We shall make mention of their names, commit their souls to the mercy of Almighty God, and give Him thanks for their good example. We shall also pray for ourselves : we shall ask that through our Saviour Jesus Christ we may live in fellowship with them and with other faithful servants of God, who have gone before, and that as they in life and death served the forethought of God, so we in our time may be enabled to further their work, until the fulness of God's Kingdom is come.

These were members of the College, who thus laid down their lives :

JOHN BERNARD PYE ADAMS
 FRANCIS DOUGLAS ADAMSON
 KENDRICK EDWARD DENISON AINLEY
 PHILIP GEORGE ALEXANDER
 GEOFFREY AUSTIN ALLEN
 HENRY NOEL ATKINSON
 ARTHUR LAURENCE BADCOCK
 BERTRAM LEEDS THOMAS BARNETT
 WALTER HENRY BARTLETT
 JOHN BATESON
 MONTMORENCY BEAUMONT BEAUMONT-CHECKLAND
 BARNARD REEVE BEECHY
 CHARLES REEVE BEECHY
 GEORGE ENOCH BENSON
 WILLIAM DOUGLAS BENTALL
 HENRY CLAUDE BERNARD
 HECTOR FUSSELL BILLINGER
 VINCENT COKE BODDINGTON
 GEOFFREY ALWYN GERSHOM BONSER
 LESLIE HAROLD BOWEN
 JOHN KENNETH BRICE-SMITH
 ERIC GEORGE BROCK
 CHRISTOPHER WILKINSON BROWN
 ERIC METCALFE BROWN
 GUY ARROTT BROWNING
 ROGER DAWSON DAWSON-DUFFIELD BROWNSON
 FREDERICK GODFREY BURR
 REGINALD HENRY CALLENDER
 WILFRED GARDINER CASSELS
 CECIL WELLS CASTLE
 ALRED REGINALD BEWES CHAPMAN
 CECIL ANSTIS BEWES CHAPMAN
 WILLIAM GERARD CHEESE
 HAROLD CHELL
 LAURENCE DRURY CHIDSON
 HENRY ROBERT ERNEST CLARK
 DONALD CLARKE
 ROBERT SHUTTLEWORTH CLARKE

ROBERT HENRY WANKLYN COBBOLD
 WILFRED COOP
 GORDON SALLNOW COSGROVE
 JOSIAH FREDERICK SIBREE CROGGON
 DONALD EDWARD CRUICKSHANK
 ROBERT HUGH ALBAN COTTON
 ARTHUR DAVENPORT
 DENNIS IVOR DAY
 MILES JEFFREY GAME DAY
 HENRY FREDERICK EDGEUMBE EDWARDES
 OLIVER BERNARD ELLIS
 HERBERT CLYDE EVANS
 GEORGE RALEIGH KERR EVATT
 SAMUEL BERNARD CLUTTON FERRIS
 JOHN HOLLAND BALLETT FLETCHER
 ROBERT DOUGLAS FOSTER
 THOMAS FREDERICK
 KENNETH JOHN RATTRAY GARDINER
 GEOFFREY ATKINSON GAZE
 THOMAS REGINALD GLEAVE
 CHARLES REGINALD GLYN
 CLIFFORD GEORGE GRAIL
 REGINALD PHILIP GREGORY
 HERBERT LLEWELYN GWYNNE
 WILFRED NEWBOLD HALLIWELL
 ARCHIBALD SAMUEL HAMILTON
 ALFRED WALLACE HARVEY
 ROBERT STUART HAWCRIDGE
 WILLIAM MARGETSON HEALD
 ROBERT CECIL HEARN
 JOHN ROBERTSHAW HILL
 ALAN MENZIES HILLER
 ALAN VICTOR HOBBS
 VICTOR WILLIAM JOHN HOBBS
 NORMAN VICTOR HOLDEN
 MAURICE IVES BERTHON HOWELL
 BASIL FREDERICK MURRAY HUGHES
 CYRIL HURDMAN
 EDWARD VICTOR IREMONGER
 ANSTEY ROSS JACOB

SAMUEL PERCY JACQUEST
 FRANCIS ARTHUR JAMES
 PERCY VICKERMAN KEMP
 WILLIAM HENRY KNOWLSON-WILLIAMS
 CHARLES GLASS PLAYFAIR LAIDLAW
 WALTER SIBBALD LAIDLAW
 HENRY CLARENCE HORSBURGH LANE
 PHILIP HERBERT LAUGHLIN
 HERBERT NETTLETON LEAKEY
 ERIC HANSON LEE
 ROBERT MCCHEYNE LINNELL
 PERCY ARNOLD LLOYD-JONES
 JAMES LUSK
 FRANCIS WILLMER MCAULAY
 DAVID HAROLD MACKLIN
 EBENEZER MACLAY
 WILFRED MARSHALL
 PETER MASON
 FREDERICK STURDY MAY
 PETER LANGTON MAY
 JOSEPH COLLIN MIRFIN
 BASIL FULLEYLOVE WEST MOGRIDGE
 GORDON HARPUR MORLEY
 LESLIE TOWNSEND MORRIS
 HORACE GERARD TOWNSEND NEWTON
 FRANCIS CAMPBELL NORBURY
 ROBERT BLAKE ODGERS
 CLAUDE HASTINGS GEORGE PHILP
 ERNEST EMANUEL POLACK
 WILLIAM MARCUS NOEL POLLARD
 DONALD RAMSAY PUDDICOMBE
 JOHN HENTON PULLIN
 DONALD WILLIAM RENNIE
 RUSKIN JOHN ROBERT RICHARDSON
 JOHN NEVILL RITCHIE
 LOUIS FRANCIS WOODWARD ROBINSON
 MARSHALL HALL ROBINSON
 HAROLD WILLIAM ROSEVEARE
 HUGH FRANCIS RUSSELL-SMITH
 DONALD ARTHUR GEORGE BUCHANAN RYLEY

WILLIAM GUTHRIE SALMOND
 ARTHUR JOHN SAWNEY
 RICHARD DENHAM SCHOLFIELD
 NOEL BERNARD SOUPER
 BASIL ROBERT STREETEN
 HAROLD CHARLES NORMAN TAYLOR
 ERNEST EDWARD THOMPSON
 KENNETH SINCLAIR THOMSON
 GUY THWAITES
 ARTHUR JAMES DASHWOOD TORRY
 SYDNEY PROUT TOZER
 MENDEL ISIDORE TRACHTENBERG
 DENZIL CLIVE TWENTYMAN
 THOMAS CHRISTOPHER VAUSE
 HAROLD ROBERT WALES
 JAMES LIONEL EAST WARREN
 KENNETH SELBY WATERS
 WILLIAM VERNON CROWTHER WATSON
 RICHARD HENRY WHITE
 EDWARD HILLIARD DAY WHITFIELD
 BERNARD WILLIAM THEODORE WICKHAM
 JOHN ARNOLD WILLETT
 HARRY BEN WILLIAMS
 ALAN SYDNEY WILSON
 ARTHUR WESLEY WILSON
 CHARLES ARMSTRONG WOOLER
 HERBERT SYKES WOOLER
 JOHN WORSTENHOLME

These were choristers:

WILLIAM CHARLES SIDNEY HORSPOOL
 THOMAS ARTHUR NUTCOMBE

These were servants of the College:

LESLIE CHAPMAN
 CHARLES DEATH
 WILLIAM BERTRAM FOX
 GEORGE ERNEST FROST
 ARTHUR RANDALL

'So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.' JOHN BUNYAN, *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

PSALM CXXX. *DE PROFUNDIS*.

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord : Lord,
hear my voice.

PSALM CXXXVI. *IN CONVERTENDO*.

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion : then
were we like unto them that dream.

THE LESSON. WISDOM III. 1-9.

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die : and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction : but they are in peace. For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded : for God proved them, and found them worthy for himself. As gold in the furnace hath he tried them, and received them as a burnt offering. And in the time of their visitation they shall shine, and run to and fro like sparks among the stubble. They shall judge the nations, and have dominion over the people, and their Lord shall reign for ever. They that put their trust in him shall understand the truth : and such as be faithful in love shall abide with him : for grace and mercy is to his saints, and he hath care for his elect.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord : even so saith the Spirit ; for they rest from their labours.

Set to Music by GEORGE MURSELL GARRETT.

HYMN.

For men who heard their country's call,
And counted life a little thing
To spend for her and for us all,
We give Thee praise, our Lord and King.

For men who stood for Liberty,
Who kept their faith, who fought and died
To make the peoples henceforth free,
We give Thee praise, the Crucified.

For lovers of their kind who chose
All the long years the sick to tend,
To heal the wounded, friends or foes,
We give Thee praise, our heavenly Friend.

For great ideals not in vain
Set high before us, Peace restored,
And hope for nations born again,
We give Thee praise, our risen Lord.

TERROT REAVELEY GLOVER.

The Lord be with you
And with thy spirit.

Answer.

Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name.
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is
in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive
us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil.
Amen.

*Let us commend to the mercy of God the souls of these and all
other His servants, who have given their lives for their friends in
the late war.*

Almighty God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, we
humbly commend the souls of these thy servants, our
brethren, into thy hands as into the hands of a faithful
Creator and most merciful Saviour : most humbly beseeching
thee that they may be precious in thy sight. Wash them,
we pray thee, in the blood of that immaculate Lamb that was
slain to take away the sins of the world, that whatsoever
defilements they have contracted in this life being purged

and done away, they may be presented pure and without spot before thee, through the merits of Jesus Christ thine only Son our Lord. *Amen.*

Let us pray God to perfect the good work that He has begun in them, and to bring both them and us unto His everlasting kingdom.

O Almighty God and merciful Father, who by thy blessed Son has taught us that all live unto thee, receive our humble prayers for these and all other our brethren who have laid down their lives for their country. Accept their offering: perfect that which thou hast begun in them: let thy loving Spirit lead them into the land of righteousness: and of thy great mercy give us grace so to follow their good example that, this life ended, we may see them again with joy in thy presence: for his sake who died and was buried and rose again for us, thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Let us thank God for their good example.

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we give thee hearty thanks for these thy servants, the members of this college, who have laid down their lives for their friends: beseeching thee that it may please thee of thy gracious goodness shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy Kingdom, that we, with them and all other that are departed in the true faith of thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

HYMN.

"For all the Saints".

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

Let us pray.

O Almighty God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son Christ our Lord; Grant us grace so to follow thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to

those unspeakable joys, which thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord: and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always. *Amen.*

Weep not, beloved friends! nor let the air
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life
Have I been taken; this is genuine life
And this alone—the life which now I live
In peace eternal; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without end.

GABRIELLO CHIABRERA

translated by WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Set to Music by CYRIL BRADLEY ROTHAM.

THE LAST POST.

FUNERAL MARCH by THOMAS TALLIS.



THE MOON TO THE RIVER.

I have watched you, winding silver
Coils of light I lightly scattered,
Catching all the dust of silver
From my spears of crystal shattered.
I have seen the swans, my sisters,
In the dark shades overleaning,
Stately sail before the night-wind,
Seeking rest from my cold sheening.
I have heard—I hear!—the whisper
Of the airs among your rushes
In the shallows. I have glittered
On the arching cascade's gushes.
I have climbed until you fluttered
Like a ribbon far below me—
Like a silk and silver ribbon
Sending back my light to show me
How you lingered in the marshes,
How you hurried in the glens,
How you twisted, hither, thither,
Where the lilies light the fens.
Night by night, and month by month,
I have spent myself to move you ;
Month by month, and night by night,
Stretched this starry tent above you ;
Told you eerie tales at midnight ;
Blushed to meet you, and to leave you ;
Laughed with all your empty ripples
In the winter ; wept to grieve you ;
Kissed at night, and found your kisses
Cold as unresponsive snow ;

The Moon to the River.

23

Often prayed my silver sister,
Swans to tell you what you know,
What you know—and will not answer :
That I wane with my devotion,
Die because you pour your love out
For my tidal slave, the Ocean !
Daily die, with unrequited
Passion that is bitter pain ;
Nightly rise, with hope rekindled,
Smiling—though all smiles are vain.

F. H. K.



SPIN BALDAK.

THIS name, so essentially "caviare to the general", reminds me forcibly that 16½ years ago I spent nineteen days there as the guest of the Amir Habibullah Khan of Afghanistan, an uninvited and a most unintentional guest. From the earliest almost to the last days of my 26 years' service in India circumstances brought me from time to time into the proximity of the Fort and Cantonment which the Amir Abdurrahman Khan in his wrath set down over against New Chaman*, when the news reached him that the Government of India had forestalled him, and seized and annexed the site of the Railway Terminus, whence, when occasion or necessity arose, Kandahar was to be joined by rail to the great railway system of India. If there was one thing Abdurrahman hated, and feared, it was a railway, and lo! "la perfide Albion" had outwitted him, and set down at the base of the northern slopes of the Kozhak Mountains a body of troops, under the protection of which the Kozhak tunnel was pierced, the railway carried zigzag down the hill, and, finally all the rails, iron girders and telegraph plant required to lay a railway and telegraph from Chaman to Kandahar stored at that Terminus. Meantime the Fort of Chaman, capable of housing a Battalion, was built and completed, and facing it straight at a distance of four miles the fortified Afghan position of Spin Baldak was springing into being. The latter was still unfinished and inadequately armed last May when a Brigade from Quetta attacked and captured it. As far as I could ascertain, not a gun had been mounted on the Baldak hill defences when I left the place in April 1903.

* Chaman (Persian) = sward. Old Chaman, close under the steep Kozhak Pass, lay right athwart the notable earthquake crack, which here lets loose subterranean springs, whence the expanse of perennial turf which has won for this spot the name of 'Chaman'. New Chaman, some 10 miles farther North, is the British frontier outpost on the road connecting the Punjab and Sind with Kandahar.

As it is on record that work on the Kozhak tunnel commenced in December 1887, we may presume that New Chaman was occupied at a somewhat earlier date. In 1880, it will be remembered, the permanent British occupation of Kandahar was seriously considered, but the advent to power of the reactionary Gladstonian Government almost resulted in a complete frustration of all that Sir Robert Sandeman had been working for for 10 years or more. However, compromise intervened, and the northern slopes of the Amran range was retained as our frontier towards Afghanistan. When the Government of India swooped down on New Chaman, a little inflation of—in fact, a bulge on—this frontier was necessitated. The eye can follow it to-day along a line of whitewashed pillars which stretches for some twenty miles across the plain from spur to spur of the Amran mountains. On the Afghan side of this range of pillars no British subject was supposed to stray; but as a matter of fact, in process of time the absolute absence of the minutest barrier rendered this veto practically a dead letter, and, unless I have been very incorrectly informed, the Afghans themselves paid no attention to British wanderings across the border. Still the memory of the encroachment rankled, and when Sandeman in July 1890 reported to the Governor of Kandahar that Afghans had fired on Indian soldiers guarding the camp at New Chaman, the Governor replied that this and other outrages were the outcome of resentment felt by the Afghan people at British encroachments on the Amir's territory. (Thornton's "Sir Robert Sandeman", p. 200). In or about 1901 a strong band of Afghans crossed the border by night, rushed and surprised a guard of four men at the Rifle range, and having taken their firearms and ammunition left them. During the last year which I spent at Chaman I crossed the frontier whenever circumstances invited me to do so, be it for sport or curiosity or for no reason at all. The pursuit of sand grouse was a not infrequent temptation, and on one occasion I chanced on a hyaena in a nullah miles away from the hills. That hyaena gave me and my groom a good hour's run—and that well over the border—before we brought him to book. We carried nothing but light canes, and when, after close on

40 minutes hard riding, we brought him to a stand, the groom held both horses, while I went for him with stones. He stood thus at intervals six or seven times, till he was finally floored with a stone. This was in September 1902.

In 1903 a new spirit was abroad. Lord Kitchener had arrived, the Great Delhi Durbar had taken place, and Kabul, I think, was on the *qui vive*. I should mention that, in the summer of 1898, when the Baldak Fort was being built, I acquiesced in the proposal made to me by a Yusufzai Havildar of my regiment to go down in disguise and see what was being done. He brought me back a plan—rough it is true—and report, which I passed on to Divisional and Army Headquarters. In May 1902, with the aid of a Dalmeyer Telephotometer lens adjusted to an excellent camera built by Watson, of 313, High Holborn, I took, at a range of about three miles, a perfectly clear picture of Spin Baldak defences and bazar. A copy of this I gave to Sir Valentine Chirol, when he visited me at Chaman towards the end of 1902, and he did me the honour of reproducing it in his "The Middle Eastern Question" (John Murray, 1903). When at the close of April 1903 I had been an inmate of Baldak Fort for 19 days I had ample grounds for looking upon myself as the expert authority on "Spin Baldak". If the gratuitous War which the upstart Amir Amānullah Khan has just forced upon the Government of India had taken place from 15 to 20 years ago, my "expert" knowledge might have stood me in some stead. If the final plan of and report on Spin Baldak which I sent to Simla in 1903 was disintombed from a pigeon-hole in the spring of 1919, then I may still feel that, in a remote degree, I had a finger in the pie.

As I said before, Kabul woke up in 1903, and when, on my return from the Delhi Durbar, I rode 100 yards or so across the frontier, two shots fell upon my ear and two bullets threw up the dust, fortunately some 20 to 30 yards short of me. I put my horse into a canter to ride up to where the bullets struck, when the two ruffians immediately left their cover some 300 to 400 yards off and bolted. I was riding, as usual, unarmed and attended by an unarmed orderly.

Lord Kitchener, as soon as he had attended to business at Indian Army Headquarters, came up to Quetta to inspect frontier defences. He was due at Chaman on 7th April 1903. Having seen him at Quetta on 28th March about the St. John Ambulance work in Baluchistan, I went back to Chaman to prepare for his reception. On 6th April I was busy all day, and only at 6 p.m. had out my horses and mounted, with two orderlies on the other horses, for a good gallop. We went straight away without drawing rein for three miles or more, a good mile beyond the frontier, and then descended into a hollow to let my two Irish terriers have a drink and wallow. It was beginning to get warm. There, to shorten the story, I was surprised by two Afghans armed with rifles. We had no arms. If I had been as wideawake as I should have been, I would have known that Lord Kitchener's impending visit would set the Afghans on the alert. I never gave that a thought. So there I was at their mercy, and I had no choice but to ride with them, horses, orderlies, dogs and all, to Baldak and see the Afghan "Hākim" (Commandant and Civil Administrator of the District). Having got me, he kept me there for nineteen days, prompted by naught but mere "cussedness". He knew me well, as also my eldest brother, than whom no one has during the last forty years rendered more valuable services to the Amir of Afghanistan. It was that brother who faced the Russians at Panjdeh in March 1885 (I was 100 miles from him at Gulran and just starting to join him at Panjdeh, when the news of the Russian attack reached General Sir Peter Lumsden), suffered great hardships in the terrible weather which followed the Russian attack, and finally, after two years arduous work north of the Hindu Kush, returned to India. After a brief rest he demarcated the Russo-Afghan frontier from the Hari-rud to the Oxus, and in 1893 again went to Herat and Kushk to settle Russo-Afghan disputes in the Kushk valley. Despite all this, which the Spin Baldak Commandant must have known, he insisted on detaining me. Of my experiences during that detention there is not space to write now. I will only add that my two Pathān (Yuzufzai) orderlies behaved splendidly.

11/10/19.

A. C. YATE.



THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on ;
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene : one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. 'Remember not past years.

So long Thy Power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angels faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

1833.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.



IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Lux ades alma : per hanc, qua Nox circumvolat, umbram,
Tu rege labentes per loca cæca gradus.
Caligo ruit atra : foris longinquus aberro :
Tu rege labentes per loca cæca gradus.
Ipsa pedes serva : distantia non mihi cura
Cernere : si tantum progrediar, sat erit.

Non mens ista mihi semper : non ista precabar,
Ut tu dirigeres per loca cæca gradus.
Corripuisse viam propriam per aperta juvabat :
Dirige sed tu nunc per loca cæca gradus.
Gratæ olim vaga Lux domitrixque Superbia Mentis,
Deficiente Metu : parce, nec ista refer.

En, antiqua comes, bonitas tua numine fausto
Rexerit usque meos per loca cæca gradus,
Per colles, per stagna, per ardua, per freta, donec
Palluerit tandem nox veniente die,
Luciferoque oriente chori felicitis imago
Riserit, interea perditâ, cara diu.

1902.

RICHARD HORTON SMITH.



REVIEW.

Joan and Peter.

Mr. Wells' sincerity must be obvious to all—and there are a large number—who are interested in the problem of the trinity of God, Sex, and the Empire. Yet whenever he publishes a new long novel some overworked reviewer is sure to yawn rudely in the half column allowed him by the daily press and petulantly to beg for more romances after the style of the *First Man in the Moon*. Possibly romantic and imaginative stories of scientific Utopias are more palatable to the overworked journalist than a serious attempt to tell the story of an education such as *Joan and Peter*. I personally, and I trust most young people, *i.e.*, all under twenty-five not petrified with the *blaséness* of an army mess or some insignificant literary coterie, sympathise with Mr Wells and not with the journalist. Mr Wells knows as much—perhaps more—about the psychology of sex than most people. He has real sound views on education, and he has his finger on the pulse of history. With scrupulous intellectual fairness he gives the best arguments for both sides of any question. He has the lawyer's knack of acquiring knowledge in any subject, and his suggestions and criticisms are always illuminating even to experts. Particularly is this so with education. *Joan and Peter* should be a real inspiration to educationalists.

Peter and his illegitimate foster sister Joan are left orphans under the guardianship of Aunts Phoebe and Phyllis, Lady Charlotte Sydenham, and Uncle Oswald, better known as Nobby. The two Aunts determine to train the children to be, as Aunt Phoebe puts it, “free and simple, but fearlessly advanced, unbiassed and yet exquisitely cultivated, inheritors of the treasure of the past purged of all

ancient defilement, sensuous, passionate, determined, forerunners of a super-humanity.” Aunt Phoebe, dear old soul, was given to Carlylian rhetoric, with phrases of Havelock Ellis and Nietzsche. The forerunners of a super-humanity “are sent to the school of St George and the Venerable Bede, run by a Miss Murgatroyd, a lady indiscriminately receptive of new educational ideas, with the assistance of a Miss Mills, who has more sense of humour than the foundations of arithmetic. The third guardian, Lady Charlotte, “one of those large, ignorant, ruthless, low-church, wealthy, and well-born ladies who did so much to make England what it was in the days before the Great War,” assisted by a nail-biting solicitor. Grimer has the children kidnapped that they may be removed from an atmosphere of what she is pleased to call socialism and immorality, and brought up on sound religious lines with no nonsense. Peter is sent to the High Cross Preparatory School, a herding place of nasty youths, under the direction of a Mr Mainwaring, one time card player and Junior Optime at Cambridge. Joan is housed with a Mrs Pybas, a slatternly woman given to saying ‘grice’ and talking of ulcers and child-birth. From Lady Charlotte’s Anglican orthodoxy the children are rescued by the return from Africa of Uncle Oswald.

Uncle Oswald is the real interest of the book. No longer fit for empire-building in Africa, his romantic imperialism finds an outlet in the education of his two charges. Peter would like “lessons about the insides of animals and about the people in foreign countries—and how engines work—and all that sort of thing”. Oswald determines that he shall have them and commences a searching for schoolmasters. The search is not satisfactory. “To his eyes these great schools, architecturally so fine, so happy in their out-of-door aspects, so pleasant socially, became more and more visibly whirlpools into which the living curiosity and happy energy of the nation’s youth were drawn and caught, and fatigued, thwarted, and wasted. They were beautiful shelters of intellectual laziness”. However, schools are found for Joan and Peter, and in due time they proceed to Cambridge. There is no need to enlarge on Mr Wells’ views on Cambridge. Though peculiar to him they are known to all. What Mr Wells does

do is to realise the real enthusiasm underlying, and at the same time the real hollowness of such movements as the Cambridge Fabian Society and the "Club of Strange Faiths" at Newnham.

Mr Wells is something of an historian. He has conducted no arduous researches into the origins of feudalism or for that matter into the origins of anything, but he has a sense of the greatness and wonder of the human adventure. His rudeness about Queen Victoria in particular and royal families in general, his detestation of the Anglicans and the county families, are bye-products of a real enthusiasm for progress and hatred of shams. That "facts are clean" is to Mr Wells "the essential faith with which science has faced vice and priestcraft, magic and muddle and fear and mystery, the whole world over". Towards the end of this novel the historian and moralist in the author overpowers the novelist. Russia, Germany, Ireland are passed in review. The world on the eve of war is shown rapidly approaching the great catastrophe. Peter becomes a vaguer and vaguer automaton worried by the usual sex problems. Here and there are brilliant descriptive passages: Peter's fight in the air, Peter's dream wherein he visits God in his dusty, cobwebby, untidy office—a scene conceived and described in the spirit of Lucian; but we feel that we have lost touch with Peter, and are thankful when Joan, proposing, brings him to his senses and out of the atmosphere of Arnold Bennet's *Pretty Lady*.



OLD JOHNIAN HENLEY FUND.

DEAR SIR,

Now that the war is over and rowing throughout the country is being revived, it is hoped to restore the finances of the Old Johnian Henley Fund to the flourishing condition which they had reached before the outbreak of war.

During the war a suggestion was made to subscribers that they might like temporarily to suspend their subscriptions, and many acted on the suggestion. A certain number of subscriptions continued to come in, with the result that, including the substantial balance in hand in 1914, the Committee has been able to invest the sum of £420. The investment should yield an annual return of about £20, which can be used to supplement annual subscriptions.

In 1914 the annual subscriptions amounted to £120; during the war they had fallen to £40. In 1914 the cost of sending an eight to Henley was about £180, but this pre-war figure will be considerably exceeded for the next few years. The Committee does not aim at paying all the expenses of a crew at Henley; Johnians in residence ought, and will naturally wish, to do their share, but the Committee does feel that unless it can command a revenue equal to that of 1914, especially under present conditions, the Fund is likely to fail in its object of ensuring the entry at Henley of any crew that is likely to uphold the reputation of the College.

The inauguration of the Fund was very happily followed by two consecutive victories at Henley in 1913 and 1914. Now the foundations of rowing have to be built up afresh. The L.M.B.C. has made an excellent start in the May Races—the First Boat made two bumps and is now third on the river, while the Second Boat made four bumps. The usefulness of

the Fund was especially demonstrated this year, when the Committee was able with the funds at its disposal to make a grant to assist in sending an Eight to Henley. The Eight succeeded in getting through two rounds of the Elsenham Cup, beating Beaumont College and St John's College, Oxford. Hartley, the First May Boat stroke, was not allowed to row for the Club at Henley as he was stroking the Cambridge University First Trial Eight. The L.M.B.C. Henley Crew consisted of men who will be in residence next year, and the experience gained should be of very great value in establishing a sound style of rowing in the College.

The Committee, therefore, hopes that those who temporarily suspended their subscriptions during the war will now renew them. At the same time it appeals to Old Johnians, and to rowing men in particular, who have gone down since 1913, to do all they can by becoming subscribers to ensure the continued prosperity of the Fund.

For the information of new subscribers it may be stated that the Fund is controlled by a Committee consisting of the following :

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| <i>Chairman</i> | THE MASTER,
The Lodge, St John's College, Cambridge |
| <i>Hon. Sec.</i> | Major G. L. DAY,
Rheola, St Ives, Hunts. |
| <i>Hon. Treas.</i> | Mr J. COLLIN,
Gazeley, Trumpington, Cambridge. |
| <i>Members</i> | Rev. H. E. H. COOMBES,
Freshwater Rectory, Isle of Wight.
Major J. K. DUNLOP, M.C.,
33, Exeter Road, Brondesbury, N.W.
Mr J. J. LISTER,
Merton House, Grantchester, Cambridge.
Canon A. H. PRIOR,
Morton Rectory, Alfreton.
Mr N. P. SYMONDS,
7, Pembroke Avenue, Bedford. |

As it is not intended to encourage indiscriminate entries at Henley, the Committee does not make a grant unless it is satisfied that the crew to be entered is likely to do credit to the College, and that the experience gained at Henley will help to maintain a high standard of rowing in the Club.

Although annual subscriptions form the basis of the scheme, donations are accepted. These are paid into a capital account, the interest from which alone is used. Unexpended balances of annual subscriptions are also paid into the capital account. Subscriptions have ranged in amount from 2/6 to £5 5s., the average being about £1.

To avoid the necessity of reminders and acknowledgements, and so reduce the secretarial work, it is particularly requested that subscribers will fill in a banker's order and forward it to *The Hon. Treasurer, Old Johnian Henley Fund, Gazeley, Trumpington, Cambridge.*

I am,

Yours faithfully,

August, 1919.

G. L. DAY (*Hon. Sec.*)



THE BUSHE-FOX MEMORIAL FUND.

A circular has been sent round to ex-members of the L.M.B.C. who rowed in the May Races between 1884 and 1914 inviting them to subscribe to this Memorial.

Subscriptions were limited to 10/-

It is hoped that the Memorial, which it has been agreed shall take the form of a plain bronze tablet, will be erected in the Boat-house early next year.

Detailed arrangements are in the hands of a Committee consisting of the following : Mr J. Collin, Capt. P. J. Lewis, Major G. L. Day.

G. L. DAY (*Hon. Sec.*)



VERSES.

(With apologies to all concerned.)

Madame Clara Butt
Cannot sing with her mouth shut,
But Mr. Kennerley Rumford can—
That's the best of being a man!

Clara Sed ore nequit clauso cantare : marito
hoc facile est factu : sic iuvat esse virum.

When they told Cimabue
That he couldn't cooë
He replied : " Perhaps I mayn't,
But I do know how to paint"—(Mr. Clerihew.)

"Non ululare potes recte" dixere Myroni:
"Nonne meas statuas inspicietis?" ait.

F.



LECTURES IN THE COLLEGE HALL.

AN innovation has been made this Term by the starting of a series of College Lectures, which are intended to alternate, on Fridays, with the fortnightly concerts given by the Musical Society, and to deal equally with scientific and literary or artistic subjects. At the second lecture a Committee, consisting of the Dean, Dr Rivers, E. Booth, J. A. Struthers (Secretary), and E. L. Davison, was elected to make the necessary arrangements. It is hoped that the series will be continued during the next and ensuing Terms.

The first lecture, at which Mr Sikes presided, was on October 17th, when the Master gave a history of the College. After a brief description of the origin and growth of Mediaeval Universities, he pointed out that although the College as we know it was founded in 1511 and opened in 1516 it then took over the buildings and property, together with many of the duties, of an earlier foundation, that of the Hospital of St John the Evangelist, which was established about 1135 by Henry Frost, a Burgess of Cambridge. In 1280, Hugo de Balsham, tenth Bishop of Ely, obtained a licence from King Edward I. to introduce a certain number of scholars of the University into the Hospital to be governed according to the rules of the Scholars of Merton. This scheme failed, however, and the scholars were removed in 1284 to found what is now Peterhouse. For two hundred years after this the Hospital went quietly on its way. Toward the end of the fifteenth, or beginning of the sixteenth, century the old house seems to have fallen on bad ways. The brethren were accused of having squandered its belongings, of having granted improvident leases, and of having sold the holy vessels of their chapel.

At this juncture the Lady Margaret came to the rescue. She had already founded Christ's College, and on the advice of John Fisher, formerly President of Queens', and at that time Bishop of Rochester and Chancellor of the University, she decided to make the Hospital of St John the basis of further gifts which she was thinking of bestowing on Cambridge. Unfortunately she died before the plans were finally completed, but thanks to the energy and devotion of Bishop Fisher, to whom the College owes much, the many difficulties were overcome, and the College opened in 1516. Twenty years later the Master and Fellows had an opportunity of showing their feelings toward Fisher, and it is to their credit that they stood by him, no doubt at some risk to themselves, when he was put in prison by Henry VIII. During the reign of Edward VI. the eloquent and outspoken Thomas Leaver was Master; on the accession of Queen Mary he and many of his Fellows had to fly to Switzerland, as the Queen made in Cambridge, as elsewhere, a resolute and unflinching attempt to re-establish the Roman Catholic faith. An equally violent change in the other direction took place when Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, and during most of this reign there was a strong leaning toward Puritanism in the College.

The comparatively peaceful, though none the less strenuous, existence which the College was able to enjoy during the latter part of the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries was, as happened elsewhere through the country, greatly disturbed by the troubles of the Civil War and the Commonwealth. The Royalist sympathies shown by St John's caused Cromwell, when he obtained power, to imprison the Master and eject a number of the Fellows. He then quartered some of his soldiers in the College and used it as a gaol. With the Restoration the Fellows returned, and the rest of the century passed quietly except for the incident of the non-juring Fellows and scholars, who on various grounds refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, and who were consequently liable to be deprived of their places and emoluments. In spite, however, of a King's Bench writ they were able to maintain their position.

The eighteenth century here as in the rest of the University was not a period of great ideals. "Privilege" was in

full force. For the first time in the College registers men are entered as "Noblemen". These were allowed to proceed to the M.A. degree direct in two years without passing through the intermediate stage of B.A. The College was also full of Fellow Commoners, who sat with the Fellows at High Table in Hall; but do not appear, until the close of the century, to have proceeded to any degree. During this century St John's seems, generally speaking, to have gained the reputation of being a Tory College in a Whig University; it became extremely fashionable, and toward the end of the century had more students in residence than any other College. At the same time its reputation for efficiency was very high. This was due largely to Dr Wm Samuel Powell, Master from 1765—1775, who made many administrative changes. He also started yearly examinations in the College—then a novelty in the University.

During the first half of last century College life was still regulated by the statutes of Elizabeth, which were characterised by over cautious and minute legislation. There were several movements both from within and from without, towards University reform, and in 1837 a definite attempt was made to establish a Royal Commission. A compromise was eventually reached, under which each College undertook to revise its own Statutes. Those of St John's received royal approval in 1849. Two revisions have since been made, one in 1860, and the other in 1882. While aiming at precision on questions of rights and duties, they left great freedom in the matters of study, discipline and administration. Gradually, by the introduction of new studies, particularly in the Natural Sciences, by the removal of restrictions which limited Scholarships and Fellowships to certain parts of the country; and not least by the abolition of religious tests, St John's recovered its national character, which the various political and religious changes in the outside world had, at various times in its history, tended to take from it. Thus it grew to be the College as we know it to-day.

On November 21st, with Mr Sikes again in the Chair, Dr Rivers lectured on "Ethnology, its Aims and Needs". He illustrated the scope and aims of that Science by giving

a summary of its history from the time when scientific methods were first employed in its study, about fifty years ago, up to the present time. The idea prevalent at the start was that man had travelled far over the world, and that the similarities found in widely separated parts of the earth were the outcome of the diffusion of features of culture from some one part of the world, the special conditions of which had led to their appearance and development. This gave way about forty years ago, owing to the application of the evolutionary theory to the problem, to the view that similarities between beliefs and customs of different peoples are due to the uniformity of the constitution of the human mind, so that, given similar conditions, similar modes of thought and behaviour come into existence independently, and without help from external influence. This view, however, held without question at the beginning of the century, ignored the fact that similar customs exist under diverse conditions, and, *vice versa*, that diversity of customs is found where conditions are similar. It has also been shaken by various discoveries made in recent years, particularly by those of Prof. Elliot Smith in the field of Egyptology and of Dr Rivers himself in Melanesia. It can no longer be doubted, for instance, that the beliefs and customs of the Solomon Islands are without connection with those of early Egypt, to which they bear such a striking resemblance. This conclusion is supported also by study of such subjects as the spread of mummification, of megalithic culture, and of sun-worship.

In conclusion Dr Rivers made special reference to the needs of Ethnology in the collection of data from the study of the various races of the earth, and asked those who in after life might find themselves among strange and in many cases fast disappearing peoples to remember the value of facts which observation of these peoples would reveal. He expressed the hope that many would spare time and trouble to collect the facts of which Science has so great a need.

In the discussion which followed, the audience shewed their appreciation of the lecture and interest in the subject by the number and variety of the questions asked. They seemed determined literally to survey the world from China to Peru—not forgetting the Aztecs and Tibet.

On Wednesday, December 3rd, under the chairmanship of Prof. Baker, Mr Cunningham lectured on "Einstein's Theory, a New Theory of Gravitation". So much vague talk has been abroad as to the latest scientific thrill, that it may be well to state soberly what is really new and what is not. It is not fair to Sir Isaac Newton to say that he is now a back number. By his three simple laws of motion and the equally concise law of gravitation he brought within a single theory the explanation of the planetary and lunar motions, the tides, the weights of bodies, the precession of the equinoxes, not to speak of other less known phenomena. Up to this day only one very small discrepancy between astronomical observations and the results of his theory has remained.

But philosophers have often objected to the view of time and space which Newton presented as the background of his theory. Absolute true and mathematical time, he said, of itself and by its own nature, flows uniformly on and without regard to anything external. He spoke also of absolute space, in its own nature, remaining always similar and immovable. The prevalent view, however, of the philosopher is that time and space are only aspects of the way the external world appears to us to behave, of the relations we have seen to hold as it spins down the ringing grooves of change. Outside the intellectual pictures of the universe, time and space do not exist. Provided the picture we have of the universe keeps events in the right order, we may measure space and time as we like.

The problem that Einstein set to himself was to find out the kind of laws that are possible in which all ideas of absolute position in space, of absolute time, absolute distances, absolute directions are set aside. He found that the necessary pure mathematics was in existence; and that the tremendous generality of his hypotheses of relativity left a very limited number of possible laws to choose from. He picked the one that seemed simplest, though none but a skilled mathematician would say it looked simple; and even he would hardly suspect it as having anything at all to do with gravitation. However, Einstein was able to shew that when applied to the problems of astronomy, it led to Newton's laws of motion with a very slight modification. Two questions arose. Would the modified

law upset the acknowledged agreement between Newton's theory and the facts? Calculations answered definitely No! Then would the new law explain the outstanding discrepancy? It was only a question of a small turn of the axis of the orbit of the planet Mercury at the rate of forty seconds of angle per century. Calculations replied "Yes, exactly". This was astonishing enough. But more followed.

The physicists of the late nineteenth century were very busy trying to reduce matter to electricity; and they succeeded very well in explaining many of its properties by the new electrical theories. But gravitation, the most universal of properties of matter, remained unexplained. But on the relativity theory gravitation became inextricably mixed up with light and electricity: light cannot be thought of as travelling always in straight lines regardless of the way the observer measures time and space; and there must be a close relation between his estimate of the gravitational field at any place and the way light is propagated. Detailed consideration shewed that a ray of light from a star if passing close to the sun should be bent out of its path through an angle of 1.74 seconds. The previous success of this extraordinarily abstract theory made the testing of this a matter of great interest. The necessary star photographs could only be taken when the sun's light was completely obscured at a total eclipse. The results of the measurements gave a deviation of 1.9 seconds. Such a close agreement adds very greatly to the weight to be attached to the theory, though there are points yet remaining to be cleared up.

Newton's glory however is not dimmed; rather he is seen to have forged a mighty link in the never complete chain of knowledge. The most recent addition to it vindicates the faith of those who without thought of what was to come of it have patiently undertaken mathematical research. We see now the labours of pure mathematician, technical astronomer, and theoretical physicist brought together to the construction of what may prove the most comprehensive theory of the physical universe that has yet been seen.



THE COLLEGE WAR MEMORIAL.

The Committee appointed to consider the College War Memorial has presented a preliminary report from which we quote as follows :

1. 'They are of opinion that the Memorial should consist of a metal tablet in one piece or in sections ; that the inscription should be in incised Roman letters ; that there should be a short prefatory inscription in English followed by a complete list of the names of those who fell in the war, including members of the College, former members of the choir, and College servants, as in the list read at the Memorial Service on October 26th.

The list contained 153 names, but it is probable that there were some omissions.

2. That this Memorial should be placed in the ante-chapel. Three positions have been suggested :

(i) In the centre of the three arches on the south side of the ante-chapel. The three tablets at present affixed there, to Sir Isaac Pennington, Thomas Catton and James Savage being removed to some other position.

(ii) Under the southernmost window on the west wall of the ante-chapel directly facing the entrance door. The monument to Robert Worsley and the tablet to the left of it being removed to another position.

(iii) On the wall space to the right as we enter the chapel where the two brasses to Nicholas Metcalfe and Prof. Cardale Babington are at present affixed. These being removed to some other position.

3. The Committee recommend that the cost of the Memorial should be defrayed by the College.

4. The Committee recommend that before the position of the Memorial is finally selected the wishes of the whole body of Fellows should be consulted.

5. That when the position has been finally decided the advice of a competent artist should be taken and a design (or designs) obtained'.

The list of names is printed in this number of the *Eagle* in the Order of the Memorial Service (see pp. 14-17), and the Committee will be very grateful if readers of the *Eagle* who note any omission from this list will kindly inform the Master.



THE EAGLE.

Lent Term, 1920.

SERTORIUS AND HIS AGE.

BEFORE the time of Cicero, when Greek influence began to tell among the nobility of Rome, one meets very few really interesting Romans. It has often been pointed out that whereas Greek History, from Solon to Aratus, is full of piquant characters, the great men of Rome rather conform to a type. One of the charms of the study of the Ciceronian age is that in it we can see the blending of the two ideas, the old impersonal Roman tradition, summed up in the two words *gravitas* and *pietas*, and the humane and lively Greek culture. Yet even then there were many who tried hard to keep themselves uncontaminated with this modernism: the stock of Romulus fought stubbornly. As a picture-gallery, therefore, Roman History is dull. Brutus the regicide might easily be mistaken for Brutus the "tyrannicide", and indeed for almost any statesman who comes between. Occasionally there is a character like Cato the Censor, who makes one "sit up and take notice" by being more Roman than the Romans, and then there is his interesting descendant, Cato the Last of the Republicans, who succeeded in being more Catonic than the Catos. But one must reluctantly admit that even the genial insanity of the long line of Apii Claudii becomes rather monotonous. The only pre-Ciceronian Romans whom in Elysium one would expect to find interesting in themselves are Tiberius Gracchus, Lucilius, and Quinctus Sertorius.

Sertorius' interesting career is bound up with the first part of that long and confused revolution which changed the Republic of the Gracchi into the Empire of Augustus. In the terrible Cimbric Wars he served very ably under Marius (104—101 B.C.); he vigorously opposed Sulla's partisans; was more than a match for Metellus Pius (the ablest general the aristocrats could produce after Sulla); was more uniformly successful against the worthy Pompey than Caesar himself was—and that too before Pompey grew old and stout; had dealings with Mithridates and the pirates during his romantic adventures among the islands and coasts of Africa; was the contemptuous associate of that interesting pair of political clowns, Cinna and Carbo, together with the silly and ineffective Lepidus; and very nearly established a true Roman state in Spain. He was undoubtedly the greatest, as well as the most interesting, figure in that age of political futility. The Republican government had degenerated into an almost perpetual civil war between the effete nobility, who struggled, with the occasional help of a good general, to retain their monopoly of the government and its very considerable perquisites, and the so-called "democratic" party, spasmodically led by debt-ridden *roués* or ambitious military men. The only policy which could unite the two parties was opposition to the only honest and wise political proposal made during these years, the extension of the Roman citizenship to the Italian allies. Such was the scene. Other actors were the "democratic" leaders Cinna, Carbo, and Lepidus, who had neither military nor political ability. The greatest general was Sulla, who was working with the aristocrats, and who instituted some wise judicial reforms, but who otherwise had no policy. But he had the advantage over the "democrats" of being a reactionary: if you wish to be revolutionary and have no constructive idea you inevitably do something silly, but if you are a reactionary, you put back the clock two hours and a half and start it working again, and your biographer talks of your ineffective but honest attempt to stem the swelling tide of corruption. Sulla's clock worked for nearly ten minutes. It was put out of gear largely by Sulla's lieutenant, Pompey, whose ideas began with Cnaeus Pompeius and

ended with Pompeius Magnus. Marius, the Old Man of the piece, was, like Antony, a sergeant-major with genius: had Marius met a Cleopatra, Rome might have been spared his proscriptions. The character of our hero will be made sufficiently clear as we tell his story.

The best account of his life is given by Plutarch, who couples him with Eumenes, and compares him incidentally with Philip of Macedon, Antigonus, and Hannibal, not only because he was a supremely able general, but also because he, like these great men, had only one eye. Plutarch then goes on to tell us, through the medium of Sir Thomas North's delightful translation, that Sertorius "came of worshipful parentes, and was born in the cite of Nursia in the contrie of the Sabines. His father left him a very childe with his mother, who carefully brought him up, and whom he singularly loved and revered. Her name as they say was Rhæa. His first rising and beginning grew by pleading matters in law, which he could handle very well; insomuch as being a young man he came to Rome, and wanne some name by his eloquence". (Indeed, Cicero himself mentions Sertorius as being the most eloquent and forcible of those Roman orators who had not been through the ordinary rhetorical training.) "Howbeit, the honour and estimation be achieved afterwards by his valient actes made him employ all his studie and ambitious care, to armes and warres. The first time of his soldierfare was, when the Cimbres and Teutons invaded Gaule with a mighty army: where when the Romanes had bene overcome under the leading of Caepio, his horse being slaine under him, and him selfe hurt, he notwithstanding swame over the river of Rene, with his corslet, and target apon him, breaking the fury and rage of the river with meere strength, so able and lustie a bodie had he to brooke all paines and hardnes. The second time that these barbarous Cimbres returned with an infinite number of fighting men, and with prowde and dreadfull threatens, the Romanes were then so afrayed, that they thought him a stowte man that had but the corage to kepe his rancke, and obey his Captaine. At that time was Marius General of the Romaine army, and then did Sertorius undertake to goe and discover thenemies camp. And for the purpose, appavelled

him selfe like a Gaule, and learned the common wordes and phrases of their language, to salute one an other when they met, and in this sorte went among them : and having by sight and reporte learned that he sought for, he returned to Marius, who then gave him such honorable reward as was due to his deserte. All the times of the warres after, he did such valliant actes and deedes of armes, that his Captaine had him in great estimation and committed the chiefest matters to his charge".

Marius, the rough old ranker-general, succeeded in retrieving the gross blunders of his aristocratic predecessors, and annihilated the vast migrating hordes of Gauls in Northern Italy. This crisis past, Sertorius made his first acquaintance with Spain as assistant to the praetor Aulus Didius, a typical Roman governor, hard, dutiful, and not imaginative. His service there was rewarded with the Quaestorship of Cis-Alpine Gaul, the region between the Po and the Alps. In this year (B.C. 90) the Italian allies of Rome, who had long been agitating for the Roman citizenship, and were now disappointed by the assassination of their champion in Rome, Drusus, rose in revolt. Sertorius, in his semi-Romanised province, raised and equipped troops for the government, "and therein he shewed such diligence and expedition for quicke dispatche of that service, in respect of the longe delay and carelesse regard other young men had of the same before : that he wan the name to be a carefull man of his charge, and one that afterwarde would atchieve great enterprises". It was in this war that he entered the distinguished ranks of the one-eyed. The allies gained some initial successes, but had little real cohesion, and as Rome offered concessions the confederacy gradually broke down.

Meanwhile Mithridates, the energetic King of Pontus, on the Black Sea, had overrun the Roman province of Asia Minor. The elections in Rome, carried out as was usual in this period, with public bribery and bloody rioting, had made consuls Sulla and another noble, and the lot had given the lucrative and coveted Eastern command to Sulla. The aged Marius wanted it. By means of a "democratic" coalition he succeeded in forcing an illegal popular decree transferring the command to himself, but Sulla merely went off to his

army at Nola, not disbanded since the Social War, invaded the city, drove out Marius and his friends, patched up a domestic truce, and went East to crush the Pontic King. He left two patricians in the consulate, Cnaeus Octavius, an amiable but weak "aristocrat", and Cornelius Cinna, a turbulent "democrat". The latter immediately upset Sulla's arrangements, and he too was driven out. But Sulla had set the example. He went to those parts of Italy that were still disaffected, and rallied the old Marian party. His chief supporters were Carbo, a fitting mate, and Sertorius, whose support Plutarch ascribes to Sulla's opposition to him in his unsuccessful candidature for the tribunate. Marius returned from his hiding in the Campanian marshes, and was allowed to join them, against the advice of Sertorius. The event justified him. The "democrats" advanced on Rome in four divisions; Sertorius fought a fierce but indecisive battle with Cnaeus Pompeius, father of the great Pompey; the incapable aristocrats in the city quarrelled among themselves, and Rome fell. Now Marius took his revenge on the nobles who had so many times thwarted him and jeered at his boorish ways. With a gang of faithful villains he stalked through the city, haggard and dirty, marking down for instant murder any noble he could find. After five days of this promiscuous slaughter Sertorius succeeded in surrounding Marius' troops, 4000 in all, and cut them down. Marius fulfilled the prophecy made to him by a witch in his youth by winning his seventh consulship, and died a few days later. His was one of the most extraordinary careers in Roman history : in spite of every disadvantage, he had, by his sheer military talent, raised himself to the highest position in the state, and when there, by his total lack of political ideas, was made the butt or tool of others.

It soon became clear that Cinna and Carbo were as devoid of political capacity as Marius : they did not even have the sense to use Sertorius, who, disgusted by their folly and foreseeing their ultimate downfall, went off to his province in Spain. There he could do useful work, and, as Plutarch says, "it would at the least be a refuge and a receipt for all those of their tribe, that should chauce to be banished out of their contrie". After a difficult march he entered his

province, "which he found greatly replenished with people, and specially of young men able to weare armor. But now Sertorius perceiving that they had bene hardly delt withall before, through the insolency, pride and coveteousness of the Romane Governors, whom they ordinarily sent from Rome, and that therefore they hated all manner of government: first of all sought to winne the good willes of all the contry-men one and another. Of the noble men, by being familiar and conversant with them: and of the common people, by easing them of their tax and subsidies. But that which bred him most love of all men generally was this: that he dispensed with them for lodging of souldiers, and receiving of any garrison within their cities, compelling his souldiers to set up their tentes, and to make their cabines without the suburbes of great cities to winter there, and causing also his owne pavillion to be first set up, and lay in it him selfe in person. This notwithstanding, he pleased not these barbarous people in all things to win their favor: for he armed all the Romane citizens of age to cary weapon, that dwelt in Spayne, and made them make all sortes of engines for battery, and a number of gallies besides, so that he had all the cities at commaundement, being very courteous to them in matters of peace, but in warlike munition, very dreadfull to his enemies".

Meanwhile Sulla, having driven back Mithridates into Pontus, had recovered Rome, and in his turn had indulged in a proscription. Caius Annus was sent to drive Sertorius from Spain, and, thanks to the treacherous murder of Sertorius' commander in the Pyrenees, he was able to do this. Sertorius fled to Africa, where the Mauretanians fell upon his scattered force and drove him off. Next he reached the island of Pityusa, one of the Balearic Islands, where, putting out to meet a fleet of Annus, he suffered shipwreck. Then he fell in with the pirates, who controlled the Mediterranean with a regularly organised force, and through them Mithridates made some sort of a compact with him, by which Sertorius, acknowledged his right to the dependent principalities in Asia Minor, though not to the Roman province of Asia. We next hear of him on the west coast of Spain, where "certaine saylers met with him that were newly arrived from the Iles of the Ocean Atlanticum, which the auncients called the fortunate

Ilands. These two Ilandes are not farre one from an other, being but a little arme of the sea betwene them, and are from the coast of Africke only tenne thowsand furlongs. They have raine there very seldom, howbeit a gentle winde commonly, that bloweth in a litle silver dew, which moisteth the earth so finely, that it maketh it fertile and lustie, not onely to bring forth all that is set or sowed upon it, but of it selfe without mans hand it beareth so good frute, as sufficiently maintaineth the inhabitants dwelling upon it, living idely, and taking no paines. The weather is fayre and pleasaunt continually, and never hurteth the body, the climate and the seasons of the yeare are so temperate, and the ayer never extreame: bicause the windes that blow upon that land from the other side of the coast opposite to it, as the North and Easterly winde comming from the maine, what with their longe comming, and then by dispersing them selves into a wonderfull large ayer and great sea, their strength is in a maner spent and gone before their comming thither. And from the windes that blow from the sea (as the South and Westerly) they sometime bring litle showers with them, which commonly doe but moist the ground a litle, and make the earth bring forth all thinges very trimmely: insomuch that the very barbarous people them selves doe faithfully beleve, that there are the Elysian fieldes, thabode of blessed creatures, which Homer hath so much spoken of. Sertorius hearing reporte of these Ilandes (upon a certaine desire now to live quietly out of tyranny and warres) had straight a marvelous minde to go dwel there".

However, these pastoral ambitions of the Roman general were not to be realised. His pirate friends entangled him in a Mauretanian civil war. Sertorius led one party; Paccianus, a lieutenant of Sulla, led the other. Paccianus was completely defeated and killed, leaving Sertorius master of the country, and the rightful prince on the throne. Incidentally Sertorius gained great favour and cast great glory on Tingis, the capital, by opening the traditional tomb of Antaeus, the local Hero, and displaying the body of a man three cubits long.

Now came an invitation from the Lusitanians, who, hearing of the skill, bravery, and uprightness of Sertorius, asked him to lead them in their war against Sulla's armies. The military

character of the Spaniards was then much as it was when Wellington undertook a similar task: they have a natural aptitude for guerilla warfare, and are intensely brave when successful and in large numbers, but for hard uphill campaigning are most untrustworthy. Sertorius had already been in Spain twice, once fighting against them and once with them, and clearly he had formed nearly as high an opinion of them as they had of him. The average Roman commander could do nothing in Spain except lose his reputation and often his legions: the hardy mountaineers were always defeated and never subdued. Overwhelming force and treachery had been tried again and again; the only successes so far had been gained by the sympathy and honesty of Sempronius Gracchus, father of Tiberius and Gaius.

Sertorius accepted this invitation willingly, and having fought his way across the strait found himself with less than 3000 semi-Roman troops at the head of about twenty turbulent Lusitanian communities. This was the hopeful beginning of his Great Adventure. His position was the more curious because he had no intention of becoming a barbarian chief, in the way that Sextus Pompey later became a pirate chief: he regarded himself as the legitimate governor of the Roman province of Spain, and was determined to secure Spain for Rome. He levied troops in virtue of his imperium, chose Romans as his subordinate officers, and even formed a Senate on Roman lines from among the various *émigrés* who were with him. For the sons of the local gentry he established Roman schools, which, as Plutarch and others point out, served not only to further the civilisation of the country, but also to place valuable hostages in his hands. But I think we are justified in giving more emphasis to the first of these purposes. The tact and imagination which he displayed in his dealings with his ignorant followers is shown by the charming story of his white hind, captured and given to Sertorius, as North says, by "a poore man of the contrie called Spanus". The general, as was his invariable custom, received the present with every sign of pleasure, and in a short time the milk-white hind became a camp mascot. Now he let it be known that the hind was a special messenger from Diana, who by these means inspired him

with all his secret information and wonderful stratagems. "Thus, by putting this superstition into their heads, he made them the more tractable and obedient to his will, insomuch as they thought they were not now governed any more by a stranger wiser than themselves, but were steadfastly persuaded that they were rather led by some certaine god: and so much the more because that his deedes confirmed their opinions, seeing his power so dayly to increase beyond the hope and expectation of man". So enthusiastic were many of the young Spaniards for this wonderful foreign leader, who entered into their national spirit and customs, that they formed themselves into a bodyguard, bound by oath not to survive his death.

The war which Sertorius was now undertaking on behalf of the Spaniards against the aristocratic government in Rome, lasted from B.C. 80 to B.C. 72, in which year he was murdered. For the sake of clearness it can be divided (like so many things in Roman History) into three parts. Sertorius began by training a Romano-Spanish legion to form the nucleus of his extremely nebulous army. That done, he completely defeated the Sullan *propraetor* in Further Spain, Lucius Fufidius, who owed his exalted position rather to his aptitude for murder during Sulla's reign of terror than to any military ability. Metellus Pius, the most exalted noble in Rome, was hastily sent out to crush the vagabond in Spain, but he was completely out-manoeuvred, driven back, and reduced to misery by an enemy who declined a pitched battle and inconsiderately cut off his provisions. One of Sertorius' officers, Hirtuleius, was able to confine Metellus to South-Western Spain, while Sertorius subdued the rest. By the year 77, when our first period ends, all Spain, except the North-East, was in his hands.

But meanwhile important events had happened in Rome. Sulla, as we have said, returned to Rome victorious over Mithridates in Asia and over the "democrats" in Italy in 82. The obsequious Senate legalised his autocratic position by appointing him "Dictator for drafting statutes and setting the State in order". His first step was to massacre his prisoners, and then to relieve Rome of his personal or political enemies. The proscription was carried out with due formality. Posters

containing the names of the doomed were issued, and rewards offered for their murder. "The proscription developed as days went by. Murder first and posting afterwards was one of the improvements. Next it was found convenient to post the name of one murdered before the proscription began, so as to insure indemnity for a stale crime".* When this began to pall, Sulla began "drafting statutes and setting the State in order", in the interests of the aristocrats. He went back for a few centuries, and in a short time had produced as neat and finished a constitution as Plato's or Aristotle's. The only trouble was that it was purely academic, taking no account of the tendencies of the age; and in ten years the last vestiges (with the exception of certain very wise judicial institutions) were swept away. And the chief offender was Sulla's aristocratic *protégé*, Pompey.

Having finished his task, this amazing man retired into very low life, and died, after a short career of wild dissipation and literary work, in 78. Lepidus now plunged into a silly revolution which ended miserably in Sicily; but one of his confederates, Marcus Perpenna, escaped with his army, joined Sertorius, to make himself a nuisance by bullying the Spaniards in the good old Roman way, and by claiming equal command with Sertorius. This very considerably altered Sertorius' position. He was now no longer a free-lance, conquering and civilising Spain while Rome was finding a government to whom he could hand it over, but was, whether he liked it or not, leader of the "democratic" revolutionary army, and liable to be thwarted by other "democratic" leaders who had neither his character nor his ability. It was precisely to escape from such an intolerable situation that he had come to Spain in 83. It must be remembered that Sertorius was not anxious to destroy the Roman government, or even the aristocratic government. Time after time, even at the height of his success, he offered to lay down his arms in exchange for safe retirement, but this was not granted him, and he was left with the alternative of continuing the war. Besides, he was genuinely interested in Spain, and anxious to promote its civilisation and prosperity, that is, its Romanisation, as only Gracchus had been before

Cf. W. E. Heitland, "The Roman Republic", vol. ii, p. 498.

him. For Roman municipal politics he had no great regard. The vain and incapable "democrats", on the other hand, who now joined him, were concerned with nothing but in placing themselves at the head of Roman politics for their own private and very diverse reasons; and to these Spain was merely a convenient battleground, and the Spaniards inconvenient foreigners who had the impudence to live there. The second event of importance which had happened after Sulla's death was the rise of Pompey, who, though not of age under Sulla's elaborate regulations for any important office, demanded the leadership against Sertorius, and got it. He made a leisurely advance through Gaul, while his abler opponent was confining his hold on the Ebro province, and with the defeats which Pompey inflicted on Perpenna and then on Herennius, another lieutenant, whom Sertorius had appointed to guard the northern frontier, the second phase of the war may be said to begin.

Sertorius now appeared in person, after the discomfiture of his two generals, and besieged the town of Lauro, which had declared for Pompey. Pompey was completely successful, although several of his divisions had been cut into pieces. He was inviting the besieged to witness the exhilarating spectacle of the complete capture of the besieging Sertorian army, when lo! Sertorius appeared from somewhere, and Pompey had to run away very quickly indeed to avoid being himself captured. The fall of Lauro strengthened the national cause in the Ebro province.

To recite the campaigns in detail would take too long, although it is a most interesting record. Metellus at last succeeded in overthrowing the able Hirtuleius in Lusitania, and arrived in Central Spain just in time to save Pompey from total destruction. The Spaniards became very despondent: Sertorius found himself besieged in a mountain stronghold with very few men. Again the Romans were congratulating themselves on the approaching end of their labours, when they were again routed by the sudden approach of Sertorius, who had secretly escaped and raised a large army in their rear.

The year 75 may be taken as ending the second part of the war. Sertorius himself had beaten the Romans almost

every time he had seen them, but the destruction of his brave subordinates had given the enemy the control of all Spain except the upper Ebro district in the North and North-West.

The remaining three years saw a change of policy on the part of the Roman generals, who now studiously avoided pitched battles. Sertorius continued to have wonderful success in guerilla warfare, with an army which varied from five to a hundred thousand. Spain of course was ruined, both in natural wealth and in men: Gaul felt the strain of sending in continuous supplies and of providing winter quarters, and the Roman government was hard pressed to meet Pompey's imperious demands for men and money. Both the "aristocratic" generals and their armies in Spain were extremely reluctant to continue the heartbreaking struggle: it was reported that Pompey was scheming to have himself transferred to some other command, where glory was more plentiful and hard fighting less. In short, Sertorius was completely successful—except that his miserable democrats ruined him. This mountain-climbing was no more to their taste than it was to Pompey's. It did not bring him the enthusiastic plaudits of the Roman mob and the jealous adulation of the nobles, and it did not help them to seize the government and cancel their debts. Perhaps with Sertorius gone they could come to some agreement and escape from that horrible country. A plot formed against his life was discovered; so that we are not surprised to hear that his clemency and amiability gave out. We may probably reject the stories of his gluttony and wine-bibbing; but it seems established that he substituted a Spanish for a Roman bodyguard. This of course was tactless, and betokened a suspicious mind. A second plot was formed. He was pressed to attend a banquet given by Perpenna in honour of a fictitious victory won by an officer in another part of Spain. After dinner the conversation at the table grew more and more disgusting, so that Sertorius threw himself back on his couch, taking no further interest in the proceedings. Perpenna then gave the signal by dropping a glass of wine; the conspirators leapt upon the unfortunate leader, and he was stabbed to death. One is pleased to read that these wretched men were disappointed of any reward from Pompey, who burned unread the incriminating documents of Sertorius which they gave

him, and speedily put them all to death. Spain was now once more in the hands of the aristocratic government, and Pompey returned in great glory to Rome, to celebrate the triumph really won by Metellus.

Mommsen does not hesitate to compare Sertorius, in military genius, to Cæsar, his own hero; but one feels that as a man he was perhaps greater—certainly more likeable. To carry on a war for eight years against the Roman government, starting with a few hundreds of Roman fugitives and a few thousands of fickle, untrained and unruly Spaniards, and to be denied victory at the end, in spite of factious subordinates, only by treacherous murder, is an achievement that will stand comparison with any in Roman History. It is an achievement, not of military genius alone, but of humanity, sympathy, and imagination (none of which are conspicuously Roman attributes). Had Sertorius been left to rule Spain in peace, that country very probably would have enjoyed a century earlier the brilliant and prosperous civilisation which it had under the Empire. But it cannot be denied that Sertorius left Spain more unhappy than he found it. The eight years of scattered warfare did nothing but impoverish the country and the population, and the contrast between his mild government and the unsympathetic rule of the average aristocratic proconsul or proprætor could only still further inflame the natives. The truth was that he lived in the wrong age. A hundred years earlier, when the government was still strong and healthy, he might have accomplished his task of civilisation; fifty years later, under Augustus, he could have done it; but it was idle to think of building up a civilisation in the provinces when Rome was the scene of endemic civil war. A successful commander was inevitably the foe of the opposite faction, which usually seized Rome while he was away, or ruined his work in the provinces while he was in Rome. The only escape was the course Cæsar tried to adopt; to make oneself undisputed master of one party, and then to smash the other. In the time of Sertorius, when Pompey was young and Cicero unknown, this was not obvious. Sertorius merely wished to be the honest servant of the Republic: but the Republic was dead.

H. D. F. K.



PREMONITION.

To D. I. M.

PLAYMATE, the thick trees tire to decay,
And shaggy clouds gather around the sun:
My heart grows old and deals with sleep today.

Prostrate beside a dizzy precipice
Where thunders crash and sudden lightnings run
My spirit gazes stunned o'er the abyss,

And hears travel the interminable wind
Over the ominous darkness, and the rain
Spinning through depths invisible and blind;

And feels the stinging spray cast from beneath
Beating with long intolerable pain,
And seething upwards on the frozen breath

Of one insatiate storm-wind, tearing all
In its tremendous fingers; menacing
The solid cliff; with intermittent fall

Battering the mountain's face until the rock
Shudders and moans and perilous boulders spring
From shattered peaks, or with a rending shock

Split with the bolted thunder till the sound
Is lost and swallowed among other sounds,
And echoes rolled reverberant around

The lethal chasm that gapes upon my brain,
Stunned with a hundred frozen aching wounds
Until its thoughts are bound and caged in pain.

Premonition.

91

My heart grows old before my youth is fled,
And I am filled with strange discerning fear:
At dreadful tables is my spirit fed.

And lo! I waken ere the dawn ascends
On luminous rungs of purple cloud to peer
Across the silence where my tumult ends.

For all our passion shall be wasted breath;
Earth is the same beneath her changing screen
And Life is but the labouring birth of Death.

The stars are falling and the moon must fall;
Night is but night as it has always been;
Day will be day again and you will call,

And I shall hear and answer as of old,
And you will listen and be satisfied,
And you will keep my spirit in your hold;

Till when my many nights have passed away,
In the new morning when your voice has cried
And no response contents you for the day,

You will be seen in some secluded spot
Where yew trees play the rebel to the sun,
Calling for one lost voice that answers not.

And with my life's remembrance will be fled
Hope and regret. In that oblivion
I shall not know the living or the dead.

But here my life awaits me still, and you
Eager for pleasure and smiling in my face
Invite me but to will what we shall do

In the new morning, or the afternoon,
Or when the twilight lingers and delays.
And in the hour of early rising moon,

Soon with soft kiss to sanctify the day,
To say good-bye and pass away apart,
When you go by your quiet bed to pray ;

And I, filled with my secrets, void of ease
Hear with a listening and prescient heart
Strange voices in the wind among the trees

Calling for me to come, and threatening
With rumours of the tempest that I know,
The chaos of a new dream's warmaking.

O vanity of complaint ! Forth Ghost and go
Where Death shall come some midnight clambering
Into thy dream and be thy bedfellow.

E. L. DAVISON.



AMONG THE AFGHANS.

I CONCLUDED my short paper on "Spin Baldak" with a suggestion that I should later on tell my experiences while detained there. At the present moment (January 1920) Afghanistan is occupying a very foremost place in the minds of responsible British statesmen. We have, in Lord Curzon of Kedleston, a Foreign Minister who has few rivals in the extent of his knowledge of Afghan and Central Asian affairs. For my own part, I began my education in that branch of the world's political curriculum in 1879, and, what with the Afghan War of 1879-81, the Afghan Boundary Commission of 1884-6, travels in Persia, the Caucasus, Russia, Turkey and Central Asia in 1881, 1885 and 1890, and service for 25 years in a Regiment half composed of Pathans and continually stationed on the borders of Afghanistan, I have had every opportunity of knowing the Afghan. When I look back upon my detention at Spin Baldak, I do so with no feeling of resentment against my custodians. I know, of course, that my detention at all was, in its essence, absurd ; but on the other hand I have to admit that I had infringed an agreement given by Simla to Kabul that His British Majesty's subjects should not cross the frontier into Afghan territory, while His Highness the Amir's people had the fullest liberty to come and go ! An absurd agreement, and yet, all considered, inevitable. India wanted free trade with Afghanistan and a good understanding with the Amir ; while the Afghan Nation, from the Amir to the clansman, was bent upon its own independence, despite the nominal subordination of Afghan foreign policy to the Viceroy of India's control. As all have seen, the issue

of the conflict in 1919 of Afghan and British Arms on the N.W. Frontier has been the recognition of the political independence of the Afghan Nation, and, as I understood Lord Curzon's speech in the House of Lords in October last, as reported, the concurrence of that statesman that such recognition was inevitable. The fact is that, if we look into the circumstances that brought about the Afghan Wars of 1838-42 and 1878-81, we see that our Indian Government never had any solid hold on Afghan dependence. At any moment the Amir could force the Viceroy's hand by intriguing with Britain's rival Russia; and, as he has twice before forced it in collusion with the Czar's emissaries, so now he reckons on forcing it in collusion with the Bolshevik Power.

We men in the street really live in a state of almost complete ignorance of what Indian officialdom is doing for the defence of India against the dangers which now threaten it from the North-West. What seems to transpire from the little that is known is that things have been done by halves. The Nushki-Sistan railway has proved invaluable, since it was completed in 1917; but, if it had been begun 20 years before, as it might have been, and completed now to Mashhad, it would have been most helpful. *Blackwood* for January 1920 contains a very instructive article by Lt.-Col. Hon. Dudley Carleton on "The Fate of the Turcomans". He rightly contends that we should not have withdrawn our troops from the Turcoman country, as we did a year or more ago. In consequence of that withdrawal the Turcomans have had to yield before the Bolsheviks, and the Trans-Caspian railway, which for a considerable time was held by British, Menshevist and Turcoman troops against the Bolsheviks, has now fallen into Bolshevik hands. It has been long known to the India Office and a certain few private persons that the noted explorer and political officer, Lt.-Col. F. M. Bailey, had since the latter part of 1918 been in a position of considerable danger in or near Tashkend, the capital of Russian Turkistan. On the 20th January 1920 his mother wrote to inform me that he had reached Persian territory and was safe. She had that day received the intelligence from the India Office. As Colonel Bailey reached Mashhad on 14th January, the telegram must have been

greatly delayed. It was not till the 24th January that the *Times* got hold of and published the news of Colonel Bailey's safety. The fact is that, throughout the period of uncertainty about Colonel Bailey's fate, the British Press most judiciously and loyally abstained from the slightest reference to Colonel Bailey's whereabouts. Only once was this reticence inadvertently departed from, and that was when the *Times* on 12th June 1919 reported a most interesting lecture given to the Central Asian Society by Sir George Macartney on "Bolshevism at Tashkend as I saw it in 1918". Sir George had in that lecture spoken freely about Colonel Bailey, oblivious of the fact that the Press might give publicity to what he said. It is a fact that in the Second Edition of the *Times* of 12th June 1919, the report of Sir George Macartney's lecture "Bolshevism in Asia" has completely disappeared. I have been told that the Foreign Office or the Censor promptly ordained its excision. It is well that Colonel Bailey has now rejoined his fellow-countrymen. The future is ominous. British troops have been withdrawn from Batrum and Krasnovodsk is now in Bolshevik hands. It is lamentable to think that Persia, oblivious of the days when Cyrus, Rustam and Sohrab, Shapur, Jamshid, Naushirwan, Shah Ismail, Shah Abbas, Karim Khan Zend and Lutf Ali Khan, proved that that historic nation at least bred men, is now and for the last five years had shewn herself incapable of self-defence. It would seem that Britain, having accepted a mandate to act as mentor to that monarchy, must also be its champion. We must not forget, moreover, that when peace was signed with Amir Ammullah Khan's envoys on 8 August 1919, the Amir was informed that, on the expiration of a probationary period of six months, His British Majesty's Government would be prepared to reopen negotiations. That period expired on 8 Feb. 1920. So far there is no sign of the renewal of negotiations.

What British relations with the Afghans will in a few months hence be, it would not now do to anticipate. When I spent 19 days as their guest in 1903, although I seemed to be in a measure at the mercy of their caprice, on the whole I must acknowledge their consideration. For the first few days, during which I was accommodated in the house of one

of the Afghan officials, who was far from pleased at being turned out to make room for me, I had little comfort. I had not such experiences as Robert Curzon relates in his "Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant", or as I myself encountered years ago in the posthouses of the Caspian entourage, but my two excellent orderlies turned everything out of the room allotted to me and thoroughly swept and garnished it. After that I was externally at peace, but internally very vexed with myself for having heedlessly drifted into such a position. Every care was taken to prevent me communicating with Chaman, though I was allowed to receive a dressing-bag and bedding. But no Afghan vigilance could keep clandestine missives from me; and I smiled when I got a memo. from the Chief Staff Officer of the Quetta Division instructing me to explain how I had found my way to Spin Baldak. I had a guard over me, but in moments when no one was watching me, I noted down in pencil what had happened, and my clever orderly, Za'in Khan, despatched it. There was a time when the Amir's garrison apparently apprehended a hostile move from the garrison of Chaman, and my orderly told me afterwards that an Afghan had said to him—"It will be a bad look-out for you and your Sahib, if anything of that sort is tried". I heard that men with their arms were summoned from the surrounding villages to assist in defence, and for one brief spell I found that even my guard had disappeared, and I was alone with my three horses and two dogs and free to clap saddle on horseback and risk a gallop to the border. But both my orderlies were away, and, as they returned, so did the guard. On the fifth day after my arrest an Afghan Colonel arrived from Kandahar, and I was at once transferred to the private residence in the large walled enclosure which was, I think, known as "The Amir's Garden". It was here that Sardar Nasrullah Khan stopped, when he returned from England in 1895. I was very carefully guarded there, more as a protection to myself than for fear of my escape. Occasionally I was allowed to receive newspapers and books from Chaman, but sometimes *sub rosa* my orderlies brought me great packets of letters. These, however welcome, had to be concealed, and, when bills issued from the envelopes, I rather condemned the zeal of my friends in Chaman.

Meantime I steadily recorded in my Letts or Army and Navy Stores diary (which some thoughtful person had also sent on to me) all that interested me. The Afghan Colonel and Commandant and one or two other officials of rank visited me, and occasionally (we conversed in Persian and Pashtu) the conversation was really a pleasure. Once I was invited to a musical party, and, as far as one inexperienced in Oriental music could judge, the skill of the solo *rabāb* player was remarkable and certainly attractive. The *rabāb* is a kind of guitar. All information that I could collect about the Fort and defences I noted down, and some anecdotes of Afghan disciplinary methods which my orderlies brought into me were distinctly humorous. One occurs to me. A prisoner escaped from the main-guard. The N.C.O. in command was called up to account for this. The Afghan Colonel, having heard his story, told him that it was his duty to apologise for his neglect. The N.C.O. coolly replied that he apologised to none but God. Whereupon he was "laid out" and chastised with a good stout stick. I remember talking at Chaman with some Afghan merchants at Herat about the payment of transit-duties at various points on their journey. I said, "And suppose you refuse to pay?" Then, said the merchant, the word is—"darāz kun". When I asked what "darāz kun" meant, the one trader looked at the other with a laugh and said "Show the Sahib". I soon learnt that it meant "lay him out and hide him soundly". Literally 'darāz kun' means 'make him long'.

When I was at last, by order from the Amir at Kabul, released, I was escorted with every formality to the border and there handed over to the British political official of the district.

Before closing this, let me add that the daily increasing interest in the critical state of Mid-Asian politics is attracting many who were previously indifferent to them. One reason for this lies in the thousands of Britons who have during the late War served in the Middle East. Oxford University already has its Asiatic Society, and a movement in the same direction has been started in Edinburgh, where, it may be remarked, the prime mover is an Afghan medical student of

marked ability. Cambridge, though so signally associated with Oriental scholarship and travel in the persons of Professors E. H. Palmer and E. G. Brown, has not yet set on foot its "Asian Society". In all our Eastern associations the invariable cry has been against the ignorance and indifference of the British people. Against that all our Universities should inaugurate a campaign, and to that end each University should have an Asian Society, and all these University Societies should be affiliated to the (central) Asian Society in London.

A. C. YATE.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

Now the battle is over and ended,
We that have kept an unbroken sword,
Bow before Thee, our pride transcended
Thanking Thee, Lord.

Dim through chancel and nave is the paling
Sabbath; and under the mullioned rose
All the aisle in the day-light's failing
Mistily glows

Holy, hushed,—till a tremor-less fluting
Breaks like a bird's from the darkness there,
Waking beautiful pain, transmuting
Silence to prayer:—

Infant voices a-lilt and adoring,
Suppliant over a world's unease
For the fallen and us imploring
Lord, for Thy Peace.

C. T.

DEMOBILISED.

THERE are snowdrops in the garden,
And bluebells in the copse,
And quaint old rooks are cawing
In the tall treetops.

And what joy these simple small things
Within my heart set free!
They are spring and home and England
I have lived to see.

F. D.



LE REVENANT.

(Cambridge, January 1919).

WELL—it was good to get back again. . . The place seemed very still though, as he passed through the screens on the way to his rooms in Second Court. Lights only shewed in one or two windows. Not a voice nor a footfall broke the silence. It was too early yet perhaps. In a few days, in a week or two at most, many demobilised men would be back and things would be more cheerful. At any rate, here were his old rooms, much the same, and looking very pleasant by the light of a fire that seemed to have been built up regardless of fuel shortage. . . Hum! smelt a bit musty though. They would want a lot of airing after his absence of nearly four years. And the electric light must be improved. . . It might have done for him four years ago, but would not do now, with this horrid half-blindness. . . All those wretched books too . . . a lot of them would be useless. The small type edition of Defoe would be quite hopeless. Well, well: it would have to go, as something must go, to make room for the accumulations of the dead years, rubbish mostly, but recent rubbish that couldn't go yet. . . And that set of Goethe . . . German type would be worse than anything . . . yes . . . exactly . . . and German books would be a drug in the market just now. . . How on earth many years was it since he read Wilhelm Meister one summer-holidays at Nairn all by himself? Five and twenty was it? or more?

Pouf! things did want turning out. . . What a state that old stationery-case was in. . . Dust, and scattered sheets and old letters . . . and that basket full of papers . . . the papers inside the drawers too . . . all thick with dust, filthy with

dust. Take the old stationery-case first. One must make a start, though it was a dirty job. . . Good Lord! . . .

Dear old Boy,

I am afraid this letter is going to give you a bit of a shock. I have been ordered straight into a nursing home . . .

The letter from his sister, written just before war broke out . . . and she died less than three weeks after . . . How on earth did that get left there? . . . And how much had happened since then! . . . Those early days when they were drilling in the M.A. platoon of the O.T.C. . . that was fun, . . . and then his appointment to the War Office . . . that wasn't . . . no! it emphatically wasn't. One or two bits of work had been interesting, but taken on the whole . . . no! And then the Food Ministry . . . Grosvenor House . . . the smoky Green Room . . . the sunny nursery looking out on the garden at the back . . . Palace Chambers, and the noisy room overlooking the Underground . . . that was much happier, in spite of the rush of the early days, the anxiety of the autumn of 1917 and the spring of 1918 . . . and this wretched sight trouble creeping on . . . What good sorts too they had been on the staff, that would always be a delight to remember . . . But how he loathed office work, and what a strain it had been . . . difficult to stand at times. . . Passing Victoria in the morning it had been a temptation just to take a train clean away somewhere . . . but of course one couldn't really. It would be good to get back to one's own job. . . All very well though . . . how was he going to do anything, with his sight like this? Preparing and delivering elementary lectures would be difficult enough, even if things didn't get any worse. . . Completing those little bits of research, jolly little bits of work they were too, that he and Redfield had started during the war would be impossible. Redfield would have to finish them by himself, poor devil. . . Redfield would probably have to succeed to most of his work. . . Well, it was no use brooding. He must get on with clearing things up. . . Letters from Brown now! why he died years before the war . . . and a stray letter from Arthur Durham who went out at Christmas three years ago, and was gazetted to a Commission a few days after his death.

The place seemed full of ghosts. . . He felt rather like a ghost himself, revisiting a former scene of existence ; it wouldn't be much like living this, keeping his remaining sight for a little dull bread-and-butter work, his books half useless, playing patience. The rest of existence was going to be a game of patience, a rotten game of patience, with mighty few moves. Was it worth coming back like this and trying to pretend he was alive?

SNOW IN AUTUMN.

Out of a crumbling sky they whirled,
Eddying down from the trees of heaven,
Fugitive souls of the brown and curled
Corpses of Autumn leaves unshriven.

Only a little storm, and then
Bold in his glory beamed the sun
Out of his blue, blue vaults again,
Ranging the torn clouds one by one ;

Laughed in his lordly way, to see
A dame in a sky-blue pinafore,
Hanging her wet, white napery
In decent order before the door.

F. H. K.



SEPTUAGENARIAN REFLECTIONS.

THESE would have been Sexagenarian Reflections if I had dared to lead off during the life-time of Professor John Mayor. But, with his recent conversion to vegetarianism, I feared his displeasure at the initial idea, the inspiration that led me to write them down.

The inspiration arose from a sentence in the "Random recollections of an undergraduate of no importance" in *The Eagle*, vol. xxv, 1904, p. 49, where the author writes "my rooms were over the kitchen, and so I could divine some hours beforehand whether mutton or beef was to be the prevailing food in Hall".

These rooms over the kitchen, traditionally occupied by William Wordsworth in College, were destroyed some five and forty years ago, to give more room for the new style of culinary operations. The old open fire-place disappeared at the same time, where the joints were roasted in front on long iron spits, turned by a smoke jack up the chimney ; everything, as we remember it, as it was at the foundation of the College.

Charles Lamb describes the pleasure in a visit to "Oxford in the Vacation" of "a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality ; the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fire-places, cordial recesses, ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago ; and spits which have cooked for a Chaucer. Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple".

But our College Kitchen has been enlarged, up to the roof, by the destruction of Wordsworth's rooms, under the direction of a steward of up-to-date modern ideas, and engineering proclivities. The fire-places were bricked up, as

obsolete, and the spits stacked away in a corner, where they should be rescued before it is too late and presented to a Museum of Antiquities, a rival collection to the offering made by Rhodopis to Delphi. Never a spit is to be seen at work to-day; the meat is all baked in ovens, reserved formerly for pies only.

It will be noticed that in those days the dinner was either mutton or beef, never both together; there was no choice; and the aroma and gravy would not interfere in cooking on the spits. It was considered a dreadful solecism that both should appear on the same table, as mutually antagonistic in flavour and aroma, as bad as the presence of tea and coffee together at the breakfast table, in our opinion an offence to the olfactory sense; and then in addition to be asked by the hostess which you prefer. Excellent apart, but very bad company, as bad as beef and mutton.

The greatest triumph of this engineering steward was the discovery of the new alimentary conserves of Chicago, preserved in tins. These gave the grizzling young epicure the complex spicy flavour he hankered after, tired of the monotony of simple beef or mutton, as described by the old waiter in *David Copperfield*. Here he found a highly-spiced alloy of all three—mutton, beef, and that other thing that Professor Mayor could never bring himself to give a name to, or pronounce it.

And the cook's great difficulty was overcome that troubled Mrs. Todgers in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in the insatiable inordinate demands of her city men lodgers for gravy; a new tin can soon be broached and warmed up, and the flavour is spicy enough to disguise the provenance.

But keep it dark, and beware of letting him know how, in the old system coming down from the Middle Ages, "His food would cost us more"—or he will start grizzling again harder than ever.

There was no gravy to speak of in the good old days of our ancestor and their dry cookery; no napkin was required, as all were clean shaved, and no soup was served. The natural gravy exuded from the joint was used up, over and over again, in basting on the spit. The meat was dry enough for the joints to be carved on the table, each man for himself

and eaten off a wooden trencher; this could be turned over and used for a sizing of apple pie; and, washed down by a stoup of College beer, there was no finer dinner to be found, unattainable for love or money in these degenerate days.

There was no oleaginous complication of soup and entrée, warmed up out of a sealed tin; and the present complication was avoided of elaborate table gear, and constant change of plate whisked away by the smart waiter. We are never allowed to-day the pleasure of staring at the empty plate, often the best part of the dinner in the former style.

The old-fashioned conservative obstructive to reform at the high table preferred the ways handed down without interruption from the Middle Ages; he did not take kindly to these novelties, and pleaded for the old-fashioned roast meat off the spit before the open fire.

But the scientific cook, aided and encouraged by the junior Fellows, laid a wager that no difference could be detected with his baked meats from the oven, taking care to send up some very spicy soup and a learned gravy to lull the sense of taste; and so he could win his bet.

All has been changed into the greasy cuisine of Chicago. The Mutation Theory may be extended to Man, in an investigation of the rapid change in his habits due to this change of diet. The effect is seen in the modern prevalence of the tobacco habit, required for the digestion of the extra oleaginous meat calories supplied in the mass, and solid when seen cold and congealed.

A dinner in hall has ceased to be a leisurely ceremony for social conversation, and has become a rival in despatch to a meal on an American steamboat. Even then it is too protracted for the junior Fellow, who puts in an appearance as late as possible; and after a lap of soup, and some Chicago entrée, he is dying for a smoke, and envies the undergraduate his liberty of walking out as soon as his dinner is finished.

Frith's art is valuable to posterity in giving a photographic reflexion of early Victorian life. His picture of the Derby Day, 1851, is instructive for two details that need only to be pointed out: no one is wearing glasses, and no one is smoking, except for a few foreigners, French and German, to show the contrast.

Mutation Theory should be invoked, to give some explanation of cause and effect in the complete change to-day of a similar crowd.

But it is time to leave these ignoble reflexions on diet (no wonder I was afraid to write them down for John Mayor to see) and turn to some other aspects of University life of my own times, the despised middle Victorian, and the great change come over them since.

The Victorian era has brought down obloquy on itself for its fanatical notions of Art and Architecture, and the way it could leave nothing alone it could not understand; working to a formula and applying it to all our old buildings, with grammatical zeal and fake.

The present day wishes the Victorian had not been so industrious; and England would have been much more interesting if he had restrained his activity and left our old architecture untouched.

There is one college, an architectural gem of the 17th century, if only taste and Victorian fashion had spared it. But the fellows had determined to break with medieval tradition and to be the first to get married; they succeeded in smuggling their statutes through before the rest of the world. Then to celebrate their victory, the priceless old plate was broken up, as old silver, to provide some elegant épergnes and cutlet dishes, in place of the old tankards, never likely to be required again; but worth to-day double their weight in gold.

A saw was put through the high table, a single oak plank 30 feet long, and the two halves moved down into the body of the hall. A small table on castors would supply all the wants required usually, with two or three high back chairs of a Tottenham Court Road pattern, in place of the old symbols of state and hospitality.

In the ceremonious Middle Ages, as seen in the contemporary pictures, the high table stretched across the dais, and the fellows sat against the panelling on a long fixed seat, looking down into the hall, served from the other side.

It was considered very unceremonious for a guest at the high table to sit with his back turned on those at the lower tables of the body of the hall.

A late arrival at dinner was allowed to place his cap on the table, to serve as a stepping stone over the top to his place. A legend of this ceremony with a princess, invited to transgress the monastic prejudice, is as beautiful in its way as that other one of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak, thrown down for her to step on in entering the barge.

As if these sacrileges in a venerable college were not enough, a learned Victorian architect, with a reputation for grammatical decoration in polychrome, was allowed to start his scheme on the walls. But the effect was so crying, the attempt was abandoned before he got any further than can be seen to-day, a fearful example of Victorian taste.

Marriage celebrated its first victory in this cruel vindictive way; and the subsequent triumphs have transformed University life. It brought Poverty in its train: every married fellow is perfectly poor, whereas formerly he was perfectly rich, with all he wanted, and on half the money.

"What was it smashed up the first university of the world?" I asked a young lady from Oxford once: "But Oxford is not smashed up", was her logical retort. I ought to have recalled the saying of the other young lady in the play, "'Was' is not 'is'".

The new chapel was in course of construction in my undergraduate days, and expected to rank as a wonder of the world; a challenge to King's Chapel in the purity of the grammar of its style; a grammatical exercise in a certain dialect of Gothic it has been called, with much detail taken straight from French cathedrals. Only Gilbert Scott could be good enough for the work. Well was he named the Magician, giving us his new lamps for old. Although his hands were full at the time with the St Pancras Hotel, it seemed to the old fellows as if the plans came down almost by return of post after the order was sent in; probably the pick of the compositions of the pupils in his drawing office. But it has no vernacular relation with the old college buildings; and the size is such as to dwarf the lowly architecture around. The architect was too heavily occupied to come down himself and reconnoitre the round.

The Victorian era was enamoured of the vista theory. Our cathedrals were vista'd; a clear way was hacked through from one end to the other, and the lectern wheeled aside, in order to secure on entry at the west door an uninterrupted view of the high altar, so called, although no bones of a saint are walled up inside. St Paul's is completely transmogrified, and King's Chapel narrowly escaped the loss of its renaissance screen and organ loft.

Scarcely a village church has escaped restoration in an invariable formula; all the old colour scraped off, Welsh slates replacing the old tiles, and in some cases thatch or reeds from the fen. When shall we see the cruel Welsh slates on the second court removed, and the original Colly Weston stone tiles back again?

In Cambridge the vista theory took the form of hankering after a sort of plate-glass shop front for the college, with the goods on view in the street. A start was made with the conversion of Trumpington Street into King's Parade, at a great capital sacrifice by the college, so as to give a distant view of the chapel, without going inside the college gates; this destruction must have started about the time Thackeray was an undergraduate. A great part of the town must have been destroyed to make the lawns of King's.

The ancient plan of Cambridge was a narrow crooked lane, separating it into two parts, town and university; beginning at Silver Street, in front of Queens', diverted from its original path across King's, past Clare and Trinity Hall, and round Trinity and St John's into Bridge Street; flanked on the university side by high walls and frowning tower gates, screening the glorious college architecture inside, and gardens across the river running through. On the other side the town of Cambridge, hardly more than an overgrown fen village, the necessary slum for the wants of the university.

But Victorian taste strove after opening out the whole length of the narrow lanes of Trumpington and other streets, into a vista of broad *boulevard*, with plate-glass shop fronts of the town on one side, faced by equally showy college façades, to replace the present humble medieval gateways; presently to be lit up with electric light, and lined with

electric tramcars, in the approved style of a most modern American town.

With the growth of a large new town beyond the Backs, industrial and married university residential, these tram lines will be wanted through the colleges; then the old cloistered peace will give way to incessant movement, such as we have here in London through the old courts of Staple Inn.

I was too late to see the typical bit of old Cambridge in the College front, with high dead walls, and the entrance gate rising sheer from the narrow lane of St John's Street, blocked by the tower of All Saints' Church, making a very characteristic picture of the Middle Ages.

But when the ardent Victorian Whewell threw his court across the street, pulled down the church, and widened the street, the view of the College front across the old churchyard lost this picturesque interest.

High walls further on were a screen of Newton's rooms and his little garden; and the entrance to Trinity was down a passage flanked by fortification, like the Dipylon at Athens. A medieval college was designed as a fortress to stand a siege.

The annual entry has doubled since my date, and the increase is due chiefly to the enormous growth of the Medical School, as well as Natural Science. But these schools are insolvent, and their cry goes up "money we must have", as a spendthrift to the moneylender state.

They are not ashamed to wear the gold collar of servitude, described in Æsop's fable, and are prepared to surrender the liberty of all the University, to secure a State subsidy.

The allegiance of a medical and natural science man for instruction is chiefly to his University school; antagonistic to collegiate spirit, and irreverent to antique tradition.

The Labour Party is encouraged to think the whole concern can be bought at a break-up price; and the old existing endowments, nursed carefully for centuries, will be confiscated, to be placed under the control of a new Government Department; nationalised is the word used medized the old Greek would have called it.

The colleges will be called upon to surrender their independence, and to pool their revenues; the Christian

names will disappear, and they will become mere dormitories, or dormies in the American name, and numbered in order of seniority of age.

A young Alton Locke will not be offended then on the river bank, with names of sacred import shouted at the boats, but only called "Ones, Twos, Threes".

The Lines of Pope will then have lost their meaning :

"As many seek the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Kate Hall".

The advent of cultured Nonconformity was beginning in my time, avowedly out of touch with the ancient spirit, and bent on reforming us into its up-to-date ideal. Then we were so weak as to take up the attitude of the mild curate in the *Bab Ballads*, humbly asking for guidance in the newest German and American methods, instead of copying the style of address of the drill-sergeant to the recruit, "You can conceive nothing".

And the mocking muse of Calverley, smoky-beery, was too popular with us, an ally in ridiculing the ancient spirit.

But it is too late to bring back the glorious past. And now we are to pass under the hands of a University Commission, in which the Labour Party takes a great interest. Jack Cade, Labour M.P., is determined to see this business through, tackling the clerk of Cambridge, after settling him of Chatham. Labour tells us University Reform is his job, and he is determined to wheel us all into line of Efficiency, after all these hundreds of years of Inefficiency.

So a fine old piece of medieval art is to be thrown into the melting-pot, to follow the lead of the Clare plate, and at a time when electrotype is so cheap and good.

G.



AT A BRITISH CEMETERY IN FLANDERS.

Here lie no mercenaries who for gold
Bartered their strength and skill and their life's blood :
These men led homely lives, and looked to grow old
In peace, earning a quiet livelihood.
Yet when the drums made summons near and far
They sprang to arms, pitifully unprepared
For the great agony of modern war,
And here in Flanders with their comrades shared
Honour and pain, and here in Flanders died
Unflinching. Weep a little and be content,
Strong in your faith and in your measureless pride.
Their trial was great and their death excellent.

D. B. H.



THINGS RELIGIOUS.

PEOPLE in St John's will not lose the Way for lack of sign-posts. The notices on the screens this Term indicate the Secretaries in the College for the following Societies: The Confraternity of the Good Shepherd (Ratcliff), the Guild of St Luke the Physician (Broadbent), English Church Union (French), Sanctae Trinitatis Confraternitas (Wain), Christian Social Union (Adeney), Student Christian Movement (Sykes), Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union (Sturton), C.U. Wesley Society (Whittaker), C.U. Congregational Society (Holden), Robert Hall Baptist Society (Green), C.U. Presbyterian Society (Hedley), Society of Friends (Holtum), Lady Margaret Mission in Walworth (Lyward), Universities' Mission to Central Africa (Gobbitt), Cambridge Mission to Delhi (Foster), Cambridge Missionary Union (Spackman). Other notices exhibited indicate the existence in the College of the Amalgamated Society of Deans, Cambridge United Temperance Council, Junior S.P.G., an Associateship for Ridley Hall and Westcott House, and the Society for the Study of Black Magic.

Last year a lay sermon was delivered, for the first time in the history of the College Chapel, by Dr Tanner. This Term a Presbyterian minister occupied the pulpit at Matins on the Second Sunday in Lent—the Rev. Anderson Scott, D.D., Professor of the New Testament in Westminster College. Other preachers during Term have been the Dean, the Chaplain, the Rev. R. B. de B. Janvrin (Vicar of the Lady Margaret Church), Dr Tanner, and Dr Bonney. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the College Accounts, published at the end of February, shew an expenditure of £806 18s. 11d. for the Chapel and the Chapel services for the year 1918.

A voluntary choir has undertaken to render the Holy Communion service to the Merbecke setting on Saints' days and special occasions.

Dr Tanner unveiled a beautiful white marble bust of the Lady Margaret at the Church of the Lady Margaret, Walworth, on Sunday, February 11th. A large congregation was present, the majority of whom were people of the Mission and the humble and meek of the parish. By permission of the Bishop of the diocese, Dr Tanner gave a short but comprehensive survey of the life and work of the Lady Margaret, and especially of her connection with this College. The inscription on the tablet indicates that the "bust was placed there to be an abiding memorial of her many virtues as a Friend of the Poor, a Lover of Learning, and a Faithful Follower of a Holy Life". This monument is a replica of the one which was placed in St John's Chapel last Term.

The after-effects of the Mission to Cambridge University, and the possibilities of the co-ordination of religious effort in the College, were discussed at a meeting in the Chaplain's rooms on Feb. 21st. There was a large and representative gathering, and some more or less definite schemes were fully discussed.

A theological study-circle for ordinands of the Anglican and Free Church ministries was conducted by the Dean. A group of about twenty-five wrestled with the "Problems of the Relations of God and Man", and a number of discussions resulted. The Rev. J. C. Winslow, M.A., Priest and Missioner in the diocese of Bombay, led the first meeting, and subsequently papers were read by the Dean, Mr Glover, G. W. Silk, F. Whittaker, E. C. Ratcliff, and J. S. Boys-Smith. Smaller study-circles of a religious and social nature were led by J. S. Bartlett, H. S. Collins, W. M. H. Greaves, P. L. Hedley, H. F. Holden, C. P. Prest, and E. C. Radcliff. Missionary "squashes" were also addressed by the Bishop of Gipsland and various Missioners.

'THE FAIRY QUEEN'.

IN 1692 there was produced by His Majesty's Servants a new opera by the celebrated Mr Henry Purcell, organist of Westminster, 'The Fairy Queen', adapted from Shakespeare's 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. Although not an opera as 'Dido and Aeneas' was, 'The Fairy Queen' was one of the many plays with ballet *divertissements* that founded the modern opera. Purcell was at this time very popular in London: he was a man of wonderful musical ability—it will be remembered how his teacher, Dr Blow, organist of Westminster, resigned in favour of his pupil, then only 22, and after his death again took up his duties at the Abbey—his friends were numerous, and he was patronized by Dryden, for whom he wrote many songs.

It is unknown who was Purcell's collaborator in 'The Fairy Queen': the lyrics vary from mediocrity to doggerel; but, however feeble the words, they are lifted out of their low station by some of the most live music ever written. The subject gave Purcell great opportunity for writing dance music and choral numbers, in which he excelled: the opera is full of dances—for Swans, Haymakers, Savage Men, Fairies, Monkeys, and Chineses—while, of the choruses, the two most striking are the Obeisance to Phoebus and the Invocation of Hymen.

As performed at Cambridge in 1920—its second revival—the opera began with a solo on the drums—the first instance known—and a triumphal overture, originally played before Act IV. The action starts with the appeal of Egeus to Theseus and the subsequent flight of the lovers, as Shakespeare wrote, but curtailed: next the arranging of the play 'Pyramus and Thisbe' by the clowns, followed by an interpolated entry of Titania, the Indian boy and the fairies—sufficient excuse to introduce a duet and a comic musical scene of a drunken poet who is tormented and tricked by the fairies: this scene, written in for the revival of 1693, is typical of both Purcell's power of characterisation and sense of humour. Act II. consists of Oberon's quarrel and plot, and Titania's lullaby:

the song that is in the Shakespearean original was not set by Purcell—no words of Shakespeare were set by him—but a masque of Night, Mystery, Secrecy, and Sleep is played. The act ends with Puck charming Lysander's eyes. Act III. begins with the making of Lysander and the clowns' rehearsal; then, after the discovery of Puck's mistake comes the entertaining of Bottom by Titania, which is a masque of unconnected items by the fairies. Act IV. presents the quarrel of the lovers and the reconciliation of the Fairy Queen and Oberon succeeded by a spectacular obeisance of the Four Seasons and the fairies to Phoebus. Theseus discovers the four lovers at the beginning of Act V. and all the couples are blest by Juno. Now comes, at Oberon's bidding, what is nothing more than a 'grand transformation scene': a Chinese garden appears with a chorus of 'Chineses' who invoke Hymen, the god of marriage, and bring the opera to a close with a stately old French Chaconne danced by six 'Chineses'.

The only alterations made for the performances of Feb. 10—14 at Cambridge were the overture to Act. IV. used as overture to the opera, a mixed performance of 'Pyramus and Thisbe', the repetition of the final chorus after the Chaconne and one or two cuts demanded by time.

The opera was produced by Mr Clive Carey, an old Clare man, designed by Mrs Sydney Cockerell, and conducted by Dr Rootham. The scenery was painted by L. S. Penrose, of this College, while a good proportion of performers were Johnians—ten out of the twenty-five male chorus were Johnians. In all, about 150 took part, all residents of Cambridge except four. It was impossible, of course, to produce at the theatre those effects of which the actors of Purcell's day were so fond, for they needed elaborate machinery—'the Machine parts and Phoebus appears in a car drawn by four horses', 'Six Pedestals arise from under the stage'—but, for all that, spectacle there was, in grouping, colour and lighting.

Few critics seem to have hit on what was perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the production—the absolute coöperation of so many amateurs in undertaking a work which included every different kind of theatrical art. It would be impossible to single out any one person to be congratulated. 'The Fairy Queen' was a triumph for all.



LECTURES IN THE COLLEGE HALL.

THE first lecture of this Term was given on 23rd January, when Prof. Elliot Smith, an old Johnian, came up from London to tell us about "The Ancestry of Man". A novel and instructive feature in the lecture was the display of lantern slides.

At the start we were taken back to the early Geological Ages, and then through the various periods preceding the evolution of the Primates and Man. For those who thought that Darwin had for ever settled the course of Man's Evolution there were many surprises. The chain connecting Protozoa to Man has frequent gaps, and the discovery of a link serves often only to shew that yet another has to be found on each side of it. Sometimes, too, the exact significance of what has been discovered is not realised; and there is doubt as to the exact position it should hold. This is the case with the little animal *Tarsius*, an inhabitant of the Malay Archipelago. Formerly it was regarded as an aberrant genus of the Lemurs; but now closer scrutiny has led to the belief that it is the most primitive of all living Primates, and, most important of all, more directly in the line of man's descent than are the Lemurs. This scrutiny takes account of points such as the position of the incisors, and the shape of those and other teeth; the arrangement of pads on the hands and feet; and the length of the tarsus—a peculiarity from which the animal was named. Such details seem, perhaps, trivial, but they nevertheless help us to find the animal's place on Man's Geological Tree.

Weight must also be given to evidence from comparison of brains. The cerebral characteristics of this animal include some which are undoubtedly primitive, and which are not, as is often the case with such characters, due to reversion or degeneration. In spite, however, of its primitive nature it shews a considerable degree of specialisation, notably in connection with vision. In the lower animals vision is of the

"panoramic" kind, in which each eye sees only its own half of the field, whereas in *Tarsius*, as also in a greater degree with ourselves, the field of vision of one eye overlaps that of the other; so that a stereoscopic effect is produced. The information received from sight consequently becomes more reliable; and the sense of smell—of such great importance before—now becomes secondary. These changes react on the brain. The olfactory area decreases, and the visual area increases in size, as was clearly shown by the sketches of various brains with which this part of the lecture was illustrated.

Externally also there were reactions, most obviously on the size of the eyes and nose. The former are relatively very large, while the latter is no longer a "snout", but becomes uncannily human in its smallness. It has been justly said that the course of history from the time of Julius Caesar onwards might have been profoundly altered had the dimensions of Cleopatra's nose been but slightly different from what they were. What would have been the effect on Man's evolution of a change by a few millimetres in the size of that organ in *Tarsius* it is difficult to imagine.

Between *Tarsius* and Man are many intermediate stages. Luckily for us, further modifications have been introduced in the interval. That we can move our eyes independently of our heads is a great convenience. What comfort would there be in life if we had to turn our heads through half a circle to see what was happening behind us? Yet that is how little *Tarsius* gets sight of his pursuers.

Mr Glover's lecture on America, on February 13th, opened with a plea for the better understanding of Americans and American ways. Lamentable ignorance of both exists on this side of the Atlantic. The Peace Conference shewed the need for enlightenment on foreign affairs; and during the war one very effective piece of German propaganda was the publication in America of a selection of anti-American cartoons from old numbers of *Punch*.

In any attempt to reach the desired understanding, account must be taken of the wide separation of the constituent States by mountains and rivers, with the consequent noticeable in-

dependence which each State exhibits. The independence thus engendered has been fostered, both in the State and the individual, by the continued struggle with nature in a land of hard winters and warlike aborigines. May it not be that to the necessity of "getting things done" before winter sets in the famous American hustle is due?

The character of the immigrants, whether original settlers or late comers, must, however, take a predominant part in making the Americans what they are. A nation whose origins are to be found in the religious migrations of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans, and which has ever since been receiving as settlers those whom energy and love of adventure, with the added goad of poverty, have set moving, must inevitably present the many striking and unusual features which we see in America of to-day. The immigrants, too, have been not the sweepings, but the cream of their mother countries—men who in many cases were prepared to suffer exile for their ideals. This idealist trait has never been lost. It is seen, for instance, in the conversion of democratic principles of Government almost into a religion. To shew how these principles have worked out in practice, Mr Glover gave a short sketch of the American constitution and machinery of Government.

The constitution has a remarkable record. During the one hundred and thirty years it has been in existence it has had only eighteen amendments made in it. Of these, ten were made in the first few years of its existence. The eighteenth was the one which made Prohibition legal.

America is a country whose growth is far from complete. It has the double advantage of growing out of the past, but of yet not being overshadowed by that past. Economically, the future of the world is with the great wheat-growing areas in other spheres with the nations which have the habit of new ideas. From both points of view America is a land of faith and hope.

On Friday, February 27th, with Mr T. R. Glover in the chair, Mr J. C. Squire lectured on "Some essentials of poetry with some modern illustrations".

Mr Squire made a rapid and generous survey of the great poetry of the past, ranging from the Iliad to the Ancient

Mariner. He dwelt upon the universal appeal and perennial interest revealed in the more famous passages of the Iliad, and compared the wanderings of Odysseus with those of the Ancient Mariner. The emotions and ideas which have gone to make great world-poetry are those familiar to the minds of all men. Customs, religions, dress, and a hundred superficialities of existence have changed; science and life have altered in age and age, but the central subjects of poetry remained the same. In great poetry the elements of the familiar and commonplace invariably appear.

When in the past the poet has endeavoured to disregard these elements, his work has suffered depression in consequence. We regard as dull the works of poets between the ages of Chaucer and Surrey. Wrong impulses led them to write of the wrong things. The conflicting influences of the 17th century produced a quantity of unreadable poetry, and yet poetry which was rich with intelligence, learning, and ingenuity. The topical interest has faded from it, and much competently written verse has not survived. The poets who wrote in the age of Queen Anne and the early Georges are, at their best, graceful, and, at their worst, dull. They were all intelligent men, but their comments and statements are not always considered to be poetry, in spite of the metrical neatness of their work. The eternal discussion as to how poetry should be written, and what it should be written about, still exists. There are plenteous disputes in our own day as to the forms it may assume, the subjects with which it may deal, and the use of rhyme and metre. Mr Squire did not argue against free verse. *Samson Agonistes* is an illustration of what can be achieved by its use in the hands of a great poet. W. E. Henley and Matthew Arnold wrote successful poems in 'vers libre'. There can be no question about distinguishing them from prose, but writers of our day have confessed to the object of writing prose cut into lengths. Such an object, Mr Squire thought, is demonstrably wrong. Regularity of rhythm has always been the feature of good poetry. If a man is born a poet he cannot help the regular rhythm. A high pitch of excitement induces recurrent rhythm even in the ritual dance of the savage, and often in the prolonged applause of an audience. A succession of state-

ments, however accurate and vivid they may be, do not make poetry unless the writer has felt and conveyed his emotion, for without emotion observation and brainwork are futile. The poet wears his heart upon his sleeve.

In recapitulating, Mr Squire postulated that the main elements of man's life have not changed. He quoted some lines from Mr Gordon Bottomley's poem, Atlantis, which were illustrative of this :

What poets sang in Atlantis? Who can tell
The epics of Atlantis or their names?

We know the epics of Atlantis still :
A hero gave himself to lesser men
Who first misunderstood and murdered him,
And then misunderstood and worshipped him ;
A woman was lovely and men fought for her,
Towns burnt for her and men put men in bondage,
But she put lengthier bondage on them all ;
A wanderer toiled among all the isles
That flecked this burning star of shifting sea
Or lonely purgatories of the mind
In longing for his home or his lost love.

Owing to some misunderstanding the customary questioning of the Lecturer did not take place at the conclusion of his address, and the 'modern illustrations', which had been reserved until then, were, regrettably enough, not given.

THE PUBLIC ORATOR.

"INDIA, Pericles and Ontario,
Kant, Euripides,

Here's a man without cap, gown and squario,
Six and eightpence please.
Bands and bullers, rain or shine,
But what I'm *really* for,

Is to make little Bishops toe the line,
THE PUBLIC ORATOR."



REVIEW.

Samuel Butler, Author of "Erewhon" : A Memoir by Henry Festing Jones. 8vo, 2 vols. Macmillan and Co. (1919).

The first point that must strike the reader of this Memoir is its length. One thousand pages, containing much small type, would seem good measure even for so versatile and distinguished a Johnian as Samuel Butler (1835-1902). The second point noticeable is that the author of the work has the same instinct for whimsical humour as the subject of it, the story about Homer and Horace, who "both begin with H, however much their respective godfathers and godmothers would have been astonished to hear it", proves this, making it probable that in Mr Festing Jones' book we have every chance of finding Butler as he really was. This is, indeed, the case, for the compiler has determined to be guided by Butler's own views on the subject of biography : "It is next to never that we can get at any man's genuine opinion on any subject . . . and when we can do so directly or indirectly neither *amour propre* nor discretion should be allowed to veil it, for there is nothing in this world so precious".

We have always held that the majority of biographies are, from a psychological standpoint, worthless. They have been compiled either by relatives or hero worshippers or (worst of all) propagandists. The result is a presentation of the individual from a special standpoint and a deliberate fraud practised upon the public. Of the Butler Memoir we can honestly say that everything possible has been done to give us the man as he displayed himself in his most intimate letters and his most varying moods. For this reason Mr Jones delayed publication of the volumes until Butler's sisters had died and also, on his own responsibility, published the letters of Miss Savage to Butler when he could find no legal representative of the lady from whom he could obtain consent.

A Memoir written and compiled in such a spirit deserves all possible success.

The main facts of Samuel Butler's life appeared in Mr Jones' obituary notice in *The Eagle* for December, 1902, and this notice (revised) was prefixed to Butler's *The Humour of Homer* in 1913; we therefore feel excused from the necessity of much recapitulation.

Butler's grandfather, Dr Samuel Butler (1774-1839), and his father, Canon Thomas Butler (1806-1886), were both members of the College. The former, during thirty-eight years as headmaster, made Shrewsbury one of the great public schools. The latter was an earnest and conscientious clergyman, whose sad fate it was to be quite unable to understand his brilliant son. Lack of understanding, coupled with a sufficient sense of what was due to his paternal power and dignity, brought about a state of affairs which has been so grimly and brilliantly portrayed in Butler's most notable literary work—*The Way of all Flesh* (1885-1903). In the Memoir Canon Butler's letters are not given because Mr Jones did not wish to apply for leave to publish them. This is, we think, a pity, despite the fact that he seems to have wished to be equally fair to father and son. Butler's refusal to take holy orders made the definite breach which his addiction to Art, and his publication of *Erewhon* (1872) and *The Fair Haven* (1873), rendered permanent. Canon Butler found none of his son's books fit for perusal by a "God-fearing family", except *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement* (1863).

The correspondence between Butler and Miss Savage is of exceeding interest and most skilfully introduced. The lady's letters have a peculiar interest because they were annotated by Butler at the end of his life, when he was editing his own "remains". The correspondence extended over fourteen years, 1871 to 1885. Their relations can best be described in the words of Mr Jones: "About this time (1875) he believed that Miss Savage wanted to marry him, and he did not want to marry Miss Savage. When this situation arises . . . intercourse cannot be continued for long unless one or the other yields. Miss Savage yielded, and thereby covered Butler with shame and disgrace in his own

eyes. So their friendship drifted on, she offering him all she had to give, he taking all he wanted and making such return as he could, but despising himself, unhappy and discontented, because he could not give the one thing which he believed her to be asking; and all the time puzzled and wondering whether he was not misjudging her. Suddenly (1885) the strain was removed, and his discontent was changed into remorse which deepened as the years rolled on".

The story of Butler and Charles Paine Pauli is a strange and pathetic tale of friendship abused and trust betrayed, while the picture of the former's unswerving devotion and generosity puts the reader more in sympathy with Butler the man than anything else in the book.

Of Butler the writer there is, at this time, little need to speak. His books are constantly reprinted, and his reputation on the continent and across the Atlantic increases every year. His position before 1900 was very different, and can be summed up in the words of Robert Browning, who, in reference to his own work, wrote as follows: "My works are unpopular and unsaleable, being only written for myself and a certain small number of critics whose approbation is satisfaction enough". Like Browning, Butler had a "little independence which enables me to write merely for my own pleasure, and not that of the general public". Just as the neglected poet became the hero-subject of the Browning Society, so the neglected Johnian became the excuse for those "Erewhon Dinners" which Mr Jones describes.

St John's College now contains nearly all Butler's pictures and a complete set of his first editions, as well as the MS. of his translation of the *Iliad*. It should be known to all members of the College that the first composition by Butler which appeared in print is to be found in *The Eagle*, vol. i., no. 1, Lent Term, 1858, entitled: "On English Composition and Other Matters".

P. L. B.



THE EAGLE.

Easter Term, 1920.

FROM ASTARA TO ARDABIL.

DURING the first part of last year it was my privilege to be attached to the Survey Party working with the North Persian Force. It may perhaps seem curious that an infantry officer should be employed as a surveyor; but my duties were confined to the drawing office in Kasvin at first, and after a few weeks I was sent out to make reconnaissance reports, illustrated by sketches, made with a cavalry sketching-board, of some of the principal roads in the North of Persia. My travels took me many hundreds of miles through many different types of country, and brought me into contact with many strange types of men. Ancient names, revered perhaps for their atmosphere of far-off mystery by Professors of Persian, became known to me from a much more sordid point of view.

The word "Hamadan" calls up visions of a compact mosque-studded town with narrow, crooked streets of an indescribable filthiness, rather than of the Ecbatana which was Queen Esther's summer palace. By a curious chance the editor of an Arabic book which I was reading last term had placed a footnote on one page which said: "The town of Sâwah lies between al Ray (near Teheran) and Hamadhan (the ancient Ecbatana)". I, on the other hand, prefer to think of Sâwah as the place where I ate my 1918 Christmas dinner.

My wanderings took me through Tabriz and Zenjan, well-known to all who read Professor Browne's books. Not the least interesting journey was an eighty-mile trek from Enzeli to Astara, with the open Caspian Sea on my right and the dense forests of Mazandaran on my left. I cannot say that I have hunted or seen a "Hyrcan tiger", though rumour asserted his existence: but I was lucky enough to get in a successful shot from my Webley pistol at a huge boar. I fear that all true sportsmen will condemn the act; but as wild pig were here very plentiful, and as the country precluded all chance of riding them, and as, finally, we wanted more rations, I considered that in these conditions the novel sport of pig-shooting with a Webley pistol might be justified.

It was late one February evening when I reported the arrival of my little party to the O.C. Astara, an officer of the 1/6th Gurkhas. I have a suspicion that he was not too pleased to see me, as his orders were to evacuate his little detachment back to Enzeli directly after I arrived, and I expect that he and the six other officers would have preferred to keep their present comfortable quarters rather than to return to the duller regimental routine at Enzeli. They were billeted, one might almost say they were entertained, in a roomy and well-furnished house belonging to a most worthy and delightful Belgian, whose kindness and hospitality I shall always remember. He was fulfilling the duties of the "Chef des Douanes Persanes" at Astara: an important post, since the boundary between Russia and Persia intersects the Caspian at that town, which is itself half in Persia and half in Russia. In addition to this the estuary of the Astara River affords good anchorage, and the volume of trade for which M. le Douanier has to be responsible is considerable. He was a small, dark man, wearing a pointed imperial; very punctilious and precise in his manner, and full of an amazing number of most amusing "petites histoires" about life in Persia for the past twenty-five years. Naturally he knew all the notable Persians and merchants of the district, and it was through his help that I arranged for an escort of armed horsemen to go with me on the next stage of my journey, *i.e.* to Ardabil. I had originally reckoned on resting a day

in Astara, but owing to difficulties of engaging mule transport, getting my horse shod, buying rations, and this escort question, I had to prolong my stay to two days.

I soon found, as indeed I had anticipated, that there would be no actual difficulty in getting an escort; the difficulty was in refusing the numerous offers which enterprising Persians, wishing, I suppose, to gain favour with the British, showered upon me. My friend the Douanier advised me to see one of them named Hussein Khan, whom he described by the promising title of a "Chef des Brigands"—my host only spoke in French, though he was generally supposed to understand all languages or at any rate English, Persian, Turkish, and Russian. I consented, and interviewed the Brigand forthwith. He proved to be a formidable looking fellow, very heavily built, with a fleshy scowling face and a solemn forbidding manner; but I gathered that he was trying to make himself as pleasant as was consistent with his profession. After mutual presentations we sat down, and he proceeded to retail the usual array of promiscuous and extravagant compliments without which no interview with a Persian is complete. I had been some time in the country, however, and by this time was quite used to hearing how charming my presence was, what happiness I had brought, how deeply my friend hoped that he might be considered my slave for ever, and so on. I endeavoured to reply by inquiring after his august health, and saying how extraordinarily delighted I was at the condescension he had shown in bringing his honourable presence, and similar meaningless observations. These things seem foolish, and I suppose that not even a Persian would dream of interpreting them literally; but with practice I found it easy to learn a few stock phrases, and it always paid to trot them out. Finally, we got to business and he, of course, wishing to be polite, said that whatever number of horsemen I wanted I could have. I pressed him to be a little more definite; he suggested a hundred! Actually I suspect this was merely another instance of that passion for exaggeration which is irresistible to the Oriental mind; I doubt if Hussein Khan could have raised such a number at once, or if he could, it is very improbable that he would have given them to me.

He knew this, and, I think, knew that I knew it. But there is a kind of spirit of "noblesse oblige" about Persian politeness which renders these things inevitable. I thanked him for his munificence and suggested that six would be more than enough; and after much protestation this was the number finally agreed upon, and arrangements as to the time of starting were made. The Brigand then finished the cup of tea, without which no Persian visit is complete, and departed breathing yet more compliments.

It was unfortunate and annoying to have to make these arrangements for escorts from time to time; and I think that it was not strictly necessary, for the whole countryside seemed to be tumbling over itself to curry favour with the British troops. My orders were, however, to engage escorts, partly because of a few Bolsheviks who were rumoured to be lurking in Russian Astara, and partly because in Persia there is, I think, an unwritten rule that the more show a traveller makes and the more horsemen he has, the more important he is. Perhaps it would have been considered inadvisable, from the point of view of prestige, for Headquarters to let a survey officer wander about Persia with only a batman, an interpreter, and a few mules.

I was not destined to leave Astara without one more amusing encounter with a Persian. The Gurkha Officer who was in charge of the garrison had told me that an old Persian had been continually worrying him by making repeated enquiries as to when I was expected. He had refused to give his name, and persisted in making his enquiries and manner as mysterious as possible. From the description I identified him in my mind with a merchant who was to accompany me as a guide and companion from Astara to Ardabil. That arrangement had been made by the Political Officer at Enzeli: this merchant had however travelled from Enzeli to Astara by boat, and had arrived at the latter town days before my arrival. On the evening before departure my guide appeared in person, at the back door of M. le Douanier's house. He was a stout old fellow with merry, twinkling eyes and a florid face, named Haji Mohamed Taqi Rizaqoff. He seemed extraordinarily excited about the journey to Ardabil: and persisted in affecting an

air of profound and quite unreasonable secrecy and cunning about all the details of the road. I naturally enquired about the stopping places which might be suitable for us, and how far and how difficult the road was, and many similar questions. I imagine the Political Officer must have done his best to prevent the old man talking about the journey too much: he had certainly succeeded. After many evasive answers I saw it was not much use, and mentioned the time of starting and told him how I had arranged an escort. He immediately enquired "From whom?" and my answer made him gloomier still. He hinted darkly at conspiracies: I pressed for details, with no success: and he went away, leaving me no wiser. I imagine that my friend the Brigand was a particular enemy of my guide, who may also have been trying to frighten me unduly in order that his services as a guide should appear the greater.

We made a propitious start the next morning: the day was bright and sunny, and my muleteers were not more than an hour late. This was surprisingly good, for all travellers in Persia know to their cost how difficult it is to get very far on the first day of a journey, owing to custom requiring the "*charvadars*" or mule men to make their purchases of food and necessities for the journey, in the bazaar previous to the start: and the process of saying good-bye to their numerous relations often takes a good while. But as my journey was a short one of only three stages at the most, and as I had taken the precaution of telling them to come at seven, and had got all the things together by eight, we were on the road by about 9 o'clock. My small party included of a British soldier, my batman, who looked after the mules and kept his eye on a one-wheel cyclometer which the O.C. Surveys had given me to measure the length of the road accurately. This cyclometer was pushed along by a Persian whom I had hired for the purpose in Kasvin: he took kindly to it at first, but soon found that the two wooden handles by which it was held made the process of pushing a very tiring one. I think however that he derived amusement by telling incredible stories about the powers of what he called the "*māsheen*" to natives by the roadside who stared at it open-mouthed. The other members of my party were one

Suleiman, a Jewish interpreter from Teheran: my groom, and the two *charradars*.

We met our escort, according to the arrangement, just after starting, and fell in with the mysterious merchant who was to guide us, and whom we will call Haji Mohamed, at a short distance outside the town. Hussein Khan had been better than his word, and had sent me about twenty wild-looking horsemen, mounted for the most part on good Persian ponies with flowing manes and tails. Each carried a rifle and one or two leather bandoliers filled with cartridges most of which would fit the owners' rifle but not all. All wore typical "pill-box" hats of felt, forced well down to their ears, and fringed with those bunches of long hair which the Persian beau considers so handsome.

I soon found to my relief that most of the twenty had come merely to accompany me a short way at the start: and when we had got beyond the toll-gate which barred the road just outside the town all but six took their departure with a multitude of fulsome good wishes. I then sent two of them on ahead to act as advanced guard, three back to the mules, and kept the remaining one, with Haji Mohamed, close by me: at which the old merchant brightened up considerably and almost smiled. As I had anticipated I did not see the two 'advanced guards' again until the evening.

My two companions were at first very interested in watching me taking angles and bearings, and sketching the road roughly on my cavalry sketching-board: but they replied at once to all my questions about the road and the villages through which we passed, and the names of rivers, streams, and bridges in the vicinity. The surface of the road was fairly good except that the 'metal' used must have been insufficiently broken up before being laid down: in consequence the surface was uneven and tiring for the feet. The road ran parallel to the Astara River, which is here a swift-flowing torrent some fifty yards across and unfordable. The country at first was flat and rice was evidently the staple crop. The inhabitants had mostly that sallow complexion which betokened the chronic malaria to which all who have to live in summer on the Caspian littoral are a prey. After four or five miles the road

began to ascend, still following the tortuous course of the river. On the far side of the valley I could see a thin ribbon of road following parallel to the one on which I was: that road was in Russia, and mine in Persia. At about noon we halted for lunch at one of the wayside "chai-khaneh's" (tea-shops) which are to be found at intervals along all the main roads of the country: and as my batman and I chewed our wafer-like unleavened bread and drank weak Persian tea out of what English people would take for liqueur-glasses we watched the stream tumbling over rocks and stones and tried to imagine ourselves beside a Dartmoor brook. After starting once more along the road we found ourselves still ascending, and the windings of the road became more and more tortuous. Here and there were deep valleys caused by the erosion of a mountain stream, and crossed by a trestle bridge whose dimensions I dutifully noted for my Report. Occasionally the road engineer had cut into the side of the valley, and the overhanging banks had begun to collapse into the road: and the few trees which had bordered the road along the lower parts became fewer. I had arranged to stop that night at a place named Varid, and just before reaching it the road left the river valley and began to zig-zag up the steep ascent which separates the Caspian shores from the great Persian Plateau. Varid I found to be a collection of about twenty wooden huts, and a *Zaslava*, or toll-gate, the guardian of which was an excessively polite official of the Persian company who owned the road. Judging from the number of tinkling camel-bells which disturbed our rest all through the night, I should think that the *Zaslava* official reaped a huge harvest in tolls: but it was difficult to see what the company did in exchange for the profits they appeared to make, as the road surface was in a deplorable condition, and I saw no road workmen whatever during the whole of my journey.

I found that Haji Mohamed had arranged a room for me apparently by the simple process of ejecting the owner of the local tea-shop: but I soothed the feelings of that worthy individual without difficulty by judicious bribery, and put up my camp bed on the cleanest visible part of the rush-covered floor, taking care to avoid touching the walls, which were

covered with cobwebs and insects innumerable. Despite our efforts to smoke the room out I do not think that either my batman or I got much rest from mosquito, gnats, and fleas throughout the whole night. The aneroid barometer read 1100 feet, and the cyclometer $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

On the next morning we were on the road again half-an-hour after sunrise, and continued our zig-zag ascent. Long caravans of camels and mules, loaded for the most part with grain and flour, passed us on their way to the sea: and occasionally we passed a caravan going our own way, laden with rice from the rich Caspian plains. No trees were now to be seen: only coarse scrub covered the ground: the road came out into an open wind-swept hillside on the sides of which we could see the winding path still ascending for many miles, almost above our heads. The general direction appeared to be straight over the highest part of the irregular mountain barrier which makes the edge of the plateau: it seemed to me that the ascents could have been made more gradual by taking the road a little further south and getting round the highest part instead of going straight over it. I mentioned this to the faithful Haji Mohamed, and his reply was a suggestive commentary on Persian administration and lack of public spirit. He agreed that it would have been better to cut the road as I suggested: in fact the original mule track had gone along the easier route: but a Persian who owned a large part of the land through which this route went had held out for too high a price: and the authorities being unable or unwilling to coerce him had taken the road over the top of the mountain instead! About five miles from our starting point we passed the remains of what had once been a village: the blackened ruins and charred beams confirmed the Haji's story of the surprise and capture of the once flourishing village of Hairan by a marauding tribe of brigands the year before.

By looking back we could now see a glimpse of the open Caspian far behind us: and the air was becoming fresher and cooler. I found we were nearing 3000 feet at about eight miles: and the road still continued its winding way over culverts of stone and round overhanging bluffs of rock. Often our course was past precipitous rock on the one side

and an almost sheer drop on the other. We were now approaching the summit of the Haji Ahmed Pass, so named from the little village of Haji Ahmed, which nestles under the shelter of a huge spur, not far off the road about nine miles from Varid. A fresh breeze from the plateau towards the sea was now springing up, blowing in gusts and eddies as the road wound in and out: and the road surface in more than one place was nearly blocked with falling earth from the hillside, and sometimes with drifts of unmelted snow, a remnant of winter which the spring sun had not yet removed. At last, when the force of the wind had risen to a gale, and it was difficult even to walk against it and to breathe, we emerged on to a comparatively level, wind-swept plain, and Haji Mohamed shouted into my frozen ears that we had reached the *sar-i-gardaneh*, or 'head of the pass'. When I had taken a few hurried bearings as well as I could, read the cyclometer, and checked the aneroid at 4200 feet, I was thankful to follow the road round a bend and to take shelter from the wind: to get back feeling into my numbed fingers, and relief from the terrific force of the wind against my ears. His Majesty the Shah, Nasr-ed-Din, has described in his diaries the strong wind "which, at whatever season it may be, blows with great violence at Manjil": and a good many of the original "Hush-Hush Brigade", and a certain squadron of Hussars who went up into Persia early in 1918, know that His Majesty spoke the truth. But this wind, which tore across the face of the Plateau on that February morning on the Haji Ahmed pass, was worse even than the famous wind of Manjil. I was not sorry to hear that our halting place was near: and after a quarter-of-an-hour's battling with the tornado, but now on a slight declivity, we reached the village of Arpatappeh and settled down in the top storey of the one "bala-khaneh" (rest house) of the place. This room was much cleaner than that of Varid, and no nocturnal visitors prevented our being lulled to sleep by the howling of the gale which was still raging outside.

In the morning we started early on the final sixteen mile stage into Ardabil. The wind at first was not so violent, and we continued along the flat, bare plain in comparative calm. The road passed over numerous water channels, crossed

by bridges usually of stone and all in a more or less advanced stage of dilapidation. The rule in Persia seems to be that a bridge is put up by some enterprising person (who probably reaps huge tolls from it) and after a time is left and allowed to fall to pieces without ever being repaired. Finally an extra-large spring flood washes the ruin away, and traffic stops until it pays some fresh enterprising person to build another.

I omitted to mention previously that, by the good offices of my friend the Douanier of Astara, I had been able to warn the Governor of Ardabil of my approach and to tell him on what day I should appear. I was now to see the result.

At about ten miles from Ardabil is a small village bordering the road. As Haji Mohamed had lagged behind somewhat I happened to be alone on the road just before reaching this village, and was not a little surprised to see a squad of about twenty uniformed figures running about at the entrance to the village. Finally they fell in "two deep" and a small figure in front of them gave a few sharp commands, at which the squad drew their swords. I was by this time near enough to see that the soldiers looked very like Russians, with long cloaks and slung rifles, each carrying a short knife at his belt. Thinking vaguely of Bolsheviks I rode on after making sure that my Webley pistol was handy. When I reached a point opposite the squad, however, I could hardly conceal my astonishment and amusement when, in obedience to another order, they "presented swords" at me and burst into three cheers! I acknowledged the compliment as gravely as I could, and finally discovered that the party was a sort of "guard of honour" sent out from Ardabil for my escort into the town. The officer in charge wore two stars, and a fierce moustache: his men, whom I inspected informally after they had "broken off", were a likely-looking crowd of ruffians, taken from the Brigade of "Persian Cossacks", some of whom form a permanent garrison of Ardabil under Russian officers. I noticed especially one big fellow in a black cloak who wore two "medals": on closer examination I found them to consist of two five-kran pieces (a coin about as big as our crown) attached by pieces of red and green cloth. My enquiries as to the source of his

decorations elicited no satisfactory answer. After half an hour's delay I closed up my little column and we rode solemnly along the road, with four of these Cossacks in front (all had horses), myself, Haji Mohamed and the Cossack officer with about twelve horsemen in the middle, and my batman, the mules, and a few stragglers behind. From that point our progress was a triumphal march: the nearer we got to the city the more horsemen we picked up: but the crowning surprise was still to come. At about three miles before reaching Ardabil was a caravanserai near the road, and I had noticed that around it were grouped a crowd of horsemen and three open carriages, each with two horses in the shafts. When we reached them I was greeted very kindly by several gentlemen and persuaded to entrust my horse to one of the sowars and ride in one of the carriages. I was unequal to the task of explaining that I could hardly do much sketching from a carriage, and meekly gave in, Haji Mohamed, by virtue of his position as my guide being given a seat in the second, and my batman one in the third carriage. So we drove off, and arrived in Ardabil a truly magnificent cavalcade: by the time we reached the town the astonished townspeople had assembled and lined the streets: they saw first an advanced guard of some twenty horsemen: then our three carriages surrounded by about fifty more: and I know not how many bringing up the rear. The magnificence of my reception so overwhelmed me that when finally presented to my generous host I needed Suleiman's help to express, with the proper phrases, the boundlessness of my gratitude.

A. C. T.

THE GRAND ELIXIR.

(TO WILLIAM BLAKE, DEAD ALCHEMIST.)

HE that gathereth a flower
Adds a beauty to his bower ;
He that loves and passes on
Makes a million out of one.

He that touches beauty's cheek
Lives in ecstasy a week ;
He that worships, but afar,
Beauty leads him—like a star.

Summer comes and summer goes
For the man that plucks a rose ;
He that studies to remember
Has his roses in December.

He that stills a laughing child
Shall forget at what he smiled,
But he that laughs in company—
Suns grow old as soon as he.

F. H. K.

A LOVELY boy in pride
Walked earth with his eyes wide,
And saw and loved ; nor guessed
How strong the love that blessed
His baby heart with joy.

But, grown an older boy,
Attracted by their guilt,
Took Books for bricks and built
Strong walls himself about
And shut the summer out.

F. H. K.



VECTOR ANALYSIS.

“**E**XTRAORDINARY thing”, I murmured to myself ; “this *Eagle* ; most learned volume ; all kinds of excursions in it—classical, historical, literary, even musical—but nothing mathematical ; h'm ! Tremendous number of maths. people up here ; not catered for in the least. Must write something to interest them.”

“You fool !” hissed a Voice Within ; d'you suppose the Editors would begin to look at it ? Read the back cover.”

“Still, I've seen it done before, in 'Varsity and College Mags. What ?”

“Time you were starting,” said the Voice—(was It Within after all ?)—“the dielectric is running pretty fast to-day, and there's a head wind.”

I saw at once that the Voice was right ; the dielectric *was* running fast, but it seemed to have changed since the Mays There were the Glasshouses just the same, though they were looking rather like refracting prisms ; and there was the Railway Bridge—or were those Lines of Force ? But round the corners the stream was banked, as at Brooklands.

“Naturally there must be an acceleration towards the centre.”

Hang it all, did that Voice know my thoughts ? It was a Voice Without, too. And what did It mean by “time to start” ?

“Come along ; have you forgotten ? You have been drawn to represent Lady Margaret in the Coquouns.”

In the — ? Oh, of course ; Modern Poetry and—no, that couldn't be it. *They'd* never think of acceleration.

“Here's your Funny.” The Voice was speaking again. “It is a remarkable piece of Vector Analysis, designed specially for this occasion by Mr Lowe-Cunmynge, the famous Relativist. You have the honour of being the first to use it.”

“What does he know about building boats ?” I enquired of the Voice.

"Building!" (this contemptuously). "This isn't built; it's analysed."

"But isn't that just the opposite?"

"Exactly; it's building backwards, which is really the same thing. Backwards or forwards, it's all a question of Relativity."

"I suppose the race is relative, too?"

"Quite so; the stream moves relative to the banks; you and the other fellow move relative to it; all you have to do is to move more relatively than he does."

"Where are the oars?"

Another snort. "Useless things, those. Rectangular Axes are *quite* a wash-out."

"Who's that?" I asked, as a weird-looking craft, a cross between a torpedo and the arms of the Isle of Man, went by at terrific speed, sending up on each bank a great wash which threatened to swamp at the outset the remarkable piece of Vector Analysis in which I was to embark.

"That's the man you've to beat."

"But he has *three* oars."

"Oh, yes (sniff), λ , μ and ν . He got them from Charles Smith. Very fond of (λ , μ , ν) is Charles Smith, but *you* don't need them. You're using Vectors; Cartesians are out of date."

"He seems to get along pretty fast, anyway. How do I move?"

"This particle m moves with Simple Harmonic Motion, which is converted into Circular Motion by this crank. The system is constrained to move under an impulse; all you have to do is to put in this bolt δ to connect it up."

"But that's much too large; it won't go in."

"You can always make δ as small as you please."

"Then I've nothing to do after that?"

"Oh, yes; you'll have to steer."

"But how? There's no rudder."

"Subluminal Magnetism. You have two variable parameters, θ , ϕ , and you have to connect them with a Linear Relation to produce motion in a straight line. Going round corners you must differentiate with respect to your angular acceleration and work out your new direction in spherical

polars. I shall give you your co-ordinates from the bank. Everything depends on your getting that done quickly and correctly. Otherwise you'll strike the bank and split your infinitive. Here we are at the origin."

"Is that where we start?"

"Of course it is. Where else could you start? Now remember what I've told you, and you'll be all right. The function is continuous all the way, but look out for Singular Points, and if you see a Node ahead differentiate twice or you'll have a collision."

"Where do we finish?"

"The winner is the one who first gets on to his own asymptote. You'll meet yours away up there". . . The Voice trailed off vaguely.

I shivered; as far as I could remember I shouldn't meet the asymptote till I was at Infinity. This waiting was horrid. The bolt δ went in all right; the difficulty was to keep it from vanishing altogether. Suddenly another Voice sounded in my ear. "*It* has the values n , $n-1$, ..." it began, and counted rapidly backwards; it grew to a roar; "...five, four, three, two, one, gun."

Without any effort on my part the remarkable piece of Vector Analysis was tearing through the dielectric—or was the dielectric rushing past? Anyhow, it was all relative. The Velocity of Projection must have been tremendous. My course was certainly continuous, but (and I shuddered) suppose it had not a differential coefficient! Then came a bellow from the bank:

"One-point-one-five-one-nine-radians-per-second-per-second! $r=43$, $\theta=\frac{\pi}{365}$, $\phi=71\pi+\epsilon$. Quick, you fool! Differentiate!!"

"How d'you expect me to ever differentiate——" Crack! A swirl and a gurgle, and, as I sank in the dielectric, a Voice like a funeral bell tolled out:

"Div Curl H . Div Curl H ."

(λ , μ , ν) had won.

J. T. C.



THE OLD CHAPEL.

THE new Chapel was consecrated on Port Latin day, 1869, my third year, so that few of the present contingent of the congregation of old Johnians will remember from frequent attendance the appearance of the old Chapel.

The following recollections of the old building are put together for the benefit of the younger generation as well as of the old, as its extreme architectural and historical interest was not revealed till too late in the course of the demolition, which took place in my time as an undergraduate.

Old photographs should be consulted to show the original appearance of that side of the first court, as at the foundation of the College, while the old Chapel was still standing and before the hall was lengthened by the demolition of the combination room and by the removal of the Master's lodge to another site.

Then there are Loggan's views of the Colleges, taken about 1690, and their reproductions in the Clark-Willis *Architectural History of the University of Cambridge*.

The old Chapel had been in use by the College for over 350 years, and could claim to have heard the Mass said in it. The fabric walls were inherited from the parent Hospital of St John, as described by Professor Mayor in his *History of the College of St John the Evangelist*.

Some Account of St John's College Chapel, Cambridge, its history and ecclesiology, is a pamphlet by F. C. Woodhouse to be consulted, read before the Cambridge Architectural Society, February, 1848, and then there is the article by Professor Babington, in the *Proceedings of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society*, descriptive of the old labyrinth at the northern end of the Chapel, last remains of the Hospital.

But the most complete account is that given by the Rev. Dr Bonney in the Quatercentenary volume, *Collegium divi Johannis Evangelistæ, 1511—1911*.

T. M. Fallow was a man of my year—a mysterious individual, and I cannot discover what has become of him. He was so

very ecclesiastical in taste and habit as to be honoured with a place in the clergy list, as a matter of course, long before he was ordained, if ever. Fallow had the gift of dogging a bishop on his appearance in the University, and getting him to his rooms to meet undergraduates, just what a bishop loved.

Fallow and I shared kindred antiquarian tastes, and delighted to explore the old Chapel during demolition. We scraped some whitewash off the ante-Chapel and discovered an ancient fresco of St Christopher, very similar to the one then in existence in Impington church. The subject was an enlargement of the old wood-block picture, just as the King's Chapel window cartoons were taken straight from the *Biblia pauperum*, for the most part. St Christopher was a favourite subject, painted on the church wall opposite the entrance door, so as to be seen easily by the passer-by without going inside, encouraged by the legend of how a sight of him brought good luck, and no sudden death for that day. This is indicated in the legend of the engraving, one of the earliest known, 1423 :

Cristofori faciem die quacunque tueris
Illa nempe die morte mala non morieris.

Millesimo cccc°. xx°. tercio.

The saint was represented as a giant ferryman, with a tree in his hand as a staff, and fording the harbour ; a friar on the bank with his lanthorn is showing the way, emblematic of the lighthouse service of the Trinity House. The infant Christ is seated on his shoulders, hence the other legend of the picture :

"Parve puer, quis tu? graviozem non toleravi".

"Non mirans sis tu, nam sum qui cuncta creavi".

Shakespeare alludes, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, to a similar subject of ferry crossing in a fresco of "Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting ; and god Bel's priests in old church window".

There was some old glass, as described by Woodhouse ; this appears to have been worked up into the centre window in the tower in the new Chapel. Some old brasses survived and were near being thrown away. The last I saw of them they were nailed up on the wall of the bell chamber of the

tower. But no bells are there yet, not even the original surplice silver bell, still hung in the gate tower. (Quatercentenary, pp. 15, 22).

Fallow and I found one day the workmen had broken into the vaults, and were curious to search the interior for treasure. Their behaviour horrified us, and one stood guard while the other went in search for some fellow to interfere: not one was to be found; a College meeting in progress had called them all up.

Plaster knocked off the inside walls had revealed previously some tall pointed arches of a very early structure; these had been filled in with the low flat arches of the perpendicular windows, when the fabric of the old church was adapted for the College Chapel. The plan of the old walls has been preserved on the ground.

The ante-Chapel was double; an outer vestibule with a low plaster-panel ceiling of interesting design, like one at Knole; this served also as vestibule of the old Master's Lodge. The upper part of this ante-Chapel was taken up by the floor of extra rooms of the lodge, as at Jesus, forming a *camera sacra*, equivalent of Newton's rooms in Trinity. The inner part reached to the rood screen, and was open to the roof, but obscured by a flying bridge, across to the organ loft, giving a private access to the Master and his family. Here too was the statue of James Wood, much too large for the place, but a challenge to the Newton statue in Trinity Chapel.

Four chantries were attached to the Chapel, two of them visible in Loggan's view; but on their suppression they seem to have come in useful, secularised into pantries of the Lodge. The pamphlet of Woodhouse gives precise detail of their site and foundation. The mediæval screen on entrance into the real Chapel, across a very fine chancel arch of the original church, was very much covered up by the organ loft: it was an interesting piece of work of about the same date and style of the original hall screen, revealed underneath the Jacobean panelling, now worked into the hall of the Master's Lodge. This was removed to Whissendine, a living then held by Rev. E. L. Horne, Clare, brother of our Benjamin Horne the Fellow; the organ case, a good specimen of its date, went to Bilton Church. An interesting renaissance carved panel

from an earlier organ case is to be seen in Bilton Church near Rugby. (Quatercentenary, pp. 48-52).

And so a wealth of woodwork, of continuous historical interest, was scattered to the winds, as out of keeping with the purity of style to reign in its stead; just as in a corresponding case at Winchester College Chapel. But the old stalls were preserved, a wonder why, and are worked up in the new Chapel. Buttress, the Chapel clerk, told me he remembered when they were painted green, and the time may come round when it will be necessary to paint them again. Young Gilbert Scott assured us that the woodwork was generally specified in the Middle Ages as to be painted over the oak.

A Victorian architect was worse than a fire in tearing through an old College, making straight for the most ancient details and of the greatest historical interest, to destroy them and make room for his own learned grammatical creations, which leave us cold to-day.

It is sad to reflect how much more interesting the world would have reached us but for the pestilent activities of the Victorian era, leaving nothing untouched by a pedantic grammatical taste. The restoring architect would have left Cambridge a much more interesting place if he could have kept his fingers off the old work, and had been content to place his learned taste alongside, confident he could challenge the verdict of posterity. And, after all, what does it matter which is the best, provided we are allowed to have both?

This was not to the idea of the commercial Waterhouse soul; he was prepared to pull down all old Pembroke Hall (to revive its fragrant old name), to replace it by his own serviceable designs, and very nearly he carried out his idea.

Some such pedant has been at work lately, stripping off all the old plaster and scraping off its colour from the charming old gallery at Queens', "smuggling" it up and picking out in black the old timbers, just as Waterhouse served the front of old Staple Inn here, falsifying the original. By Act of Parliament of Elizabeth, all timber fronts in London were to be plastered as protection against fire; and then the good wholesome whitewash gave London the name of the White City; a street took a pride in being

all whitewashed together. The paint was scorched off our old wooden gate on Holborn, and revealed a red cross and pious phrases of historical interest; but the workmen had strict orders to make a good job of it, and so these all disappeared.

The fake and falsification of the Victorian era is deplorable, not in art and architecture alone, but in the documents of antiquity; and it was carried out in serene complacency, and compassion for an opposite opinion.

We read in Audsley's "Art of organ building" of the wonderful organ case at Bois le Duc, dated 1602, no less than 100 feet high. And yet the Dean of the Cathedral had been advised by an eminent English architect to have the organ removed because it did not harmonise with the architecture of the church. We have heard the same suggested for the organ loft screen of King's Chapel; and the suggestion was actually carried out at Winchester College Chapel, and with such precipitation that bare walls and rush-bottomed chairs prevailed for a score of years after.

The organ in the new chapel was for many years without a case; and when one was designed at last it was not a picturesque excrescence breaking out into the body of the Chapel, but hides itself shyly behind the arches for fear of obscuring some of the stone carving.

On my first appearance in Cambridge, April 1866, to sit for a scholarship, the new Chapel was already being roofed in, the foundation stone having been laid in 1864, on Port Latin day, so that the Labyrinth had been destroyed, the hall lengthened, the new Master's Lodge built and occupied, and the long gallery of the old Lodge along one side of the Second Court had been surrendered by the Master to serve as a Combination Room, to replace the former room, placed on the old plan, as at Queens', at the end of the hall.

As designed originally, on the lines of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, the new Chapel was to be surmounted by a tall *flèche*, over the crossing of the transept at the west end; incidentally the charming renaissance lantern still over the hall was to be destroyed, and replaced by something more grammatical, in the same dialect as the pure French Gothic of the Chapel architecture; but the miracle is unknown by which it escaped

destruction. The walls of the transept were already run up to full height when an ardent patron of the new Chapel appeared in an old, Johnian, Hoare the banker, who urged the idea that a western tower over the transept would be more in the style of collegiate architecture; and he offered to guarantee a subscription of £1000 a year towards the cost during building. The offer was accepted, and the architect selected the tower of Pershore Church as his model. Unhappily soon after the body of the banker was found in Littlebury tunnel, where he must have fallen unaccountably out of the train. The original contract price for the Chapel of £20,000 was not paid off under something near £60,000.

It was no secret how the old Fellows of the College had always nourished the dream for centuries of a new chapel to be the glory of the University; and a fund was always open for saving up money for the purpose. But, like the monks of old, they were in no hurry to see the realisation in their own day, knowing well that most dreams are better in thought than reality, and willing for the idea to remain in the unaccomplished stage: anticipation preferable to realization. "Better to travel hopefully and never arrive at all",

But an inflammatory sermon of Dr Selwyn was preached in the old Chapel, 1861, throwing prudence and anticipation to the winds, and precipitating action. Pointing to the ancient walls with all their historical associations, he drew an eloquent picture of the disgrace to submit to them any longer, while it was open to the College to replace these humble surroundings by a noble structure, in the most perfect taste of any age, and with an architect at hand. known to the world as the Magician.

This was the tradition as I heard it from the old Fellows, Dr Reyner and the Rev. Peter Mason. A College meeting was summoned, and the order given to Gilbert Scott, as the only architect in the world qualified for the standard demanded; and as it seemed to the meeting he must have had some inkling of the order being on the way, as the plans seemed to arrive by return almost, in course of post.

Architectural pupils crowded to be admitted to Gilbert Scott's office, behind the scenes of his magical success; all ready to show off their talent in ecclesiastical design and

restoration, from a village church to a cathedral. The new chapel is scarcely mentioned in Scott's autobiography; he appeared preoccupied with a job more congenial in the Midland St Pancras Hotel. So we may conjecture that the design was given out as a problem or thesis to exercise the talent in composition of the pupils in the drawing office. So swift was the design drawn out as for the architect to forget the organ, and provide no place for it; so here again, like the tower, the organ chamber was an afterthought. The architect was too busy to come down himself, to reconnoitre the ground and study the lowly medieval surroundings: and so his work strikes us to-day as out of place, the pile dwarfing all surroundings and keeping itself loftily aloof, with all the sterility of a puristic accomplishment.

I succeeded the Sterndale Bennetts in the rooms in the Second Court, over the Combination Room staircase, reached by winding stone steps all to itself. This was just under the Chapel tower, and one winter night when Bishop Pearson and I were talking up there before the fire, listening to the roaring of the wind through the *louvre* boards of the tower, "Did you not hear somebody?" Pearson asked. "No; it was the vane on the hall"; but he was sure he heard some one at the door. This was mysterious, as I should have heard the steps up the stone stairs leading only to my rooms. But when I went to open the door, in rushed a lovely cat, with his tail up and a cheerful cry. He made himself at home at once, and a bed was made for him in a box under a little flight of stairs leading higher up into the turret, but blocked up. I forced an entrance later, and found two small rooms, filled with overflow books from the Library; the fires were still laid with fen rushes, such as Buttress, the Chapel clerk, said he did not remember in College for over 50 years. The rooms came in useful, with a spare bed for a benighted guest. But returning one afternoon and looking up, the turret seemed to have grown suddenly rather corpulent; the junior bursar and his crew were summoned hastily: threw ropes round and girded the turret just in time, before taking it down to rebuild it.

The cat would wait for me at night, and it was a joy for me to see his tail just disappearing over head as he wound

his way up to bed, keeping to the steepest part of the steps close to the axis of the helix. Good mousing was to be had in the Hall, too, accessible through the Combination Room door. But when he pursued his investigation further along the top of the tables during a college examination, looking up under each man's face deep in a question, it was time to proctorise and gate him; after which he would curl himself up to sleep in some one's college cap. He was a great favourite of all, but he disappeared as mysteriously as he came.

G. G.



MY LADY MARGARET.

(A fantasy.)

WE had always longed to know what she was like, and had often tried to picture her in our imagination. The results were very different, but there was one point on which we all agreed: the portrait above the Fellows' Table in the Hall might be that of the Foundress of the College, but it could never represent our conception of the Patron Saint of rowing. I think we each took our own ideal of all that was good and beautiful and called it "Lady Margaret", until the day when our Lady saw that we were worthy of her and came to us herself.

We were paddling down before a race and had just become aware of a slim white figure that was moving on the bank beside us. She called to us, and we saw a lovely girl with laughing eyes and hair that fell in waves about her shoulders. She never told us who she was, yet we knew at once that this was no mortal who held converse with us. For one brief moment she gazed upon us. Then with a smile upon her lips she vanished in the crowd, and we knew that we had seen our Lady and could not fail to win.

And now she comes to us before each race we have to row; and through all the days of practice we know that she is watching and wanting us to win. Not one of us, but would die for her: not one of us, but is proud to be the slave of the water-sprite who claims so many hearts a year: not one of us, but gladly welcomes the new-found brother upon whom she casts her spell.

And yet they ask us—the rest of them, who do not understand—why we are so keen, and how it is we are such a happy family!



A CHANTY.

THE finest ship I've seen afloat,
—Away O! to Baits Bite!—
Is the Lady Margaret First May Boat:
Sing—Eight good men and a half!

A tophole ship and a tophole crew,
—Away O! to Baits Bite!—
The Lord only knows what they can't do,—
Eight good men and a half!

And this is the burden of my song,
—Away O! to Baits Bite!—
Slowly forward and shove her along!—
Eight good men and a half!

So here's to every ship afloat,
—Away O! to Baits Bite!—
And jolly good luck to the First May Boat
With her—Eight good men and a half!

D. B. H.



ADVENTURE.

T was half-past six when Daylehurst started to walk back to his rooms. He had tramped over in the morning, about twelve miles, to see the fine brass in the church at Cutsdean, had stayed on to tea, and then had talked with an old man in the village inn. Already it was dark, and very still. Even when he was well out on the road there seemed but little light, except where the sky showed at the end of long lines of black trees. At such times he got, over and over again, a very strong impression that a motor-car with powerful headlights was coming towards him, and he walked on the edge of the road, so as to leave room for it to pass. But nothing came, and presently, as he got into the open spaces between the trees, he realised the illusion, only to fall a victim to it again as soon as the conditions were repeated.

He walked fast, with hardly a single articulate thought in his mind. There was no sound, except an occasional little gasp of wind, that seemed as if it was just going to make the branches of the trees cry out, when it disappeared. Besides this there was the hooting of the owls, and that was all. He felt, particularly in the very dark places under the trees, as if he was pushing his way through something. It was really as if something hostile were present, and he was beating it all the time. Consequently, in so far as he was aware of anything at all, he was happy.

He had finished most of his walk, and was three quarters of a mile from Stelling, and his rooms, when he heard feet pattering in front, shortish steps. As he hadn't had a single soul to speak to for eleven miles, and the steps sounded near, he called out. The only answer was a startled cry and footsteps breaking into a run. By a sudden impulse Daylehurst ran too. He could vaguely see a small shadow, blacker than the general darkness, pelting down the road in front of him. Considering its size the shadow got up a most astounding pace, but Daylehurst spurted, drew level,

stretched out his hand, grasped a round, jacketed arm, and realised that he had captured a small boy. The boy stood stock-still, but shouted: "You shan't have me. You shan't have me". Daylehurst caught the note of valiant fear, and his heart warmed. He gripped hard.

"I've got you", he said.

"Look out; I'll kick you".

Daylehurst skipped, but a vigorous kick caught the side of his leg. He dropped the arm, and hopped on one foot.

"You—you little devil", he cried.

"Oh! I made you swear". All the fear had vanished into delight; but only for a moment.

Daylehurst knew his boy, being a sort of a boy himself, though his age was getting on for forty.

"You're frightened", he said.

The boy held his ground, but Daylehurst could almost feel how he wanted to run away. "I 'ent", he said; "and I'll kick you again if you say I be".

"What did you run for then?"

"'Cause I thought you were a gipsy. Gipsies kidnaps you".

"Well, perhaps I am".

"You bent", said the boy; "and if you be you can't run now I kicked you".

"Well, what about the gipsies anyhow, where are they?"

"They're here", said the boy, dropping his voice, and once more all tense with mastered terror.

A sudden thrill gripped Daylehurst by the heart, and screwed his head round to glance rather uneasily over his shoulder, as one of those gasps of wind stirred the branches of a tree to creak slightly. His voice went down to something as small as the boy's.

"Where?" he asked.

"Down there. In grandfather's field. They got a tent, I went to see".

"Did you see?" Daylehurst was more full of excitement than he had been for many a long day.

"Yes; they got a fire. You can't see them from the road. They was eating. It's a pig. It was my grandfather's, too. They poisoned him; I knows they did".

To Daylehurst it all seemed as serious as the grave.

"Well then", he said, almost in a whisper, "let's go on. They mustn't hear us".

"No; they kidnap you. My mother said so".

Without a word, Daylehurst limping a little, they went on along the road, each having accepted the other. They came soon where they could see the lights from the little town peering into the darkness. At the first gas lamp Daylehurst looked down. He was walking with a small boy, who had a perfectly round face, and great big eyes, and an infinite readiness to believe. Suddenly the boy said:

"I was afraid. And I'm sorry I kicked you".

"Well, what did you go for?" asked Daylehurst.

"I don't know. I can't help. I like it".

Daylehurst understood in a flash, and felt the greatest friendliness. They were walking on all the time. "When I grows up", said the boy, "I shall go out to Fiji, I shall. And I shall fight the cannibals, and kill a good many. Probably I shall get killed too, fighting. I shall make the way for the missionaries". He was intensely earnest.

Now they were back in the town.

"Well, good night", the boy said. "I shall get into an awful row".

"Why?"

"Ought to been in long ago; and no home-lessons done".

Off he went, with his round-faced innocence, as cheerfully as possible.

Daylehurst got to his rooms, took off his boots, pulled up his trouser and looked at his leg. Already there was a tolerably big, blue bruise. He sat by the fire and smoked, feeling the utmost contentment. He knew why he wanted dark nights, and blustering tempests, and thunderstorms, and the sea, and masterful people. "Good Lord", he said aloud, "the kid hit it. I am afraid, and I like it".

A long time later he added:

"Hanged if I won't go off to Fiji with him". But he was rueful in a moment: "No go", he said, "I'll be too old. Bad luck!"

F. C. B.

TO BARBARA, AGED THIRTEEN.

BARBARA, though you aren't a boy,
As you'd have liked, I wish you joy;
And all the things I think are best,
Laughter, a Home, a Heart at rest;
Old books and Love, to make you wise;
A man, like you, with steady eyes;
Children, tribes of them (and they'll fight,
And ask you questions day and night),
And, Barbara, when you've got to die,
A granddaughter to say Goodbye.

OUTCAST?

WITHIN sound revelry and jest
Born of the gleeful wine,
Where banqueters in Tyrian vest
Beneath bright lamps recline.

Without, the stars stab through the sky,
The wind whines down the street;
The bridegroom to the feast passed by
And ours were laggard feet.

So you within, and we without;
Betwixt the door is barred,
And it rebuffs our every shout,
Although we clamour hard.

We therefore foolish, and you wise,
Thus saith the holy writ:
But of us make you no surmise,
While at the feast you sit?

F. D.



THE FAIRY QUEEN OPERA.

THE CAMBRIDGE PERFORMANCE, 10 FEBRUARY 1920.

Purcell! the Pride and Wonder of the Age,
The Glory of the Temple, and the Stage.

H. HALL, Organist of *Hereford* (1698).

I.

PURCELL was thirty-four years of age when his opera *The Fairy Queen* was produced at the Queen's Theatre in Dorset Gardens in 1692. It was repeated in 1693. He died on 21 November 1695, and was buried five days later beneath the organ in Westminster Abbey. Cambridge, even in those early days, showed its devotion to Purcell. For two Cambridge men, or, if we include Dryden, three, gave public expression to their grief at the time of his death. A Fellow of Trinity College, James Talbot,* wrote 'An Ode for the Consort at York Buildings upon the death of Mr H. P.', which is printed at the beginning of Purcell's *Orpheus Britannicus*,† and in the same place is to be found by John Gilbert,‡ a

* James Talbot was the son of James Talbot, of Westminster, and educated at Westminster. Pensioner of Trinity College 1683, Scholar 1684, Tutor 1692, Regius Professor of Hebrew 1699–1704, D.D. 1705. (*Admissions to Trinity College*, Vol. ii. 548-9.)

† I quote from an imperfect copy of the first edition of 1698 in the College Library. A perfect copy is in the British Museum. I am not aware of another copy in Cambridge, but until someone undertakes a catalogue of the early music books in the University it is impossible to say if there is one. Since this note was written I have collated the British Museum copy. Ours wants only the last leaf. The second part, dated 1702, is not in St John's Library.

‡ Born at Lockoo, Derbyshire, and educated at Nottingham under Cudworth, he was admitted at Christ's College at the age of 15. He did not long survive Purcell, dying at the age of twenty-five, and buried at Great St Andrew's in Cambridge, 10 March 1697. (J. Peile, *Biographical Register* ii. 106.)

Master of Arts, of Christ's College, an Epitaph 'design'd for Mr Purcell's Monument, which being supply'd by a better Hand, the Author of this Inscription, in veneration to the Memory of that Great Master, prefixes it to his Golden Remains'. *Les morts vont vile*. Within six years, on 13 October 1701, the following notice appeared in *The London Gazette* (No. 3748):—

The SCORE of MUSICK for the FAIRY QUEEN. Set by the late Mr Henry Purcell, and belonging to the Patentees of the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, London, being lost by his death: Whoever brings the said Score or a copy thereof to Mr Zachary Baggs, Treasurer of the said Theatre, shall have 20 Guineas Reward.*

The score, it is now conjectured,† passed through the hands of Dr Pepusch (†1752), William Savage (†1789), and R. J. S. Stevens (†1837). Stevens left his music to the Library of the Academy of Music, where the score was lost more effectually than ever.

This article is not intended as an educational display upon English music, but merely as a plain historical statement upon the Cambridge performance of *The Fairy Queen*. So that we may skip those two hundred odd years and come to modern times. It may be noted that the Purcell Society was founded on 21 February 1876. The Purcell Bicentenary Celebration took place on 21 November 1895, and in 1901 the missing music 'by a fortunate accident' was discovered at last by J. S. Shedlock, who edited it for the Purcell Society, and the full score is Volume XII of the publications, issued in 1903. The first concert performance of some numbers was given at St George's Hall, Langham Place, on 15 June 1901; the next probably at Carlisle on 12 March 1908, when Mr S. H. Nicholson, now organist of Westminster Abbey, gave a lecture on Purcell. The Drunken Poet scene in *The Fairy Queen* was given, and the solo sung by the Mr H. G. Hiller, then a member of the choir at the Cathedral, afterwards choral scholar at King's College, Cambridge (1909-1912), and now Precentor at Norwich. Mr Nicholson repeated his lecture at Manchester about three years ago,

* From a transcript kindly lent me by Mr E. J. Dent, inserted in his copy of the libretto printed in 1692.

† See Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, *ad loc.*

when Mr Hiller, then a minor canon of the Cathedral there, enacted the same character.

The first strains of the opera heard in Cambridge were at a concert given at an open meeting of the Ladies' Musical Club in the Masonic Hall on 27 November 1908. Mrs F. E. Hutchinson conducted a small string band, and numbers 1, 2, 8, 22, 23, 27, 49, and 54 of *The Fairy Queen* were performed. This first Cambridge performance had apparently been forgotten by an ungrateful public. But Miss Evelyn Mackenzie, the present secretary of the Ladies' Musical Club, has preserved the programme which gives the names of all the performers.

The next impulse came in 1911 when, under the direction of Mr Gustav Holst, the fortunate composer of *The Hymn of Jesus*, which has lately been performed with such great success (25 March 1920, repeated on June 2), the music students of the Morley College for Working Men and Women, in the Waterloo Road, S.E., copied the entire vocal and orchestral parts of *The Fairy Queen*, extending to 1500 pages, and a concert performance of it was given in the Royal Victoria Hall there* on 10 June 1911. Among those present was Dr Vaughan Williams, and he will, I hope, permit my printing here his own words from a letter, in continuation of the story.

I was fresh from this performance, and it was ringing in my ears when I met Dent and he was discussing what they should do as a sequel to *The Magic Flute*†. I at once said, "Why don't you do *The Fairy Queen*?"

The scene changes to the charming garden of Mrs Walter Morley Fletcher, now Lady Fletcher, in Burrell's Field, at Cambridge. Again I cannot better Lady Fletcher's own words in telling the story :—

I cannot remember at what date it was that I borrowed the huge tome of the Purcell Society from Mr Dent. Dr Alan Gray and Rose Luard and I copied out about ten of the dances to perform at one of the Ladies Musical Club open meetings.‡ I had always been crazy about Purcell, and was always trying to make them do them, and then on 19 November 1912 I got Mr Dent to come and lecture on Purcell's operas at Burrell's Field

* Mr Holst has kindly sent me a copy of the programme printed on this occasion.

† Produced at the New Theatre, Cambridge, on 1 December 1911.

‡ This must have been the meeting of 1908.

THE FAIRY QUEEN. END OF ACT IV.



THE FAIRY QUEEN. END OF ACT V.



for an L.M.C. meeting, and we did that heavenly scene with Night and Mystery and Secrecy and Sleep.

On 5 June 1913 at a meeting of Mr Clive Carey, Dr Rootham, and Mr Dent, in Dr Rootham's rooms, it was decided to undertake a performance of *The Fairy Queen*, and the New Theatre was booked for 3-9 December 1914. By November of 1913 rehearsals had already begun for the dances. Miss Lock (now Mrs Wilfred Newton), Miss Buckland (now Mrs Heigham), Miss Beaumont, and Miss Kerley were the ladies; Mr Malcolm Davidson of Trinity, Mr F. K. Bliss of King's, Mr H. H. Thomas of Downing, and Mr Cubbon of St John's were the men. In December practices were in full swing at the Malting House. At the pianoforte sat indefatigably Mr Dent, or Mr Arthur Parry, or others.

At the beginning of the new year 1914 Mrs Cockerell was already at work on the scenery, and designed the costumes of the Theseus group in February. Mr Dent made a model stage in the same month. Later Mr H. C. Hughes of Peterhouse was helping on architectural details. On May 27 Novello and Company published the Vocal Score. In June Maurice Gray had completed a back cloth at York House. Everything was in full cry.

Lady Fletcher continues her narrative :

It was on 3 June 1914 that we had a delightful *al fresco* performance on a glorious sunny afternoon in the garden. We pulled my little eighteenth century piano out on to the terrace, and the audience sat down below. Humphry Noble played and we had a quartette of strings and about eight or ten voices. We did all the scene with the Drunken Poet—I think Mr Dent took that part—and many of the dances and the Night Scene and perhaps some of the Chinese scenes. I don't suppose it was a very nice noise, but it was a very happy time—one of the halcyon days of 1914 that are so specially good to remember.

Miss Lilian Greenwood, Miss M. A. Gaskell, Miss Hilda Bagnall, and Miss Margaret Deighton were the singers. Rehearsals had begun on 10 July 1914 in the Malting House playroom. Orchestral rehearsals were conducted by Dr Rootham on July 20 and 28, attended by Miss Mackenzie and others.—Then came the War.

II.

It was not easy to take up the threads. We had come out of the struggle dazed and bewildered. Maurice Gray had gone. Kennard Bliss had gone. How many more! But slowly we recovered, as from the most terrible nightmare that the world has ever seen. The Armistice was declared on 11 November 1918.

Decision to begin again was taken in May 1919.* It was intended that the performance should take place in December, but the New Theatre was already booked, and the theatre was then taken for the first available days, February 10-14. At the beginning of the October Term the usual notice was put up in a few shop windows and on College screens, and the first trials took place either in the Malting House play-room or in Dr Rootham's rooms in College. The judges were Dr Rootham, Clive Carey, and E. J. Dent.

The first summons for chorus and soloists was issued by Mr Shepherdson on October 30, to practise at the Malting House on November 4 at 8.30 p.m., and rehearsals from then onward to the performance were continuous. On 17 January 1920 a move was made to St Columba's Hall. Three full rehearsals took place there. On January 21 the Large Examination Hall was used. Dr Rootham gave a public lecture there on the opera on January 30, and three or four more rehearsals followed. During the last week the rehearsals were in an old Army Hut, lent by Professor Inglis. Then on Monday, February 9, one day before the performance, the first and only dress rehearsal was held at the New Theatre.

Mrs Cockerell and her sister, Miss Joan Kingsford, supplied the models of the dresses, and Mrs Rootham undertook the superintendence of their production. A hundred and eighty-two dresses were needed.† It is worth recording that these were produced at an average cost of 14/6 for each performer. The fourteen Chinese dresses were borrowed from personal friends. For the gorgeous second curtain of orange velvet ninety-two yards were needed, and after the performance

* Mr J. F. Shepherdson was appointed secretary for the performance. He has kindly supplied me with the facts.

† I am indebted to Mrs Rootham for kindly supplying me with these figures.

the remnants were sold in strips to fond admirers, and are to be seen ennobling various rooms in Cambridge. London was raked for inspiration. Autumn was found at a Christmas sale at Barker's, and the Peacock trains at Derry and Toms. "Juno appears", runs the stage direction in the libretto of 1692,

in a Machine drawn by Peacocks. While a Symphony Plays, the Machine moves forward, and the Peacocks spread their Tails, and fill the middle of the Theater.

Mr Kenneth Moncrieff designed his own Phoebus costume, and superintended the manufacture of the trumpets somewhere in Cambridge. The trumpets have now been transferred to the Old Vic Theatre, opposite Waterloo Station. The same artist executed Mrs Cockerell's design of the cap of Oberon, and made boots and gold armour with equal glee. He helped in the creation of the Dance of the Savages, and the movements of the chorus.

The greater part of the scenery was produced by Mr Lionel Penrose of St John's College. He scoured London in the hope of getting some old scenery to repaint, but finally decided on calico in the place of canvas, and to use distemper colours. At the beginning of the Lent Term he set off on the wings, using the loft of the Architectural School in Trumpington Street as his studio. The loft was too low to stand up in, but for all that he painted one wing a day for ten days. The big cloths, 30 feet x 20 feet, had to be painted at the New Theatre itself within a week. The painting went on even during the usual performances of *The Naughty Wife* and *The Speckled Band*. Whatever the mysterious process called fire-proofing is, it had to be done, and was done, on the spot. The pillars for the front, the raised stage and steps, were all from Mr Penrose's design. Three Johnians, Denis Arundell, Oliver Powell, and Mr Moncrieff all helped Mr Penrose in the final result.

A little space may be spared for the beautiful harpsichord used on the occasion, lent so generously by Mr Dent. It was made by Longman and Broderip* about 1780, and

* Mr Ord has kindly sent me a copy of the inscription above the keyboard. 'Longman and Broderip, Musical Instrument Makers, No. 26, Cheapside, and No. 13, Haymarket, London'.

bought in London by Dr Mann many years ago. Its present owner has told the story of its use in the February performance so informingly that, for the benefit of those who have not read it, a pardonable theft has filched the passage here.

'We had experimented once with a harpsichord in a Bach Concerto at a concert, with the very embarrassing discovery that the harpsichord player could hardly hear a note that he played, while the unfortunate conductor could hear nothing else but the harpsichord. To the audience, as a matter of fact, the result was quite satisfactory. The harpsichord in the theatre was a more perilous problem, especially as we were not able to have any rehearsal of any kind in the theatre until the day before the first performance. Would the harpsichord be audible in the audience? Would it be audible on the stage? Would it stay in tune under the very variable conditions of temperature? Would one harpsichord be enough, or ought we to have two, as Hasse had at the Dresden Opera House? Would the harpsichord be monotonous as well as inadequate? Ought we to have in addition a pianoforte or possible a harp? We decided to do the very best we could with one harpsichord and chance it. In view of the probability that the harpsichord might become amazingly monotonous, the harpsichord part was considered with the greatest possible care and no pains spared to make it as varied, as effective, and as expressive as possible. Once in the theatre, the instrument was tried in various positions until the right place for it was found. It was clearly audible both on the stage and in all parts of the house without ever becoming too insistent. Here I must say how deeply we were indebted to the sensitive musicianship of the player, an undergraduate in his first year, who although he had never placed his fingers on a harpsichord until about a fortnight before the performance, was gifted with exactly that fine sense of scholarship in music which is the first essential of the complete *maestro al cembalo*.*

For the final word upon the Cambridge performance of *The Fairy Queen* of 1920 we shall have to wait perhaps until

* *The London Mercury*, Vol. I. No. 5, March 1920, p. 637

Mr Dent finds time to revise and complete his long delayed and much expected forthcoming book on the Life and Works of Purcell.

CHARLES SAYLE.

NOTE.

The two illustrations of *The Fairy Queen* accompanying this article are reproduced by kind permission of Mr A. Broom, of 11, Priory Street, Huntingdon Road.

LIST OF JOHNIANS IN THE OPERA.

Abeywardena (C. C. P. P.)	Lyward (G.)
Archer Hind (L.)	Moncrieff (K.)
Arundell (D. D.)	Mowbray (E.)
Bliss (A. H.)	Noott (E.)
Davison (E.)	Peiris (H. C. J.)
Dymond (E.)	Powell (O.)
Hand (F. S.)	Rootham (C. B.)
Low (R. F.)	Wright (G. R. H.)

STERNDALÉ BENNETT'S BATON.

[Reprinted from *The Cambridge Review*, 5 March 1920.]

To the Editor of The Cambridge Review.

Sir,—I am sorry, for sentimental reasons, that I could not use Sterndale Bennett's baton* to conduct the *Fairy Queen* performances. *The Review* is apparently interested in the question of the comparative weight of this historic stick and of the modern weapon. Sterndale Bennett's baton weighs 2 oz.: its length is 23 inches, its average circumference 1½ inches. The one I used for the Purcell opera weighs ¼ oz., is 16½ inches long, and has an average circumference of ¾ of an inch. Any one who has conducted an opera knows the value of a light stick: also in the confined orchestral space, the conductor does not wish to be more dangerous to his neighbours than necessity demands.

I am, yours truly,

CYRIL ROTHAM.

4, Huntingdon Road, Cambridge,
Feb. 28, 1920.

* The baton had been presented to the College a week before the performance through the kind offices of Mr Herbert Thompson.



REVIEWS.

The Eucharist in India. (Longmans. 7/6).

The Eucharist in India is written by E. C. Ratcliff, Rev. J. C. Winslow, and Major J. E. G. Festing, and is, as the Bishop of Bombay says in a preface, frankly revolutionary. Put briefly, it is a plea by representative missionaries for an Indian Prayer-book which will suit the religious emotions and satisfy the devotional instinct of the Indian. At present the Church in India is burdened with an absolutely literal translation of our present English book—even to the inclusion of the Thirty-nine Articles and the Ornaments Rubric about the "Second Year of King Edward the Sixth".

The national movement is stirring the whole of India, and in words of prayer so crude to him, so curious that they rouse no feeling of devotion, the Brahman sees only a desire to make him an imitation Englishman rather than a true Indian in matters of Church worship. Forms and ceremonies which can be freed from idolatrous associations should be preserved, for they provide a very sound basis on which to work. As the motive for the proposals made in the book is the development of worship in the forms which will be felt natural to Indians, the first step would obviously be with the Holy Communion service and the form for the baptism of catechumens.

Mr. Ratcliff, who has made a considerable study of ancient liturgies, and has spent some considerable time with the Syrian Church, finds a starting point in the Syriac Liturgy of St James. But as it is far too long for actual use—its complete recital would occupy three hours—the Indian Liturgy suggested is more or less a free adaptation of this. This form is printed on some 30 pages of bold type, and the rest of the 115 pages is occupied with a full discussion of Indian feeling and mode of worship. While keeping to the path of the liturgical

tradition of the centuries, the writers endeavour to make practical provision for the needs of the people. Whether the sacramental teaching embodied in the book coincides with that of the English Prayer-book is a point which theologians must decide. At all events the compilers have attempted to realise afresh the ideal which was at the back of the mind of the compilers of the Prayer-book, namely, the composition of a public liturgy which should be appreciated by the people to its fullest extent in colouring, language, and arrangement. The book is to be brought up at the Lambeth Conference in July next, and the liturgical question discussed in connection with the foreign branches of the Church. It will be interesting to follow the development of this remarkable movement.

William Done Bushell. By W. D. Bushell, Canon Glazebrook, W. F. Bushell, Rev. E. C. E. Owen, and Rev. Father Denys.

In this book a series of essays sum up the career of William Done Bushell, as Scholar and Fellow of the College, school-master, priest, and antiquarian; he lived indeed a full life, and one which leaves from each of its many sides something that is real. Fifty years were given to Harrow, where he found himself among such men as Westcott, Rendall, Bowen, and Dean Farrar, in the days when Dr Butler was doing his spade work to give the school new life.

Perhaps his chief achievement lay in the pioneer work, which he did with Bowen, in the making of the modern side tradition in Public Schools. Harrow was one of the very first to possess such a side, and few schools have started one since without inspiration direct or indirect from Bushell's work.

His mind made him an ideal man for such a venture; for he aimed at future progress without breaking away from the good that has been. A brilliant mathematician and no mean classical scholar, a mediaevalist and the founder of the Harrow Rifle Corps, a keen ritualist yet amply tolerant, he was able to bring the keenest reasoning to bear on all problems without losing sight of everything else.

He was keenly interested in a community of Anglican Benedictines, whom he had settled on Caldey Island, in the ancient Priory. Historically he was convinced, submission to Benedicts' rule did not imply submission to the Pope ; and one of his greatest disappointments came when the community went over to Rome.

An able antiquarian, he wrote many essays and articles on mediaeval subjects, one of which is particularly interesting to Johnians, *The Lady Margaret Beaufort and King Henry VII.* For he had been a Fellow as well as Scholar, and he never lost his affection for the place.

The book is the record of one who lived a full life ; the life of a man keenly interested in his surroundings, and having his eyes open as a man should ; and the life of a man who always aimed high.



THE EAGLE.

KEATS.

THAT is an idle speculation which wastes itself upon what might have been ; it is an idleness to which Keats himself was little given. Indeed it is the function (since "poets are the trumpets which sing to battle", if it be not the very breath of life to poets to consider rather the what may be. The sentimental lover, home from an unforeseen *rencontre*, is apt to lie awake revolving lost chances and holding a revision of conversations in imagination ; the passionate lover, on the other hand, plans a great and successful piece of wooing for to-morrow ; and the passionate was ever the poetical, and the sentimental was—never. Those people who speak about "poor" John Keats are fond of dwelling upon the idea of "the poet he might have been" had he not died at twenty-six. No more useless occupation for the mind can be conceived. It may not be true, but such folk seem to be suspect—to maunder about the loss to English Literature, sounds very like a misappreciation of the gains, and about these there can be no doubt. Browning, least of all Victorians given to useless regrets, speaking with assurance of Keats as a man of achievement, cries "stand forth, true poet that you are".

True poet that he is, the greatness of his reputation rests—secure, since judgment in this matter considers only quality—upon but a few poems ; but these are as near

perfection as poet ever drew: The odes to "Autumn", to the "Nightingale", on a "Grecian Urn", to "Psyche". "La Belle Dame sans Merci", and the sonnets on "sleep", "When I have fears", "On first looking into Chapman's Homer", and "Bright Star".

(These I enumerated, then, turning over the leaves of a complete edition, found my attitude something like that of Browning's lover to his mistress' hair :

Holds earth aught, speak truth, above her ?
Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,
And this last fairest tress of all,
So fair, see, ere I let it fall.

But the standard of perfection is high, and the four odes shine far above the peculiar splendours of the lesser works of Keats).

The genius of Keats developed slowly and matured rapidly. He does not afford much amusement for those who take delight in precocity. He was not a sickly child devoted to solitude, but a boisterous spirit, wondrous affectionate, and at school popular. He enjoyed the sympathy of two brothers, and delighted to show his affection for them and for a very much younger sister. While they were quite young their father died, and though Mrs Keats married again the new alliance proved unhappy and a separation followed. Then, just as John was about to leave school, their mother died—misfortune bound the little family together, and the bonds of affection were only strengthened by the unkind, and unreasonable stubbornness of their guardian, a Mr Abbey. The family was of comfortable means; it is not fair to say that Keats was the son of a stable hand, for though his father began with such work he had at least the remarkable quality of success, and not only married his master's daughter, but became himself master of the business.

At school John Keats attracted the attention of Charles Cowden Clarke, who was at that time an assistant teacher, and to him Keats owes the first direction of his studies to things literary. Under Mr Abbey's guardianship he was apprenticed, at the age of fifteen, to a surgeon, and made tolerable progress; but he did not break his acquaintanceship with Cowden Clarke, and continued to read with him. Under

this good friend's guidance he was reading the "Faerie Queen", and it was his enthusiasm for this poem which led him to the desire to write. The first important poetical attempt was an imitation of Spenser—he was then seventeen years of age. Spenser remained of tremendous influence, as constant reference to him by name throughout the poems clearly shows; but the likeness between these two poets goes deeper than mere imitation or influence—it reveals a natural kinship shared by Keats with the Elizabethans, especially in his delight in classical fable (a spontaneous rather than a scholarly delight, as though Keats discovered these beauties for himself) and a revelling in wild nature. There is about the "Ode to the Nightingale" a sense of wild profusion in the landscape, one treads on flowers, flowers brush the body, one feels almost inclined to put arms before ones face in order to push aside the leaning boughs that whip in the darkness. Keats did not deal in trim gardens (Milton's poems give that impression). About Keats there is a lavish overplus, a tangled beauty romantic in its pathlessness, and the same wilderness air abounds in Spenser.

For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruit's load :
The whites the joyous birds make their pastime
Amongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.
(*F.Q.* Bk. II., Canto VI., St. 42. spelling modernised).

And, for comparison, this from "Lamia".

unseen her nimble feet
Leave traces in the grass and flowers sweet :
From weary tendrils and bowed branches green
She plucks the fruit unseen; she bathes unseen.

While pursuing his readings with Cowden Clarke, and finding poetry daily more necessary, Keats continued his medical studies; but he left his master before the period, for which he was articulated, had expired, and continued his studies at the hospitals. Leigh Hunt, for whom Keats had great admiration at first, proved an influential friend, and published several early poems for him in *The Examiner*—including

"On first looking into Chapman's Homer". In addition he launched him with a short appreciative article. This association with Leigh Hunt, much as it must have helped in deciding Keats for the profession of letters, had as well an unfortunate sequel—it brought down upon him finally the unjust criticisms of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*, which were attacking, in the main, Hunt's school. "On first looking into Chapman's Homer" was the direct result of readings with Cowden Clarke, through whom also the introduction to Hunt was brought about. Hunt was able to introduce him to several men interested in poetry, and his company was appreciated. Keats was a lovable man, he was even "clubbable"; he was strong and full of life. This it is as well to remember, since his early death from tuberculosis has cast the glamour of "the sick poet" unkindly over him. His poetry was a delight to him, there is nothing morbid about it—nothing sickly, and, as his letters clearly show, he was unable to write when depressed. "I shall say to my friends", he writes to Reynolds, himself a very dear friend recovering from an illness—"I shall say to my friends, cut that fellow sickness, or I cut you". He felt so strong indeed that he undertook a tremendous walking tour with a friend in the North of England and in Scotland.

Medicine was relinquished for letters at last, much to the dissatisfaction of his guardian; and, at Haydon's persuasion, Keats returned to the Isle of Wight to work upon "Endymion", a theme which had been exercising his mind for some time. Publication was agreed upon before it was written, in spite of the fact that a first volume of poems had been little noticed. Keats had no illusions about "Endymion", he was a sane self critic, and his preface plainly declares that he knew of its faults and immaturity. He had no sooner finished the poem than he began a careful study of the poems and sonnets of Shakespeare.

Then misfortunes, as, proverbially, they never come singly, heaped themselves upon him. At the same time that the walking holiday was brought to an abrupt end by the alarming failure of Keats' health, news arrived urging him to go to London to attend his already dying brother. George, the other brother, had gone to America, and this breaking up of

the family meant much to Keats too. He nursed his brother patiently, but his letters again throw a revealing light upon the suffering he endured from such a saddening occupation. The hostile criticisms in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* were thus sprung upon a much weakened author, and though their effect has been exaggerated (for his letters show he faced them like the man he was) there can be little doubt that he felt them keenly. Their cruelty was unique, even in an age of censorious criticism. It was monstrously unfair. Part of the rancour (as has been said) came, no doubt, through Keats' association with Leigh Hunt, who had been the first to suffer violence in the same series of articles. But the very bitterness of the attack brought Keats some sympathisers, among whom was one anonymous donor of £25. Money matters too were growing difficult, partly owing to the strong-minded guardian's mismanagement; and the thought of returning to the medical profession, of practising in Edinburgh even, was seriously entertained by the young poet, a theme indeed for the sentimentalists, since the loss to literature would then have been really considerable—there would have been nothing supreme from his pen in either "Endymion" or the first volume of early poems.

To all these misfortunes must be added that of falling in love, which to a Keats is no light incident of life. He loved passionately, almost agonizingly, and must have been conscious of the shallowness of Fanny Brawne. All the passion came from Keats, hungering for a return it could not expect. His whole spirit was disordered when he was near her, but it is worth noting that once away, though passionate as ever, he found relief in poetry, and to this period (1818-19) his most splendid work belongs. The poems addressed to Fanny herself, published posthumously, are nothing—except pitiful. But the fire in his heart, when he wrote on less personal themes, produced the magic of the "Grecian Urn" and the "Nightingale". This is further support of the rightness of Coleridge's maxim, enunciated in *Biographia Literaria* under the discussion of Venus and Adonis—that the greatness of a poet is evidenced in his choosing to treat of subjects remote from his personal experience.

Professionally, Keats knew something of diseases, and he had watched the death of a brother from phthisis; he could not, had he wished.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale and spectre thin and dies,
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs.

It can be imagined then how great a nervous shock he sustained on the outbreak of lung symptoms in himself, undoubtedly tubercular. His friends were about him at once with every kindness, and he rallied, and they hoped for a recovery. But at a second outbreak he gave up heart. Upon medical advice he decided to winter in Italy, and Joseph Severn accompanied him. Leaving England he wrote his last poem:

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art.

Refusing Shelley's twice-repeated invitation he remained with Severn and died and was buried in Italy. At his own request his epitaph is "Here lies one whose name was writ in water". At the cost of much ease he had devoted his life to poesy, yet it was not so much a sacrifice, not so much a choice, as it was the bread of life to him, for he recognized his genius and felt it impelling him. He wrote in one of his letters that he did not feel grateful to the world, nor would ever feel grateful to the world for accepting his verses: he read himself aright, it was the duty of the world to express its gratitude to him. But when he died the world seemed unmoved by his poetry, and the first letters of his name were not then carven on the tablets of its tardy memory—to him the epitaph seemed fit: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water". Shelley began the adamant inscription of fame in "Adonais".

The facts that they were contemporaries, that they were acquainted, that they both died young, and in Italy, seem to have bracketed the names of Keats and Shelly together. Shelley, it seems, recognized the greatness in Keats, and they

were brought together at Hunt's household several times; but Keats shrank somewhat from Shelley—it may be that he felt a class difference. Fortuitous associations between the names of these two—and the fact of the "Adonais"—this is all there is to link them together. In life, as in verse, they are fundamentally different. Shelley overlaid the dark perplexities of the world with a burning defiance—he did not search for order in the darkness, but imposed glowing new rules for his own, and endeavoured to live up to them. He was a revolutionary spirit. Keats felt keenly the eternal problems of evil and suffering: his letters will show how keenly, but he accepted them, and sought for some explanation. In his poetry Shelley made a new mythology—his "West Wind" is a created (and a creative) god. Keats revived the old gods when with gods he dealt at all. Shelley explored the empyrean of thought, and like the Angel Raphael to Adam in paradise, undertook to describe things above sense, saying, as it were,

and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best.

Keats, in an early letter exclaims, "O for a life of sensations rather than of thought". He wrote no allegories. He always stands on "the shore of the wide world" to think. He expresses the delight of the five senses, as he experienced it, to the full. In short, we *see* and *hear* the beauties of Keats—here is his autumn sunset:

While barr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn. (*Autumn*).

while we feel and know those of Shelley:

And the weary day turn'd to her rest
Lingering like an unloved guest. (*To Night*.)

As might be expected in a poet of the senses, there are occasional lapses of taste in Keats, such as the three intolerable sonnets on "Woman", included in his earliest volume; and isolated instances may be found here and there in other poems. The worst—which sends a shudder through the frame, like horrid discord to a musician's ear—is to be found

in "Endymion". The whole passage describing the embraces of Diana and Endymion, as it deals with material always full of pitfalls to a man of Keats' disposition, has an unpleasant closeness. The delight of physical passion is so near the edge of a gulf of revulsion that only the master hands of Marlowe and Shakespeare have succeeded in expressing its beauties. But the pitfall which ever waited Keats is unconsciously and aptly labelled by this, his worst lapse—and for that reason, and no other, it shall be quoted. Taken from its context it seems impossible to believe that the adjective was meant to add charm: "Those lips, O slippery blisses!" says Endymion, in passionate admiration of his goddess. The unintended meaning that at once attaches itself to the expression, that of "treacherous sweetness", is one that fitly describes that weakness which Keats occasionally betrays.

"Endymion" is full of immaturities, but its passages of beauty (such as the lovely song, "O sorrow, why dost borrow—"), its clear statement of a lofty conception of beauty and poetry (e.g. the opening lines, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"), its power of raising visions by imagination should have told the contemporary critics that the gift divine was there. Keats' preface showed that he was aware of its faults. In a letter to Hessey (one of the publishers) he writes agreeing that it was slipshod; but protests, in spite of paradox, that it was no fault of his. "It is as good as I then had power to make it—by myself. Had I been nervous about its being a perfect piece, and with that view asked advice, and trembled over every page, it would not have been written. I have written independently *without judgment*. I may write independently and *with judgment* hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man: it cannot be matured by law and precept . . . In 'Endymion' I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice".

It were useless to begin quotation in illustration of the beauties of Keats—of the exquisite use of conceit ("Here are sweet peas on tiptoe for a flight"—this *is* irresistible), of

the mastery of mere words, of the vivid imagination, or the power of creating beauty. All that is best of Keats is well known, both in its entirety and in its specially marked passages of loveliness. Even personal preferences are hard to determine, since there is no choice between two perfections; and wrapped up with the reasons for personal preferences are many non-critical causes (matter of association, occasion of first reading, temperamental considerations) which make it perhaps of little value to say, as I do nevertheless, that I prefer "The Grecian Urn". It is like a child romancing about a picture; it has, however, the adult perception that romance is after all—but romance. Read silently it justifies itself: "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter, therefore ye soft pipes play on—pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone". By association it recalls man's nearest approach to the Absolute—in Grecian art, together with a world of loveliness none the less lovely for being pagan. It hints at deep philosophies of love and human, mortal change, and closes on the note which was the deepest, most sincere conviction of the poet who was—they say who can judge of such things—himself Grecian by spiritual birth:

Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty; this is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

It gives us at once to understand how much vaster was Keats' conception of beauty than as a mere luscious ornamentation—the lust of the eyes and the pride of life. And when Beauty and Truth are realised as interchangeable—nay, one, so that the truest in everything (aesthetically, materially, spiritually, and ethically)—is the Beautiful, and the Beautiful in everything the best—when this is realised it is indeed all we need to know.

Another power possessed by Keats, too elusive to be labelled, but which may loosely be called "Magic", is clearly marked in "La Belle Dame sans merci". It is a power, shared with Spencer, of lifting the imagination out of this earth into a wide land described definitely enough to be perceived as through the senses, and yet left vast enough to wander in. We enter the realm with the poet in the first stanza of "La Belle Dame"; but at the last stanza, without explanations, he withdraws, and leaves us amazedly wander-

ing, "alone and palely loitering", in a new land of glamourie. This is perhaps the right quality of all great poems, but often great thought or arbitrary description carried to completion set bounds upon and circumscribe the land—leaving us no loitering-time to realise the glamour as a special quality. In "La Belle Dame" philosophies are barely hinted at, and the description stops short of solidity, it is as with the effect of strange and lovely music, as though we were

Moving about in worlds not realised.

And yet—Lord what fools these mortals be—some folk are not content to enjoy this eerie land, but must needs be grubbing around with their reason, trying to discover some inner meaning in what is not an allegory, some philosophical ladder whose steps they may feel with their prehensile feet and thereby return to intellectual earth.

Keats' kinship with the Elizabethans has been mentioned. Many attempts have been made to account for the marvellous blossoming of that marvellous age. It has often been urged that some of its greatness was due to the stimulus of discovery, of unmeasured possibilities in the advances of knowledge, of exploration, of thought, and of power. Men were daily staggered by new and incredible revelations in one or another of these realms—and this, it is not unlikely, would stimulate originality, and would give that conviction and determination without which all literature (as other things to do) would come to nothing. One of Keats' letters to his brother in America goes into excited delight about the discovery of an African Kingdom with "window frames of gold, 100,000 infantry, human sacrifices—gruesome tortures—a King who holds conversations at midnight", to which Keats adds "I hope it is true". But less materially there is another possible parallel. His thoughts (as his letters reveal) were constantly surprising him. "Several things suddenly dove-tailed in my mind", he says, when propounding a new conception of the qualities of a "Man of Achievement"—after a long comparison between Milton and Wordsworth he suddenly asks "What then is to be inferred? O many things. It proves there is really a grand march of intellect..." etc. "I may have read these things before, but I never had even thus a dim perception of them". Discoveries of

ordinary philosophies were intoxicating to him because they were the fruit of his own explorings; he never borrowed philosophies, his life creed (and Keats was no mean philosopher) he hammered out for himself. Nothing dark daunted him, death and sorrow that could not be solved he faced, armed with

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

This was his discovery too. His intellectual and imaginative life was a series of great and (to him) novel discoveries; perhaps there is in this some explanation of his Elizabethan relationship. Endless delight by his conscious creative power Keats has given us; we owe it to his friends—and they were far-seeing—that so many of his letters are preserved. If that were possible Keats the man is more lovable than Keats the poet; but such a statement is absurd, since in the warmth of his affection, and in the depth of his philosophies, and in the breadth of his sympathies, as even in his very frailties, the poet and the man were never separate. To Reynolds, at the age of 21, he was writing, "I find I cannot exist without poetry, without eternal poetry—half the day will not do". He was continually accusing himself of selfishness (and yet he knew Wordsworth). He was constantly expressing his longing to *do* usefulness in the world—"I could not live", he writes to Reynolds again, "without the love of my friends—I would jump down Aetna for any great public good; but I hate a mawkish popularity". His letters are by turns homely, nonsensical, candid, impulsive, and all full of clear-eyed sincerity and affection. They are never "literary", though they often soar away into beautiful passages—"I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness. I look not for it if it be not in the present hour; nothing startles me beyond the moment. The setting sun will always set me to rights, or if a sparrow come before my window I take part in its existence and pick about the gravel". Or this splendid hyperbole, used to persuade his brother that he, John Keats, did never intend marrying, since it might mean narrowing his faculties of appreciation. "But instead of what I have described, there is a sublimity to welcome me home—the roaring of the wind is my wife, and the stars through the window-pane are my children".

Again and again in his letters breaks out his love of Shakespeare; he quotes what Shakespeare says on Christianity and on — mails. His humour bubbles about his solicitude, his only theory of letter writing being, as he says, "On cause mieux quand on ne dit pas cautions". Here, too, in these letters, one may read why Keats wrote poetry; it is plain, he says it must come as naturally as leaves to a tree, or had better not come at all. He writes for happiness. Browning, at the end of the poem "Popularity", quoted at the beginning of this essay, asks "What porridge had John Keats"? It is uncouth, but to the point. Of earthly porridge—money or fame—Keats had none. It was not his desire. His reward was far subtler, it was what William Morris called "God's wages—the joy of creation".

One does not forget his youth, nor the sadness of his battles. But in spite of his short life he lived it consistently, usefully to his own conviction, reached only with a struggle, and bravely, so that, as lives go, it was very full. His 26 years were nearer to the complete life than many a man's three score years and ten, and admiration for the accomplishments of such years masters the regrets that might rise. We feel that he was right when he wrote:

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold.

Perhaps too little stress has been laid, in this essay, upon Keats' youth. His life is so complete, his poetry at times shows such a master hand, that it is easy to slip into the error of treating him as a man of much longer life. Yet the outstanding feeling after a careful (and eager) reading of his published letters is of his youth. Everywhere impetuous affection, delight in a new phase of thought, exuberance, and a clear determination coupled often with an aggressive manner, make themselves felt. He shows all the characteristics of a high-minded, sensitive, and intellectual youth, with youth's failings too. But the tragedy of his early years, the coldness of his guardian, and indeed all the difficulties which came to him demanded from him a seriousness which is the exception in men of his years. Virtually he was a failure as a poet in his own lifetime, and it needed no small effort to face the situation, and to keep up his spirits. There is not a word of complaining in his letters when they touch the subject of

those better criticisms, but there is a ring of defiance, and a well-founded assurance. "This is a mere matter of the moment" (he refers to the "Endymion" again); "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death". Then again he felt keenly the long watching and the painful death of his brother Tom, realised his responsibility for Fanny Keats, nor were the difficulties slight with which he had to contend in dealing justly with her almost against Mr Abbey's commands. Life was very hard at work repressing his youth, but signs of petulance and distrust for friends did not show themselves until the very end, when the terror of death first struck through his soul. And his fear of death was not for what death brought but for what it severed:

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high piled books in charact'ry
Hold like full garner, the full ripened grain.
When I behold, upon the night's starred face
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance
And feel that I may never live to trace
Their shadows with the magic hand of chance—

The effect of the fellowship—with suffering and difficulty upon him—was to heighten his sympathy. In his letters, though naturally there is much about himself, he seems to write from an unusual attitude. With every sentence he writes he shows a keen understanding of its effect upon his correspondents; his letters are tuned to their position rather than his own, and there is thus a vivid sense of their character. The letters reveal Keats, as it were, opening a door; himself we get to know well, but through his fine tentacles of feeling we know his correspondents well too—he does not feel *for* them, but *with* them. His letters to Haydon, and those to—say Bailey—are essentially though unconsciously different, their readers' attitudes are anticipated; we see Keats writing, and we see them reading at the same time. Yet, after all, this quality of sympathy is a quality of humanity, and it will be a note worth striking if I have made Keats *share* his greatness with men, rather than throw him out as a bright figure upon a gloomy background. The more a poet partakes of the common inheritance, the more

lovable he should be. It seems more to need repetition that he was a great friend among men, than that he was a great poet.

Though Keats met both Coleridge and Wordsworth, and was already writing when the famous Wordsworthian chapters of *Biographia Literaria* were first published, he shows no poetical relation with them or with Wordsworth's theories of diction and subject. Leigh Hunt perhaps exerted some small influence over the shaping of his muse, but it is difficult to find it, since Keats not only buries such things in his own brightness—but outgrows early habits with remarkable rapidity. Indeed, Keats was of no school. There is one poem a professed imitation of Spenser, and another ("The Ode to Apollo") that instantly recalls Gray, while "Hyperion" shows marked Miltonic influence; but in all—though least in "The Ode to Apollo"—his individuality is there. Nothing is borrowed; the attitude of the poet is influenced, that is all. He had a high opinion of Wordsworth's genius, and intense admiration for much of his poetry, and he felt no little gratitude for friendly help offered by Leigh Hunt; but he writes to Reynolds: "Why should we be owls when we can be eagles? Why be teased with 'nice-eyed wagtails,' when we have in sight 'the Cherub Contemplation'? Why with Wordsworth's 'Matthew with a bough of wilding in his hand', when we can have 'Jacques under an oak'?" In short, he felt the irksomeness of comparisons, would go his own way, after the older models, if any. Of Wordsworth's doctrine, he says—rather violently—as a young poet would: "For the sake of a few fine imaginative or domestic passages, are we to be bullied into a certain philosophy engendered in the whims of an egotist? Every man has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself".

So Keats fearlessly formulated his own axioms of poetry and went forward through "Endymion" to "Hyperion" and "The Odes". He writes them down in a letter to Taylor, his publisher, and they are evidenced in all his work—firstly, poetry should surprise by a fine excess, not by cleverness; it should strike the reader like a wording of his highest thoughts, almost like a memory; secondly, its touches of

beauty should be shown in rise, progress and setting, like the sun, and should leave the reader in the luxury of twilight;—and thirdly, if poetry comes not as naturally as leaves to a tree it had better not come at all. Keats thus was not a revolutionary, he accepted the old methods to reinspire them. Wordsworth, despairing of re-inspiration, shattered them for himself with that hammer of a preface and built a new structure. But it came to the same in the end; both men wrote with conviction, and, different as their best things are in style and subject, they both attain to the mysterious and indefinable—yet perfectly realisable quality of poetry, as distinguished from other metrical arrangements of words. Which quality I would attempt to indicate by saying that the mere words in their controlled positions mean more—tremendously more—than the logical interpretation of them.

Keats was the forerunner of the Pre-Raphaelites, only with this important difference. He did not "hark back" to the past, his temperament showed a relation with the past—he was Greek, and he was Elizabethan. Rossetti and his numerous followers took the past as their model; their temper was modern, their technique—to a certain extent—was borrowed. Perhaps this is not quite fair to the Pre-Raphaelites! It may be better to say that with Keats the past was his present; while they wrote of the past from choice.

The two men who have shown the most marked results of Keats' re-inspiration of the spirit of gone years are Rossetti and Tennyson. Tennyson, of course, was modern; but his execution, his lyrical perfection, even his diction, will be found to bear many marks of Keats. Rossetti shares his sensuous delight with Keats; but though he lived long enough to realise the danger of over-sweetness, he fails where Keats never failed—that is, he sometimes justifies the criticism launched at him under the title of "The fleshly school of poetry". Keats fell from poetry when he approached this danger, but Rossetti sometimes carried it off. I mean there is a closeness of atmosphere, a stifling, in the poems of Rossetti, at which he aimed, and which does not destroy the lovely qualities of his poems; but with Keats there is always a coolness as though the evening air still

stirred. Comparison of quotations will at once elucidate ;
in a sonnet Rossetti writes (and it is poetry, *not* slippery
blisses) :

Then loose me love, and hold
Thy sultry hair up from my face. (Sonnet—*The Choice*.)

Keats has

A bright torch and a casement ope at night
To let the warm love in. (*Ode to Psyche*.)

There is the difference of an open window, a healthy
difference, and, in its way, a useful simile for one quality of
Keats' finest poetry, the expression of his love of free and
wild natural beauties of landscape.

F. S. H. KENDON.

NOLI flere rosam manibus modo, Maxume, carptam,
Nec qui iam periit flendus amicus erit.
Quippe in veste tuae floret rosa carpta puellae,
Umbraque iam campis gaudet in Elysiis.
At sunt qui marcent flores in stirpe relictī ;
Sunt quos et solos vivere Fata iubent.

CARSON AND ARSON.

DUM regis, O Carson, Ulsteria regna superbus,
Erigenae populi iurgia dira flagrant.
Sed verbum unum hostes distinguere teque videtur :
Mens incensa tibi est, res tamen Erigenis.



LIFE IN THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE FENS EIGHTY YEARS AGO.*

I WAS born on August 7th, 1832, in the hamlet of Eldernell in the parish of Whittlesey St Mary in the Isle of Ely. My father, John Little, had succeeded his grandfather, Joseph Little, and his father of the same name in the occupation of a farm of about 600 acres on the Kingsland estate, which in my early years was the property of Lady Selina Childers and subsequently of her son, John Walbank Childers, of Cantley Hall near Doncaster.

My grandfather, Joseph Little, and his brother John both retired to Whittlesey and both died there in 1841. They had both been engaged as practical engineers on much public work connected with the drainage and outfall of the Middle Level and were men of repute in their own sphere, as also was my uncle Joseph of Plantation House, Littleport, and of Bedford House, Ely.

In 1831 my father married Martha, daughter of John Russel of Whittlesey. My maternal grandfather was a builder and millwright in a large way, and when the fens were entirely drained by windmills, his services were constantly in request. It was my delight as a child to go into his great timberyard and watch the workmen framing the huge sails and machinery for the mills. How much has the Fen Country lost in picturesqueness through the disappearance of so many windmills before the power of steam?

Near my grandfather's house stood a very high tower-mill with a gallery running round it about a third of the way up to enable the miller to manipulate the sails. It exactly resembled Rembrandt's Mill and was a landmark far and near. At Wisbech was a still taller mill with eight sails.

* From unpublished reminiscences of the late Rev. Joseph Russel Little (see *The Eagle*, vol. xli, p. 219).

My grandfather had a toy water-mill built for me. It stood about four feet high with sails three feet long, and was a complete model of the real engine; you could clothe and unclothe the sails and turn the head to the wind. It stood in a square trough which was filled with water. The water-wheel threw the water forward, which then flowed back to undergo the same process again. That was the only unreal thing about it.

My grandfather died in 1839, when I was about seven years old. One of my earliest recollections is of going with my parents to church on Sundays at Whittlesey, about four miles distant. There was then no church nearer, though at the time of the Reformation there had been a chapel of St Mary with chaplain attached to it at Eldernell, and another at Eastrea, about half-way between Eldernell and Whittlesey. It was my parents' habit to drive in for the morning service at St Mary's, dine with one or other of my grandfathers, and attend the afternoon service at St Andrew's. Such was the custom of the Whittlesey gentry at that time. I think it had originated when the two parishes were held together, and the same vicar officiated in both churches. But at the time I speak of there were two services in each church. St Mary's was known as the 'High Church' because of its beautiful spire, and St Andrew's from its less conspicuous tower as the 'Low Church'.

I can remember my mother smiling down on me as I stood on the seat in the high, square pew at St Mary's, and I can see the Beadle in the town's livery (drab breeches and black coat with red collar and cuffs) creeping stealthily round the aisles during the service, wand in hand, to ensure order among the boys.

In the spandrels of the nave-arches were depicted, in black and white, Jacob's Blessings of the Twelve Patriarchs with the Bible texts in black letters under each picture. At the restoration of the church about 1849 all these were swept away, more's the pity! Till then there were galleries over both north and south aisles, and at the west-end not only a gallery but, still higher, an organ-loft; at St Andrew's there were four galleries round the nave, and pictures of Moses and Aaron on the walls. Each church had its 'three-

decker' (clerk's desk, reading-desk, and pulpit), surmounted by a high sounding-board; and my younger brother, seeing that the parson mounted the pulpit for the sermon, imagined that after we youngsters had retired he mounted the sounding-board for the Communion Service.

The morning service always began with Ken's hymn; nothing was sung but metrical psalms and hymns from a local collection. But I do not think we little ones found the service dreary.

In 1840 a new church was built and consecrated at Coates, a large hamlet between Eldernell and Eastrea, which was a great boon to our family. It was greatly owing to the good Joseph Waddelow, my father, and other neighbours that the church was erected. I remember seeing Bishop Allen of Ely in his wig at the consecration.

At a bazaar held in Whittlesey in aid of the building fund for Coates Church, my contribution was a pet guinea-pig, which I took in a cage. It was at once bought for a guinea by Mr Childers, who immediately sold it again. How many guineas it eventually made I do not remember, but I think I was somewhat surprised that the first purchaser could part so lightly with his newly-acquired pet!

Coates church was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, as had been the ancient church at Eastrea. It was the first of several churches built to supply the spiritual needs of wide fen districts, which from the time of the Reformation had been much neglected. The first incumbent was the Rev. T. Bedford.

The Rev. S. L. Pope, Vicar of Whittlesey St Mary's, was also master of a small Grammar School, then conducted in a room partitioned off from the south aisle of the church. From this kindly courteous gentleman I learnt the rudiments of Latin and French. But school work sometimes clashed with his other duties. Mothers would bring their sick children to be baptised, and forthwith they were baptised in the presence of the boys. Or a funeral or a wedding required his presence in the church, and we were left for a time to our own devices. If we became too uproarious the clerk in the church would tap on the wall to call us to order.

At first I lived during the week with my grandmother

Russel, who was then a widow; but when I was about nine my father bought me a lovely grey Welsh pony which we named Taffy, and I rode to school every day. Taffy and I had much fun together, sometimes more to his fancy than mine, as when he lay down with me in a wayside pond, so that I reached home wet to the knees.

In that year my father first took me to Peterborough, about ten miles distant, to see the cathedral. On the way, about two miles from the city, we passed some large earth-works from which tradition said that Cromwell had battered the minster with his guns. I was much impressed by the massive piers of the Norman nave of the cathedral, and the portrait of old Scarlett affixed to the west wall.

Whittlesey had seen better days, but it was still a market-town of some little importance till the opening of the railway and the nearness of the town to Peterborough soon deprived it of even that distinction.

On the Market Hill was, and is, a fine old Market House, with a picturesque pyramidal roof resting upon substantial piers of stone. There are a few good old houses left. One under the shelter of St Mary's Church had been the manor-house of the abbots of Thorney, and was the favourite residence of the last abbot, the Bishop of Down and Connor, who was buried before the high altar in the church. Another had belonged to the Prior of Thorney, another, still called Portland House, had been built by Jeremy Weston, Earl of Portland, in the seventeenth century. There is a stately square house ('the Grove') just outside the town with a huge chimney surrounded by an open gallery topping a pyramidal roof. I have heard that some of these buildings were the work of Inigo Jones. The High Causeway (now called High Street) was then paved with cobbles, and very rough. East of this street each house had its 'toft', or croft, running back to a road which divided it from the open fields.

Before the Reformation there had been five churches in the two parishes—St Peter's, St Mary's, and St Andrew's in the town; in Eastrea the church of the Holy Trinity, and at Eldernell the chapel of the Virgin Mary, the two latter both maintained I believe by the monks of Thorney Abbey, to whom the manor of Whittlesey St Mary's belonged. Of the

church at Eastrea some interesting fragments of window tracery were unearthed a few years ago, and show it to have been a substantial building. Of the church of St Peter nothing remains.

It was claimed that miracles had been wrought at the shrine of Our Lady at Eldernell. There was in my time a length of paved causeway leading out of Coates towards Eldernell, where is now only a group of four or five houses. Could this have been for the benefit of pilgrims to the shrine? It leads to nothing else. I am informed by my friend and former pupil, Dr Waddelow of Whittlesey, that the paved way I have mentioned is no longer visible, but that Mr Stephen Gregory tells him that church paths were always paved with ragstone, and that many such exist in Norfolk. Possibly the choice of ragstone was only local.

Here I set down some antiquarian notes concerning these chapels which I have gathered from time to time from various sources.

In 1404 the Bishop of Ely granted licence to the parishioners of St Mary's and St Andrew's dwelling in Eastrea and Coates to build a chapel in Eastrea because, by reason of the floods and other perils of the roads, they were at certain seasons unable to resort to their parish church without great difficulty and danger. And two years later licence was granted them to worship in this new chapel except on the greater festivals and without prejudice to the two parish churches as to the payment of their dues.

In 1525 the Bishop of Ely granted his licence to the Bishop of Down and Connor, abbot of Thorney, to consecrate anew the chapel of the Blessed Mary of Eldernell, to withdraw such chalices, super-altars, and other ornaments of the church as by reason of use had become unfit, and to consecrate other similar ones. This is, so far as I know, the last mention of the chapel at Eldernell. Several of the earlier chaplains are named in the Bishop's registers—John Woodford, 1434; Thomas of Eldernell, Michael Clark, Robert Cape, 1487.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, 1539, we hear no more of these chapels. I suppose their chaplains could no longer be maintained, and the chapels being disused fell into decay, and so for 300 years these and other large districts in

the fen country were left without pastoral care. But since the building of Coates church, many other district churches, each with a resident pastor, have been provided in the fen country.

The church of St Mary, Whittlesey, is a fine building, but its chief glory is the lofty tower crowned by a crocketed spire 300 feet high. It is one of the most beautiful of the spires which are dotted all along the valley of the Nene from Wellingborough down to Leverington near Wisbech. I like to connect in imagination this tower and spire with Archbishop William of Whittlesey, the one great churchman who was a native of the town. He had been abbot of Thorney before he rose to the Primacy of Canterbury, and he died in 1375 about the time of the erection of the spire. But I know of no documentary evidence for my conjecture, though he did by his will leave certain bequests to the church. Any way it is a work worthy of an Archbishop.

On the south side of the church is the tomb of Sir Richard Noble. The coped lid bears on one side a sculptured halberd and on the other an inscription legible 70 years ago, but now, I fear, obliterated. It ran thus :

'Here lies Sir Richard Noble, free from pains,
Who carried the halberd in seven reigns.
He 's now laid down his honours gained before,
And what he had he gave unto the poor'.

Tradition says that he was in Captain Underwood's troop and that he was on the scaffold when King Charles I. was beheaded. Captain Underwood was one of Cromwell's officers. Noble died about 1704.

St Andrew's Church, though smaller, is not without interest. The manor of St Andrew's was assigned by Nigel, Bishop of Ely (1133—1169), to the monks of Ely to buy books for their library, and we may well believe that the convent had a hand in the building of the church. There is a simple well-built tower. The nave-arcade is singularly light and graceful, and on either side of the chancel is a large chantry-chapel.

Each of the two churches contains a fine ring of bells : St Mary's, eight with Tenor in E, St Andrew's, six with Tenor in E flat. St Mary's then had a carillon which

played the 'Old Hundredth' on Sundays, and 'God Save the King' and other airs on weekdays. Some of the old traditions of bell-ringing survived. I fear they are now quite forgotten.

The Shriving Bell, vulgarly called 'Pancake Bell' still rang at 11 a.m. on Shrove Tuesday. Early Mass Bell at 5 a.m. still sounded every morning, though it was then called 'Horsekepper's Bell'(?). Curfew rang at night. On Sundays a bell at 8 called in vain to Matins, and at 9 to Mass, which was no longer said. Then at 10 a.m. the Great Bell called to Sermon, after which came the chiming, and immediately after morning service two bells again bore witness to the ancient 'Sluggards' Mass', the latest of the day. These were then supposed to give notice of the afternoon service.

The prospect over the wide flat country from the lofty tower of St Mary's is a very striking one. It embraces the cathedrals of Ely and Peterborough, and the sites and remains of three of the great mitred abbeys, Ramsey, Thorney, and Crowland, the spires of numerous churches, and in summer a vast expanse of golden corn.

Through Eldernell ran a Roman road, connecting the Roman stations of Brancaster in Norfolk and Caistor near Peterborough. On the fenland a layer of faggots formed the foundation; next came a layer of rough ragstone, then a bed of gravel three feet thick, which with time had become almost as solid as rock, and was quarried for road repairs. I think there must have been a small station at Eldernell, for I remember seeing stones, Roman altars, and soldiers' memorials which had there been disinterred. What became of them I do not remember. They may be in the University Museum at Cambridge.

The fens had at one time been covered with vast forests, and huge trunks of black oak, sometimes still sound and serviceable, were frequently ploughed up.

My father would occasionally take me with him on his long drives to Wisbech or Lynn and show me the shipping in the ports and the ancient walls and gates of Lynn. At other times, as we grew older, we rode with him to his distant farms, we on our ponies and he on his stout chestnut cob. He was always very particular about our appearance, and it was an offence to leave our gloves behind.

My father was a fine skater of the old-fashioned kind, being tall and strong, and as was natural with one who lived near a 'Wash', he taught us also to skate. This Wash was in winter-time a sheet of water about a mile broad and ten or twelve miles long. It extended from Peterborough to Guyhirn near Wisbech. Once when I was a little boy he took me on his back and skated with me to Whittlesey to see some races on the ice.

A 'Wash' is a tract of land with an artificial river on either side of it, enclosed within high banks. Its purpose is to receive the flood waters coming down from the higher country and keep them from inundating the cultivated fenland on either side. In summer the Washes provided rough pasture and fodder: here and there are large reed-beds and osier holts. In winter, when flooded, they were the haunt of numerous wild fowl, duck, widgeon, teal, wild swan, gannets, gulls, terns, stints, etc.

In March, 1855, a flock of twenty Bewick swans visited this Wash, and three were shot. I got one and had it preserved. A flight of wild swans was a joy to behold.

Our favourite walk as children was on the Wash bank, which, being raised high above the surrounding flat country, gave us an excellent view, and there was generally something interesting to be seen.

Seventy or eighty years ago bird-life on the fens was much more varied than it is now. I remember the frequent flights of wild geese in phalanx formation—more rarely buzzards, harriers, bitterns, etc. My father once shot a bittern, which nearly cost him an eye, for when he stooped to pick it up the bird struck at his eye with its formidable bill.

My uncle Joseph once took me to see a wild duck decoy. I think it was at Isleham. It was arranged with long curving canals opening out of a pool, enclosed with embowed netting, which ended in a narrow bottle-neck, into which the wild duck were decoyed from the open pool by their unwittingly treacherous congeners, who swam peacefully under the nets.

In these times Whittlesey Mere was a reality, not, as now, a mere tradition. I remember two excursions to it,

one in summer with two Whittlesey companions. We had a glorious day, boating, bathing, botanizing and entomologizing, but I do not think the great prize of the locality, the rare swallow-tail butterfly, fell to us. Again in winter I enjoyed a day's skating on that grand sheet of ice. The Mere was drained about 1848.

Whittlesey feast in Whitsuntide week was a fine time for us schoolboys. The market place was filled with all the attractions of a fair.

Another glorious time was the Yeomanry week, when the Whittlesey troop were called up for their annual training. That troop had been the nursery of one distinguished officer, Sir Harry Smith, the victor of Aliwal in 1846, who with two other brothers had fought at Waterloo. It was in my time commanded by the youngest of the three brothers, Colonel Charles Smith. How thrilling it was for us boys to watch the evolutions of the Yeomanry, to see their sabres flashing, and to hear the thunder of their musketry! What heroes they all were in our eyes!

On June 30th, 1847, I witnessed the triumphant return of the hero of Aliwal to his native town, Whittlesey, when he was met by a large cavalcade of horsemen and by many thousand spectators on foot.

Social manners and customs in Whittlesey in my early days were very like those in Mrs Gaskell's *Cranford*. Several easy-going gentlemen farmers used to visit their outlying farms after breakfast, returning to a two o'clock dinner, after which they took their ease, and in the evening enjoyed a social rubber. But the Muse was not altogether neglected. On the shelves of the reading room were a fair number of books of general literature, which to me were a source of much delight and information.

The ladies paid their visits to each other between noon and dinner. When they drove to visit us at Eldernell they put on hideous 'calashes' over their head-dress finery. On their arrival these were removed and they were in full fig.

In Whittlesey and the neighbourhood there were many families descended from the French colony at Thorney—Le Bas, Le Fevre, Devine, Fovargue, &c. Sons of these families followed traditional trades. Devine, the baker, made

delicious biscuits such as are still made by the London house of Le Man, which is also descended from a Huguenot stock.

In 1840 the ancient open-field system of husbandry was still in vogue on the Whittlesey manors. I rode each day through open fields, on which numerous copy-holders held narrow strips of land, only separated from each other by 'balks' of grass, and one man's total holding might be scattered over many parts of the field to the great waste of time and labour. The whole was laid down each year in the same crop, barley or wheat as it might be. After harvest the field was thrown open to all holders for the shack of their cattle, until a certain day when it was closed again for tillage. About 1840 an Enclosure Act was passed, and each owner's holdings were concentrated and fenced in with quickset hedges, and a more economical system of culture ensued.

Coates is a large village surrounding a wide green, whereon many a flock of nibbling geese did stray, to the profit of their cottage owners. The cottagers also collectively kept a herd of cows, donkeys, &c. These the herdsman at morning would collect and drive afield to browse on the wide roadsides or in the green Cow Lane. At eventide the herd would slowly wend its way home, and each animal returned to its master's stall. Many a time have I met them! It was just what you may see in Switzerland to-day.

Gipsies too were a common sight, their picturesque wigwams more conspicuous than welcome. Little carts drawn by dogs were very common: often have I seen a great hulking fellow sitting on the cart dragged by a panting dog. The cruelty of the thing was so revolting that at length the use of dogs as draught-animals was forbidden by Act of Parliament.

Coates was a great reservoir of farm labour, and many of the labourers, whose work lay at a distance from their homes, kept a donkey, *alias* 'dicky', and rode or drove their little carts afield; in harvest whole families were thus transported for the day to the field of operations. When the corn was nearly ripe the harvest was 'put out' at so much per acre, and a day was often spent in bargaining. 'Companies' were formed, consisting of a man and his wife, or a whole family, or two partners. The lands having been beforehand plotted

out and numbered, the companies drew lots for their several lands. That company, however, which finished its own land first, went on to the next vacant one, and so on from field to field, and great was the rivalry as to who should 'get out' first. How jovial, how busy a scene was the harvest-field! how different from the monotonous round of the modern 'reaper'! Men and women toiling in every part of the field with the constant swish-swish of the reaping-hook, and little children playing in the stubble or gleaning among the sheaves (for Boaz was in those days kindly and indulgent), while baby slept peacefully under the shock.

Sometimes wandering gangs of Paddies from the Emerald Isle supplemented the home forces. They travelled with 'sickles' wrapt in straw over their shoulders.

The 'butter-cart' went to market every week with the produce of the dairy and returned with the weekly stores. But the great stores for the year were laid in from Lynn Mart or Peterborough Bridge Fair—cheeses, sugar, soap in countless bars. Tea was from 4/- to 5/- a pound. My father, who though habitually a water-drinker, nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed a good glass of wine on occasion with a friend, would join with a friend or two in buying a pipe of port at Lynn. The wine was then bottled and divided and carefully laid down to mature. Good sound wholesome beer was brewed at home for house and farm, and great was the interest which we children took in the process, especially when old Marriott the brewer allowed us to taste the sweet-wort.

Sunday dinner consisted nearly always of a sirloin of beef roasted in front of the fire over a Yorkshire pudding. We ate the pudding before the meat. Never have there been such dinners since: beside the old open range and bottlejack the much lauded 'kitchener' of any kind is but a poor thing. In my cousin Harry's house 'over the way' the ancient smoke-jack and spit were still in use.

Over the turf fire in the back kitchen hung a huge cauldron of milk for the calves. Upon this certain of the farm men were privileged to draw for their own breakfast. They used a large brass ladle. The turf fire was lapped up every night and the smouldering ashes raked out by the household Vestal Virgins.

I can recall the time when the 'lucifer' was not. Lately at an exhibition of curios a lady pointed out to me with great pride one of her exhibits, an ancient tinder-box with flint and steel, and was much astonished when I told her that I remembered such things in use.

The first Monday after the Epiphany, when the plough was supposed to be able to enter on its spring operations, was still observed as 'Plough Monday', though its observance was not regarded with much favour by our elders. We youngsters were often awakened early in the morning by sounds of shrieks and giggling and scuffling in the kitchen regions, and would find a rabble of young louts in quaint disguises, bedizened in ribbons, with blackened faces—one of them, dubbed the 'plough-witch', dressed as a woman—making horse-play before the maids, cracking their uncouth jokes, and soliciting largess with a long wooden spoon. Sometimes they dragged with them from door to door a plough. After their early-morning antics the day was spent in revelry. On the following day men swathed from head to foot in wisps of straw—'Straw-bears' as they were called—made merry in like manner. But the observance of Plough Monday was the more general. From what Pagan rites had these rural festivities come down to us?

Domestic servants were engaged for the year at Fair or Hiring Statutes, and a change during the year was looked upon as a misfortune. Many servants stayed on from year to year and became valued friends of the family.

In those days many farm labourers were in their own line experts and artists, taking a pride in their work, serving on the same farm from year to year, loyal to the 'Master', as they were not ashamed to call him. Old Jerry the hedger knew how to trim and plash the quickset fences and interweave the young wood so as to present an impenetrable barrier to the stock, and fashion wicker-woven cribs upon the green. David prided himself upon the neatness and symmetry of his cots which Jim the thatcher secured against wind and rain, and saved much good grain from marauding rooks and sparrows by paring the stack sides with a long scythe-like knife. A well-kept rickyard with its rows of golden stocks was a pleasant sight. Then old John in the

barn would swing his flail day after day the winter through, threshing out every grain before turning out the sweet oat-straw to the expectant cattle in the stockyard for their food and bedding. The farm labourer was not such a fool as the townsman often took him for. He might not be 'book-larned'; but he knew his business and he was relatively better fed and better housed than the town mechanic.

J. R. L.

ELIZABETH GOODALL of this town,
A most respectable maiden lady,
Full of hope in a heavenly crown
Sleepeth in this churchyard shady.

After eighty years and three
Full of hope in a heavenly crown,
Full of faith, so dièd she,
Elizabeth Goodall of this town.

A most respectable maiden lady
Full of faith, so dièd she,
And sleepeth in this churchyard shady
After eighty years and three.



AUGUSTUS.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

Synopsis of Acts. *Act I.* Julius Caesar.—*Act II.* Cicero.—*Act III.* The Triumvir.—*Act IV.* Reconstruction.—*Act V.* The Emperor.

ACT I.—JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A bedroom in the house of Alia. In the bed, Octavius; the doctor, Antonius Musa, watching. Enter a slave; doctor holds up his hands, and then comes forward.*

DOCTOR. Well?

SLAVE. Sir, may the mother enter?

DOCTOR. Is this the night
She undertook to watch?

SLAVE. Ay.

DOCTOR. Let her in;

None else whatever.

Exit Slave. Pause. Enter Alia.

ATIA. Asleep? That's good, is it not?

DOCTOR. I know not; all depends what kind of sleep.

ATIA. Oh, doctor!

DOCTOR. Madam—

ATIA. Tell me the truth.

DOCTOR. I will.

He may live.

Alia turns away, and covers her face.

Enter an Attaché.

What do you here?

ATTACHÉ. Sir, the Dictator

Seeks entrance.

DOCTOR. He must wait.

ATTACHÉ. How!

DOCTOR.

Sh !

Motions him out. Exit Attaché.

Madam, your uncle the Dictator's here.

ATIA. Still, to the last, my poor dear boy's best friend.
 Ever since Gaius my good husband died,
 He's been a rock to all our family,
 That in one heathery nook of his vast side
 Cushioned us, while his every other front
 Churned into feathery suds each ten-ton slap
 From twenty separate crossed and compass-baffling
 Currents of civil storm.

DOCTOR.

Do you stay here.

And such report as I can give, I'll carry
 To Julius Caesar.

*Exit Doctor.*OCTAVIUS (*groaning*). Oh !

ATIA.

Tavy, sweet boy !

There—He still sleeps. Oh, I will waken him.
 What ? Shall his flame, puffed on by draughty death,
 Gutter out blindly in the unconscious dark
 Like sick slave's in a cell ? No, his last groping thought
 Shall find the self-same place his first one homed in,
 His mother's bosom. Stop, here's the doctor.

Re-enter Doctor ; Alia comes up to him.

He

Half-woke, and groaned a little. Mark his breath.

— Well ?

DOCTOR. The constitution's quite abnormal, madam ;
 Were it another man's, I'd hold no hope.

ATIA (*steadying herself*).

Send for his uncle ; I know he'll call for him
 In his dying rally.

*She throws herself on a sofa ; then sits up and begins to
 write a letter. Doctor opens door, and beckons. Enter
 Slave.*

DOCTOR.

Let the Dictator know

His nephew now may wake at any time
 And ask for him in death.

SLAVE.

Sir, the Dictator

Is just now gone to dine ; you know his rule,
 No cause on earth shall interrupt his meals.
 Besides, sir, he has scarce broke fast to-day,
 And, soon as dinner ends, sees three deputations.

DOCTOR. Be it on my head ; go, tell him.

Exit Slave.

*Pause. Enter Julius Caesar, chewing, with a serviette ;
 a Slave behind, with Caesar's dinner on a tray.*

CAESAR.

Has he called for me ?

DOCTOR. No, sir, not yet.

*Caesar nods ; motions to Slave, who sets down tray on
 a small corner table, and stands at attention.*

Caesar dines.

*Exit slave with tray. Caesar supports his elbows on his
 knees and leans his head on his two hands.*

DOCTOR (*aside to Alia*).

Blessed relief ! He mends !

OCTAVIUS. What, is my uncle there ?

CAESAR (*slipping to the bedside*).

Tavy, my boy,

What can I do for you ?

OCTAVIUS.

Take me to Spain.

CAESAR. To Spain, lad ? Why—why—But of course I will.

OCTAVIUS. Where the Pompeians are.

CAESAR.

Ay ; the Pompeians.

OCTAVIUS. 'Tis the last wasp's-nest of your enemies ;

Oh, let me help you burn it.

CAESAR.

Ay, lad, thou shalt.

There, there. — O you harsh gods, had you but spared
 This one boy's life, then had you not withheld
 That for the lack of which my life's whole labour
 Must perish with myself.

DOCTOR.

Sir, but one word with you.

Taking him aside.

All's well.

CAESAR.

What ? He'll not live, you think ?

DOCTOR.

Live ? Sir,

He that has weathered *that*, might live a century.*Caesar bursts into tears. Pause.*

DOCTOR. You should not weep just after dinner, sir ;
It blunts digestion.

CAESAR. Doctor,
All that I have of heart beats in that boy ;
I love him, doctor. Tend him as you would me ;
The hair you save him by reprieves the world.
When he's of age, I'll make him heir to me.
I'll see this deputation.

Exit Caesar.

DOCTOR. You will not let him follow
The Dictator into Spain, madam ?

ATIA. Hush !—Trust me.

DOCTOR. 'Twill take some firmness ; the great Julius dotes
On his grandnephew.

ATIA. He stays ; or I go with him
And mother him in the trenches.

DOCTOR. Keep that vow ;
Though we all know his quick recoveries,
Campaigning—no ! Come, let him sleep back health.

Exeunt Atia and Doctor.

OCTAVIUS (*gelling up and coming forward, and looking resent-
fully towards the door*).

How every quack makes cause with my weak frame
To crush and gyve me ! Am I Caesar's niece,
That I must sort with servants, have my days
Mapped out in hours by base apothecaries ?
Prescribe my medicines, not my movements, dog !
Oh, now I know that I have lived too long
Obsequious to my mother's apron-strings.
And this it is, had they but sense to see it,
Breeds illness in me ; not my liver, fool !
They talk of gall, forsooth ! 'Tis this that galls me.
Caesar has promised me to go to Spain,
And I'll raise earthquakes but I'll keep him to it.
And for my mother, well—
I will not cross her, I'll prevail with her.
I'll show her, 'tis no mere boy's appetite
For wars—I shrink from war—that fires me thus ;

But the devotion that still urges me
Where I may best serve my heroic uncle ;
Since, for myself indeed—though I dare swear
I have some dark and deep ambition in me,
Yet, midst my love of books, weak health, hedged ways,
I can scarce feel where such ambition becks me,
Save it be this—that I would be like Caesar ;
I'd mend the world. I *will* be Caesar yet !
What's here ? A letter. Ha ! my mother's hand :
“ We do not think he will outlive this night ”.
By Heaven, it almost makes me swoon again,
To find they write thus of me. I'll live, in spite of them !
'Tis their repressions would not let me live.
God, I'll see seventy ! I'll be revenged else !
Live ? Ha !
Too long my hopes in fusty rooms have lain ;
I'll learn in Caesar's school. To Spain ! To Spain !
Exit.

SCENE II.—*Rome. Brutus' garden. Enter Brutus and Cassius.*

BRUTUS. Bah ! superstition will go on for ever.
The cure's quite simple ; it needs courage merely.
Is he a spirit ? Is he half-divine ?
No, but, I think, a man like other men ;
If you stick daggers in him, then he'll die.

CASSIUS. Ay, but his work may live ; 'tis that's our enemy.
Could I but stab at his achievement, man,
I'd strike with far more will than at his guts.

BRUTUS. Cassius, when we two went to lectures on it,
You showed some promise in philosophy.
Have you turned imaginative ?

CASSIUS. No ; but even then,
If you remember,
While you were Stoic, I was sceptical ;
And I am dubious of our enterprise.
Watch the careers of great ones ; I have studied them
To elicit their damned trick ; do you not see
That all's not done by shoving ? Why, many a time,
Like limpets on a rock, one touch but stiffens ;
When resolution's fluid in your foe,

Let it but scent one breath from your hate's frost,
 You'll make it ice against you, fix a mood
 That was but transient, into eternal steel.
 Never suppress ; remember, 'tis Suppression
 Breeds that same steam she sits on ; give it air.
 So in this business, I still gravely question
 Whether, for all these half-breathed blasphemies,
 Men hate their Caesar in their hearts one half
 What their loose mouths do for mere idleness.
 Some meed of scowls is greatness' property ;
 Three-fourths such muttering is but boys at school
 Cursing the food and eating heartily.
 I greatly fear, I say,
 Though Caesar have no party now, lest we
 Butcher it into life ; lest, from this nothing,
 Bursting on peace, our sudden act of blood
 Raise up, like Furies from vacuity,
 Vengers on very side ; and, to our own undoing,
 Each several poniard out of Caesar's womb
 Stab Pandemonium. Murder's not the style.
 No, Brutus ; who succeed here, practise much
 The contrary ; leave men to their own ruin ;
 Do more than half their work the gentle way ;
 Ne'er jerk the hook up till the fish is on.
 Ah, I have seen it ; I know. Yet, though I see all this,
 Ay, feel the truth of 't even, I cannot do it.
 Still must these devils nurse some secret knack
 Which we have not, God curse them ! And therefore,
 friend,
 Will I join hands with you, and what I cannot come by
 Through genius, grasp in spite.

BRUTUS. Ay, never fear ;
 Nothing can stand against a syllogism ;
 Rome is republican ; Caesar's a king ;
 And therefore Caesar shall not live in Rome.
 When he comes back from Spain, Cassius, he dies.

Exit.

CASSIUS. I'm a republican till Caesar's death ;
 But after that, I'll be a Cassian.

Exit.

SCENE III.—*Rome. The forum. At back, the Senate House, with steps leading up to porch ; but these not visible because of crowd, which packs whole stage except a narrow strip in front ; their backs to audience.*

CROWD. Hurrah !

Live the Republic ! Long live Liberty !

Enter smartly in front Asinius Pollio, and stops surprised ; shortly after, Cicero, whose looks are set and pale ; he faces audience.

POLLIO (*recognising him*). Cicero ! What's all the crowd about, d'ye know ? What's happened ?

CICERO. Some execution, probably.

POLLIO. Well, I must get on, no matter who's executed ; I'm due to speak with Antony. Here, make a lane there.

1ST CITIZEN. Easy on, captain ; who are you ?

POLLIO. Asinius Pollio, dog !

Legate-in-chief here to Mark Antony,
 Caesar's own colleague in the consulship.

2ND CITIZEN. Doesn't matter who you are, you can't get past here till you've shouted " Long live Liberty ! "

1ST CITIZEN. Shut up, man, he's all right ; can't you see he's with Cicero.

2ND CITIZEN. Oh, beg pardon, sir ; we'd let you pass, sir, if we could ; but there's no moving here.

POLLIO (*to Cicero*). This is preposterous !—Here, you, fellow ! Why are you shouting, " Long live Liberty ! " ?

3RD CITIZEN. Because they're shouting it over there.

POLLIO. Pshaw !

3RD CITIZEN. Listen.

OTHER CROWD (*off*). Hurrah-h-h ! Sh !

The cheer stops dead ; slight pause.

POLLIO. Why are they silent suddenly ?

3RD CITIZEN. He's making a speech.

POLLIO. Who is ?

3RD CITIZEN. Brutus. I daresay he'll come here presently.
 I wish we knew what's happened, though.

SEVERAL. Sh ! *Pause.*
 OTHER CROWD (*groaning*). Oh !
 3RD CITIZEN. *That was a groan !*
 1ST CITIZEN. Here comes a fellow running.
Crowd turn and face the audience. Enter an old man.
 Here, you ! who's executed ?
 OLD MAN. Julius Caesar. He's been stabbed.
 POLLIO. Ho, is that all ?
 Carry your hocus to the crows, old man ;
 We're in our senses here.
 OLD MAN. Stark truth ; I heard him tell them.
 CROWD. Caesar ? Not Caesar ?
 OLD MAN. He.
Exit.
 CROWD (*groaning*). Oh !
 BRUTUS (*off*). Long live the commonwealth ! Caesar is killed,
 POLLIO (*to Cicero*). Devils ? or fools ? which worse ? Rome
 is an orphanage.
 CICERO. You thought him a great man, then ?
 POLLIO. *Man ?* No ;
 Tree, sir.
 CICERO. A tree ?
 POLLIO. I tell thee, Cicero ;
 Ninety such twittering tits as thou or I
 Might house unharmed in such an evergreen ;
 But now the boys will have us. *Man ?*
 2ND CITIZEN. Here's Brutus.
 CROWD. Here's Brutus—Brutus.
They turn round and face the Senate-House.
Enter Brutus along the peristyle, holding aloft a dagger—
not a bloody one.
 BRUTUS. Live the Republic ! Long live Liberty !
 CROWD (*perfunctorily*). Hurray !
 BRUTUS. Reason shall dominate ; Caesar had high dreams,
 But we have burst them in the name of Reason.
 Reason is Liberty, and shall dominate.
 2ND CITIZEN (*aside*). Reason be blowed ; we don't want no
 Reason, thank you.

BRUTUS. That we were justified, I'll prove it to you.
 The major premiss first, All kings are tyrants ;
 That's universal ; then the minor, Caesar—
 CROWD. Pow-wow-wow ! Boo ! Bah !
 1ST CITIZEN. Come, cut along, old man ; we've had enough
 of you.
Exit Brutus. Enter Cassius, même jeu.
 CASSIUS. Caesar is dead ! Long live Equality !
 CROWD (*perfunctorily*). Hear, hear !
 2ND CITIZEN. That's what we'll have, that is ; all men must
 be equal, and especially the bottom ones.
 CASSIUS. Do not regret Caesar, gentlemen ; for although he
 may have been an able man—
 SOME VOICES. Hear, hear ! A great man, Caesar.
 CASSIUS. Yet you have still left among you men as capable,
 men as just, men as high-minded, and men as versatile,
 as Caesar was.
 1ST CITIZEN. You bet ! All these fine fellows are the same ;
 he's thinking of himself, he is. That'll do for you, sir ;
 next please.
Exit Cassius. Enter Decimus, même jeu.
 DECIMUS. Flourish Fraternity ! Swell Regicide !
 3RD CITIZEN. Regicide ? What's that ?
 DECIMUS. We loved Caesar ; it was in love we killed him,
 to save him from a false position. We love you ; love
 is our watchword ; all that will not love must perish.
 2ND CITIZEN. What's that he says ?
 1ST CITIZEN. You'd better be off, young fellow ; we don't
 like you.
Exit Decimus. Three more Conspirators pass, même jeu.
 CROWD (*feebly*). Hurray ! (*Then, severally.*) All very well,
 I daresay ; but it's a queer business, somehow.—There's
 right both ways, just like everything.—Caesar was a good
 tyrant, mind you ; but then, he was a tyrant ; so they say
 at least, but who's to know ?—You mark my words.—
 What I say is . . .
They discuss, in groups, with gestures.

POLLIO. How think you of this business, Cicero ?

CICERO. As of a deed ill done.

POLLIO. Ay, so do I ;
But that's equivocal.

CICERO. As my sentiments.
Butchery is botchery ; these are not the surgeons
To lance the canker that still threatens Rome.

POLLIO (*suddenly*). Cicero, by Heaven's own tears, you knew
of this !

CICERO (*nervously*). N-no ; not quite.

POLLIO. O, Cicero!
Not quite ungrateful ! Not quite murderous !
Some day methinks you may not quite be saved.
Exit Cicero.

He lives in terms of a closed century,
And even at that, the brain's the warmest organ.
A man to disconcert his well-wishers ;
Fine sensibilities without a soul.
O Spirit of Caesar, what a solitude
Has maniac Anarchy made thy Rome to-day !
I must find Antony. Ha ! there he moves,
Breasting the multitude. Ho ! general ! general !

Enter Mark Antony through the crowd.

ANTONY. Who's there ? Asinius ? Part ! Part, maggot-heap !
This hour and more had I been hunting for you.
Here's a fine kettle of fish, boy ; Caesar's killed !

POLLIO. Blest he, that hears not how surviving friends
Word his obituary.

ANTONY. Fine friends ! 'Twas he,
He, that had given them half their offices.
I tell you this, my lad ; one thing I'm settled on :
Brutus and Cassius shall not rule in Rome.
And that's the very point I'd broach with you ;
There's no time to be lost ; 'tis our first move ;
We must inflame the populace against them.

POLLIO. No prospect there ; they cheer for the Republic.

ANTONY. Oh, we can all do that ! I'll bait them with it.
Julius himself played the Republican¹,
And became Caesar by it ; and so will I !

POLLIO. What use were bait, bating you had a hook
To worm it on to ?

ANTONY. And so I have ; a very goodly hook ;
'Tis Caesar's body !

POLLIO. Fish are cold, they say ;
But *fish* will rise to something ; not so these.
You cannot angle clods. 'Twas but this instant
Six men went past there, bawling " Caesar's dead ",
And now behold them arguing. Sir, mistake me not.
Had they rejoiced thereat ; had they but hornpipied ;
" Hey, Caesar's dead ! Down with all dearest friends !"
Then, by the extension of that principle,
You had some hope (I think) to incite them on to lynch
Their precious new deliverers here. But no.
Far worst is this, that when they heard the death
Of their best benefactor, even their cheer
Was a faint-hearted one.

ANTONY. Pollio, my lad,
Only the imagination's meaningful,
And these men lack it.
I have a dog, Asinius, a good beast ;
Tell him I'm murdered, and he'll wag his tail ;
But let him sniff my carcase, and he'll darken
The day with janglings. I'll fetch Caesar's body to them.
Oh, and there's another thing, and that's the will.
Here 'tis ;
Brings it out, tied with red tape, from within his toga, but immediately puts it back.

I've not had time to glance at it,
But his intentions were well known ; 'tis certain
He has given most handsomely to public funds.
I'll speak his eulogy ; I myself, by the way,

¹ Ut se et populum Romanum factione paucorum oppressum in libertatem vindicaret.

Caesar, *De Bello Civili*, I. 22.

Cherish great expectations of this will,
 And to reward him for it I'll praise him finely.
 Stay here and see ; I'll be dramatic in it ;
 I'll make a set-piece that shall stagger them !
 First I'll read out the will, then show the corpse.

Exit Antony.

POLLIO. Some year or more had I suspected it,
 But now I know ; this is a callous man.
 Oh, I have scanned him well ; 'tis a true Roman ;
 One of these gross men that can act fine things ;
 Powerful, sardonical ; and yet coarse in grain.
 What gruesome jest will he make now, I wonder ?
 That was a chilling phrase ; by this I see, that either
 Chaos is come again, or hence as hereto
 Men must be truer than their masters are ;
 For when would I, come what come may not, utter
 Such words as these ? Antony's killed ; oh, here's
 A pretty stew ! God send he freeze me not
 With some brutality ; I must stick by him
 Through these red years ; 'twill call up all my muster
 Of loyalty. Here he comes.

Enter Antony along the peristyle of Senate-House.

CITIZENS (*severally*). O see ! Mark Antony !

What's his opinion of it ? Speech ! Antony ! Hurray !

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen ; lend me your ears.

2ND CITIZEN. Oh, go on, stow it ! Are you a Republican or
 a Caesarist ?

ANTONY. Comrades——

CROWD. Hurray ! He's a Republican !

ANTONY. Comrades, I——

CROWD. Hurray !

ANTONY. I do not speak here in dispraise of Caesar.

He stretched the constitution somewhat ; well,
 Some have done that, that still rank honoured names ;
 'Twas born elastic ; I will not dispraise him.
 I stand before you but to read his will,
 Wherein you'll find——

2ND CITIZEN. We will not hear the will
 Of one that was not a Republican.

ANTONY. Who's that ? What bold and biting man is there,
 Says Caesar was no true Republican ?
 Consul, dictator ; these are magistracies.
 No Roman yet held both before ? And why !
 No Roman yet had Caesar's energy.
 Let me be harder heckled, friend, than that,
 Or else keep silent.

3RD CITIZEN. Well, then, if Caesar was a true Republican,
 how comes it he was murdered by Republicans ?

ANTONY. How comes it ? Oh ! Ay, you may well ask that ;
 But I'll not answer it for you. Take that *there* ;
 Ask Brutus that ; ask Gaius Cassius that ;
 For they are nothing but Republican !
 Why, seeing that Caesar, in a helpless age
 Of terrorism and bankruptcy, restored
 Credit and order, government's two props,
 And, holding the State lives to safeguard law,
 Brought exiled Justice back, did Brutus stab him ?
 Ask Brutus that ; Brutus the rationalist.
 Why too, when Caesar's Julian law, that wrested
 The public land from thievish capitalists,
 And by fair distribution of it among
 Necessitous and deserving citizens
 Peopled your sun-blest Italy with free men
 Instead of slaves, to the vast indignation
 Of the aristocracy ; why too, when Caesar,
 Some great appointment pending, chose the man
 Most formed for that, not reckoning whence nor who,
 How well connected, with what ancestry,
 What wealth, nor even how highly qualified
 For other posts ; why then did Cassius
 Stab him ? Ask Cassius ; he's a democrat.
 Once more,
 Why, seeing that Caesar, in relief of debt,
 Laid bounds on interest—yet insisting, gentlemen,
 Debts must be paid, all bonds fulfilled, the rights
 Of property respected, spite of visionaries—
 And why, when Caesar had allowed the poor
 Lodgings rent-free, did Decimus murder him ?
 Ask the philanthropist, ask Decimus, that.

CROWD (*growling*). Ugh ! ugh !

ANTONY. Or, if you haply may distrust those men,
Hear Antony answer. Caesar knew no party,
Nor, if he had known, was omnipotent.
Some things there are which Caesar did not do.
He could defeat, but not retaliate.
He ne'er stood here, fingering a bloody dirk ;
Called himself patriot ; libertarian ;
Communist ; what's the thing ? Tyrannicide.
He was no man of words, men, but of action.

CROWD. Hurrah !

ANTONY. And then, the Senate, friends ; which he reformed.
The Senate—ahem ! ahem !

CROWD (*sniggering*). Ahem !

ANTONY. Yes. I see, gentlemen, you know quite well what
the Senate is.

CROWD. *We* know ; ha ! ha !

ANTONY. Such men as—well, Cicero, for example.

CROWD. Cicero—ha ! ha !

ANTONY. A worthy man, gentlemen ; a most learned jurist.

2ND CITIZEN. Learned fiddlestick !

CROWD. Ha ! ha ! ha !

ANTONY. Enough. I fear, friends, I take up your time ;
I have digressed too far ; should not have touched
On Caesar's virtues, an insidious theme.

CROWD. Tell us of Caesar !

ANTONY. You'll excuse me there.

*I—am still consul ; I have not yet met
Brutus and Cassius, the Republicans.
And while I breathe I'll do your business ; which
Now bids me read the will.*

*He goes to door of Senate-House, and, as is natural in
shouting, puts special emphasis on certain words.*

Ho, Caesar's slaves !

Fetch out the *trunk* with the *red documents*,
Lies on that table there !

*Enter four slaves from the Senate-House, carrying a table
covered entirely with a cloth ; they set it down, and stand
back, at attention.*

POLLIO (*aside*). Oh, terrible ! I detect his fearful game.
Yet there's some feeling in it ; I'll stay it out ;
He may redeem it with grim irony.

ANTONY. Under this cloak lies Julius Caesar's will.
But what a will, my friends ! A wondrous will.
He has left his gardens to you for a park.

CROWD. Oh, wondrous will !

ANTONY. A will, my friends, lies here, that might have left
More than it has done even ; had Brutus pleased.
That might have deeded the round world, and parcelled
The regioned Earth in verdurous legacies.
Well,
What Cassius gave him time to do, he did.
He has left each man of you three pounds apiece.

3RD CITIZEN. Oh ! I'll have a new shop-front.

2ND CITIZEN. A powerful will, this !

ANTONY. Oh, sir, well said ! A powerful will lies here.

1ST CITIZEN. Ay, citizen, and a good will.

ANTONY. Well said again !

Caesar's goodwill, which while he lived was yours,
Lies here ; so Brutus and so Cassius willed.

1ST CITIZEN. Oh, you have said enough, sir, we know now
we were fools to listen to them. Give but the word,
say yes ; shall we burn all of them in their now houses ?

ANTONY. No, stay.

One item more ; and you shall have it ; you must.
For, citizens, I might be lying to you,
Therefore with your own eyes you'll see the deed,
Witnessed by thirty scarce-dried signatures,
Fresh from their hands that scrawled it, stitched in crimson
Then shall you burn their houses, if you like,
When you have seen, how, caught in full career
And the rich flush of his tremendous will,
By men that owed those very knives to him
And the power to stick them there ; studded with wounds,
Gasping, and riddled with ingratitude,
He died—and left you this.

*Whips off the cloak suddenly and reveals Julius Caesar's
body, the head limp, the eyes glassy, the mouth open, and
the white toga horrible with gore.*

CROWD. Oh horrible !
 Burn the conspirators ! Flay them alive !
 Blood ! Caesar's bleeding ! Away ! Burn ! Kill !
 Slaughter the lot !

Exit crowd.

*Antony immediately takes the will out from inside his toga,
 descends the steps reading it, and comes slowly forward,
 with periodic gestures of disgust.*

ANTONY. Here is the will, Asinius ; a strange will.
 From first to last, no trace of Antony.
 Not a bare thousand, Pollio ; not a sesterce.
 First, he bequeaths to every citizen
 Seventy-five drachmae for remembrance of him.
 Oh, did I say no talk of Antony ?
 I wrong him, Pollio ; there's where I come in.
 I have a claim here as a Roman ; see ?
 Seventy-five drachmae—twopence-halfpenny !
 —Which being deducted, all remainder goes
 To young Octavius ; had you heard of him ?
 A niece's child, a sickly sort of boy.
 Provided always, these : first, and so forth,
 And with herein-be-damneds innumerable,
 He pays—etcetera ; some gratuities ;
 Old servants, and the like ; poor relatives.
 Last names he, should Octavius predecease
 (He may be dead by now, for all I know),
As heres in secundis partibus—
 Who, in the name of wonder ? Decimus !
 One of the men that stabbed him !

Jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

What a fool !

And all along no hint of Antony.
 Ugh ! my gorge swells when I remember now
 Some of the services I did for him.
 Gods ! I could curse now that I praised him so.
 This is the will ; but I will none of it.
 I'll glut young Tavy with some tenth his due ;
 He never dreamed of this ; he's dead, I'm certain.
 By heaven, it shall not go to Decimus !
 Were Caesar here, he would unwrite this will.

Total, seven hundred thousand sesterces ;
 With endless claims, of course, public and private ;
 But there it is ;
 The sum deposited at the bank of Ops.
 Decimus, indeed ? Oh no ! First, *ex officio*,
 As consul, I'm trustee ; with armed bands
 I'll occupy the bank, forestalling violence.
 Meantime, who's legal heir, shall be referred
 To the learned faculty.

A CAPTAIN (*off*). News ! News ! The consul !

ANTONY. Here.

Enter Captain.

CAPTAIN. The people's up, the murderers' houses burned.
 Brutus and Cassius are escaped from Rome,
 Take ship for Macedon, where they'll raise an army ;
 Their purpose, to return and storm the State.

ANTONY. Return they never shall, I'll nip their heels.
 This fixes all ; myself am Caesar's heir,
 As his avenger. His estate shall buy me
 Legions, and then to Greece.

CAPTAIN. O Sir, there's more.
 Your move anticipating, they have dispatched
 Decimus to hold North Italy in your rear.
 His base is Mutina ; once leave Rome, he takes it.

ANTONY. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Excellent !
 I could not have a welcomer adversary.
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! Come, Pollio ;
 I'll turn the legacy on the legatee ;
 Convert it all to arms, and "let him have it" !
 At Mutina is he ? I'll give him such a time
 That I will make his army mutinous.
 Come ! Funds ! Men ! Armour ! All for Decimus !
 To Mutina !

Exit Antony and Captain.

POLLIO. Gone, and forgot the body !
 Caesar, in this thou dost revenge thyself
 On history's page not wisely but too well,
 That thou hast dropped us in a field so poor
 As can produce no richer champion
 Of thy lost brightness than Mark Antony is.

Where one man's vacuum can leave such a gap,
 There must be thunder in the closing of it.
 Yet I'll hold on, for no hope else presents
 But to take service with rank murderers ;
 Whose work I'll now wind up with decency.
 Lift up your master's bier. Poor oozing trunk,
 Since thou wast felled, I have lived hours, 'twould seem ;
 Yet I see well, by the bright gore on thee,
 That it must be but now that thou wast lopped.
 Bring him below here ; let me look on him.

Slaves lift the bier from the table and bring it down.
 O thou fall'n pine, so grimly resinous,
 From what luxuriant height art thou now toppled,
 To stand for what a mast ! Bear him away, men.
 Yet stay a moment ; let not the last touch
 This body knew before the final clod
 Be hateful butchery's. Thus, thus, noble corpse,
 Take I farewell of thee ; this hand's a friend.

He touches the body ; then starts slightly.
 Oh !
He turns away, covers his face with his hand, and bursts out weeping.

SLAVE. What's the matter, sir !

POLLIO. Oh ! He's still warm !

CURTAIN.

[*To be continued.*]

A. Y. C.



REVIEW.

Poems. By Edward L. Davison. (G. Bell and Sons, 1920.)

If a future Samuel Johnson is now an undergraduate of the College, he may be expected to record that St John's, in his day, was a "nest of singing birds". At no time, perhaps, in its history have there been so many practitioners of poetry within its walls ; and some of these, we may hope, will carry on the tradition of a University, which has never expelled its prophets, and of a College, which honours Wyat and Greene, Herrick and Prior, and (among the very greatest) if not Ben Jonson, at least Wordsworth. Mr Davison himself feels the inspiration of the *genius loci* :

"Out of the river's bed, out of the stone,
 Rise phantom company that loved this place ;
 Come from your graves but leave me not alone"

—the opening lines of a fine sonnet, which ends in a cadence of arresting beauty :

"Like stirring pinions on the air they come.
 Who watching God at night could still be dumb?"

A poet, who can write, even once or twice, such lines as these, may go far. It would be absurd to expect him to write all like this. The present volume, in fact, is "unequal", if one may be pardoned for a *cliché* which must have been trite in Homer's day, when some Aegean critic no doubt complained that the second book of the *Iliad* did not sustain the high promise of the first. Even Quintilian lapsed from the pontificate to the curacy of criticism, with the remark that parts of Ovid are excellent—*laudandus in partibus*. To say, then, that Mr Davison is unequal, would be the most self-evident of truisms, without some qualification. It is no matter that he does not always keep at the level of his highest inspiration—as a great critic said, it is better to be

a Pinclar, who sometimes sinks, than a Bacchylides, who never rises—but Mr Davison's inequality belongs to a different order. He has two distinct *styles*, of which one—in the reviewer's opinion—is far better than the other. He is by turns realistic and idealistic, to use terms which, if not satisfactory, are at least commonly understood. Both styles have of course their value in poetry, and praise of one need not imply censure of the other; but Mr Davison's real strength seems to lie rather in the expression of beauty than the "expressionism" of ugliness. He has tried both methods; in fact, he seems to take pleasure in their violent contrast. For it cannot be by accident that a realistic fragment—*A Minesweeper Sunk*—is immediately followed by *In Judaea*. The former is of no great poetic significance, and is written in a style sufficiently familiar; the latter is a masterpiece of its kind, full of imagination and restrained beauty—a little daring, perhaps, for Victorian taste, but really void of offence. There is another marked contrast in the juxtaposition of two poems on opposite pages—*Lights on the Tyne* and *At Tyne Dock*. Of these, the first has a peculiar charm, from its beginning

"Old lights that burn across the Tyne at night
And in its shadowy bosom peer and swim,
Each in your ancient place;—In summer bright,
In winter dim"

to its close

"When I came down from Tynemouth, ten years old,
Aspiring, penniless and fresh of tongue,
How you lit up my little woes with gold
Since I was young".

The second

"There were no trees upon our Avenue:
The gutters stank..."

has a fine imaginative close, and is true poetry of its sort; but the sordid picture of Tyne Dock, with its repulsive features, gives no pleasure comparable to that which a reader derives from *Lights on the Tyne*.

The poems are not usually dated, but one or two, at least, appear to have been written under the sudden impulse of a new environment at College. These represent the views of an intelligent Freshman puzzled by the Don. Mr Davison

has probably by this time learnt that even the "oldest Don", however much he may regret his "lost youth", is not likely to sigh

"At some heretical
Gleam of the awful truth".

Appreciation of the truth, whether awful or not, is not confined to any one of the Seven Ages. But it is unfair to judge Mr Davison by his *Juvenilia*, whose chief claim for our notice is the fact that the author so quickly sheds them; for the bulk of the book argues maturity—a rare and delicate perception of beauty, as well as a sensitive love of harmony, and a mastery of technique. Mr Davison, even in his realistic poems, has no affection for "jagged stuff". He is never slovenly, nor does he follow the neoterics who are too proud to scan. Such lyrics as *In a Wood* and *Nocturne*, with descriptive pieces like *The Sunken City*, shew his talent at its best, and point to the path on which, as we believe, he will finally tread.

Those who search for origins may find that he sometimes displays a kinship with the Elizabethans, sometimes, as in *The Coming of Winter*, he is nearer the great tradition of Keats. But—let us hasten to say—there is no trace of "imitation"; Mr Davison is essentially of the twentieth century, and always himself. If he owes anything to contemporaries, the debt is gracefully acknowledged to an older—though still young—poet of his own College, to whom he dedicates the last three poems of his book—a fitting and deserved compliment to one who, in the best sense of the word, may well be called a patron of letters.

We hope that this book may soon be followed by a second. Mr Davison might then be more ambitious, and essay longer flights. A Keats may stand by his Odes; but one would not therefore dispense with *Lamia* or *Endymion*.



COLLEGE LECTURES.

On Friday, October 22nd, the Master taking the chair, Dr Tanner delivered a lecture upon "Founders and Benefactors of the College". He began by sketching the state of the times in which the Lady Margaret, our Foundress, passed her life. It was a time of chaos and disorder, and, if we may judge from her portraits, Margaret Beaufort's lot, although a great, was not a happy one. The College portrait shows her a worn, ascetic woman. This being the case, her constant support of learning did her the more honour.

But had it not been for the exertions of her executor, Bishop Fisher, the foundation of St John's would not have been achieved. Not only did he protect the foundation and draw up statutes for the College, but added to it by the gift of four Fellowships, two Scholarships, and Lectureships, so that he has a fair claim to be considered a second founder.

Dr Tanner then turned to the benefactions of the Masters, and showed how each had played his part in the expansion of the College. Thus Nicholas Metcalfe, though but "meanly learned" himself, had, said Fuller, "made many good scholars". G. Day, who became Master in 1522, was the first Linacre lecturer in physic. Bishop Taylor had left £6 13s. 4d. to the society—a year's salary. In 1630 Owen Gwynne established the College Register; while Robert Gunning, whose sermons won the admiration of Pepys and Evelyn, was a great benefactor, leaving £600 for the new chapel, as well as books. He was afterwards one of the seven Bishops, three of whom were Johnians.

In the 16th and 17th centuries exchange between Colleges was much more frequent than the more recent times. Thus Gower, "a mighty high proudman", came from Jesus, and was known among the irreverent as "the devil of Jesus"; whereon it was said that "the devil was entered into the

herd of swine", and hence the Johnians got their name of "Johnian hogs".

Perhaps the most striking figures among the late Masters was that of James Wood, who, born of a family of weavers, afterwards became Dean of Ely, and left £15000 for the New Court, founded nine Exhibitions, and also left a fund for the new chapel.

In conclusion, Dr Tanner dealt with our other benefactors. It is only possible here to select one or two from the roll of famous names. Cardinal Morton founded four Scholarships, and Sir Matthew Constable, who commanded the left wing at Flodden, also gave four Scholarships and a Fellowship for the priest. Linacre and Dowman are still remembered by the foundations which bear their names. Catherine, Duchess of Suffolk, left a rent charge in memory of her sons, Henry and Charles Brandon, who died at St John's in 1551. The great Lord Burleigh left £30 per annum to augment the commons. And Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (Shakespeare's patron), gave to the library 200 MSS. and 2000 printed books, once the property of ~~Abraham Cowley~~ William B. the divine.

All those present realized from Dr Tanner's lecture, the junior members perhaps as they had never done before, the extraordinary distinction of the society to which they belong.

The second lecture of the term, at which Dr Rivers presided, was given by Mr W. Bateson, F.R.S., Fellow of the College, on "Recent Progress on Genetics". He began by emphasising the vital importance of the subject from a social point of view, on which, as he said, he had always laid great stress in the lectures which he delivered to soldiers during the war. The science was one of very modern development, and had been worked upon only during the last half-century. For the benefit of those to whom the ideas were comparatively new, Prof. Bateson illustrated, with the help of a remarkably beautiful collection of lantern slides, what he called his course of "Mendelism without Tears". In examples, drawn mainly from plant life, he showed how characters were inherited, became latent and re-appeared, and how new varieties were obtained by the

crossing of existing varieties. Spermatzoa and ova after their fusion retain the sets of characters given them by their parents, and the combination of these produced the doubleness which determines the history of variations in the race. He showed coloured slides, indicating the work of the late Mr R. P. Gregory of this College, on heredity in the primula, of Prof. Cockerell on sunflower variations, and of his own researches on sweet peas, and cited among other examples the inheritance of colour-blindness in man. He spoke of the modifying effects of sex upon the inheritance of specific characters, and referred to the pre-determination of sex itself in the embryonic cells from the male side in man and on the female side in the majority of instances which had been investigated in plants.

The characters inherited were not by any means all independent, but as a rule several were intimately related, so that the possession of one almost necessarily demanded the presence of many others. The lecturer gave many interesting examples of such linkage groups, as in the connection between red stigmata and green leaves in the primula and between narrow waists and red eyes in the *Drosophila* fly. Observations upon the latter had been used by Morgan and his collaborators at the Columbia University in the formulation of a theory to which Mr Bateson especially directed the attention—though at present it must be a critical attention—of biological students. This American school believed that the Mendelian characters are represented as actual chromatin particles in the chromosome, and that the latter cannot be fewer than the number of linkage groups. He believed himself that though this might possibly be the case in animals, it was not always true of plants, quoting and illustrating cases where division of characters occurred without separation into two individuals; for example, the pelargonia, where buckling of the leaves occurred owing to the independence of the skin and the inner leaf, or the spiraea, in which the two sides may differ in sex. In reference to the difference between animals and plants, he compared the cells of the former to a ball which kept the characters, so to speak, in a closed space, while those of plants might rather resemble the ribs of a stocking. In

the discussion which followed Mr Bateson appealed to physicists to interest themselves in the problems of biology.

The last lecture of the term was by the Rev. Dr T. G. Bonney upon the "Buildings of the College". Dr Bonney traced the history of each Court in turn. The oldest building on the site, of which anything is known, was that of Henry Frost, which dated from 1185, and which lasted, in a masked form, until 1865. It was situated to the north of the present chapel, and was apparently intended as a hospital for the sick. Where the buildings of the brethren of the old Hospital of St John were is not definitely known; presumably they were in the present first Court.

Bishop Fisher left these buildings, and also used the large chapel, which had been built in about 1225, although he used the western end thereof as part of the Master's Lodge. But he put in flat Tudor tracery and in consequence had to stucco the walls, which were seriously weakened. This effectively masked the true nature of the old buildings, which was only re-discovered during the alterations of 1865.

The entry to the Master's Lodge was in First Court, and the arrangement of the old house, which Dr Bonney described in some detail, was not very convenient, as it was necessary to pass through the dining-room in order to reach the drawing-room. To this period belong the lower 70 feet of the Hall, the panelling, with the exception of the cornice and the panelling behind the high table, which are later, and the screens. These were cased about 1550 and were not restored to their original condition until well within Dr Bonney's recollection.

The Gateway is of course also of the same period, and is interesting, both aesthetically and historically. The upper rooms form the College muniment rooms, while those below have had some distinguished occupants—Howard de Walden, who fought in the Armada, and the Earl of Suffolk. The southern building assumed its present hideous form in 1772, the alteration being carried out by the architect James Essex.

The original Second Court was about one-third of the present Court, and somewhat to the south of it. This was a one-story building, surmounted by a wooden gallery, in

which the Master took his ease. But it gave way in 1598 to the present Court, to the Great Gallery of which (now the Combination Room) there was a passage from the Lodge. The Library followed in 1624, and it is a feature of curious interest that the windows of that building are almost Gothic. The Third Court followed in 1671.

The New Court was begun in 1825, and is on the site of the old Tennis Court and fish ponds. "The original intention was to build it of red brick with stone facings, but Dr Wood, the Master, gave the difference between the cost of brick and stone. Great difficulties were experienced with the foundation, and the entire Court rests upon piles. This was followed by the great alteration of 1867, in which Scott, "not a man of any real task", saddled the College with a tower and chapel which looked like "a biggish man sitting upon a Shetland pony". The safety of the tower was open to doubt. A light tower a little apart should have been erected. Finally, came the rather ugly and uninteresting Chapel Court.

In conclusion, Dr Bonney emphasized the fact that the College has never shrunk from sacrifice to extend itself.

Prof. Marr, who presided, remarked on the opportunities which Cambridge men had of studying architecture, and recommended Atkinson's book as dealing particularly with local examples.

THE EAGLE.

Easter Term, 1921.

ROADMEN.

ROADMEN are men who tend roads; Roaders are (according to your temperament) the vagabonds, rebels, poets, unfortunate proletariat, social outcasts, or men, who professionally walk upon them. This distinction may be unnecessary, but it is wise to be perfectly clear. Roadmen work with shovels, picks, bill-hooks, shovels of another sort, bill-hooks with broom handles, wheelbarrows, and things which I always call "clumps". They probably have a proper name, but if "clumps" isn't their name, it is at least what they are called. "Clumps" are used for squashing down tarred flints. "Tyres" are what tear them up again. Some day a mighty book will be written on the philosophical aspect of the eternal war between clumps and tyres, but this time I am dealing with roadmen.

The whole question of roadmen has been exhaustively treated by Aristotle in the tract which has come down to us under Xenophon's name, "Poroï", or "Ways", but in this case the inventor of scientific investigation and classification is wrong. He divided roadmen under three heads, those who are bow-legged, those who are knock-knee-ed, and those who are both. Sometimes the greatest minds are unable to escape from the bondage of their particular time and place into the boundless universal; so was it on this occasion with Aristotle. He failed to realise that these distinctions were merely transient, due to the peculiar configuration of the Greek peninsula and to the aftermath of the Peloponnesian War, and that the fundamental cleavage in the ranks of roadmen is that between those employed by Parish Councils and those by County Councils. It is little to the credit of the great Greek that he did not see this, for had he studied the roadmen either of Sicily or of Thrace, he must have noticed it. Even Ephorus, the inaccurate and rhetorical historian, is sound on this point.

That this is not an arbitrary and superficial classification can soon be shown. In the first place, to have constant

dealings with—in fact, to be a trusted confidant of—such an august corporation as a County Council satisfies the deepest longings of the soul far more than even a more intimate connection with a Parish Council, which is comparatively a domestic body. The Surveyor, the County Surveyor, is probably an A.M.I.C.E., L.R.A.M., or something of that sort. He comes from the distant county town in a motor-car, and the amiable public which fitfully passes by looks with admiration on the sturdy roadman earnestly conversing with the *deus ex machina*. The Surveyor for the Parish Council, on the other hand, has no motor-car and no awe-inspiring degree. He was once a roadman himself, and would never have got his job had he not been a friend of two of the leading farmers. He calls his subordinates “Tom”, and in return accepts “George” without a murmur, a state of things which may promote friendliness, but which makes swelling pride out of the question.

But a greater consequence than this follows from the even chance of fortune which sends an incipient roadman to the County or the Parish Council. I hope to show below that the unquestioned physical and spiritual superiority of the West of England over all other parts naturally produces a race of roadmen of equal superiority; and similarly the difference in character of a main-road and a by-road makes the main-road roadman a different being from the by-road roadman. Now it happens that of the two roadmen whom I knew intimately, one, Noah Fields, works on the main-roads, and the other, John Bond, is in supreme command of some ten miles of vague country lanes. Each being fairly typical of his class, a digression is called for.

Were Noah a Cornishman, his name would call for no comment, except perhaps for congratulations that it was not Habbakuk or Zebedee, but as he was born and bred in Gloucestershire it is rather unusual. The explanation is as simple as it is beautiful. When Noah was born the Severn was flooded, and the Fields' cottage, placed in a hollow close to the river-bank, was so beset by waters that the family was confined to the upper storey, and that the doctor arrived in a boat which was able to disembark him through the bedroom window. What more suitable name than Noah?

Again, “Fields” is a wonderful name for a roadman; it suggests the heart of nature, where he lives and works; and, “Roads” being a ridiculous name and “Lane” derogatory to his future dignity, it is a brilliant compromise between the ideal and the possible. Noah's dignity springs not only from his dealings with the County Council and that splendid creature the Surveyor; for is not Noah a man in authority? All the year he is assisted by Alf Hill, and during the eight winter months, when the roads are dirty and ditches full, by Bert Moulder as well. He tells Alf to go, and Alf goes, and Bert to come, and Bert comes. On Friday evenings he pays Alf and Bert their wages, and never fails to admonish them to take all the money home to their wives. The joke lies in the fact that Bert has no wife, whilst Mrs Alf has long ceased to expect more than a minority of Alf's earnings. But the great fact in Noah's life, even if he does not know it, is that his road stretches from everlasting to everlasting. It comes to him in part from London, in part from Edinburgh (and from beyond Edinburgh, if they have roads in those parts) and goes on to Bristol and Exeter, and on to Penzance, where it leaps magnificently into the sea. (I know this is true, for Noah himself told me when once I asked him where the road went.) All sorts of people travel on Noah's road, lords and ladies and colonels and bishops, now that motors have “come in”, all depending on him to keep the road decent. But it is this, which seems so splendid, that is the real tragedy of the roadman; for though he is proud of the traffic that rushes past him, leaving his poor colleague in the lanes a mere country mouse, yet he hates those horrible motors, which tear up the roads, run over fowls, frighten children, leave behind nasty smells, go as fast as if the devil were chasing them, and career about like dragons at night, keeping honest folk awake in their beds. So the poor main-road roadman is as miserable as the Roman poet who cried, “I hate you and I love you”; but all's well that ends well, and as his wheelbarrow makes an elliptical homeward track late at night, he forgets her.

John Bond is another man altogether, and lives in a different world. The only traffic he deals with is farmers' traps and waggons, animals, pedestrians, who always have

time to chat, and a few bicycles or motor-cycles. The Parish Council which controls his destiny is, for all practical purposes, a few big farmers. They are sensible men, and know it is too much to expect that country lanes should be kept clean and smooth, so John Bond just "rubs along", humours the farmers a little, helps them with the harvest, and devotes most of his affections to his two orchards. Noah is independent because he can afford to be; John, simply because he is. He feels sorry for Noah "with that there surveyor from Lunnon and they motor-cars", and is not surprised that Noah drinks more than is good for him. John's surveyor gives him little trouble. Once a drain on John's beat choked and burst up—an old drain that he had never suspected. To make a good job of it John asked for a set of twelve-inch drain-pipes. The ingenious local surveyor sent two sets of six-inch pipes, with the patronising explanation that they would carry off just as much water. John usually expresses himself tersely and forcibly, but on this occasion he surpassed himself. It was with similar brevity that he suddenly announced to the Parish Council that he had looked after their lanes for forty-nine years and had had enough of it. To the sentimental suggestion that he should stay on and complete the half-century, he replied with a noble scorn, which not even a prospective rise of a shilling a week could mitigate. He had had enough of it. We shall not all be sentimentalists until by-roads are made accessible to motor traffic.

If it has now been demonstrated that the type of road on which a man works has a great influence over his character and outlook, it will cause no surprise that roadmen in the four western counties (Gloucester, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall) are immeasurably superior to all others. True, there is a Devon roadman in a certain Bedfordshire village, but he tells me that he feels he is giving way. It is difficult to indicate, and impossible to define, the charm of our western roads. In all other parts of England roads essentially lead somewhere: they drily tell you "Derby 12 miles", and you look at your watch and calculate, or they state "Reading, Maidenhead, and Slough", grimly, like a warning spirit. They bawl "Drive slowly"—whereas western roads leave

that to your own sense, or at the most engagingly suggest "Dangerous Corner". When those roads mean to go uphill they tell you miles before that they mean to go uphill, and the hill, when you come to it, stares at you like a red-brick house in a Cotswold town. They are quite good roads, "tarmac-ed", smooth, gentlemanly, and dull, and brambles are discouraged. But, somehow, in the west it is all different. The sign-post says "Tewkesbury 11 miles"; you wonder which will be the better, Tewkesbury or the 11 miles, and when you have had your fill of Tewkesbury, you still wonder. Or, as you climb out of Bodmin on to the moor, you see on an old stone "Lanson 22 miles", and you swear a mighty oath that were Launceston 44 miles away it would only be twice as jolly. But to elaborate the point would be foolish: anyone who has cycled or walked extensively in these four counties knows what I mean, and others never can. This same indefinable charm is naturally found in the roadmen, as well as in the road. Not that the men are peculiarly fine to look upon (though the Devon and Cornish men often are) or peculiarly moral or efficient. They have the same frank, breezy manner that their roads have, and the same suggestion of infinite charm. And there we must leave it.

Just as the roadmen of these four counties surpass in roadmanliness those of the others, so the roadmen of Cornwall surpass those of England proper. In their case the reasons are easier to find. Cornishmen generally have all the charm of the "Celt" and "Briton", modified by the more sensible "Saxon" races across the Tamar, and immigrations from France and Spain, and deepened by living for many centuries among scenes of chaste beauty recently discovered by the Great Western Railway. Cornish roadmen profit also in other ways. Instead of straggling bramble hedges they have to tend solid dignified stone walls, smothered in moss, fern, and grass. This gives them more leisure than their English friends, and leisure, as Aristotle pointed out, is the indispensable pre-requisite of a gentleman. On the top of their stone hedges there grow either arching trees, through which, as the poet said,

"E'en at high noon the light is green",

or nut-bushes, or, more often, gorse. Now, cutting back

gorse is most ennobling. Gorse is brittle, and you can do it fairly well with a stick ; but armed with a long hook you can train it to your will with the greatest ease. Then, when it is dry, you burn it on the hearth in winter. Cutting back gorse, therefore, promotes the sense of power, beauty, and service, which no amount of bramble slashing can do. Nowhere will you find such honest, amiable, and well-informed roadmen as in Cornwall.

Finally, I would issue a warning against a book recently published dealing with the character of roadmen. It is enough to say that the author is a motorist. The following glimpse into his methods will be illuminating. At noon he left Exeter in a big car for Penzance. He had thought of following the direct road through Dartmoor "to see how the car would take the hills", but finding that he had "taken" bigger hills in Italy he went *viâ* Okehampton. At twelve-forty he rushed through Sticklepath, one of the most charming of Devon villages. The roadman was discussing the harvest with a friendly farmer when our speedy friend went by in a cloud of blue vapour. At half-past two he was racing through Tresillian, near Truro, a village as charming as its name. The roadman there looked at him, and sadly thought of his young son who had been churned to bits by a similar car the week before. The motorist had tea in Penzance. After tea he produced a magnificent manuscript book, bound in leather and gold, with an elaborate platinum monogram and a platinum scroll which said "Roadmen". In this he wrote as follows :

"Nasty surly roadmen at Stickpath. All Devon roadmen horrible. Low-looking roadman at Treslion: probably homicidal tendencies".

This anecdote illustrates three points.

1. You cannot expect people who deal in motors to spell village-names properly. (I could give many horrible proofs of this.)
2. You cannot understand roadmen unless you walk or cycle when touring.
3. Motors are spoiling roadmen.

H. D. F. K.

"AN ARMY OF MERCENARIES".

(Sic quondam omnipotens Caesar Germanicus iste.)

THESE, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling,
And took their wages, and are dead.
Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
They stood, and earth's foundations stay;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.

Prof. HOUSMAN,
The Times, 31/10/17.

MILITIA MERCENARIA.

HI, quo tecta die caeli suprema cadebant,
Qua sedes hora fugerat ima soli,
Sordida conductis meriti stipendia signis
Aeribus acceptis occubere neci.
Suspensas humeris caeli fulsere columnas;
Stabant, et sedes restitit ima soli;
Quae Deus exitio liquit, texere relictas,
Et pretio rerum summa recepta manet.

LEWIS B. RADFORD (B.A. 1890),
Bishop of Goulburn, N.S.W.

THE FRIEND.

(To E. G. T.)

BECAUSE my deeper heart commands,
To-night I leave this house of men
To find a brook to cleanse my hands
And not to tread these streets again.

My old unhappy hope no more
Shall search a passing stranger's eyes
To find the light it fainted for
And never see that light arise.

And now at last my lips shall end
The long pretence of smile and speech,
And I will take that man for friend
Whose love I need not to beseech.

We two will labour all day long,
And sleep by night and rest at noon,
He will not mind my broken song
When we tread homeward in the moon.

He will be pure in heart, and I
Be strong in him, and in his trust
I shall not be a living lie:
He will be just and I be just.

And though thereafter if the dream
Hushed either heart within the breast,
Nor he nor I that hour would seem
To grudge the other's greater rest.

E. L. D.

THE SIZAR.

THE origin of the name is lost in the mist of antiquity : any attempt at the interpretation is conjectural, as if derived from a low Latin word, *Sizarius*. But the rank and office, like that of esquire and page, comes to us from the days of chivalry through the Middle Ages ; a necessity once in life, and so it will become again with the increasing reluctance to domestic service, even at enhanced pay. The sizar can be traced back even to the days of Homer, in the *θεράπων*, according to Liddle and Scott, where Patroclus is described as the sizar of Hector.

The corresponding rank, esquire, has become universal within our recollection. Master John Briggs at school must now be addressed as J. Briggs, Esq., or his school-fellows will protest and ask forcibly for the reason. Previously the title esquire was not added to a man's name except with the addition of the hall of the place or parish of which he was squire. Jingle preserved the proper style when he described himself as Alfred Jingle, Esquire, of No Hall, Nowhere. Like the Scotch of that ilk. Our young esquire, returned from the war, will have found himself there compelled to perform all menial offices without paid assistance ; a true stable boy, as the name implies. Brodrick Cloete, lost in the *Lusitania*, was owner of a cattle ranch in Mexico ; and he told me that his rancher, writing to him in London, was careful to add the title *Gente de vasa* after his name, as the nearest equivalent in Spanish punctilio of our Esquire, exacted in English address.

A college, like a regiment (*couvents qui marchent*) was formerly a family corporation, celibate convent, complete in itself, and it was not derogatory, but honourable on the contrary, to take a turn in the domestic offices. We do not hear of the sizar being called on to wait at the lower tables. Here the undergraduates would take the duty in turn of fagging among themselves, as in fatigue duty in the camp they have just quitted. So too in sentry-go duty as chapel

clerk, or at the gate, as janitor, *tourier*; in their turn on the roster. The effect was to make each college self-contained as the monastery it was: and to banish the present army of gyps and bedmakers that outnumber to-day the rest of the University. On the mediæval system as sizars they would come in again as members and profit by the instruction in return for useful service rendered. The college was recruited by the sizars; a fellow was entitled to the assistance of a sizar or two in exchange for his tuition; he had served in the ranks himself. Formerly there would be no other rank of undergraduate in college, until the nobility and gentry of the land began to knock at the gate for admission to the social and educational privileges, to enter as fellow-commoner. The scholar would be a sort of corporal or sergeant over the sizars.

Democracy had abolished the rank of fellow-commoner only for it to be reconstituted for the benefit of the research student, of more mature age, and a graduate already of his own University abroad. In the ancient monastic state and ceremony of the dinner in hall the sizars waited at the high table with the same ceremony as the esquire and royal page at the regal banquet with no derogation. Royalty, or the fellow at the ceremonious high table, never turned its back on the hall, but sat against the daïs wall, and was served from the other side of the table, as we see in the old illumination. And it was natural for the sizar and royal page to sit down with no loss of dignity to his own meal of the second service, after the grace had been said and the fellows had risen to adjourn into the combination room. Democracy detects condescension, in what was part of the state and ceremony of college and palace life.

The nobleman fellow-commoner was allowed to bring his sizar-esquire—famulus, friend, and poor relation—to join with him in the studies of the University. How else explain the familiarities of the pair in the *Taming of the Shrew*? Lucentio and Tranio, Petruchio and Grumio, quoting Æsop, in their boisterous horse play and repartee raillery; Tranio's advice on a course of study—"Music and poesy used to quicken you. The mathematics and the metaphysics fall to them as you find your stomach serves you"—ending in the recommendation of the soft option: "In brief, sir, study what you most affect".

Another one is quoting Plato in contrasting music and philosophy: "Preposterous ass! that never read so far to know the cause why music was ordained!"—

At the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin I saw *The Taming of the Shrew* given as if it was a puppet play, the characters dwarfed by the scenery. Goethe's *Faust* is the work of his lifetime, inspired by a youthful vivid impression based on the old puppet play of Dr Faustus, and here again we glimpse the sizar in Wagner as the famulus in the German University; the character is suppressed in the operatic version, or else it appears in an emasculated form as the epicene Siebel. We seem to get our own vernacular puppet play of *Punch and Judy* in a shattered version of the old Doctor Faustus. In the puppet play version, precursor of the movies, the learned old fellow Dr Faustus, Doctor Magnificus, has been absorbed in his astrological studies so long as to find he has no ink to sign the demon's bond—"the ink in my horn has long been dry". The same oblivion has not been unknown among us.

Our young members have returned from an experience in the field where a man had to look after himself and others too as a sizar; the discipline was excellent in showing how much he could sacrifice of the luxury of life, and yet find it tolerable. Fagging still survives at Eton and other public schools, a relic of esquire-page-sizar services. How Labour would resent their introduction into a board school as degrading and aristocratic! "Noblesse oblige" is a motto he cannot understand. Work to rule, ca' canny; payment by results; and the pay inversely as the dignity.

The reduction of the cost of University life is always coming up for discussion; the cost of domestic service is a chief item likely to go on increasing. A census of the town reveals as many college servants as members of the University. On the old mediæval system these servants would be ranked as sizars, partaking of the University course of study. Many of the chemical operations now carried out with such useless assiduity can be turned to a useful purpose in domestic service. But Labour insists on being consulted here as well as on the whole question of the efficiency of the University. He tells us he will tolerate no longer an in-

efficiency of centuries. Labour will class the sizar as a thing incompatible with Democracy. But if he turned his attention to his favourite America he will find the sizar system in full action, although pretending to be something totally different. Life in the United States tends to become intolerable for the refined by reason of the difficulty of domestic help.

We came across a significant experience in the visit of the British Association to Canada in 1897. Parties were made up to cross the continent to Vancouver by the Canadian Pacific Railway, complete by that time, but only half open at the previous visit in 1884. We of party Two were to give party One two days' start across the prairie, leaving Toronto twelve hours later by train, and taking the steamer at Owen Sound for a two to three days' voyage up Lake Huron, through the Sault St Marie (the Soo) up to Lake Superior, on to Port Arthur, where we found the train for Winnipeg. All this while party One was travelling by rail along the north shore of the lakes. Owing to various causes we bumped party One at Edmonton, Athabasca, to their disgust, as provisions and other accommodation were not too plentiful. But what struck us on the voyage, and is the occasion for dragging in these reminiscences of travel, was the demure manners and refined decorum of the stewards, till we found they were a party of divinity students from the United States earning their living as sizars during the Long Vacation. No wonder they smiled contemptuously at our frivolous conversation at meals, and did not seek to profit by it as the sizar would profit of old at the fellows' high table; any attempt of ours at familiarities was repelled, and they kept to themselves in their quarters in the fore-castle.

The snobbishness in Lytton's play of *Money* had a bad effect. The gloomy, insufferable young hero Evelyn, as personated by Macready, is made to say, "Do you know what a sizar is? One day a young lord insulted me: I retorted; he struck me: refused apology, redress. Sir, I was at least a man, and I horsewhipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole college". The episode may have been based on some real event. We may imagine the sizar was clumsy in his service, and the fellow-commoner was abusive; and it ended in the sizar punching the head of my

lord. Diligent search will record that the greatest names of the University—Bentley, Barnes, Porson, Whewell, James Wood—were enrolled as sizar; there was no other way, except for the nobility and squirearchy. Was Newton originally a sizar before being promoted scholar and then fellow?

In the old college society, before the advent of pensioner and fellow-commoner, sizar was the only rank of undergraduate. He was entered under a tutor, and undertook to give domestic assistance in return for tuition. And his University fees were reduced, as they are still to-day, although a sizarship carries no such duties, but is the same as a scholarship with this enhanced value of a reduction in college and University fees. The round cap he is shown wearing in Loggan's views, c. 1680, was common then to all undergraduates; and it is doubtful if the B.A. even is entitled to a square cap, reserved for M.A. only. No undergraduate of self-respect will be seen to-day in a square cap, not if he can help it, and only with the compulsion of ceremony. So give him back his proper round cap again: he is asking for it.

It will soon be too late to see the sponging-house described in *Vanity Fair*, where Rawdon Crawley was taken after the great party. It is an old Queen Anne house in Took's Court, close by here, and is used to-day as a licensed lodging-house; beds at sixpence a night. It is worth a visit on the pretence of securing a bed to see what a college room was like two hundred years ago, a large room with beds round the wall. The waste of space in the second court, in the excessive size of the keeping-room, is due to the change. The elaborate shutter proves that the large room was for sleeping in, a dormitory, common to a fellow and his pupils, a little crowded, but nothing to fourteen in a tent; the small room, bedroom or gyp-room to-day, was the scholar's museum, where he could retire to study in quiet with his books, while the large room by day would serve as a lecture-room, as usual up to my time.

John Morley must groan at the chance he lost at the last University Commission of abolishing the Christian name of the colleges, and numbering them like regiments, called wards, or dormitories, in America. Kingsley gave him the

hint, in *Allon Locke*. Present day pride is shown at the University in throwing off the shackles of mediæval tradition, to adopt the most up-to-date manner of modern progress, and to be as much as possible like every other place in the world. "He is the blessed fellow to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thoughts in the world keeps the roadway better". Perhaps it is he goes in fear of the Labour Party, and claps his tail between his legs when the name is mentioned. He is determined to be in the Van of Progress, looking every side for a lead of direction, everywhere except to the glorious past of the Middle Ages, when the University took shape.

All are driven by Labour in the direction of a lowering of the standard of human excellence, as William Bateson has described lately; Proletariat ideals under Bolshevik influence. And they will be quite contented and happy with the new golden collar and chain provided out of state funds, to keep their insolvent schools going of practical experiment and bread and meat studies, commercial and Greekless. "Money we must have" they cry, like the spendthrift, and the Labour State is ready to dole it out with ulterior motives of confiscation. A sop flung to these hungry schools of a small government grant will tend to the ultimate surrender of all the ancient endowments, carefully nursed for centuries.

G. GREENHILL.

AUGUSTUS.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

(Continued from *The Eagle*, Vol. xlii. No. 183.)

Synopsis of Acts. *Act I.* Julius Caesar.—*Act II.* Cicero.—*Act III.* The Triumvir.—*Act IV.* Reconstruction.—*Act V.* The Emperor.

ACT I.—JULIUS CAESAR (continued).

SCENE IV.—*Apollonia. A Lecture-room. At back, a black-board, with the following chalked on it:—"Summum bonum = εὐδαιμονία = εὐπορία βίου. καθήκον = officium. Perturbationibus vacabil Sapiens. αὐτάρκεια".*

Octavius, Agrippa, Maecenas, and numerous other students working at separate desks. Octavius tapping regularly and monotonously with one foot.

AGRIPPA (*sollo voce*). Maecenas!

MAECENAS. Yes, Agrippa dear.

AGRIPPA. Can you work?

MAECENAS. Well, I can't say I'm getting on very fast.

AGRIPPA. Why not, d'ye know?

MAECENAS. H'm—I fancy our very dear friend Octavius is partly responsible for *my* difficulty. I'm so horribly susceptible to noise, you see. If *only* he could be induced to stop that seemingly eternal tapping with his foot, I fancy I could—

STUDENTS. (*sollo voce*). Hear hear; hear hear.

MAECENAS. But it would have to be done tactfully, or the resulting situation would be worse than ever.

1ST STUDENT. I can't think how he can keep it up so long; you see he's studying hard enough.

MAECENAS. Oh, I suppose it's some of the dear boy's superfluous energy.

2ND STUDENT. Very well then, let him twitch his fingers, or find some other outlet that won't inconvenience the whole room.

AGRIPPA. Don't you think we might just ask him not to do it?—putting it politely, don't you know.

MAECENAS. Who?

AGRIPPA. Oh, several of us.

MAECENAS. Approaching him as a deputation, eh? No, I believe some harmless practical joke would be a better method. He *can* laugh, you know, occasionally.

AGRIPPA. All right then, try it.

MAECENAS. I?—oh . . . I'll tell you what, I'll try a very simple remedy that I know has sometimes worked. If it doesn't, I shall suffer for it; but even then I think he'd stop, out of consideration for the rest of you.

Goes towards Oclavius on hands and knees.

AGRIPPA. You're never going to *hold* it still?

MAECENAS. Hush! yes I am. Just for a few moments, you know, and then when I take my hand away you'll see he won't begin again; it breaks the continuity, that's all that's wanted.

1ST STUDENT. But he'll feel you stopping him.

MAECENAS. Oh no he won't. I've tried this plan before, I tell you.

Keeps down Oclavius' toes with his hand.

He becomes so concentrated on what he's reading that he never seems to have the least idea what's being done to him. There. Now I think that matter's settled.

He creeps back again. All listen.

1ST STUDENT. Blessed Maecenas!

STUDENTS. Thank you so much.

All resume their studies. Pause. Then Oclavius begins again.

2ND STUDENT. Oh blast him! There he goes again.

MAECENAS. Don't you worry, I'll stop him yet; another try or two will do it.

He begins to creep again. Enter a Porter.

PORTER. Is young Octavius here?

1ST STUDENT. I should rather think so. Can't you hear him?

PORTER. I have a letter for him, from his mother.

1ST STUDENT. If you had a letter for him from his sister's cousin's uncle's grand-aunt twice removed, I don't believe 'twould stop him toe-tapping.

2ND STUDENT. I wish it were from his widow.

Maecenas has meanwhile, in view of the uncertainty of the situation, taken up a sitting posture near Oclavius' feet.

PORTER. Letter, sir; from Rome, sir; from your mother, sir.

3RD STUDENT. Why, plenty of *us* get letters from our mothers sometimes, without disturbing a whole classroom by it.

OCTAVIUS. 'Right. put it down.

Exit Porter. All watch Oclavius, who is still tapping.

1ST STUDENT. There! And even now I don't believe he's going to look at it.

MAECENAS. Oh yes he will. You keep your hair on. When he opens that letter, we shall have peace.

4TH STUDENT. Peace? What d'ye mean?

MAECENAS. Because, when he once begins to read that letter, he'll stop toe-tapping. I know him. Wait.

Pause.

OCTAVIUS (*sighing*). Heigh-ho!

2ND STUDENT. O don't incommode yourself for us, please. Sigh a little louder.

Oclavius puts down his book, opens the letter and begins to read it. Then he suddenly stops the tapping.

MAECENAS. There! Didn't I tell you? Now get to work again: he's stopped for good this time.

He returns to his desk, and all resume their studies. Pause.

OCTAVIUS (*faintly*). Oh!

MAECENAS (*startling up and rushing to him*). Bad news?

Oclavius thrusts the letter at him, and withdraws quietly behind the company. Maecenas reads it and makes a brief gesture as if stunned.

AGRIPPA. Read it aloud, Maecenas.

MAECENAS. I am too gentle.

Give them the drift of it.

Hands it to him.

AGRIPPA. Shut up your books.
All shut their books up one after another and come forward.
 Get swords.

'Twill be some years yet ere you read again.

1ST STUDENT. Who's murdered?

AGRIPPA. Julius Caesar.

STUDENTS. Oh !

1ST STUDENT. What ? The Dictator ?

AGRIPPA. He'll dictate no more.

Pause.

2ND STUDENT. There's a great man gone ; all our studies
 here

Hung on his pulse, although we knew it not.

As vital inch to Caesar, he to the world ;

Slit that, and in a trice death everywhere.

How brittle a thing 's power.

OCTAVIUS. Liar ! Material slave !

All start ; Octavius comes forward.

God sees those daggers as the coping-stone

Of Caesar's life-work ! Would you defeat a man,

Destroy his spiritual not his corporal soul.

Gash his achievement ; stab his acts ; conspire

His vital influence to assassinate !

Till you do that, your blows are lost on him ;

But if you crack the breathing instrument,

You put the bloods up of the Heavens themselves

To rise in arms and cap his pinnacle !

O, you ne'er knew him. I'll avenge this death !

I'll rise ! I'll arm ! I'll scourge the Senate-house !

Oh ! Youth ! Impotence ! oh ! ah !

Swoons.

MAECENAS. Lend a hand here some of you.

Agrippa does so.

3RD STUDENT. Strange, is it not, that quite so young a man
 Should have these fits.

4TH STUDENT. Liver ; you take 't from me ;

I've studied medicine ; all these epilepsies,

Faintings, hysterics, tears—it is the liver, that.

MAECENAS. No, no, it is the life, and not the liver.

Once every month his pent ambition bursts him.

5TH STUDENT. Your school trace everything to liver, man ;
 But this disease is in the kidney.

MAECENAS. True ;

None of your kidney have it.

AGRIPPA. He revives.

Octavius sits up.

OCTAVIUS. Turn out these gawks, and let my suite remain.

1ST STUDENT. First, good Agrippa—since we're not all
 gawks

That are not in his suite—who slaughtered Caesar ?

AGRIPPA. Brutus and Cassius.

1ST STUDENT. Who takes up his cause ?

AGRIPPA. Mark Antony.

1ST STUDENT. Heigh-ho !

Then striking a martial attitude :—

Once more unto the melting-pot, dear friends.

Brutus, and Cassius, and Mark Antony—

One of these captains shall come out top dog,

But meanwhile you and I, man, are the teeth

With which they'll tear each other.

2ND STUDENT. You've missed one.

Young Sextus Pompey's in the running, surely ?

1ST STUDENT. A mongrel ! Bite him, bite him ! Come
 along.

Exeunt 1st to 5th Students and some others.

OCTAVIUS. What shall we do, friends ? In our seething time,

Certain it is this crime shall speed unchecked,

Unless his cause be shouldered. Who am I ?

Some man of influence must be moved in this.

AGRIPPA. You are greater than you dream of. Post at once

To Macedonia, stir the legions there

To avenge their outraged idol. Youth itself

Shall half commend you. Lead them straight to Rome.

OCTAVIUS. No. 'Tis beyond me. Further, spite delays,

I must seek subtler backing, friend, than force.

MAECENAS. To Rome in person ; sound potentials there.

OCTAVIUS. Who's consul ? Antony ; I've heard uncle praise
 him ;

I'll trust my case with him.

MAECENAS. Antony may prove
 Caesarian to your harm. Here's your best hope ;
 Cicero was friendly with your uncle ; and he's
 Moderate ; in high position, great esteem,
 Eloquent, experienced, philosophical,
 Hostile to faction. Seek his aid.

OCTAVIUS. That's it.
 I'll throw myself on kind old Cicero ;
 What he commends, I'll not be slow to act.—
 All but Maecenas and Agrippa go.

[They do so.]

This is the last night of my youth, dear friends.
 Morning embarks me for a dangerous game
 With desperate players, mine being a lone hand.
 When the time comes that you look back on this,
 Never forget I warned you both to-night,
 I must do many things I would not do,
 And seem a hundred men I never am.
 Poor, young, unfriended, ignorant of the world,
 I have one weapon only—to dissemble ;
 We three have studied much together here ;
 Now my sole study must be self-control.
 Even if at first some unwhipped act or two
 From my fresh hands escaped involuntarily,
 Or some warm word broke from a beardless lip,
 Of my young fires remind you, such few bursts shall be
 Stragglers ; I practise for a face of stone.
 I must be cool, close, furtive, resolute,
 Icy, relentless ; bloody it may be.
 Yet when I punish, I'll be logical ;
 Pity not more than rage I'll bar ; and even
 When my heart swells into my lips, I'll bite it.
 Men shall misunderstand this ; they shall tell
 As of a man without enthusiasm,
 Cold, self-contained, collected ; but you know
 What passion drives it all. Then let this speech
 Serve as a thousand mute apologies ;
 For your Octavius never tells men twice
 He loves them.

AGRIPPA. Call Octavius rich of tongue ;
 For blunt Agrippa cannot speak it once.
 At morn I'll meet you.

Exit Agrippa.

OCTAVIUS. There goes a loyal soul,
 And a fine soldier ; I shall never lose him.
 And yet with you, Maecenas, I still feel,
 And must feel always, an even deeper bond.
 Your star and mine are very strangely linked.
 You see whole continents to Agrippa closed,
 And you must know, more than he ever can,
 How this cold-browed and spare exterior hides
 A woman's heart.

MAECENAS. I am a woman too.
 Do that hereafter which might seem your worst ;
 I'll keep the clue to your necessities,
 And you shall wring my heart out, not my faith.

OCTAVIUS. Dear friend, forbear ; the worst part of my fears
 Was never anything one-half so terrible.
 Come, 'twill be morning in an hour ; to bed now.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSSENGER. News, sir, of Caesar's will ; you're his sole heir.

OCTAVIUS. How much the sum ?

MESSSENGER. Bar liabilities,
 Four hundred million sesterces, 'tis said.

OCTAVIUS. Praise Jove, I'm poor no longer.

MESSSENGER. That's report.
 What Caesar left you may be less than that.

OCTAVIUS. O Heaven, 'tis more, I fear. But there—what
 though ?

Power, money, blood, revenge, whate'er it be,
 I here accept my uncle's legacy.

Exeunt. Tableau of the deserted schoolroom.

CURTAIN.

End of Act I.

ACT II.—CICERO.

SCENE I.—*Rome. Lobby of the Senate-house. A bench at either wing; at back, a broad double-door marked Senatus. Lictor on duty; stands at attention in one corner.*

Enter Senators and pass into House. Manent two Young Senators and sit down on bench.

Enter Cicero glancing through his speech against Antony, and Hirtius armed.

CICERO (*aside, and under his breath, rehearsing*). Homo et humanitatis expers et vitae communis ignarus! Relliquias reipublicae dissipavisti!—*Who did you say?*

HIRTIUS. Well—ha!—Caesar I believe he calls himself; that's just the joke.

CICERO. Tu, tu, inquam, Marce Antoni, princeps Julio Caesari omnia perturbare cupienti causam belli contra patriam inferendi dedisti!—Caesar?

HIRTIUS. Yes. His own name was Octavius, but the late Dictator in his will adopted him, so now we style ourselves Octavianus Caesar, and we refer on all occasions to our quondam grand-uncle as our late-lamented father.

CICERO. Sed arrogantiam hominis insolentiamque cognoscite!—Well, what about him?

HIRTIUS. He's here; in Rome; and intends, they say, to claim his "patrimony". That of course at once puts Antony against him; and as *we* shan't stir a finger for anybody answering to the name of Caesar, I'm afraid this lad's is a clog's chance.

CICERO. Ubi est septies millies sestertium, quod in tabulis quae sunt ad Opis, patebat? Funestae illius quidem pecuniae!—Sorry, Hirtius; say that again.

HIRTIUS. I was explaining, sir, that—

CICERO. Constituta respublica videbatur aliis, mihi vero nullo modo, qui omnia te gubernante naufragia metuebam. (My dear Hirtius, I scarcely think we need give a thought to *him*). Num me igitur fefellit?

HIRTIUS. Yet on the other hand, there are strange rumours. I heard from Pansa yesterday that an agent of this

Octavian—Agrippa I believe his name was—had been recruiting in Campania.

CICERO. O mea frustra semper verissima auguria rerum futurarum!

HIRTIUS. And with astonishing success too.

CICERO. No, Hirtius, the Republic of the Roman people was *not* re-inaugurated on the Ides of March!

HIRTIUS. You see, the common soldiers loved their Caesar; and the very thing that must make *us* cold-shoulder him constitutes him a *persona grata* with the veterans—his name.

CICERO. It was a deed half done, Hirtius. They should not only have removed the tyrant, they should have dismembered the machine of tyranny. If *I* had been they; si meus stilus ille fuisset, ut dicitur—if those had been *my* stilettos, Aulus—mihi crede, non solum unum actum, sed totam fabulam confecissem. Now comes the second act, my Hirtius; and it must end with the death of Antony! But not at *my* hands; it is not my métier. That is for you and Pansa to accomplish; you are consuls, you are generals; I am an Orator.

When you go forth against him, you shall trounce him; But I'll begin the trail; 'tis I'll denounce him.

SENATE (*within, clapping their hands*). Hurray!

CICERO. What's that I wonder?

Enter from Senate Pansa, partly armed.

HIRTIUS. Here comes Pansa, my colleague; he'll tell us.

PANSA. You hear that applause? That's the first motion on the Agenda passing; it confirms our glorious tyrannicides in their new appointments; Decimus in Northern Italy, Brutus and Cassius in the East. So that's all right; whatever the people may have been, our Senate is thoroughly Republican. And even the people will become quite quiet again now there's no Antony to stir them up. But what I'm not so sure about is the next item. It is one thing to give high commands to everybody who will prevent Antony from becoming a second Caesar; it is quite another to declare him a public enemy. Therefore, sir,

before I put his sentence of outlawry before the House, I do wish, just to ensure a good majority, you would come in and make a speech in favour of it.

CICERO. I will, Pansa. Quod quidem cuius temperantiae fuit, de Marco Antonio querentem, abstinere maledicto? Even apart from the Republic, I myself have cause enough to speak against him. [Turning to Hirtius]. Raked up old private letters that I had sent him, and published them!

HIRTIUS. Oh, well, nobody expects Antony to be a gentleman, you know.

CICERO. I should think not! He a gentleman, and his wife an actress! Gentleman? he? after the disgusting things he's said about me? Gentleman? when everybody knows about that wedding-party where he swilled down wine like any prize-fighter, and then had to be sick in the street! Vomited in the sight of the Senate and People of Rome!

HIRTIUS (*dispassionately*). Rank demagogy!

CICERO. During the conduct of State business even the slightest eructation is universally held to be indecorous, but he covered both his own bosom and the public highway with incompletely assimilated fragments, all perceptibly redolent of expensive wine.

HIRTIUS. O, treason, treason.

CICERO. I shall work *that* into my speech! Yes, Hirtius; published my letters, and left in the jokes, too; that was the bitter part of it. All sorts of things there are that may sound funny enough in private letters, which were never meant to stand the glare of publicity. The fact is, Hirtius, he's trying to make me look a fool; and I won't stand it! Oh, I'll denounce him all right. I'll make the speech of my life yet, old and all as I am. Sixty-two last Wednesday!

HIRTIUS (*aside to Young Senators*). Thank goodness, *now* he's moving. I hope he won't deliver an immense oration; I'm anxious to take the field as soon as may be.

CICERO (*turning at door*). As to that youngster you spoke of, Hirtius, he's all right; we're safe enough on that score. *Let him learn me.*

HIRTIUS. Learn you, sir?

CICERO. They do philosophy down there at Apollonia, where he was; their textbook is my *De Finibus*. They find out there what Duty is, and how to curb their passions. *Let him continue to learn Cicero!*

Hirtius and Pansa exeunt into the House; after them, applause increasing, Cicero, who drops a paper just by the door. Instantly the door is closed, the two young Senators make a dash to get that paper.

1ST YOUNG SENATOR (*reading from it and caricaturing Cicero*)
O incredibilem audaciam!

2ND YOUNG SENATOR (*snatching it*). O impudentiam praedicandam!

1ST YOUNG SENATOR (*recovering it*). Sed stuporem hominis, vel dicam pecudis, attendite!

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. Here, you can't do it; give me. (*Grabbing it again*). O foeditatem hominis flagitiosam! O impudentiam nequitiam libidinem non ferendam!

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. } Ha ha ha ha ha!

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. } But tell me, was he always like that?

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. He always had a tendency that way; but in his old age he's getting beyond himself.

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. So rambling, so hectic, so shrill, so overstrained, and—what least becomes old age—so scurrilous.

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. Falsetto, all of it; I'm afraid he's beginning to break up.

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. Listen to this. Quae enim res unquam, pro sancte Juppiter, non modo in hac urbe, sed in omnibus terris est gesta maior? quae gloriosior? quae commendatior hominum memoriae sempiternae? That's about the assassination of Julius Caesar. And here again: quae vero tam immemor posteritas, quae tam ingratae litterae reperientur, quae eorum gloriam non immortalitatis memoria prosequantur? Tu vero ascribe me talem in numerum. Who'd have thought the old jaw-wagger would have been so bloodthirsty?

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. He's going off into the abstract, it isn't bloodthirstiness at all. The more he *thinks* about

the assassination, the more glowing an exploit does it appear to him. Except in the merely physical sense, he isn't living now at all. He's a back number. And so, for the matter of that, is this Republic altogether; the old machine's past mending.

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. I agree with you; a complete wash-out. And therefore I'm going to vote for Antony.

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. Well, I'm not. Whoever may be the coming man, I'm certain it isn't Antony. (*whispers him*).

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. Is that so? I wonder.

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. A man may keep that up some years I daresay; but in the long run it will get the better of him.

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. Well then, and who is your favourite?

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. Ah, that I can't say yet; I'm content to wait.

Applause within.

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. There he goes. The speech of his life he called it. He'd better look out; reports of every speech of Cicero's are sent to Antony in camp near Mutina; and if Antony beats Decimus and gets back to Rome, all's up with Cicero; this speech of his will be his *death*!

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. Well, I'm going in now; and I'm going to vote Antony a public enemy; that means declaring war against him.

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. Well, I'm going to stick by the minority.

CICERO (*within, as door opens*). armatis foedissime stipatus—
Excunt young Senators.

Lictor unbends; picks up Cicero's paper and examines it.

LICTOR (*declaiming, with gestures, in a heavy, crude, mysterious, and stagey style*). Hodie non descendit Antonius. Cur? Dat natalicia in hortis. Cui? Neminem nominabo. Putate tum Phormioni alicui, tum Gnatoni, tum Ballioni. (*Turns it over*). O incredibilem audaciam! O impudentiam praedicandam!—Ah now, if only I had the words, how *I* could do it!—Cuius domus quaestuosissima est falsorum commentariorum et chirographorum officina, agrorum, oppidorum, immunitatum, vectigalium flagitiosissimae nundinae!—

SENATE (*within*). Hurr-a-a-ay!

LICTOR. There! Now why shouldn't *I* be senator? What's the difference between them and me? Nothing; only the words. I can do the thing itself as well as any of them. O miserae mulieris fecunditatem calamitosam! I'll put up for a senator. Next week, while I'm off duty, I'll learn up all the words there are, and then I'll stand for Parliament.—Tion! Here come visitors.

Enter Maecenas and Agrippa, the latter armed.

MAECENAS. I hear you worked wonders in your recruiting tour.

AGRIPPA. Fine men, those veterans. Here he comes.

Enter Octavian.

OCTAVIAN. Where's the attendant? Kindly inquire if I can speak with Cicero.

Lictor goes limp, and takes a stroll.

LICTOR (*returning to him*).

You have some face, that ask for Cicero.

What name?

OCTAVIAN.

Caesar.

Lictor starts violently.

Stop; you had better say

Caesar Octavianus, once Octavius,

But now, by the deceased Dictator's will,

Namesake to my great-uncle.

LICTOR (*who has come to attention*). Beg pardon, sir.

Exit Lictor into Senate-house.

Pause. Re-enter Hirtius, Pansa, and then Cicero; followed by Lictor.

CICERO. So that's all right, and the violator of Republican tradition and epistolary etiquette is now an outlaw. Handsome majority, don't you think? Well, consuls, you must get your swords on. But oh, it will be a short campaign. Not war this, Hirtius; policing, policing. I fancy your best plan, now, would be to—

OCTAVIAN.

Pardon, gentlemen;

Which of you three is Marcus Cicero?

Cicero purses his lips, Pansa stares; Hirtius goes round behind them to Octavian, and whispers him.

O sir, I seek your aid ; you know my name.
 My uncle—O, I loved him, Cicero ;
 Brutus and Cassius must be dragged to justice !
 From Apollonia post-haste am I here,
 Ready to serve the State in everything
 That may consort with justice. Eager and ignorant,
 I turn to him that twenty years even now
 Call Saviour of his Land, and pray that many
 More to such decoration may yet add
 A second rescuing act's even steadier star.

CICERO. Ahem. Haw.

Did you have a quiet crossing?

OCTAVIAN. I, sir? How?

CICERO. From Apollonia ; now. Ah, there's no telling
 Which men will make good sailors. Take myself, for
 instance ;

I've done that passage now some fifty times,
 And never once that I have not been sick.

Last time, I well remember, I'd just dined

On fine fat mullets of Massilia—

the red mullet, you know ; never eat white mullets,
 they're abominable ; but I daresay you know all about
 that ; still, when you're my age and have no teeth left
 that are exactly opposite to one another, you'll find the
 little bones even more tiresome—ha ha ! well, as I
 was saying—

Scarce had we pitched one salt and choppy league

(A smart south-easter from Epirus humming)

And on our stern Illyria still looked green,

When—Hermes !—up came all, and I restored

Those mullets to their native element.

Pause.

OCTAVIAN. Sir—I—

CICERO. Exactly. Where's the point, you'd say.

Well, there's a Senate here ; may I remind you?

Who, though they're bearded men, have yet some care

For law and order, in their doddering way.

Brutus and Cassius have been driven from Italy.

OCTAVIAN. Yes, by the people, sir, not by the Senate.

Besides, what's exile? Execution's needed.

There are some villains who would have them back.

CICERO (*aside to Hirtius*). Villains! Ho! You and me!—
 Now, sir, look here ;

I'm not such ice quite as I seem to be
 To your intentions ; and I'll blurt this for you :
 You have mistaken your objective, man ;
 'Tis Antony that is your enemy.

OCTAVIAN. What, my dead uncle's champion? He?

CICERO. The same.

Oh, he pursues the "murderers", ay ; but wherefore?—
 How much, in payment of your legacy,
 Has he made over to you?

Maecenas plucks Octavian's elbow.

Well, do not say.

But Caesar's credit at the fane of Ops
 Was seven hundred million sesterces.

That, I think, Hirtius, was the sum?

HIRTIVS. 'Tis so ;

Seven hundred million.

Octavian looks open-mouthed at Maecenas and Agrippa.

CICERO. He plays you false, you see.

Whose *brother* was it tried to stop that statute
 For your adoption? Here's another point :
 You would have stood for tribune, but whose friends
 Fished up each outworn legal obstacle
 To crush your candidature? Go back and see ;
 I may be fabricating ; if you find not,
 Come here again ; I'll help you.

OCTAVIAN. Thank you, sir ;

I will look into this.

Exeunt Octavian, Maecenas and Agrippa.

HIRTIVS. You chilled him rather.

CICERO. Have I lived all this while in office here,
 And never learned yet how to snub young men?
 He throws his heart at me, first-blush ; does he
 Think to get my heart by return?

HIRTIVS. Who knows—
 Attractive boy—he *might* get your heart, yet !

CICERO. *When he can pluck it from me, let him have it !*
 Huh ! huh !

HIRTIVS. Why, later, did you friend him, then?

CICERO. Because I'd use him. See here, Hirtius :
 He, like some small but sharp-toothed tiger-cub,
 Worries me one side ; there, on the other, Antony
 Waddles against me like a crocodile
 (He that shed bright round beads o'er Caesar's bier).
 Have I not wit enough to invite them both,
 Stand ground, then in the nick of time slip out
 And see them charge each other ? This is my case,
 And yours, and every Roman loyalist's,
 And Rome's. First cram the Egyptian monster's mouth
 With this tough morsel ; while he's choking on it,
 Tilt him upon his back, and puncture him.
 The cub we'll spare, and make a pet of it ;
 A fierce and pretty thing. O, trust me, Hirtius,
 I'll get a job yet for this whippersnapper,
 And make him serve our turn too.

HIRTIUS. Well, take care.
 Of crocodile that could bite a tiger-cub
 I never heard yet ; but I have heard this,
 That there's a little bird that dares fly straight
 Between those yawning mandibles, and there glut
 His personal hunger ; whom the carnivore,
 Grateful for teeth well cleaned, laughing lets live.

CICERO. Pooh, pooh ; the trochilus ; pure Herodotus.
 'Tis not in nature.

HIRTIUS. Say this youth has art ?
 Well, here he comes, anyway.
Re-enter Octavian with Maecenas and Agrippa.

OCTAVIAN. Your tale is true, sir.
 But I've been even with him ; I have despatched
 Agents to tamper with the loyalty
 Of his Macedonian legions, just arrived
 In Italy ; more than that, to ensure my rights,
 I am prepared—if I be driven so far—
 To employ against him those I have rounded up,
 My adoptive sire's Campanian veterans,
 Who rose like sesame to the name of Caesar—

MAECENAS (*aside to Agrippa*). Coupled with twenty pounds
 apiece !

OCTAVIAN. I stand
 Master by this of half an army, sir,
 Which twice the time will double.
 HIRTIUS (*aside to Cicero*). At nineteen years,
 Great Heavens ! and all without authority !
 O, I perceive there will be wars again.
 OCTAVIAN. But, sir, yet hear me once. This looks like power,
 I know ; yet—O forgive me, Cicero,
 That my light years must still seem earnest with you—
 Only the love I bore my murdered father
 (For so he was to me) nerves me to this.
 All else is weak ; here stand I, straight from school,
 Raw, without office, friendless, young, in Rome !
 I fling myself upon your gravity ;
 Kind sir, advise me ! Help me, Cicero !
 SENATE (*within*). Oh ! Ah ! Oh !
 HIRTIUS (*to Lictor*). See what's the matter there, at once.

Exit Lictor into Senate-house.

I fear
 More news of Antony ; we should be off ere now.
Re-enter Lictor.

LICTOR. Antony with his whole army has already arrived
 at Mutina and is investing it. We have lost all com-
 munication with the Republicans under Decimus.

HIRTIUS (*aside to Cicero*). This is deadly ; we are in for a
 real war here, and need larger forces ; here are these
 veterans, the best troops in Italy ; I *must* have them ;
 we shall just have to accept his own conditions, and
 you must win the Senate over to them.
 (*aloud*) Caesar Octavian, will you join with us
 Against Mark Antony ?

Octavian takes Maecenas and Agrippa aside.

OCTAVIAN. This will be to fight
 On the same side as murderous Decimus ;
 But there's no help for it ; I can bide my time.
 Tell him I will.

AGRIPPA (*to Hirtius*). Yes, this provised ; our army
 Stands equal either yours ; my master's rank
 Shall grade according.

Hasty conference between Cicero, Hirtius and Pansa.

HIRTIUS. Will he accept propraetor ?
 OCTAVIAN. I am honoured highly.
 MAECENAS. Will the Senate confirm it ?
 HIRTIUS. On the instant ; pray sit down. Come, Cicero-
(aside) You need not speak ; they'll jump at this ;
 we're desperate.

*Exeunt Cicero, Hirtius and Pansa into Senate-house ;
 the Lictor following.*

AGRIPPA. Propraetor's under them.

MAECENAS. Aught else impossible.
(to Oct.) Do not break utterly with Mark Antony too
 Precipitately ; for these intransigents
 May push you one day yet into his arms.

OCTAVIAN. Subtly put in, friend. I must play their game,
 But for my purposes. Though I find myself
 Marching by some that would with shouts embrace
 The assassins, were they here, and whose first act,
 Antony trapped, would amnesty them all ;
 Think not my purpose is so single, friends,
 But I foreshadow these same veterans' use
 When I come face to face with my true foes
 Brutus and Cassius. As for the Orator,
 It is, though garrulous, a good old man,
 And means well by me ; an honest soul ; I'll trust him.

Applause within ; re-enter Lictor.

LICTOR. Your commission, sir, is—ahem—ratified.

OCTAVIAN. Come then, there's much to be prepared at once.

Exeunt Octavian, Maecenas and Agrippa.

*Re-enter Cicero, Hirtius, Pansa and Senators ; these last
 converse in groups, and gradually walk out.*

CICERO. That's all right. But, Hirtius, I've now changed
 my mind partly ; a young man who can raise an army
 at that rate is really a slightly dangerous young man.
 So after all I think we won't spare the tiger-cub ;
 remember your Aeschylus, eh ? No, Hirtius, the van,
 the van ; put him in the van, Hirtius ; in the forefront
 of the battle. I tell you what—you listen—I'll express
 it in three words for you ; laudandum, ornandum—
 tollendum ! Ha-ha-ha ! First distinguish him—then
 extinguish ; ha-ha-ha ! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha !

Exit Cicero.

HIRTIUS. He's not an ass that is not a great man ;
 I am no prodigy myself, Pansa.
 But he's an ass that knows not a great man
 When he beholds him ; and such an ass is Cicero.

PANSA. By that same token, though,
 This young Octavian were the bigger ass,
 To see an ass, and take it for a man.

HIRTIUS. No.
 He's at the stage of keen young intellects,
 Who think the world far cleverer than it is ;
 Cicero to him stands for a reputation,
 Which he must estimate from his own dreams ;
 He has not yet ta'en measure of the world.
 How should he tell how little most men mean,
 That sees not yet the depth of his own meaning ?

PANSA. Well, I must go and blow up the Adjutant.

Exit Pansa.

HIRTIUS. I don't half like the van idea ; however, I daresay
 if he's really a great man his destiny itself will see him
 through, and in that case it will be a good experience
 for him. I'll leave it to destiny, leave it to destiny.

Exit Hirtius

LICTOR *(solus)*. It's the words that does it.

CURTAIN.

(To be continued.)

A. Y. C.

COMMEMORATION SERMON.

*Preached in the College Chapel on the Sunday after Ascension,
May 8th, 1921, by the VEN. HENRY E. J. BEVAN, M.A.,
Archdeacon of Middlesex.*

REBUILDING THE WALLS AND TEMPLE.

"And thus they returned answer, saying: 'We are the servants of the God of heaven and earth, and build the house that was builded these many years ago, which a great King of Israel builded and set up'".

BOOK OF EZRA V. 11.

THIS, too, is our answer to-day to those who ask "What mean ye by this service?" The practical object of a Commemoration of Benefactors should be that we shall each in our several walks of life consider how we may prove worthy successors of, and fellow-workers with, those Benefactors of the College whom we commemorate; how we may add our own names to the list we have just heard read, not necessarily as givers of money or lands or buildings or books or silver plate, but as contributors to all that a College like this stands and has stood for. Membership of a college and University should be regarded by every one of us, not merely as a necessary stepping-stone in life, as a ladder to be climbed and thrust aside, but as a life-long possession with its own distinctive claims upon us. A man is not worthy of being called a Johnian who does not love St John's—its historical associations, its ancient and time-honoured buildings, its personal memories—and who does not, in addition to his pride in its past and present, continue to cherish through life a filial care for its future welfare. It was thus that the faithful Jew regarded Jerusalem, even in captivity and banishment: "If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning". Many and great were the attractions of Babylon to which the majority of his own fellow-countrymen speedily succumbed. Instead of responding to the challenge of Ezra and Nehemiah, they elected to forfeit their birth-right. It was the few, as usual, and not the many, who were ready to sacrifice material prosperity and obey the Royal summons: "Thus saith Cyrus King of Persia, the Lord of

heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth, and he hath charged me to build him an house at Jerusalem, which is in Judah. Who is there among you of all his people? His God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel (He is the God) which is in Jerusalem". Just so, our service to-day claims us as fellow-builders of a wall and temple which were founded for us in this place by those whose memory we celebrate year by year. We have to carry the influences received here into other spheres. We must not forget nor forego them; we must not prove false to them, in deference to lower standards of principle and conduct, such as most easily purchase the goodwill of an alien world. In saying this, I would venture to make a special appeal to the many ex-service men who came up as undergraduates in 1919 and are now finishing their two years' course at Cambridge. You know better than I do the all-important part which the Universities and Public Schools of this country played in winning the War. Above and beyond the share they contributed to the efficiency of the Fighting Force, they succeeded in imbuing every unit of that Force with something of their own characteristic spirit of high-hearted chivalrous patriotism, of determination to "play the game" fairly, fully and squarely. Where should we have been without that spirit? and where could we have found it elsewhere? It was the outcome of centuries of Christian influence, and was fostered within ancient walls like these. When we heard and spoke in wartime of "the spirit of the trenches", we were ever conscious of the presence there of this unseen factor, that traced its roots to the lives and examples of thousands of gracious souls who in days gone by went forth from places such as this to fight a good fight and finish their course. In this way did many on our Roll of Benefactors contribute to the success of the War. They laboured in their day and generation, and we "entered into their labours" by translating into action the spirit of their lives. We of St John's recall, not only the devoted loyalty of a Strafford to Country and to King, or the gallantry of a Falkland in the Civil War that he hated, but the steadfast heroism of a Henry Martyn in the mission fields of India and

Persia, and (more than all) the quiet unacknowledged building up of mind and character which has been carried on, year in and year out, for generations past by an infinite series of Tutors, Lecturers, Professors, of whom the last to leave us was not the least worthy—Charles Edward Graves.

I would urge, then, that your best tribute of love and gratitude to this College will be to carry its gallant spirit—"the spirit of the trenches"—into the world of Duty whither you are going. For alas! How sadly that world needs it is evident on all sides. It is a need that has reached an acute stage at the present time. Do we realise how hopelessly and utterly modern society has been outgrowing its most cherished ideals? how absolutely our popular idols have failed us? A learned American biologist (Professor W. M. Wheeler) has recently reminded us of what he calls the "highbrow phrases" that have had, and are having, pernicious hold on the public mind at the expense of truer principles of life and thought and service. "Culture" was one such phrase, but "Culture" perished and its corrupt body became decadence, when, ceasing to be a mental attitude, it became a mere symbol for a set of opinions. And "Progress" was another phrase that is dying a natural death as the designation of a supposed law of life, together with the materialistic theories on which it was based. In saying this one does not mean to exclude as impossible a Christian philosophy of progress, for we find that clearly indicated in our Lord's teaching about the Kingdom of God upon earth. But though He predicted its ultimate triumph He never said that it would be perfected in this world, and still less did He promise to man a continuous or automatic improvement merely in virtue of the growth of the ages and the passage of time. So far from declaring that each successive generation was bound in the nature of things to be an improvement on its predecessor, He teaches us why men rise and why they fall, and how it is that mighty civilisations have dawned upon the world to fade and disappear. He speaks of our present life as the initial stage of a vaster existence. In His view this planet is the birthplace and nursery of millions of immortal souls who find here, not their goal, but their starting-point. Hither they are sent to learn a child's lesson

in living by many childish mistakes and failures, so that change rather than progress must needs mark their course from the cradle to the grave. Man has always to fight to maintain every foot of ground that he has conquered. He can never afford to sit still and let things go of themselves. The New Testament metaphor for our earthly pilgrimage is not that of a triumphal march onward, but of a battle against odds, a race that calls for strenuous self-discipline; it is a task to which "many are called but few chosen" as worthy of it; a struggle for success in which "there are first who shall be last and last who shall be first". And indeed it is an encouraging thought for patient workers that the service of God and the good of man do not depend solely or chiefly on conspicuous movements and the doings of those whose names loom large in the public eye. The truest reformers of human society have not called themselves "progressives", and have laboured to make the world a little better with no thought of a millenium. They have been content, with many an old Johnian scholar and saint, to leave the future in the Hands of God. Six years ago, good and sanguine souls foretold with conviction the near advent of a "New England and a New World"—not only religious preachers, but statesmen, philosophers and socialistic idealists. And there has been grievous disappointment with results, not because the bright vision has been obliterated, but because it seems to have receded into a far-off future. Most men are now agreed that change of events will not produce the longed-for Utopia, but only a change of spirit which must needs be a process of time. And so you are leaving Cambridge with a mightier task before you than was that of winning the war—the task of re-building the ruined walls of civilisation on surer foundations than of old, the task of re-erecting a Temple of God which shall be worthier of His Name than any that have preceded it. It is a double task which is essentially one. Without the Temple the wall cannot stand. A godless civilisation is foredoomed to destruction. "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain". You are confronted with a problem which is both secular and religious, and has but one solution. It must be

approached in a temper of courage and confidence, for failure ever dogs the steps of doubt and faint-heartedness. "There hath no trial overtaken us other than that which is common to man". We have but reached another of the great turning-points in the history of the world, which seem so disastrous when they come, and so inevitable when they are past. There is no excuse for a pessimistic outlook, for everywhere there are signs of the saving Christian spirit if we will look for it. The masses of our people are not bloody revolutionaries, whatever the residue may be. During the war itself, the spirit of unselfish succour and devotion rose to a higher point than ever before in the annals of the race, and even now, in the present disastrous coal crisis, the better-paid miners offer to share wages with their poorer brethren, the mine-owners to forego all profits for awhile, and the Government to grant ten millions of money to tide both parties over a period of transition. Whatever, again, may be thought of the present practical utility of a League of Nations, there can be no doubt that the conception of such an idea is the most definite sign that has yet been given of men's desire to live in peace and amity one with another. The democratic movement, too, under the guidance of Christian counsels, must make for righteousness, marking, as it does, an essential stage in humanity's growth, by insisting that all men should have the chance to make the best of themselves. And what though present conditions seem sinister? The waters of the world have been stirred to their depths for four years into a turbulence such as human history has never hitherto witnessed, and we cannot wonder that at least another four years should be needed ere they can settle down into clearness as well as quietness. It may be that, like the returned exiles of old, the rebuilders of the wall of our modern Jerusalem may have for awhile to build with one hand and hold weapons with the other; but all will be well and the work eventually finished, if within the walls there shall be found a new Temple of God. All true and permanent success depends upon that. A Temple, moreover, is something definite and substantial that appeals to the senses as well as to the mind and the imagination. If Christianity is to be a real force in human life, it must be

more than a vague emotion, sentiment or aspiration. The current fashion of disparaging Institutional Religion is a fitting sequel to the former attempt to set up Undenominationalism (*i.e.*, the Christian Faith duly purged of every doctrine that anyone can object to) as a satisfactory basis of Christian education. In saying this, one is not implying that the Church of England is the only safe sanctuary; but that operative religion must have a genuine Temple, of whatever type, for all its disciples. It has been remarked by a thinker of our time that 'looking round on society, he finds no want of the desire to be religious, but that the desire often despairs of finding a form in which it can clothe itself, and so remains a vague aspiration without ability to act or even sense to know itself'. Well, I believe that our own Church may succeed in removing this deadlock between Religion and Life, between the will to believe and belief itself, if she will but strive to present the doctrines of the Christian Creed as great living, growing, developing truths, which men will understand more clearly and fully as knowledge increases and experience deepens. "Never forget (writes Phillips Brooks in one of his Yale lectures) to tell the younger people frankly that they are to expect more light and larger developments of the truth which you give them. Ah, the souls that have suffered shipwreck through the mere clamouring of new truth to add itself to that which they have been taught to think finished and final". This season of suspense between Ascensiontide and Pentecost cannot but remind us of the Saviour's farewell promise to his followers, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the Truth".

THE EAGLE.

January, 1922.

ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT.

ON Sunday, 13th November, 1921, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the President's matriculation, the Vice-Chancellor presided at a gathering in the Combination Room to present to Dr Liveing the Address which the Senate had ordered to be presented to him. The Public Orator (Mr Glover) read the Address :

Universitas Cantabrigiensis

Georgio Downing Liveing Salutem

Cum hoc mense recordamur completos jam esse annos quinque et septuaginta ex quo primum inter avos nostros alumnus admissus es, gratulamur nobis ipsis, dignissime senex, quod te adhuc inter nos habemus superstitem, annis et honoribus cumulatum, vita tam honesta tam utili insignem. Quot urbis nostrae et academiae mutationes noveris, quis enarrabit ? qui forum incensum videris et amplificatum, aditum tot viis ferratis faciliorem datum, aedes novas collegiis et uxores additas, ipsi Academiae libertatem concessam, omnibus civibus portas nostras reseratas. Te vero in Scientiis promovendis impigrum, ter Collegii Sancti Johannis electum socium, septem et quadraginta annos rei Chemicae Professore, non quidem studia chemica inter nos instituisse credimus sed ita renovasse, ita novis instrumentis et apparatu antea inaudito auxisse, ut quae vix ante te tetigissent Cantabrigienses, haec hodie plurimi concelebrent, non sine immenso Scientiae incremento. Interea in rebus civilibus te partem habuisse agnoscimus, qui decem jam lustra in tribunali assederis, iudex omnium consensu justus simul et benignus. Qualem te singuli inter amicos invenerimus, hoc quisque sibi conscius est, et grato animo vitam tam longam etiam longiorem tibi exoptat. Non facile

tibi exponemus quali admiratione quanto amore te prosequamur, nec tu quidem expositum volueris; non multis enim verbis scimus te gaudere. Sed haec saltem amicis tuis ignosces, quibus et te et omnes certiores faciamus quanta laetitia virum tam sincere Cantabrigiae nostrae consecratum die tam memorabilis consalutemus.

Datum Cantabrigiae

Non. Nov. MCMXXI

The Vice-Chancellor then presented the Address to Dr Liveing, who made the following speech in reply:

Mr Vice-Chancellor, the Council of the Senate, Master, and my friends all, I feel most extraordinarily honoured by the presentation of this Address. It is quite unexpected. It is honourable to a degree which I hardly know how to describe. I have known presentations of Addresses to officers of the University who have completed fifty years in its service, but I think my case is quite unique. I don't remember any case before when a man's whole academic life has been appreciated in this sort of way. I don't think you mean—I am sure none of you think—that a man's life is measured by the succession of revolutions of the earth about the sun. We now regard time as a mere abstraction; but I gather from the wording of the Address that you consider that a man's life is measured, not by any lapse of time, but by the succession and importance of the events to which his energy has contributed. Well I admit that my life has been a very full one, but that is not enough; and I cannot help being profoundly touched by the terms of the Address in which that life is spoken of as *tam honesta, tam utilis*. That, coming from such an august body as the University, is to me almost overwhelming. I do not know how to answer it. I can only answer it by bowing deeply, and bowing, not with my body, but with my heart. But I feel, as Shakespeare says, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"; and I have been very happy in the circumstances in which my life has fallen, in the people amongst whom it has been spent, my teachers and companions. The one circumstance above all which has had the most effect on my life has been my connexion with my College. It has always helped me at the

needful time. I will not dwell upon the signal case when the College built for me the Chemical Laboratory, which was the first seed sown towards the growth of a large Chemical School. I cannot ever forget how it has helped me since then. When I vacated my Fellowship by marrying, I vacated, as of course, my Lectureship as well, and the charge of the Chemical Laboratory. The College, however, created a new post for me; it made me the Director of the Laboratory, and, what is more, helped me materially by paying me a salary for so doing. When I became Professor the College again helped me—they continued me in my last post because there was no other Laboratory in which I could give instruction in practical work. To tell all the College has done for me would take too long. I will only mention one more, which is already in the Address, that I was elected for the third time as a Fellow; once, to begin with, as a Bachelor of Arts; the second time in the year 1880; the third time when I again vacated my Fellowship, because I had been a Professorial Fellow, and when I vacated my Professorship I vacated my Fellowship, which was met at once by my re-election at the earliest opportunity. I think I need not dwell further upon what the College has done for me more than to say that I feel profoundly how much my whole life has depended upon it. But for that I should have had to look for a livelihood elsewhere, and I should have had to forego what is probably the most important point of all in regard to my life—my residence in Cambridge. But that is not by any means all. I had peculiar advantages here in meeting with people, men from whom I learned an immense deal. On the whole, I think I learned more from my fellow-students than I learned from my official teachers. I should like to mention one or two instances which had a marked effect upon my after life. Of course I went to the College lectures, and in due time, in my third year, I was reading Physical Optics, and attended the lectures of Mr Griffin, who was Senior Wrangler, and Sylvester stood second to him, which proved him to be a man of unusual mathematical ability, and he was a very successful teacher. In the course of his lectures we came to the discussion of the solar spectrum; in particular, Fraunhofer's Lines and his use of those lines to measure the dispersion of

different media, and so to construct his well-known achromatic lenses. Well, Griffin was a man who rather taught from books, and, when we were talking about the Fraunhofer lines, he incidentally said that Professor Miller had left him an apparatus which would help to illustrate the nature of Fraunhofer lines. He did not attempt to shew us it, or to shew us the solar lines themselves as he might have done, but he simply said, "If any of you wish to see this, I will get it ready, and you may see it later in the day". I at once caught it up and said I should very much like to see it. Accordingly it was shewn to me. (I should just like to say a word about Professor Miller: he had been one of the College Lecturers in Mathematics, and he had married in 1843, and thereby vacated his Lectureship. I wish to mark the date. He must have used this instrument before that time, 1843). However, when I came in the evening there was the apparatus. I do not know whether in a few words I can make it quite clear to those who know nothing about Fraunhofer lines. It was simply Wollaston's apparatus for getting a pure spectrum, and a slit, and if that was used with the sun of course the Fraunhofer lines would be seen. But in order to produce something of the same kind as an illustration of how Fraunhofer lines were really produced, there was placed in front of the slit a bottle containing some turnings of copper, and on to them there was poured nitric acid, and the result was that the bottle was filled with yellow fumes of oxide of nitrogen, which, if it is not too dense, gives a spectrum of an immense number of fine lines. As Griffin explained to me, they were not Fraunhofer lines, but were merely an illustration of how dark lines were produced in the bright spectrum. I have omitted about the light: it was the light of an oil lamp, and it was all that was required. I could not help being struck by that experiment. I was also struck by another thing. There were a good many men of my year who read Physical Optics—I daresay there were ten in my class—but I was the only one who wished to see the experiment. Well, what is far more important, Miller knew perfectly well how to make an experiment. I never knew anyone nearly so apt at making experiments with the simplest apparatus. More than that, he knew how to make things understood. He was at pains

to give to his class an idea as to how Fraunhofer lines could be produced. He could not say what produced the Fraunhofer lines, but he gave a pretty good hint that it must be a gas or something more or less transparent—partially transparent—between the source of light and our eyes. That was a great advance, and it is astonishing to me that it was not until 1860 that the publication of Bunsen and Kirchhoff's great paper made the thing perfectly clear. That, I may say, first set me thinking about spectra. I had no opportunity at that time of pursuing it further. But I had a great deal more help in my course from Miller. I may say what I have to say about Miller now, though it is putting it out of its place. I attended his lectures after I had taken my degree, and I was very much struck with what he shewed us in the optics of crystals. I will mention only one, but I do not know how many in this room have seen it, that is, conical refraction in certain doubly refracting crystals. We were learning it theoretically. I do not think there was any one of us in Griffin's class who had ever seen the phenomenon, but Miller shewed it me, and he helped me in a great many ways. It was he who persuaded me, when I was hesitating about what career I should take up, to go to Berlin. He sent me with introductions to eminent people, to Professors Mitscherlich and Rose, and particularly to Magnus. Magnus was Professor of Physics, and it was there I saw for the first time a museum of physical instruments. We had no such thing. We had no opportunity of making physical experiments because we had no apparatus. I felt then how much was wanting in our University, and more than ever made up my mind to do what I could to render the teaching of the University more practical. The result was that, when I returned from Berlin (I went there in the summer of 1852), I was immediately asked by Dr Bond if I could not do something to teach the medical students practical chemistry. Well, I was only a Bachelor—I did not take my Master's degree till 1853—and according to the etiquette of that time I had to get the leave of the Vice-Chancellor to give public notice of such lectures. I went to the Vice-Chancellor, Dr Okes, and took him Dr Bond's letter, and got leave to advertise that I would give something of a course. But there was a difficulty—

there was no Laboratory. St John's had not yet built the Laboratory—that was built later. There was nothing for it but to take a cottage, which I did, and try to put up some sort of fittings which would do. I should not have been able to do that if I had not spent that Long Vacation as I did. It was not the University of Berlin to which I went, of which Mitscherlich was head, it was a technical school such as we had none in this country. It was presided over by Rammelsberg, a well-known chemist and mineralogist. I found that, although Germany was in advance of us, they were not so far advanced but that they still worked under difficulties. The museum of physical apparatus had been made by Magnus very much at his own expense. He was a wealthy man and could afford it, and he had such an enthusiasm for science that he did not mind spending his money upon it. However, in the Laboratory to which I went there were very few appliances indeed. The students had to find their own apparatus, and what the Government provided was very little more than an empty room and a few fittings. I do not know how much Professor Rammelsberg was paid, but he was not at all a wealthy man. When I made some experiments under his direction which required platinum apparatus I had to buy it myself, and it was very much envied by my fellow-students. There was no gas, we had to use spirit and oil lamps. It was altogether a makeshift. After having seen that makeshift I was bold enough to try a makeshift here, and the result of it was that Dr Bateson, who afterwards became Master, persuaded the College to provide me with a better fitted Laboratory. I had the use of it long after I became Professor, while the University was too poor to provide me with a fitter place. During that time I managed to become acquainted with the greater part of the scientific men in the University, and they were very good in introducing me to others outside. Among them I may mention the then Master of Trinity, Dr Whewell. He was sometimes rough when he was contradicted, but he was one of the most magnanimous men I ever knew. However much he might have been irritated he seemed never to retain the slightest ill-will against anyone. Whenever a man of eminence in science came to stay at Trinity Lodge I was almost always invited to meet him. He

was kind to the end. I should like to say so much because many people have not thoroughly understood him, and I certainly have every reason for speaking well of him. I think I may mention one other. I have been helped by undergraduates and my fellow-students, and I wish to mention Duppa, a Fellow-Commoner of Trinity Hall. He was a man of good estate, an enthusiast in Chemistry, became an eminent chemist and a Fellow of the Royal Society, and he did a very large share in the important investigation in which his name is associated with Frankland's. He was as modest as he was learned, and, like most great investigators, very painstaking. He was always ready to help anyone. He and I made friends very soon. We had the same tastes, and we used to make experiments in our rooms, sometimes in mine and sometimes in his. I cannot mention everyone who was so kind to me, but I am very grateful to a number of them.

I should like perhaps to turn to another point which is mentioned in the Address, and that is the changes which have occurred externally and internally in the University during my time. They are too many, as the Address says, to be all recounted, but I may mention a few of them. Firstly the University was as poor as a rat. I may say they had no money for anything, and it was a clog upon all scientific growth for many years. Before I became actually Professor—for the last two years of my predecessor's time he had made me his deputy, and the result of my being Deputy Professor was that it put me in the place of the Professor in all official respects. I was his deputy for the years 1860 and 1861—it was not till the end of 1861 that I became Professor. We were discussing at that time new buildings for laboratories and scientific lecture-rooms. The site had been determined on—the old Botanic Garden—plans had been made under the direction of Professor Willis, who was a real expert in architecture, and the plans were drawn by Salvin, the architect. We had to discuss these, and when they were agreed upon they were passed by the Senate and put out to contract. When the contract came in it was obviously in excess of the whole of the money at the disposal of the University. It was impossible to carry it out. The matter slept for a time, but it could not sleep under

those circumstances for many years, and it came forward again. And then it came to this: that the Syndics felt that we must curtail the building in some way. Well, I represented Chemistry. The buildings which were proposed for Chemistry according to the plans were not good enough for the purpose. Professor Willis thought we ought to have a building which was capable of standing violent explosions and as unflammable as possible, and so a series of vaults were proposed in which Chemistry was to be taught; and when it came to dispensing with a building I at once begged that it might be that for Chemistry. I felt that we should wait until we could get something really suitable, and we waited twenty-eight years. It was not until 1888 that we actually got into the new Chemical Laboratory. As I said, the University was very poor. Very few of the University officers were paid anything like an adequate salary. The whole were paid by fees, fees of the undergraduates at matriculation and the fees for degrees. I remember it was a long bill, all small items; but included the fees of every officer in the University, I think from the Vice-Chancellor down to the bell-ringer. I had one misfortune, but I cannot say it affected my career afterwards at all. There was a regulation of the University that anyone who had real property to the value of £28 a year should pay extra fees, and was called a compounder. I believe the reason for that name was that instead of having a second bill for all the separate officers of the University they were compounded into a single sum. I think my Master's degree cost me an extra £6. It was a custom which had not been altered since the time of Henry VIII., and I don't think I had any equivalent for my money. There was one thing which struck me at that time very much. Government help was talked about, but there was very little expectation of getting it. The Government actually kept down the fees, because there was a duty of three guineas on every degree, which prevented a great many Bachelors of Arts taking their Master's degree at all. The tax crippled the source of revenue, and the only thing the Government did in return was to pay £100 a year to every Professor who had no endowment. The Professor of Chemistry was one. And the Professor did not receive £100

as there were fees to the Treasury which amounted to four guineas. In many cases Professors, who were clergymen, held country livings, and I thought that undesirable. I tell the story against myself. Dr Clark, "Bone Clark" as he was called, was Professor of Anatomy and had a living in Durham. Others who held benefices resided here only when lecturing. Clark resided every Term and I did not know that he held a living. I went to call on him and found Dr and Mrs Clark. We were talking about the poverty of the University, and I ventured to say it was a bad system to pay University Professors by giving them livings. Dr Clark defended it. He thought the parish was just as well served by the substitute, and said "I always pay a considerable sum to my curate to expend upon the poor". I then saw that I had made a blunder through not knowing that Dr Clark held a living. He was a very kind friend and more than old enough to be my father. However, I had committed myself and could not retract. He took it all in good part; I was quite surprised when not very long after I found that he had resigned his living. I need not tell you that I revered that man. He was one of the men, and there were several, who devoted their means as well as their wits to the service of the University. He created the Museum of Comparative Anatomy. Sedgwick created, in the same way, the Geological Museum, and so on. These men, the lovers of science generally, were unselfish, and I owe them for the sympathy with which they encouraged me.

The Address mentions my occupation in the service of the town and county as a magistrate. I have always maintained that every citizen is bound to take his part in the public service as far as he is able, and it was a relief to turn from concentration on one subject to take some part in the civil life of the place. Now I have said that "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will", and it is worth noting that I had had some time before some sort of education to fit me for the purpose. I attended, as an undergraduate, the Divinity lectures of Professor Corrie, and was struck by his humour and shrewdness. He finished his last lecture with naming books which he thought it would be well for us to read, and after various Divinity books added

"you had better read 'Blackstone', you are sure to find it useful. A country clergyman has often to act as a lawyer to the poor". It seems curious, but immediately I had taken my degree and was uncertain what profession I should follow, I thought I would take Corrie's advice and read Blackstone. It was of immense assistance to me starting as a magistrate to have read Blackstone.

Another matter mentioned in the Address is the change in the social life of the place. When I first married, the society in Cambridge was very small. There were married Masters of Colleges; there were a very few married Professors resident; most of those who were married lived away and only came up to lecture. There were besides professional men, doctors, lawyers, and clergymen; that was the whole society. It was small and exclusive, you met the same people everywhere. When I married, Dr Whewell, the Master of Trinity, was the first person to call upon us. Very soon after came Dr and Mrs Clark; and Mrs Clark told my wife what the state of Cambridge society was when she married; how one of her oldest friends, a school-fellow, never called on her, and it was only on meeting her in the street that she explained that "lodgers" only called on "lodgers". I wish to point out that the changes in society in Cambridge were very much brought about by Whewell. Of course, Trinity Lodge led the way. We, as bachelor Masters of Arts, were admissible everywhere; but at most private parties the men were usually double the number of ladies. Whewell took the lead in the changes which have so improved the amenities of family life in Cambridge.

I ought not to go on any longer, though I think there is more to which the Address calls attention. However, I wish to thank the Vice-Chancellor very much indeed for the kind words with which he has addressed me; and I thank you all from my heart for your kindness in coming here. I cannot say how much honoured I feel. The Vice-Chancellor has said that he could not wish me a life of many years more. I thank him and you all for your goodwill, and would say I have had a full life and do not wish it longer; but if it please God that I do live longer, I hope that I may still be useful.

THE IMMIGRANT

WHEN Ruth was old

She'd take her children's children on her knee :
They never wearied to be told
Tales of her girlhood in a far country.

For though her eyes grew dim,

Men said of her : "Her heart is always young ;"
And Boaz, when she spoke to him,
Loved the faint accent of a foreign tongue.

F. H. K.

THE COW

The friendly cow all red and white
 I love with all my heart :
 She gives me cream with all her might,
 To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
 And yet she cannot stray,
 All in the pleasant open air,
 The pleasant light of day ;

And blown by all the winds that pass,
 And wet with all the showers,
 She walks among the meadow grass,
 And eats the meadow flowers.

LOOKING FORWARD

When I am grown to man's estate
 I shall be very proud and great,
 And tell the other girls and boys
 Not to meddle with my toys.

HAPPY THOUGHT

The world is so full of a number of things,
 I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

A child should always say what's true,
 And speak when he is spoken to,
 And behave mannerly at table :
 At least as far as he is able.

DE VACCA AMICA

Vacca, quae tergum varias colore
 Candidum rubro, pueris amata,
 Spumeum donas operosa potum
 Mente benigna.

Crusta quae Pomona Ceresque praebent
 Lacte quid privata tuo saporis
 Elaborabunt? Per amoena prata
 Tuta vagaris ;

Voce jucunda resonare parvos
 Terminos gaudes, neque saepta temnis,
 Laeta sub claro Jove, lucidoque
 Aethere felix.

Flabra ventorum toleras et imbres
 Comis aestivos ; tibi mollis herba
 Semper arridet, tibi cena mire
 Florea cordi est.

DE ANIMO VIRILI

Cum toga pura mihi jam sit, cum robur adultum,
 Qui mihi tunc fastus! tunc ego quantus ero!
 Tunc interdicam tetigisse volubile buxum,
 Sive puer cupiat sive puella, meum.

DE MUNDO

Copia tanta patet, mundus tot rebus abundat,
 Laetitia reges quis superare nequit?

DE OFFICIIS

Cum pater alloquitur, tunc respondere decebit ;
 Semper item debet dicere vera puer ;
 Laudatur qui scit parvus conviva decorem
 Qui sedet urbane, si modo tanta potest.

MY BED IS A BOAT

My bed is like a little boat ;
 Nurse helps me in when I embark ;
 She girds me in my sailor's coat,
 And starts me in the dark.
 At night, I go on board and say
 Good-night to all my friends on shore ;
 I shut my eyes and sail away
 And see and hear no more.
 And sometimes things to bed I take,
 As prudent sailors have to do :
 Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
 Perhaps a toy or two.
 All night across the dark we steer ;
 But when the day returns at last,
 Safe in my room, beside the pier,
 I find my vessel fast.

TIME TO RISE

A birdie with a yellow bill
 Hopped upon the window sill,
 Cocked his shining eye and said :
 " Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head " ?

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
 And nests among the trees ;
 The sailor sings of ropes and things
 In ships upon the seas.
 The children sing in far Japan,
 The children sing in Spain ;
 The organ with the organ man
 Is singing in the rain.

R. L. STEVENSON
A Child's Garden of Verse

DE NAVIGATIONE NOCTURNA

Est pro lintre mihi lectulus. Induit
 Conscendentem habitu sedula nautico
 Nutrix ; arte levat, per tenebras dare
 Certum lintea. Ceteris
 Conclamo, valeant. Tollimus ancoram ;
 Lucet nil oculis, nil sonat auribus.
 Non prudentis erit spernere crustula ;
 Prodest ferre cibaria
 Et pupam comitem. Per mare navigo
 Obscurum. Simulac Phosphore tu refers
 Matutine diem, tuta domi tenet
 Notam cymba crepidinem.

MANE SURGENDUM EST

Rostrum flava, oculo lucens, merula ante fenestram
 Assilit : " A ! pudeat somniculose ! " canit.

DE CANTANDO

Summis arboris in comis
 Nunc nidum, sua nunc ova sonant aves ;
 Interdum recinit mari
 Funem navita, mox cetera navigi.
 Proles gaudet Iberica,
 Gaudent Nipponiae carmine liberi.
 Saevit Juppiter imbris,
 Sed cantat fidicen cum cithara madens.

AUGUSTUS.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

(Continued from *The Eagle*, Vol. xiii. No. 184.)

Synopsis of Acts. *Act I.* Julius Caesar.—*Act II.* Cicero.—*Act III.* The Triumvir.—*Act IV.* Reconstruction.—*Act V.* The Emperor.

ACT II.—CICERO (*continued*).

SCENE II.—*North Italy. Near Mutina; inside Octavian's tent; two orderlies in the background; Octavian in bed Maecenas sitting by him; a medicine-table.*

OCTAVIAN. Just my luck, Maecenas! To be in bed at the first battle; and they had placed me in the very van. This is the sort of thing that used to happen in Spain when I was with uncle.

Enter a despatch-rider.

DESPATCH-RIDER. Antony has won a dreadful victory. His men ran before us until they had drawn us between two ambushes; and then it was clubbing merely. Hirtius and Pansa—

OCTAVIAN. The consuls; well, what of them?

DESPATCH-RIDER. Are killed, sir; both.

OCTAVIAN. I am in command, Maecenas. Give me my medicine.

(*Drinks*). What's Antony doing now?

DESPATCH-RIDER. Pushing on towards Bononia, sir.

OCTAVIAN. Good, that's a rash move; we have a sufficient force there; he cannot take it. Tell Agrippa to lead out thirty cohorts, and intercept him on his return. What's that?

DESPATCH-RIDER. Letter, sir, for the late General; sealed by Cicero; marked *Urgent*; but it was found unopened on his body.

OCTAVIAN. Give it me, and so with all such. Off now.

Exit despatch-rider. Octavian opens letter, and reads.

OCTAVIAN. Oh! Ah!—I'll *never* speak my heart

To an older man again! Read that, Maecenas.

MAECENAS. "Now remember, Hirtius, the van's the place; even if it were only a wound, you know, he's delicate. First distinguish, and then *extinguish*—that's our game". It was "just your luck", you see.

Looks round, and finds Octavian weeping with rage.

My dear chap, you really mustn't. In Rome they say this sort of thing every day about anybody. It's political life, that's all.

OCTAVIAN. Political life! I have a notion it shall be political death! *Tollendum!*

SOLDIERS (*outside*). Hurray!

MAECENAS. Ha! that's good news.

Enter another despatch-rider.

2ND DESPATCH-RIDER. Agrippa's dutiful respects, sir; one-half his army he sent off to capture the enemy's base, and they have done so; with the other he himself has intercepted Antony, and crushingly defeated him, capturing his second-in-command, who is now here. Oh, sir, if you had only seen—

OCTAVIAN. Never mind details now; where's Antony?

2ND DESPATCH-RIDER. That's the best part of all, sir; raised the siege, and away off pell-mell across the Alps to Gallia, where he has Lepidus and other friends.

OCTAVIAN. Bring in the captured General.

Exit despatch-rider. Enter Asinius Pollio, guarded.

Name, sir.

POLLIO. Asinius Pollio.

Octavian and Maecenas nod to one another.

OCTAVIAN. You are honourably mentioned among my uncle's papers, sir; why did you join Antony?

POLLIO. My old officer; and against your uncle's murderers.

OCTAVIAN. Not quite so much as I am. You will move freely on parole among my suite here, and you shall have ample opportunity to learn my purposes. You may retire.

POLLIO. I thank you, sir.

Exeunt Asinius Pollio and guards.

OCTAVIAN. Maecenas, I am going to treat with Antony. It is evident that I can place no trust in Cicero, nor in the Senatorials at all; and, with Transalpine Gaul behind him, Mark Antony will still be very hard to beat. I have now sufficiently interfered with him to compel him to recognise my rights. Besides, how do I know he ever wronged me? That Cicero said so makes it almost certainly a lie. But in order that I may meet him with not only the actuality, but the appearance, of equal terms, I must obtain a higher office. I therefore intend to march on Rome; the Senate simply has no troops to set against me; I will demand the consulship, and get it. But in the meantime no hint of such intentions shall I allow to reach Mark Antony; so far as he knows I am still at war with him. Do you approve of this?

MAECENAS. I think you are entirely right.

OCTAVIAN. Fetch my litter, there.

The orderlies bring up his litter, and, as he is being transferred to it, the curtain falls.

SCENE III.—Lobby of the Senate-house, as in SCENE I.

Enter Sergeant backwards.

SERGEANT. Form two-deep! (*Enter soldiers, with shields, and pila, or heavy javelins.*) Right wheel. Left wheel. Halt. Left turn.

Enter Agrippa and Maecenas; sergeant salutes the former.

Enter, from opposite wing, Senators, and pass into Senate-house, with angry and bitter looks.

MAECENAS. Here he comes. (*Agrippa signs to sergeant.*)

SERGEANT. Eyes—left!

Enter Octavian armed, and exchanges salutes with Agrippa.

MAECENAS. They've all gone in now; except Cicero, I think. Ah, there he is.

Enter Cicero. He comes hesitatingly towards Octavian, a strange mixture of ruined vanity, helpless self-assertion, and senile fear. With great difficulty he bows.

Octavian salutes stiffly.

Exit Cicero into Senate-house.

MAECENAS. How long will it take them, do you suppose?

AGRIPPA. No idea.

Enter from Senate-house the Lictor of Scene I.

MAECENAS. Here comes a Lictor with a message.

LICTOR. Honourable and most extinguished Octavianus Caesar: the deputy-consuls heretofore now properly elected in due succession to their extinguished predecessors now properly deceased, have here—in short, sir, you are put up for consul.

Exit Lictor into Senate-house.

MAECENAS (*sotto voce*). This is a most terrific policeman, what?

AGRIPPA. I think he has mistaken his vocation; he should transfer himself across that door. However, he will make a most appropriate mouthpiece for them; at least, I suppose it is he who will reappear presently and announce that the appointment has been confirmed?

MAECENAS. Well, we shall hardly know from the applause!

Re-enter Lictor.

LICTOR. Sir, you are extinguished—beg pardon, sir, I mean you are elected consul. Magnanimously, sir.

Octavian and Agrippa exchange salutes. Exit Octavian.

SERGEANT. Left—turn. Quick—march!

Exeunt soldiers, sergeant, and then Maecenas and Agrippa.

Enter from Senate-house the two young Senators.

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. Well, there's a quick change! Only a few days ago they were exulting at the complete defeat of Antony.

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. They're disillusioned now indeed. Yes, horse and stag; if you want victory you must endure the victor. I think there's promise in him, but I'm going to wait and see.

Exeunt young Senators.

LICTOR (*solus*). Mm. I don't believe it is the words that does it, after all.

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV.—North Italy. Road to Bononia; near Ravenna. At back, Octavian's army, which marches past throughout. In front, Octavian in a litter, with Maecenas and Agrippa; Asinius Pollio in attendance; Bodyguard.

OCTAVIAN. I am glad this envoy comes from Antony; I had heard his movements were miscarrying badly. Bring him before me.

Enter Envoy.

What's your business, Captain?

ENVOY. Antony entreats you to an armistice, sir.

AGRIPPA. What means yon lurking fellow? Bring him here.

Exeunt some soldiers.

OCTAVIAN. You know that islet near Bononia's woods,
 Where the broad shallow stream—Rhenus, is it called?—
 Lobes himself in a glittering circle? There,
 Tell him, I'll meet him for a colloquy.

Re-enter soldiers with a captive.

ENVOY. Duly conveyed.

Exit Envoy.

OCTAVIAN. Move on.

AGRIPPA. Stop; here's a strange thing.
 A fugitive, and with letters.

OCTAVIAN. How? Let me see them.—
 From Cicero! Oh, Maecenas! "To Decimus, greet-
 ing"—oh, this is Decimus. Maecenas! this is one of
 them. "We are terrified. Octavian, having forced the
 consulship, has now set out again, ostensibly to resume
 the war on Antony; but we cannot help suspecting that
 his real purpose is to come to terms with him. For
 Heaven's sake, ask a parley; go to Antony yourself; do
 not of course show this to him, but hand him the
 enclosed; and when he has read it, fix the bargain
 with him as best you may". Now for the enclosure.—
 I needn't read this; it offers handsome terms to Antony.
 —And here's another; Cicero again: "To the most
 glorious and immortal liberators, Harmodius Brutus and
 Aristogeiton Cassius".

MAECENAS (*aside to Agrippa*). Thank Heaven, he's taking it
 extraordinarily quietly. I was afraid a second reminder
 of Cicero's double-dealing would—

OCTAVIAN. And this is Decimus.
 Thou worm, thou shivering thing, thou skulking coward!
 Had I not heard of Cicero, I could call thee
 The foulest traitor that e'er breathed.

SERGEANT OF BODYGUARD. Shall we
 Take him for execution, sir?

OCTAVIAN. Not so.
 Seeing is the only crediting in these days.
 Kill him before me, now.

They do so.

That's one, at least.
 Give me my medicine; I must sleep a little.
Drinks, then lies down.

Carry me gently.

Exeunt Octavian, Agrippa, Maecenas, and Bodyguard.

POLLIO. This is a strong man.

Would Heaven the healthier had his fire, or he
 One half the rogue's robustness; but which wish
 Breathes deeper, yet I know not. I'm still torn.

*Exit. Brief tableau of marching army, with corpse in
 foreground. CURTAIN.*

SCENE V.—*North Italy. A wooded island in the Rhenus,
 near Bononia.*

*Enter from one side Antony; from the other, Maecenas
 and Agrippa. Antony and Agrippa exchange salutes.*

AGRIPPA. Mark Antony: Sir: I have the honour to wait
 upon you as the messenger of my chief Octavian's terms
 of peace.

ANTONY. Why doesn't he come himself?

AGRIPPA. Doubtless he will, sir, if you should accept his
 offer; the terms of which—if you will allow me—stand
 as follows:—

First: The capture and execution of all implicated in
 the conspiracy against the life of his late grand-uncle
 and adoptive father Julius Caesar, whether as assassins,
 accomplices, abettors, privies to the treason, or acces-
 sories after the fact.

ANTONY. Bless my soul, isn't that the very thing I'm out
 for? I'd hang the lot of them to-morrow with the very
 greatest pleasure.

AGRIPPA. Second: The restoration of the Republican con-
 stitution.

ANTONY. We're all Republicans; pass on.

AGRIPPA. Third: Pending such restoration, regular govern-
 ment at Rome to be conducted by a Commission or

Duumvirate, or, in their absence on State service, representatives approved by them ; such Duumvirate to consist of yourself and him.

ANTONY. Make it *Triumvirate*, for appearance sake. The *tertium quid* is Lepidus, late governor of Gaul ; old friend of mine, conceited ass, quite harmless.

MAECENAS. We should accept that.

AGRIPPA. Fourthly : An exchange of prisoners.

ANTONY. I agree to all.

AGRIPPA. It gives me then much pleasure, sir, to restore to you your late second-in-command.

Enter Asinius Pollio.

ANTONY. Asinius ? Ha ! well met, lad. I was beginning to think you must be dead, eh ? ha ! ha ! ha !

Enter Octavian.

POLLIO. Allow me, sir, to introduce to you your late adversary. Octavianus Caesar—Mark Antony.

Salutes all round.

OCTAVIAN. Had I had the honour, sir, to meet you earlier, these late hostilities, which no man could more heartily regret than I, would I am certain not have happened.

Exeunt gradually Maecenas and Agrippa, Pollio withdrawing a few paces.

Antony leads Octavian forward, stops, and with facetious thoroughness exposes every fold of his paludamentum, or General's scarlet cloak, both outside and lining ; rolls up his sleeves ; and finally, presenting his back to his astonished partner, bends down, flings up his garment from behind on to his shoulders, then, turning round, bows with mock gravity, and motions Octavian to follow suit.

ANTONY. Come, sir, unbutton.

OCTAVIAN (*simply*). Sir—I—

ANTONY. Only to show we've got no daggers anywhere. All right, I'll take your word for it. Now look here—ha ! ha ! ha ! D'you know, of all the people I might have had to deal with at this moment, if I'd been asked a year ago, and given a hundred guesses, I'd never once have thought of you. Why, there *was* a time, I tell you, when I believed quite firmly you were dead, eh ? ha !

ha ! ha ! Now, *that's* frank, *isn't* it ?—I say, you know that young Agrippa's quite a General ; had all the luck, of course ; but still, knew how to take it ; if only that old—

OCTAVIAN. May I accompany you to our tent, sir ? Just here ; among these trees.

Exit Octavian. Pollio comes forward.

ANTONY. Humph ! No change to be got out of *that* young man.—

Pollio, I'm sick of brawls : my mistress waits In Egypt for me ; whatever provinces This youngster bags, I'll stand out strong for Egypt But, business over, no more wars ; *then*, Pollio, To arms ! to arms !

POLLIO. To what, sir ?

ANTONY. To Cleopatra's arms !

Exit Antony.

POLLIO. I like him less for my captivity, The course whereof has taught me somewhat. Well, If they should e'er fall out, I'll quit this man, And throw my lot in with his younger rival. But while there's harmony I'm still loyal to him.

Exit. CURTAIN.

SCENE VI.—*The same, but inside the tent. Antony and Octavian, each at a table, with punches and lists of suspects. Behind Octavian is Maecenas with papers, and further back Agrippa with some soldiers ; behind Antony stands Asinius Pollio with papers, and further back a captain with some soldiers.*

ANTONY. Alphabetical order, you see. Accius ? Who the devil's he ?

MAECENAS (*to Octavian*). I've found out more about him ; it was all quite groundless.

ANTONY. Pass Accius, then. Aemilius.

OCTAVIAN. He was in close touch with the murderers.

ANTONY. Aemilius dies ; prick him.

OCTAVIAN. Albinus, Albius, Allobrox ; all sound.

ANTONY. Allobrox, what a name !

OCTAVIAN. Anicius.

ANTONY. Ha !
 Name of a wine, dear boy ; a rare old wine.
 I'll broach a bottle—oh, by the way, you'll dine with me
 to-night, won't you ?

OCTAVIAN. With pleasure. Annius. Bad. Antistius.
 POLLIO. Which ?
 Lucius is guilty ; Quintus innocent.

ANTONY. Nick Lucius. Heigh-ho, what a lot of A's there
 are ! The beauty of proscription is that it enacts itself.
 Instead of being at the trouble and expense to prick a
 villain's veins, you prick a hole against his name on a
 clean sheet of foolscap ; that marks him a public enemy,
 in whose case killing is no murder ; and then you simply
 hand the paper on to a few soldiers. Who's next ?
 Antonius ; that's—Hullo ! why, that's my uncle ! Lucius
 Antonius ; yes, of course ; well, that is rum, now, isn't
 it ? Ha-ha-ha !

OCTAVIAN. We prick him, don't we ?

ANTONY. Not so fast, young man.
 No, you can't have him.
Maecenas shows Octavian papers.

OCTAVIAN. We have papers here
 Proving your uncle a most dangerous man.

ANTONY. I don't care a damn how dangerous he is, he's my
 uncle, and you can't have him, so that's flat. Humph !
 whose *uncle* is all this about, eh ? Why, I don't even
 know yet whether I'm his heir or not !

OCTAVIAN. Aurelius.

MAECENAS. No.

ANTONY. The idea !

OCTAVIAN. Pass these back.
*Both lists of A's are passed back to soldiers, two of
 whom exeunt with them.*

Brutus.

ANTONY. Brutus ? Well, prick his name, for form's sake ;
 as for the thing itself, when we get over to Macedonia
 next spring, *we'll* puncture him !

OCTAVIAN. Calvus.

ANTONY. Where are you, boy ? What ? Calvus ? Hum.
 Not half so bald, I'll bet, as Caesar was.

OCTAVIAN. Casca ; that's one of them ; that's a murderer.
 Cassius.

ANTONY. Form's sake again. Oh ! Ah !
Gets up and strides about ; all stare at him.
 Oh ! Oh !
Resumes his seat.

Look here, young Caesar ; now crops up a name
 Over which you and I may quarrel, lad ;
 The name of Marcus Tullius Cicero !
*Octavian gets up, comes slowly forward, and looks ugly ;
 triumphant certainly, but not nice.*

Now, look you here, my man ; just listen to reason.
 I know *exactly* what you're feeling like this moment.
 Yes, yes, he got you your Commission, and all that ; I
 know, I know ; I can see, even from behind here, how
 your heart is beating ; but there, no matter. At times
 like this, I tell you, we mayn't think only of ourselves.
 We've got to be accommodating ; in plain language, you
 must give me Cicero. I'd do the same for you, I would ;
 I'd give you anybody your heart was set on.

OCTAVIAN (*hoarsely*). Lucius—Antonius.

ANTONY. What ? Oh. By Jove, yes ; I'd forgotten him.
 That's got me rather. Will I swop uncle for your
 Cicero ? Hum. Dreadful stubborn beggar, Lucius is ;
 good-humoured though, at bottom. Haw. Quod quidem
 cuius temperantiae fuit, de Marco Antonio querentem,
 abstinere maledicto ? . . . Sed stuporem hominis, vel
 dicam pecudis, attendite ! . . . O incredibilem audaciam !
 O impudentiam praedicandam ! I'll give you Lucius.
 Send someone after those two men to tell them.

OCTAVIAN. Let Cicero be proscribed. Next ? Cincius.

ANTONY. Yah ! There ! No more Philippics *now*, my lad ;
 what was the last one ? The fourteenth ? Ha ! What's
 that ? Sorry, Cincius ? Oh, *he's* all right.

OCTAVIAN. Pass Cincius. Cinna ; proscribe.

ANTONY. He-he ! Hodie non descendit Marcus Tullius.
 Cur ? Dat poenam in lectulo. Which Cinna ? Cinna
 the poet ? *He's* all right.

POLLIO. No, sir, the other Cinna ; one of the conspirators.

ANTONY. A greater sinner? All right; prick him. O polysyllabitate hominis intolerabilem! What? Cotta? He's all right.

OCTAVIAN (*to Maecenas*). I doubt that; but I'll bring it up again. Curtius was cleared, I think.

ANTONY. Pass Curtius. No more henceforth of Marcus Tullius, eh? Excessit!

OCTAVIAN. Dolabella—pass.

ANTONY. Evasit!

OCTAVIAN. Egnatius—pass.

ANTONY. Erupit! Ha-ha-ha! Oh, by the way. Good Heavens!

I had almost forgot the sleeping partner.
That's pressing business; we must get him shelved,
Or he may plague us with vast idiocies.
Break off this needlework; we'll resume it presently;
Jab Eg to Pal or Pap before we dine.
Let all the rest retire; fetch Lepidus.

Exeunt all except Antony and Octavian.

OCTAVIAN. Why did you not pay me all my legacy?

ANTONY (*taken aback*). What? Legacy? I? Come; well; I was at Mutina

When you arrived in Rome.

OCTAVIAN. Your agents, then.

ANTONY. Not all the sum was yours; the claims were endless,
Some State, some private; and to finance these wars
I took for Caesar out of Caesar; something
Remains; 'tis due you; you shall have it to-night.

OCTAVIAN. At your convenience.

ANTONY (*aside*). Damn him! I was not
Prepared for that. Look here—

Octavian indicates the door.

'Tis Lepidus.

Leave this to me, lad; I'll inflate him nicely,
Then up he soars to sail the skies for ever.

Enter Lepidus.

Lepidus, this hour and more your colleagues here
Have been debating of your qualities,
How they may now be placed to best advantage
Both of yourself and Rome. Your modesty,

We partly feared, might cause you to decline
The chief pontificate; in which event the State
Must be the loser.

LEPIDUS. I am a man, no more.

ANTONY. Oh, come.

LEPIDUS. But what mere flesh can execute,
Your generous trust and large opinion of me
To justify, such onerous post to fill,
And spiritual responsibilities
Adequately discharge, shall not be wanting.
In plain terms, I accept.

ANTONY. We're grateful to you.

Had you not better haste at once to Rome?

Ho there! Aides-de-camp! Show the High Priest out.

Enter aides-de-camp and exeunt with Lepidus.

(I hadn't thought of it, but he'll make a good High Priest.)

He thinks himself the top dog of us all,

And 'tis our cue to keep him thinking it.

Bright thought, I'll off and bear him company

To the bridgehead; back this instant.

Exit Antony.

OCTAVIAN. I have some humour, though I never jest;

And I see ten times what men think I do.

This is a vastly different man from me.

Generous—perhaps—or by comparison;

Rough, easy, somewhat gross; able—so far.

I have learned something from that Cicero;

Yet I'm not blighted like a greensick girl.

I partly like the creature; and I'll deal with him

Honestly—oh yes, to this new trust I'll fly;

Henceforth I pin my faith on Antony.

CURTAIN.

SCENE VII.—*Macedonia; field of Philippi.*

Enter Cassius and a soothsayer.

CASSIUS. Now, soothsayer, for that dream I told you of.

Oh, here's the doctor.

Enter a doctor.

DOCTOR.

You do not look well, sir.

CASSIUS. Nothing in your line, doctor, nothing in your line.

DOCTOR. More's in our line than most men recognise
Even of our own profession.

CASSIUS. D'ye deal in dreams ?

DOCTOR. They may be symptomatic on occasion.

CASSIUS. I'll tell my trouble to you. I murder Caesar.

DOCTOR. Murder him ?

CASSIUS. Nightly ; and cannot get him dead.
I stand alone in a dim Senate-house ;
All's bright without, but here the blinds are drawn ;
'Tis filled with dusty whispers. The flabby corpse
Shivers like a jelly to my stabs ; I steal
Forth to some dinner at a friend's ; he tells me
Caesar's expected there ; and sure enough
He comes.

SOOTHSAYER. Ghostlike ?

CASSIUS. Oh no ; young, strong, and keen.
The shame I feel—well, that's the horror of it.
Soothsayer, interpret this.

SOOTHSAYER. Caesar's successor
Will yet avenge him on you.

CASSIUS. The doctor now ;
Diagnose this my dream.

DOCTOR. Dreams are conditioned, sir,
Therefore indicative ; they can speak to us
Of selves we know not, in strange imagery.
That whispering Senate-house presents your soul ;
Caesar is something in your conscience, sir,
Which you have tried at many times to kill,
But cannot ; 'tis divine.

CASSIUS. What must I do
To rid this nightmare from me ?

DOCTOR. Do you think
Of Caesar's murder much in the broad day ?

CASSIUS. Never ; my business ousts it utterly.

DOCTOR. Then, sir, you must, to strain it from your dreams.
If you could think it had been partly crime—
Do you not feel, it might be half a crime ?

CASSIUS. I could, and it would wreck my generalship.

DOCTOR. So will bad sleep.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER. Sir, here's the enemy.
Their outposts tip that hill.

CASSIUS. Who's leading them ?

OFFICER. Mark Antony and young Caesar.

CASSIUS. There again.
My time is come, I see. Where's Brutus ?
Enter Brutus.

BRUTUS. Here.
They cannot beat us ; 'tis impossible.
This mountain's at our back ; and there's the sea ;
To right, Philippi's heights, a lake before them ;
Why, we're impregnable !

CASSIUS. Ay, ay ; immortal too.
We'll sit for ever with both flanks protected,
Feasting like the high gods. I'll join you presently.
Exit Brutus.

Brutus has proved it to me ; I'm a fool.
Well, doctor, I will try your cure.

DOCTOR. That's right.
You'll find you will not dream that dream to-night.
Exeunt Cassius and doctor.

SOOTHSAYER. 'Twas true ; he will not.

SCENE VIII.—*Philippi ; another part of the field.*
Enter a captain of Brutus' army, with sergeant and soldiers, running.

CAPTAIN. On, gallant comrades, on ! (*Aside*). This is an awful p-p-pickle ! *

SERGEANT. You'll excuse me, sir, but I don't think the enemy are in that direction.

CAPTAIN. I sincerely hope not.
Enter a corporal.

CORPORAL. Enemy ahead in large numbers, sir.

CAPTAIN. There, I was quite right. Stand, stand, my hearts !
We won't b-b-budge—eh, shall we, sergeant ? We're surrounded, you see ; what should we do ?

SERGEANT. Run for it ; d'ye see that hill ?

CAPTAIN. See ? My dear f-f-fellow, how often have I told you I can't *ever* see more than thirteen yards ahead.

* The stammer is natural ; not funk.

CORPORAL. They're coming, sir.

CAPTAIN. Ahem! I should think you p-p-people over there had better hold your shields up, or something. Thank you, sergeant; I'm so sorry I dropped mine; I certainly never m-m-meant to; I *really* m-m-meant to drop my sword, you know, but somehow or other in my f-f-fluster—I say, you don't think, by any chance, it would be p-p-proper for us to surrender, do you?

SERGEANT. Well, sir, as things are, and Brutus and Cassius being both dead, I hardly see that you can do much else.

CAPTAIN. I'm so glad! Don't alarm yourself, my dear sir; if you'd like me to surrender I'm quite ready to.

Enter Asinius Pollio with his men, and surrounds the party.

POLLIO. I must ask your name and rank, sir.

CAPTAIN. Quintus Horatius f-f-Flaccus is my name,
And b-b-Brutus wangled me a captaincy;
I once wrote p-p-poetry b-b-before the war.

POLLIO. March them behind there. Here's another handful.

Exeunt, some to rear with prisoners, the rest forward.

Enter Octavian, Agrippa, Maecenas, and their soldiers.

OCTAVIAN. I ne'er sought victory but for moral ends,
And I dare use it in my uncle's way.
I will be gentle now. Justice is done,
And what now calls the victors' overplus,
Mutely beseeching Antony and myself,
Is Julius Caesar's interrupted work.
Let History start again.

MAECENAS. Joys should be dashed
With some slight cross to ensure them pungency.

OCTAVIAN. That's a new note for you; this means bad news.

MAECENAS. Trifling; young Sextus Pompey.

OCTAVIAN. These four years,
Under scant pretext of Republicanism,
He has ranged the seas in bare-faced piracy,
Not unremarked.

MAECENAS. He now, beneath your nose,
Plots to detach your colleague; offers Antony
Fleets, if he'd break with you; but, bound for the East,
That amorous arm acts a more generous gesture,
And flings me these. (*Showing letters*).

OCTAVIAN. O born diplomatist,
He's genuine; you're unjust. But I'll attach
This roving malcontent; for, look, Maecenas;
His was a vastly different case; he never
Murdered my father, but maintains the cause,
Albeit misguided, that his own once died in.
Here is the cure; my friend Scribonius calls
This Pompey nephew; he has a sister, whom
I have seen some twice; 'tis time I married now.
Scribonia's hand shall crown Earth's amity.

MAECENAS (*aside to Agrippa*). Oh, this will never do, she's
twice his age.—

Do you love her?

OCTAVIAN (*astonished*). No!

MAECENAS. Take care, then: pirate's aunts
May sink your heart yet.

OCTAVIAN. Heart? My heart is Rome's;
What should a woman do with it? No, I'm determined.
'Twill be a gracious epilogue to sore strife.

Enter a Postman and gives letters to Maecenas.

MAECENAS. Fresh mails from Rome.

OCTAVIAN. Read them, Maecenas, for me.
Now, good Agrippa, give me your best mind;
First, as to the prisoners—

Confabulates.

MAECENAS. O!—No.—But I must.
Octavian; your good mother—

OCTAVIAN. Oh, God forgive me!
I had almost forgot I have a mother.
How fares the dear sweet soul? By Heaven, Maecenas
'Tis but this hour I taste my victory,
When I reflect how soon I'll see my mother.
Why stare you? She's not ill, I hope?

MAECENAS. No, well;
But not in this world.

Octavian turns his back, and withdraws a little.

OCTAVIAN (*returning*). Oh, this rebukes me!
She has been without my duty these two years,
The last of her kind life; Caesar, thy legacy

Was heavily mortgaged ! Come, set on for Rome ;
All shall find peace there ; all but one, a home.

Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—*Italian coast near Formiæ ; a wood.*

Enter Cicero, borne in a litter by four Slaves, and Overseer with whip ; all five servants are wearing bludgeons in their bells.

CICERO. Faster, you dogs ! God help me ! Faster !

OVERSEER. Stop !

Two minutes pause.

Slaves set him down, lie flat and pant. Cicero bursts into tears.

CICERO. He has betrayed me ! I knew he would.

OVERSEER. Come, sir, be a man ; can't you see the poor brutes are bursting nearly ?

CICERO. I can't see anything for sweat and tears. My hair's all dusty.

OVERSEER. If I hadn't stopped them now, there's two of them 'd 'a' dropped dead in the next yard or so. Come boys, one more half-mile, and there's the pinnacle. *(Three slaves get up)*. Up, damn you ! *(He whips the fourth)*. Ah, too late for him then. I'll take it.

SLAVES. O Sir, whip, whip ; it helps us.

OVERSEER. All right ; two front, one back ; get on.

He whips them ; they run on.

CICERO *(suddenly)*. Stop ! Take me back ! Rome ! Back to Rome ! Stop ! Stop !

Exeunt.

Enter from back, two Murderers.

1ST MURDERER. Good, here's a dead slave. Hush, they're near.

2ND MURDERER. See there.

Shreds on a thorn ; there's blood too ; quick, this way.

Exeunt in wrong direction.

Re-enter Cicero walking, followed by two Slaves and Overseer.

SLAVES. Sir ! O sir !

CICERO. Not a step further.

SLAVES. For *our* sakes, then.

CICERO. Take ship yourselves ; I quit you ; you've served well.

My destination's Rome.

OVERSEER. I give it up.

CICERO. On foot ; I'll manage it ; I'll just rest a little.

Sits down on a fallen tree-trunk.

Good-bye, good-bye.

OVERSEER. I can do nothing with him.

CICERO. You have starved me too. Give me some bread,

I pray ;

May not an old man eat even ?

Overseer gives him a piece of bread out of a wallet. He eats one mouthful and then drops it, bursling into tears again and burying his face in his hands.

Oh, cruel, cruel !

I, man, 'twas I, gained for him all he's got ;

His earliest friend was Marcus Cicero ;

Jobbed his first office for him !

OVERSEER. For whose ends ?

CICERO. And here's the thanks I'm due for it ! Ah, the pup !

Ah, the pert, pipe-nosed, upstart whippersnapper !

Pooh ! what's the harm he'll do me ? The raw boy !

Am I not Cicero ? Ah, I'm sixty-three !

That's it ; I'm sixty-three ; oh dear !

Weeps again.

OVERSEER. Well, and what of it ?

What's sixty-three ?

CICERO. Thou slave !

The year itself was sixty-three, that I

Saved the Republic ; something warned me then

When I was sixty-three, I'd die for it.

Come then, how's best ? What most consorts with me ?

I should be reading ; where's Euripides ?

Overseer gives him a Euripides from the wallet.

That's right. *Medea* ; some appropriate place.

There : ἄρτι γιγνώσκεις τόδε,

ὥς πᾶς τις αὐτὸν τοῦ πέλας μᾶλλον φιλεῖ ;

Here, man ; this is the page, see, when all's done,

Where you must find it open ; and report,

Mind, that I took it calmly.

Pretends to read.

Re-enter 2nd Murderer at back, creeps past unseen by all and Exit.

Slaves detect 1st Murderer in distance, and point him out to Overseer.

OVERSEER. They're come, sir.

CICERO. O! Run with me, run!

They lift him up and run with him. Re-enter 2nd Murderer.

2ND MURDERER. Stop there!

CICERO. Why, there's the first of them, and he's mere man.
Come, put me down, friends.

SLAVES & OVERSEER. We'll defend you, sir.

Re-enter 1st Murderer at other wing.

CICERO. See, there's another; the wood's thick with them.

No! I forbid you; 'tis my last command.

I may be Cicero, but I'm a Roman;

Think not your master knows not how to die.

Take ship to Sextus Pompey; fight for him;

Serve me no more, but serve my memory.

Exeunt Slaves and Overseer.

(To 1st Murderer).

Come, dog, you know these features; quick, and be done with it.

1ST MURDERER. His hair's matted; I can't do it.

2ND MURDERER. Strike from behind then.

Take that—from Antony.

1st Murderer moves round behind him.

CICERO. Bad; but not fatal.

1ST MURDERER. That, from Octavian.

CICERO. Ah! that's plucked the heart.

Falls dead.

1st Murderer runs out at once.

2ND MURDERER. The head, the head, man! Antony's wife! He's gone.

There's a reward up for the head and hands.

I dare not do it alone; I'll fetch him back.

Exit 2nd Murderer.

Re-enter Overseer.

OVERSEER. Sixty-three slain by twenty! The forum's king,
Last generation's idol, Cato's hope,
Gossip and guest of half a ghostly hundred
Old-fashioned famous Romans long since dead,
Spiked by a schoolboy! While I breathe I'll hug you,
Ye that would plague triumvirs yet; for here
Lies a great man, for all his weaknesses,
Which I could love him with, while yet I saw;
Since never yet was any Roman like him,
Nor ever will be more. Where are these hinds?
Here's the Republic; we must bury him.

Exit.

Re-enter the two Murderers, drag Cicero's body behind a bush, cut off the head and hands, bundle them into a bag, and exeunt.

Re-enter the Overseer followed by the two Slaves; he looks for the body, finds it, starts back, and rushes forward covering his face with one hand and thrusting back the other. Then similarly the Slaves.

Tableau of the dead Slave, the bread and Euripides near the tree-trunk, and the horrified survivors.

CURTAIN.

End of Act II.

A. Y. C.

[NOTE.—The whole play being too long for publication in *The Eagle* it has been decided to conclude with the present instalment, which completes Act II., these first two Acts having a certain degree of unity. Slight excisions have been made, chiefly in Scenes II. and VI.]

THE GADFLIES.

ANYONE who looks backward over the social life of the College during the past three or four years will admit that its activities have been poor in nothing so much as in its organised societies. In spite of the efforts made at various times by the officers of the Musical and Debating Societies to popularise their meetings no visible increase of attendance has resulted, and membership lists show much the same figures from Term to Term. The Wordsworth Society and the Shakespeare Society have somehow ceased to exist, and though The Crickets and a few private clubs of very limited membership continue to meet, and one club, even more exclusive, bearing the name of an unforgotten foundress of the College, flourishes in the remembrance of at least four of its life-members who are still in residence, there was, until *The Gadflies* held their first meeting, no live Society that the present generation of Johnians could hand to its successors. Such Societies as we have cater for particular interests, for the musicians or the dialecticians, and even for an uncertain number of interested listeners. But some Society was necessary which would unify, or at least incorporate, all interests, providing by the way a *raison d'être* for *A* to meet with *B*, *B* with *C*, and all three with *Q* and *L*; even with *X* if might be, and under conditions of ease and freedom. With this object in view an all-night session of the organisers resulted in the inaugural meeting of *The Gadflies* in Lecture Room V. on Thursday, November 17th, at 8.30 p.m., attended by upwards of a hundred members.

Mr H. H.-S. Hartley announced the election of officers after a brief sketch of the ideas leading to the formation of the Society. The proposed officers were elected without opposition, their term of office to last until the end of the Lent Term, 1922 :

President—H. H.-S. Hartley. Secretary—E. L. Davison. Committee—D. D. Arundell, A. H. Bliss, G. C. Woods-Brown, C. A. Francis, G. S. McIntyre, M. T. Sampson.

Membership of the Society without subscription was a greatness thrust upon every member of the College. The President proposed the following motion :

“That Sport has destroyed the glory Art and Learning gave to Cambridge”.

He was appropriately equipped with a brown velvet smoking-jacket, and wore a huge pink bow-tie and black tortoiseshell spectacles. His appearance was applauded with considerable vigour. Mr Hartley held himself up as an example to the rest of the College. He had once been a scholar and he had done very well in his examinations. He mourned the slow and insidious intrusion of sport into the realms of learning. The two glories of Cambridge had been (1) its great scholars, of whom he cited interminable instances; and (2) the sufferings of those who had striven after learning. The second glory led Mr Hartley to babble in anecdote; St John's during his father's time had consisted of Fellows and Scholars only—all other members were outsiders. This led him to speak of St Richard of Chichester, and after much delightful irrelevance he returned to games “for the sake of games”, the professional spirit, the waste of time, the canker and the worm that gnaws. He referred to himself as the only member of the College who worked his full twelve-hour day; and betrayed to the Society the secrets of his strength to resist the temptations of sin and sloth—sin into which his weaker brethren so easily fell. Why should the wearer of a piece of blue ribbon be considered superior to those who wore none? The worship of brute force affected the Dons and even influenced examiners. How else had a certain friend of his passed the Economics Special? He then apologised for rowing and its deleterious effect on the English language. He called upon the College Authorities to forbid Sport at St John's.

Mr E. L. Davison (Secretary) opposed the motion. He accused the proposer of hypocrisy and insincerity, and was indignant that the Society should have tolerated such a speech from its President. He contrasted the physique and the mentality of the proposer with those of the captain of the boats, comparing one to congealed droppings of the

midnight oil and characterising the other as a "clean-limbed, square-shouldered, high-minded, and pure-eyed young English athlete". He asked for particulars of the glory which the proposer said had been destroyed by sport. He referred to theologians and knock-kneed poets, also to the attire of the proposer, who (he said) was an intellectual aesthete, hating everything beautiful and good—woman, drink, and sport. He shewed how sport had added to the glory of learning and art (such as it was) by reading from the original MS. an early ballad, *The Bedmaker's Daughter*, which intrigued the house :

"It was the bedmaker's daughter
Sat by her mither's knee ;
'O I will marry a Rowing Blue
With the locks o' goud', said she".

The only things sport had destroyed were things inglorious—round shoulders, weak knees, flabby muscles, and inferior physique. The best type of man combines all three interests—sport, art, and learning. He advised the proposer to take sport seriously instead of poring over his books night after night, and asked if he had ever heard of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, of which he gave some particulars. Had the proposer ever participated in a "rag", or stood on the snowpath up to his feet in tow? After more admonition he concluded with a passionate plea for the extermination of the intelligensia.

Mr A. Carnegie Brown, for the motion, found flaws in the previous speech. The effect of sport on its devotees was abominable. All sportsmen were drunkards, he said; and he quoted the statistics of drink consumed during the training of the University crews. Rugby was a brutal game, consisting largely of kicking men who were not looking. The annual Rugby Dinner was a scandalous proceeding that kept the Dean out of his bed all night and prevented him from ministering to his flock. Men came to Cambridge to take first-class degrees and not to train for futile games. They should learn to coach one another for tripos work and not for the mere end of winning a boat race.

Mr D. D. Arundell did not address the Chair, and objected to the President's unkind interruption. He wore a many-

coloured blazer, and his vocabulary was inadequate for debating purposes. Also he mispronounced the names of several classical authors to whom he referred. He brought a number of borrowed books to the debate, and quoted from an Encyclopaedia definitions of football and cricket. The first was a game played with a round or spherical ball in the open air; the second a genus of insects. The open air led him to refer to Theocritus, whose poems, he said, had been written in the open air. Bach was more famous for his thirty-two children than because he had composed music. He quoted from *Who's Who* the recreations of a famous living author and urged that the need of Cambridge was for men who will swim in the Cam.

Mr Woods-Brown related an incident of the preceding day when, as he returned from an exhibition of pictures, he had been disturbed by a smell of gas and many wearers of red jackets, whom he took to be hunting-men. He referred to a "bresh of freth air", and to the Dean's feeling about banjos.

Mr S. McIntyre also spoke for the motion, saying that, for those who like himself were not scholars and were working hard to pass a Special, it was very disturbing to have for neighbour a ping-pong player. The College rules insist that music must cease at 9 p.m., but there is no rule to prevent ping-pong being played all night long, as it often is. He had recently heard bag-pipes and a tin-whistle. Mr McIntyre was unfortunately ambiguous towards the end of a very amusing speech.

Mr Baker spoke for the motion. Last year's hockey festival had destroyed the lock of a piano by means of a provoking fork. Wine had been spilled on the piano to the annoyance of our chief musician, with whom he sympathised. Another piano had been violated by members of the Soccer team at another sports dinner. Its owner, who was about to compose a Sonata in B minor, was prevented by the incident.

Mr Dunlop praised the proposer's clothes, which sportsmen should try to imitate; and Mr T. C. Young, amid cries of question, asserted that he had brains and could not descend to the level of the debate. He enumerated the

various triposes in which he had taken honours and also those which he intended to take. The grip of sport was deadly. There was a secret club in the College which met to spot winners. This spotting acuteness should be diverted into channels of work.

Mr C. A. Francis confessed to the President that he felt shy, but wished to defend sport. With considerable self-diffidence he told the house of his development. His parents had both died many years before his birth, since when he had been delicate. Up to the age of fourteen he could only walk sideways and it had been necessary to part his hair in the middle. He had been precluded from playing dangerous games like golf, but an aunt at Highgate had taught him the back-handed-thumb-twister at tiddley-winks. He advised the intellectual proposers of the motion to learn the back-handed-thumb-twister. Mr Francis was deliciously intimate and made one of the best speeches of the evening.

Mr Greaves was shocked at the support given by previous speakers to the highbrows. Ping-pong he described as the backbone of the British Nation. He gave details of the game which was played with a spherical disc. He recommended ping-pong as an antidote for intellectual poison.

At this juncture Mr F. Lawe asked Mr T. C. Young, with permission of the President, "What is a winner?" which provoked the immediate and very loudly-applauded response "There is no such thing".

Mr Potter was astonished that the motion had not been taken seriously. Many dons, he said, ruined their physical capacity by too brisk play at chess. They took too much violent running exercise in the passages of the University Library, and payed too little attention to their books.

Mr Pieris protested against music and musicians, and referred to conversation on B sharp and look natural. He was very uncomplimentary to choral scholars and asked for jazz bands. Rowing, he said, had made him what he was.

Mr Dynes. Think what sport has done! None but the intellectual members of the house were wearing spectacles. The sportsman will not let any man carry his bag. He makes furniture for his rooms and clothes for his back. Sport has made him too practical.

On a division there voted for the motion 45, against the motion 25. The motion was therefore carried by 20 votes.

Future meetings of The Gadflies will be held twice or thrice in each Term. The next meeting will take the form of a Smoking Concert, when the programme will consist largely of items from Gilbert and Sullivan. There was a poor attendance of Freshmen at the debate. It is hoped that they will be present at future meetings of The Gadflies.

THE EAGLE.

June, 1922.

COMMEMORATION SERMON.

Preached in the College Chapel on the third Sunday after Easter May 7, 1922, by the Most Rev. H. LOWTHER CLARKE, D.D., formerly Archbishop of Melbourne.

"I have considered the days of old and the years that are passed".

—PSALM lxxvii. 5.

THIS is what one of the Psalmists did when, lying on a bed of sickness, he had begun to despair of health, and to yield himself to depression. The study of history was recommended by Bishop Lightfoot as "the best antidote for a drooping spirit". As once more then we commemorate the Benefactors of our College, I invite you to look at something of its past history, and so to gather hope and courage to meet the continually changing conditions of University and College life in an age fruitful beyond many others in witnessing changes and demanding new adaptations of old institutions.

In 1911 St John's commemorated the 400th anniversary of its foundation, and the volume then presented to some of its members tells in outline the proud story of its achievements.

But the University was an ancient body when St John's came into existence. The first beginnings of Cambridge as a seat of learning are discoverable in the 12th century, and the first College was founded in 1284. When the monastic system first flourished in the 12th and 13th centuries, people looked to the monasteries for education or to the Episcopal Palaces as homes of learning where the Bishops gathered round them promising pupils and encouraged their studies.

So long as a halo of romance gathered round the heads of monks and abbots, endowments and privileges poured in upon them, and it was not until dissatisfaction with these arose

that other plans of educating the youth of England were tried. Our two ancient Universities were founded each on the banks of a river, but without much consideration for the natural beauties of the country around. In their origin they were seats of learning with little consideration for the comfort or well-being of the students. Only the love of learning and the desire to reach the positions it opened out could have induced men to undergo the hardships and privations involved. We cannot understand the history of our University until we realise that the College system was an afterthought necessitated by the inhuman conditions under which the students lived. The Universities in Australia offer to-day an exact parallel. The States founded and endowed them with powers of teaching, examining, and granting degrees, but without any provision for the daily life of the members. The State made grants of land, generally of ten acres, to four different sections of the Church, and left to these the task of building and maintaining the Colleges. The College system as such has not only justified its existence but become the most powerful accompaniment of University life. The man who gives three or four full years to College life enters into the traditions and life of the University to a degree impossible for the student whose only connection is his daily visits to the lecture-room, and whose personal interests are given to other things. Further, his memories of University life are filled with College friendships and abiding affections impossible for one whose sole record of University days is the right to attach the letters of a degree to his name. When the College system began to be established at Cambridge, it grew in the course of time into such commanding influence as to obscure the older conception of a University; and in the memory of some of us now living the chief, if not the only, idea of Cambridge was our own College, with its triumphs and traditions, which we welcomed as if they were our own. The members who in every generation, by industry and worth in whatever calling of life, win renown for the College, are not unnoticed in these Halls, and are amongst its truest benefactors.

I say nothing about the rivalries of Colleges in games, sports, and the Schools, excepting that within becoming limits

they are altogether excellent. I have derived too much pleasure in Church life, London life, and in distant Australia from the comradeship of men, who have at once recognised our common interests in our College, to disparage this welcome enrichment of life. It is far preferable to the churlish nature of those who are always deprecating their own home, University, and country, and whose small natures can discover nothing worthy of admiration except in the unknown, and in what they see elsewhere.

As we pass from the limited outlook of College days, wider horizons open out. We learn to value men for their gifts and attainments, no matter where they have been educated, and yet the impress of the three short years here is persistent and abiding, and we find it lingering in the memory as an unforgotten experience. Those of you who are responsible for College and University life to-day find yourselves confronted with questions new and yet old. How to maintain your position and prestige in national life. I am sure that the proudest tradition in the life of St John's will not be forgotten, and the College will still aim at offering a home and assistance to men of natural ability who are willing to work and to fit themselves for the strenuous conflict of serving their generation and winning fame for themselves.

These times of crisis, which are also days of judgment, are occurring in all life, and therefore in the history of public institutions. When I entered St John's in 1870 many of the older members feared its days of glory were over under the removal of old regulations. If you want an earlier view of Cambridge in the 18th century read the autobiography of Richard Watson, Regius Professor of Divinity and Bishop of Llandaff, who, living in Westmorland, performed the duties of the former office by deputy and left those of the latter undone. You may be moved to scorn or indignation, but if you are wise this will be tempered by the reflection that each generation has a keen eye for the deficiencies and limitations of its predecessors, and that "*vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*".

As we are commemorating to-day the benefactors of the College, we turn naturally to thoughts of those who have helped to make the College what it is—to Lady Margaret of blessed memory, and to the goodly band of men and women

who have given of their substance that we might enjoy educational advantages. I could wish that without any reserve the present needs of the College should be made known to its members, both those resident and those non-resident. When I entered in 1870 this Chapel, recently consecrated, was brilliant in its newness. I notice that some of the external stonework, after more than fifty years, needs repairs. Surely there are those willing to see that this is repaired before further injury is done. The general buildings of the College when in need of improvement are a fitting object of appeal to men who love the College, and who will help to maintain their loved home in efficiency. This is a day of great generosity, in spite of heavy taxation, or perhaps it may be said partly in consequence of it; but institutions which do not state their needs are forgotten by the side of those less reserved and more importunate.

Will you allow me to state the position of one College Chapel in the newer Universities in Australia? The Church of England College Chapel in Melbourne, like this Chapel, is the costliest and finest of the College buildings. It has been built by private gifts, and it plays its part in the College life, nor are its services ignored by the young Australian students.

In the days when I was an undergraduate this Chapel was filled to overflowing with worshippers every Sunday evening, and these stalls were occupied by men such as Professors Kennedy, William Selwyn, John Mayor, and E. H. Palmer, whose presence excited in our hearts a feeling of pride in the College and in our own share in it.

The recently-published report of the Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge should be read by every member of the University, especially the historical survey and the conditions upon which additional help is asked for the University. It shews that the University, apart from the Colleges, cannot perform its duties to the students without increased State aid. No one wishes to reduce in numbers the membership of the University, or to remunerate the teachers inadequately, and the general principle to-day is to provide the best teaching as part of a national equipment.

Our own University has an honourable record of adaptation of its work to new demands, and, above everything else, it is

essential that the remuneration and pensions of the highest teachers should make it possible for the best of them to serve their own University, and not to seek work elsewhere because in Cambridge this is imperfectly paid.

All this points to the reasonableness of the recommendations of the Commission, and there is, I hope, little doubt that they will be adopted. The report is opposed to any public grant being made to the Colleges or Public Hostels, and I feel that every member of our College will agree in the wisdom of this decision. There is grave objection to the acceptance of State aid by the Colleges, which throughout their history have been private institutions with rules and regulations of their own. The report rightly says: "If once the principle of helping Colleges is admitted by the State, an endless vista of questions will be opened out as to what are the proper claims and what should be the proper size or function of each of these societies". It might be added that such aid would sooner or later involve the sacrifice of the right to govern the College without outside assistance. At the same time the resources of the Colleges are now taxed by the share they have to take in University obligation, and therefore the endowment of University teachers and research will indirectly help the Colleges.

But if the Colleges are to be left with their present powers and responsibilities because they are private foundations, their needs must no longer be concealed under the impression that they are too dignified institutions to seek for help.

The report, in referring to the question of private benefactions and acknowledging those of the past, attributes their paucity in our generation to "the relative indifference of our countrymen to the value of education".

I am disposed to assign this, in part at least, to something else. The report refers to the large sums given to Universities in America, and this not only by men of wealth but by those of moderate means. I can offer a parallel on a small scale from my own experience in Melbourne. A sum of £60,000 was raised two or three years ago for our Church of England University College, and a scheme of enlargement, equipment, and endowment, involving a quarter of a million, has been put before the Church and members of the University.

The response is made because the need is openly declared, and no other work commended itself more unreservedly to some men of wealth and to past members of the College. In England in the past we have most of us thought of our College as possessing unlimited wealth, and quite free from the anxieties of "*res augusta domi*". We have associated it in our minds with Scholarships and Exhibitions for deserving students, with Fellowships and Endowments, with comfort and abundant leisure for study, but least of all with inability to meet all the demands upon its resources. If there has been indifference it has been due as much to these things as to any undervaluing of education.

Besides, the cost of a University course has become a deterrent in many hundreds of homes which would gladly provide this for their sons. The safe remedy is to see that young men who will profit by this are not excluded, and for this purpose more and more valuable Scholarships are needed. If all this were definitely stated, and help invited for specific purposes, my hope is there would be a response worthy of the traditions of the College. The confession must be freely made that past-endowments have broken down under the strain of modern needs. Amid the multiplicity of appeals which reach us, all care will have to be taken to confine the limits within which this is made, and to approach only members of the College.

I wish to add something upon the rapidly changing conditions in the older openings for University men. No College has more freely sent its men abroad than has St John's, and to-day its members hold honoured position in Church and State in most of the Dominions beyond the seas. These avenues are being closed, save in exceptional cases, where men are needed for special positions. The local Universities are producing their own men, and the spirit of nationhood is demanding that these should be preferred. It is still open to a young man to go out to Australia—say with a view of giving his life to the country—and becoming in the truest sense a citizen of it; but he must take his place side by side with local competitors, and he will find these are educated, for most of the practical purposes of life, as well as himself, and as resolved as he is to win position and recognition in the struggle to live.

The Indian Civil Service is being increasingly administered by those native born, and the man of English birth is warned off from Scotland and Ireland, while no such restrictions are placed in England upon those born in these lands.

Two professions are to-day asking for University men: (1) the teaching profession, (2) the ministry of the Church, both of them amongst the noblest of all careers, but each demanding special qualifications in its members.

I do not wish to abuse my privilege to-day by making myself the agent of those English Bishops who are seeking men for Holy Orders, but I do say to the younger members of the College: "What deters you from following the examples of the many who in the past generations made this College conspicuous for its contributions to the ministry of the Church?"

Looking at the ministry purely as a profession, it is full of opportunities of service for every type of gift and character, nor are its rewards inconsiderable for those who earn them. To say that some fail to make progress is to say no more than what happens in every profession. Barristers fail. Medical men drop out of the race for pre-eminence. Naval and military officers prove themselves unfitted for high office, and in every department of life the prominent and successful are determined by the testing powers of experience. The Church generally asks for University men in the ministry, and the whole community welcomes them as such. The newly-organised life of the Church in England, which is approximating to what some of us have known abroad, will afford better opportunities of adequate remuneration and the selection of men by merit only. Hence we can look with confidence to the future of men now entering the ministry. Like every other of the greater professions, it is a vocation—*i.e.* a man's heart must be in his task, and by patient learning of his duties he must make himself so useful that the Church seeks him out for office, and not he the office or preferment.

THE LODGER.

1.

AS it was Saturday Mr Ridgy did not get up very early. He was still young and had not yet got into bad habits : also on this particular day he had no business to see to.

Looking gloomily out of his window into the backyard he saw Mrs Sprike, his landlady. She was not prepossessing and the yard was dirty. Bits of old paper and tins lay scattered about there. A repugnance filled him as he looked. Without reason he hated the woman for being plain.

2.

"Don't you trouble", he said cheerily, "I'll finish this off for you. I am fond of chopping wood when I have nothing else to do. I expect you would like to be busy with other things. We must help each other sometimes, you know".

When Mr Ridgy had finished his self-imposed altruism he gathered up the sticks into a neat pile and stuck the chopper firmly into the block. Then it occurred to him that it must be nearly time to get ready for going into London. He was due to lunch with a friend—a companion of clerk days, who would bring his rather nice sister. Perhaps they would all go on to a *matinée* somewhere.

Indeed, if Mr Ridgy's business was not keeping him in this miserable neighbourhood, he would now have been living in town. It was an abominable nuisance, he thought, to be so far away from the centre of life. The trains were dirty and slow, and he was forced to travel up by them.

Inside the house sat Mr Sprike. A retired bricklayer is not expected to be industrious or even civil. Mr Sprike came up to the standard. He was not a jovial mate. He had married his second wife to look after him in his old age. His demeanour suggested that the experiment had not been an unqualified success.

3.

As Mr Ridgy passed him on his way through the kitchen he ventured, "A dull day, Mr Sprike. Do you expect rain?" But his remark was ignored.

He could not find his back stud. Then his tie somehow went wrong. Opening a draw too hastily caused a tumbler to fall. He spent sometime picking up bits of glass. And then he was forced to put a piece of sticking-plaster on his finger.

Mr Ridgy felt that he would be inevitably late. He always was just late. He ran all the way to the station. There was nothing which was more hateful to him than rush and hurry. Yet Mr Ridgy was now in a mad, tearing hurry. He always was : he could not tell why. He knew that the entire pleasure of the occasion would be lost. If he had not chopped that confounded wood all would have gone smoothly. Everything had gone wrong because of the ugly woman.

4.

"Oh, here you are at last : so glad to see you, old thing. Yes. Oh, no. Fearfully sorry she couldn't. No. Had to go to see her aunt off. Still, never mind, we'll be all right on our own, won't we?"

Mr Ridgy listened to his friend ; but he did not look at him.

"All right", he said, "we will go to the 'Coq d'Argent' for lunch. It is cheap there, and a good meal".

5.

They sat smoking over their coffee. In the far corner of the room a young man talked earnestly to a young woman. She wore a pearl necklace ; but she was beautiful in spite of it. It came to Mr Ridgy that he knew very few nice young women. This was a unique position, he felt, for a quite pleasant young man.

He looked at his companion, who was studying the newspaper. Everything was all wrong. He hated his landlady more than ever.

It was dark, and a drizzle of rain made streets shine. Lamp-posts gleamed feebly upon the muffled figures passing beneath them. The play had been dull. His friend was a bore. Now he again was proceeding to the hateful lodgings.

The key fitted badly in the latch. He tried to force it and he failed. As he wiped his boots Mrs Sprike came up, with a face beaming all over.

"I do 'ope as you 'ad a good time, sir".

An unconvincing reply in the affirmative followed.

"Do you know, sir—'ave you seen my old man?"

"Well?"

"He's been

And 'e did all my shopping. It is the first time 'e done it since we was new married. 'We must all help each other', 'e says, that what 'e says; yes, sir, as he 'eard you say, sir, we must all help each other".

"Well, I'm very glad, Mrs Sprike; very glad. Good-night".

"Good-night. Here's your candle, sir, case you want it".

But Mr Ridgy did not feel very glad. He went up the creaky stairs to bed. He read a little. Then he snuffed out his candle and went to sleep.

AUGUSTUS.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

(Continued from *The Eagle*, Vol. xlii. No. 185.)

Synopsis of Acts. *Act I.* Julius Caesar.—*Act II.* Cicero.—*Act III.* The Triumvir.—*Act IV.* Reconstruction.—*Act V.* The Heritage.

ACT III.—THE TRIUMVIR.

SCENE I.—*A room in Maecenas' house. Virgil reading to Maecenas.*

VIRGIL. Who hath believed our report?

MAECENAS. Who indeed?

VIRGIL. And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

MAECENAS. To tell you the truth, my dear Virgil, I don't *want* them to. Announce that you're going to introduce the millennium, and you put everybody's back up. The whole idea of this thing is that it should be done quietly. If the war I hope for between our two very ill-assorted triumvirs ever happens, and supposing that Octavian wins, the last thing I'll want is to proclaim him Emperor with a flourish of trumpets. That's been done time after time already in the world's history, and then the moment you get a bad Emperor, down goes the whole system. No; we shall give them a new constitution—in point of fact a monarchy—but we'll disguise it to look just like the old Republic. Let's hear some more of your Jewish oracles.

VIRGIL. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.

MAECENAS. Well, it mayn't be very like sheep, that, but it's certainly applicable to the last hundred years or so of Roman history.

VIRGIL. And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was

bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon him——

MAECENAS. That's good ! Exactly. The chastisement of our peace.

VIRGIL. And with his stripes we are healed.

MAECENAS. Yes ; I've no doubt whoever takes on the job is going to have a strenuous time of it. But that isn't quite the sort of stuff I want for this new poem of yours. That's appropriate to *our* generation, Virgil, but it's to be hoped the next will find this world rather a better place ; or else what are you and I here for ? Now can't some of your Hebrew prophets raise a happier strain ? For example, now, weren't you telling me the other day they announced the reign of this universal peacemaker in language that reminded you of Hesiod's description of the Golden Age ? Let's have some of that for a change.

VIRGIL. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree. The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid ; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together ; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed ; their young ones shall lie down together ; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain ; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

MAECENAS. Why, man, that's the very thing you want. They've even got your "little child" in—the celestial babe you are to celebrate—of human parentage, you see, like their Messiah, but with divine blood in him—and the basis of his rule is *not* Force, according to the immemorial fallacy of governments, but Justice ; Justice tempered with Benevolence.

VIRGIL. Their prophets have much to that purpose.—For

unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given ; and the government shall be upon his shoulder ; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. And again:—And he shall reign as king ; and this is his name by which he shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness. And more remarkable still:—With righteousness shall he judge the poor, and decide with equity for the meek of the earth ; and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked ; and righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

MAECENAS. Justitia, Fides—Roman virtues. A touch or two, all along, of local colour, Virgil, my boy, and your poem's written. I could wish the mother were to be a somewhat more romantic figure than the aunt of the younger Pompey, and somewhat less of a—ahem, virago—than Scribonia ; but—well, an education of the sort that *he* will get . . . ! And of course there are plenty of *other* reasons why you mustn't be too explicit : if Antony's agents here were by any extraordinary chance to *understand* your poem, Virgil, oh, there'd be no end of a rumpus. And even I, you see, don't want a breach at present ; not *quite* yet. For one thing, I have to prepare Octavian for the idea ; and he, good man, takes the triumvirate *dreadfully* seriously ; the smallest rift distresses him. Well, good-bye ; you'll dine with me tomorrow ? Right.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Rome. A room in Octavian's palace.

Octavian and Maecenas transacting business.

MAECENAS. All of these various matters I'll see through.

Now tell me this : How fares Scribonia with you ?

OCTAVIAN. O, she's a Fury ; but she's pregnant, somehow.

'Twill be a dear-bought heir.

MAECENAS. A boy, you think.

OCTAVIAN. Heavens, if it be a girl, the day it's whelped

I will divorce her. But it will not be.

I'll tell you why, Maecenas :
 Either this Earth revolves too fast, or Man
 Evolves too slow. Two flickering years had spun
 When I drew breath again, the murderers punished ;
 Two years had Civilisation's wheel, that never
 Stays still, unwound ; two years had the world lagged.
 Now Caesar's blood is hushed, but Caesar's brain,
 By night and day, still calls me ; not to avenge,
 But to perpetuate ; Caesar's work is crying.
 Rome's empire's now the world ; her constitution there-
 fore

Must change accordingly : her vast tasks necessitate
 Speed, and humanity ; both demand one man ;
 Administration must be centralised,
 Order personified. All this to Antony
 Were folly, were it not tedium ; none but we, friend,
 Smell history's bent : if Antony die before me,
 I'll never fill his place up ! Two years back,
 A nobody, and—say ten years, twenty years
 Hence—not in name (mine is no personal aim)
 But in activity, Earth's administrator !
 —No ! Never that. Not I. Mine to prepare only :
 Mine to perfect the instrument, which to exercise
 Shall be a happier and a greater man's.
 For, mark you this, Maecenas :
 Herein have your Utopias ever erred,
 That they have dreamed the ultimate polity
 To be a rigid thing ; it must be fluid ;
 He who would stereotype would sterilise.
 It must be living, and who shall keep it so ?
 Senates ? committees ? councils ? bodies ? boards ?
 Jawbation, jobbery, jealousy and delay ;
 Pace of the pack's brains by the heaviest member.
 Fifty men paint a picture ? write a book ?
 Rule is like art, and must have character.
 Rome's heart of heart must beat. This is my principle :
 Use their deliberative assemblies, but
 Amass monopoly of the initiative.
 Keep their Republic ; it is a good machine ;
 ●But in a corner of it, like elf in bush,

Or germ in egg, perched on some lever-handle,
 While all the parts have functions, shapes, and names,
 The silent Spirit of it, I'll sit unseen,
 And, breathing, drive the whole. To attain which seat
 Since but to one is given, and since to acquire
 The sense thereof must take a lifetime's training,
 Who should succeed me must have learned beside me
 Since boyhood, as from Caesar I. Tradition
 There must be, and that personal. Therefore, it is
 That I desire a son ; ay, more, expect him.
 Tell Virgil to compose a poem on it.
 This child shall introduce a Golden Age ;
 He'll reap the harvest I with toil have sowed.

MAECENAS. So you had told me, and the poem's finished.
 Yet if it were a girl, why not be glad ?
 Women are half Life's sea ; the deeper half.
 History's but foam ; the most and happiest fish
 Swim under it all unseen.

OCTAVIAN. Talk not to me, man,
 As to some half-grown caked misogynist.
 Women are all born mothers, and it is
 A beautiful thing, our spiritual anchor-hold.
 In work, anomalies ; when laborious, dull ;
 Slapdash and slipshod else ; yet they must potter, too,
 With art, where all their bests are soulless stuff,
 Elephants a-tiptoe, mere accomplishment,
 Woeful the cleverer, since the wonder is,
 They do this, that were never meant to do it.

MAECENAS. Some would resent this.

OCTAVIAN. That's their ignorance.
 No woman yet knew when a job's half done.
 But for this business, I've another ground
 Why she must straightway be repudiated ;
 The State demands it. O Maecenas !
 That helmet I put on to avenge my father
 Feels heavier now than my poor head, and still
 The time compels me wear it. Wars in bed
 Bought me six months of peace at sea, but now
 Sextus is out again ; the bitterest thought
 Is, Who suborned him ? 'Twas Mark Antony.

MAECENAS. I cannot think 'tis so ; Pompey but seized
His just retention of the Peloponnese
For past-owed taxes, as a breach of treaty.

OCTAVIAN. No, I'm played false again ; his whole course
proves it.

Philippi won, Rome calls me ; the Orient him.
His long arm hits from Egypt even ; his brother,
Lucius, and worse, his wife, the man-boned Fulvia,
Boot, breech, and spurs, a horsed hermaphrodite,
Strident astride, stirs up the dregs of strife,
Ransacking Italy for thieves rakes and grumblers.
Not dispossessed alone, but farmers failed,
Soldiers at loose, war-hit small tradesmen,
Wastrels and rogues—all that bore life a grudge
Charged it on me. Two years did this drag on,
Ere I had crushed them at Perusia.

MAECENAS. Well, in the effect at least, that did you good.
Thenceforth you were supreme in Italy.

OCTAVIAN. There may be men so mad for power they're
willing

To grasp distinctions across blasted trusts,
And feel the mountainous waves of perfidy
Swirl them on shores of greatness. I'm not one of them,
And at his endless treacheries I feel sore.
Is it not enough he will not lift a finger
To stir an inch the imperial task wherein
Julius himself could just keep pace with time
And we stand two years in default of Julius,
But he must bar me from his half of duty
And clog me in my own ! Eggs on his agents here
To queer each liberal and enlightened measure.
Truth is, Maecenas, this divided office
Preys on my patience. I would have had us split
Not government, but the governed ; bisect Earth,
And let him take the West with Rome in it
(As being the senior he must choose), ay, let me
Live a mere Nabob till Mark Antony dies,
So I can operate where at least I am.
Better than crabbed and hampered even in Rome,
East and a free field, yes a thousand times !

Lot me the stoniest patch, and I will till it,
Rather than thrive to see my labours dulled
And stultified by a collaborator ;
It makes me live an enemy to my soul.
So, with all this, what wonder if such dreams
As I can sink in while Scribonia scolds
Are all turned Pompeys and false Antonys.

MAECENAS. Well, for your bed, I tried to save you from it.
You made it : I can help you there no more.
But for your dreams, hear how I'll exorcise
Both, nor commit you. First, there's Antony ;
True, he's intriguing ; but I'll fix a conference
With his agents at Brundisium, and smooth all.
Young Pompey next ; well, there's new come to Rome
A partisan of his father's, once close friend,
Submitted now, though till your general amnesty
Adviser to this youth—oh, what's his name ?
He married Livia, Drusus' daughter there—
That's it ! Tiberius. An old man—

OCTAVIAN. I know him.
He has asked me twenty times to dine with him.
Mild humorous crony.

MAECENAS. Yes, but his cook's good.
Unbend, unbend ; come, make an evening of it.
That's what you want, you know. Tut, there's a
messenger.

Enter a Servant.

OCTAVIAN. One of my footmen ; find his business for me.
*Maecenas goes over and talks quietly with Servant, then
puts his hands up in a gesture of surprise.*

MAECENAS. Octavian ! you're a father.

OCTAVIAN. No, no, it cannot be.
Two months yet.

SERVANT. O sir, it was the gardener, sir.

OCTAVIAN. *The gardener !*

SERVANT. O, she walloped him ; O poor man !

OCTAVIAN. This tale rings true ; let's hear the rest of it.

SERVANT. And, in conclusion, falls in such a rage—
It was the rage, sir, not the exertion, sir,
That brought it on—well, sir, the baby's born.

MAECENAS. Alive.

OCTAVIAN. O kicking certainly. Well, is he fat enough?
Will he pull through?

SERVANT. Who, sir?

OCTAVIAN. The baby, doorpost.

SERVANT. Sir, it's a girl.

OCTAVIAN. Fetch me that paper there.

Writes.

Take that to Lepidus, the High Priest.

Exit Servant.

'Tis done. I have divorced her.

Still, I will own this piddler; I'll go look at it.

Exit Octavian.

MAECENAS. Poor soul, he's harried horribly this last year.

I did not think either the race or Rome

Nurtured a creature of a powerfuller will

Than our Octavian; but there's one, his wife.

I knew 'twould be a girl; 'twas boy he wanted.

I am quite sure 'twas she that married him;

He's never been himself since that same day.

Some men are helpless but for a free field:

At every point she throws him out of gear.

So this divorce I am thankful for; even then,

I piled and piled to stem her nuptial spate

But she o'erswelled me; now there's hope again

We may respire him. For the dame herself,

She's one whom even my mildness as pure hag

Might safely categorise. Well, I must fix this dinner.

Writes.

"Tiberius—greeting—" Ha! What was that rumour

Of his wife—that he now seeks to put her from him

In the easy Roman way—no fault of hers,

But he needs new alliances. Oh, if only—

Why, 'tis the very thing! Ah, poor Maecenas!

Had I first choice—but no, two gentle souls

United, were superfluous; neither used.

He needs her; tender handling gives him scope.

Now, should he take to her, I'll encourage it—

Alas! She's still with child: well, we must wait.

Writes. CURTAIN.

SCENE III.—*Brundisium; a room in the Town Hall.*

Octavian and Maecenas in conference with Antony and Pollio.

ANTONY. The world grows dull: dynamic principles

Long since, we know, the constellated night

Has been reduced to; now the old Earth, in course

Of warlike factors cancelled this by that—

Convergent forces and resultant blows—

Coalescent vortices of civil hate—

Works out at last quite mathematically,

And is displayed here as a vast ellipse,

One focus Alexandria, t'other Rome;

We two from these to radiate government,

All that now tasks us being the choice of seats.

Well, come along.

Navy, navy, nick, naked,

Which hand will ye take?

Eastern or Western: say.

OCTAVIAN.

You are the senior.

POLLIO (*aside*). Now, if he'd play the man, I'd still be faithful.

But so besotted is he with the wiles

Of his dark paramour the Egyptian Queen,

High-nurtured Cleopatra—

ANTONY.

Suppose I say

I'll take this Eastern half?

OCTAVIAN.

I'm left the Western.

Antony looks closely at him.

Have we any business else?

ANTONY.

No, none, I think.

OCTAVIAN. I beg to assure you of my firm regard

And loyal co-operation, sir, in all.

ANTONY. Right ho, my lad.

Exeunt Octavian and Maecenas.

POLLIO.

How could you, sir?

ANTONY.

What?

POLLIO.

Let him

Fob off on you the rotten end of the orange

And sweatier empire?

ANTONY.

Fob? I chose it, man.

POLLIO. Beg pardon, sir ; then there's no more to say.

ANTONY. Tut !—Pshaw !—Look here, Pollio, you don't understand ; I tell you I wasn't forgetting that aspect of it ; I watched him narrowly all the while. If he'd turned pale or got excited, I'd have changed hands in no time. But he never moved a muscle ; "that leaves me the Western half", says he : the tail guest at a dinner-party would have shown more emotion helping himself to the last chop. Oh, I know him, Pollio ; I've had lots of dealings with him. Absolutely immense capacity, of course ; but cold. A formal youth ; no fire in him ; and where there is no fire, Pollio, there *cannot* be ambition. Oh, don't you worry.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A hall in the house of Tiberius.
All along the back is a passage, at a slightly higher level
than the floor of the hall ; some steps lead up to it,
in the middle.*

Enter Licinius and Caepio.

LICINIUS. Energy ? Capacity ? Initiative ? My dear Caepio, I'll go so far, if you like, as to call him a born ruler, if ever there was one. But what I remember is, that men are fallible. I would not have a company in which I held shares managed by one director ; so neither will I have my country governed by one man.

CAEPIO. But it isn't.

LICINIUS. But it will be. Their commission of three was only two in reality, and those two are so different in temperament they'll never agree. Which wins, then ? The harder worker, and that's this boy.

CAEPIO. Well, if you're so sure of that, why don't you attack him now at once ?

LICINIUS. Because even if we succeeded we'd only get Antony instead of him, and that would be worse. No ; keep the peace, allow them to grow jealous of each other ; give them a free field to do each other the maximum of damage ; and even after that, let this man rule alone some years, and so grow confident and tyrannous ; and *then* when we knife him we destroy this damned dictatorship for good and all, and restore a true Republic.

CAEPIO. Men are fallible, you say ; well, and are not institutions ?

LICINIUS. Not in the same way ; not so dangerously. Personality or System, Caepio ; Feeling or Reason ; every man has to make up his mind in this life to be governed by one or other. If you believe that human nature contains more of good than evil, why then, choose out your hero and good-bye to you. But if you are what *I* take you for, a man of mature mind, come along, throw in your lot with us. The Machine is *my* god, anyway ; and the more soulless the better ; I've seen enough soul, thank you. Better that all men everywhere should lead a uniform life than that any man should be in a position to exercise his own will more than the majority. When was Ambition anything but the cloak of Egotism ; consciously or unconsciously is all the same.

CAEPIO. You do not believe in such a thing as love, then ?—in the broad sense, I mean.

LICINIUS. Love ? Well. Do you see who's coming along the passage there ? That's my half-sister, Terentia. She is *not* like me. She does not care for causes ; she cares for cats. Cats, Caepio ; and very soon it will be men ; indeed, it is already, I've noticed it. Nor, within decent limits, does it very much matter *which* man ; she'll set her cap at anyone with some address and a fine leg. Well, *I* believe, in all affairs of life, that Instinct should be made the slave of Reason ; and I'm going to *use* my sister. Some day yet, you'll see the result. In the meantime, leave me to manage this ; I'll follow you.

(Exit Caepio.)

Terentia ! *(Enter Terentia.)* One word ; the young Triumvir, Octavian, is to be the guest of honour here to-night. He has divorced his wife, you know. He had a fancy for you once.

TERENTIA. Oh, go along, silly ! And anyway, he isn't a patch on his young secretary.

LICINIUS. Bah, you're a fool. *(Goes off ; then aside.)* His secretary ? Maecenas ! Well, that would do.

(Exit.)

Terentia sits at a table and plays at throwing dice.

Enter at back Tiberius.

TIBERIUS. Bless my soul, here they are already Ah, good morning, my dear—at least, I mean good evening. Ahem, yes. Just amuse yourself for a moment, will you? Fact is, I'm not very well just now; sinking sensation in pit of stomach, yes; I think I'll just go and lie down awhile until dinner's ready.

Exit.

Enter Octavian and Maecenas.

OCTAVIAN. Leaving all business to subordinates! Living in open scandal with a native princess! Even rioting in public, if report speaks true; and in any case, carving up the ancient provinces of the Roman People to round off new kingdoms for the half-caste offspring of himself and this Cleopatra! No, apparently I'm not the kind of man that gets loyal colleagues. It seems to be my destiny to be deceived. First there was Cicero; look how I trusted him; threw myself on his honour. And now it's Antony. You know how openly I've dealt with him all along; you know—

MAECENAS. I know one thing, my dear Tavy, and that is that I'm not going to listen to another word of politics from this moment.

OCTAVIAN (*flushing*). Maecenas!

MAECENAS. Well, you know what I told you. If you can relax *some* time you'll have a break-down, that's all.—Now look here, just be sensible; there's Terentia, your youthful flame; go and flirt with her.

OCTAVIAN. Flirt! I'll . . . Ha-ha-ha! Right you are, old man, I will, then. Bless you, Maecenas, you're always right.

Hullo! Terentia! Well, well, well—ahem. Haven't seen *you*, I believe, for—oh, I don't know how long. Ahem. Did you have a good time at the Carnival?

TERENTIA. Rather. In the morning we went to a play; it was thrilling.

OCTAVIAN. Oh. Euripides?

TERENTIA. What?

OCTAVIAN. Was it a Euripides?

TERENTIA. Oh, an author, do you mean? I haven't the remotest notion. But the young Aesopus was in the principal part. Oh, he's wonderful! And then—but of course, just when he'd got to the most exciting moment, where he stabs his mother or something—you know—well, we had to rush away to get our seats for the chariot-races. *Not* the gladiators, thank you, not for me; horrible beastly things. And we just got there in time, too. All my family was backing red; except Licinius, of course, he never goes; but I was for the whites, and I was jolly glad I was too, when I saw the horses, the loveliest things!—you can't imagine. I can't think why they were beaten, have you any idea?

OCTAVIAN. I have it! (*Going to Maecenas*). I see it now; it's flashed on me suddenly.

MAECENAS. What has?

OCTAVIAN. Antony's naval policy.

MAECENAS. Bah! Ha-ha-ha! You can't do it. (*To Terentia*). He's no good, is he? Ha-ha-ha!

Enter Tiberius.

OCTAVIAN. Now I know what Tiberius must propose to Sextus for me.

He talks to Tiberius, while Maecenas flirts with Terentia.

Maecenas!

Maecenas makes a wry face to Terentia; she nods and Exit.

TIBERIUS. I see, young man, I see. I'm fairly intelligent, you know, though I may *look* a fool. Well now, if you two don't mind entertaining yourselves for a bit, I'll just sit down and write that letter straight away, before dinner's ready. Fact is—

(*Enter Livia at back, with one attendant; they sit down and sew. Octavian sees them.*)

—fact is, anything like that after dinner gives me a most disagreeable sensation *here*; exactly as if my stomach were full of rope-knots; do you ever have it?—no I suppose not at your age. Well, well.

Sits down at a table and writes.

OCTAVIAN. Maecenas, who's that?

MAECENAS. That?

Alas, for all soft-hearted folks like me, That's his young wife.

OCTAVIAN. Pregnant, by Heaven's pure sun !
 Gods, what a grace goes with her ! O, but there,
 Maecenas,
 Moves my affinity.

MAECENAS. That cannot be.
 You are imperative, domineering, proud.
 Livia, if sometimes she may get her way,
 'Tis for her sweetness' sake, none can resist.
 You are severe, cold, cautious, critical.
 Livia's the very spirit of gentleness,
 Loves where she pities, pities where she loves ;
 Trusting at every point, and not by halves,
 Wins on suspicion easier than her breath.
 Save for fine natures both—O, never tell me
 She who moves there is your affinity.

OCTAVIAN. But I will tell you. Love creates alone.
 Love lends endurance. They that cure the world
 Take on themselves its heaviness. I am great—
 With child, of empire, order, government,
 Which three shall pacify and unite the earth.
 Caesar I loved, and bear him posthumously
 The issues of his hope. Half Livia's beauty
 Comes of her burden, as my greatness does.
 Therefore I call her my affinity.

MAECENAS (*aside*). Excellent sophistry ; as if there were no
 other expectant mothers.

OCTAVIAN. Do you not see, Maecenas ? Now I know
 What women feel like in their pregnancies ;
 When I too, now and sometimes, peak and pine,
 And feel myself too faint for the live hopes
 That swell so near my heart-strings.

TIBERIUS (*to himself*). This is the stuff to work young
 Pompey ; if I'm any judge.

OCTAVIAN. Maecenas, go to her ; speak in my name.
 Tell her, a man that has been Fortune's slave ;
 That sadly soars in unwished solitude,
 And never finds dominion compensate
 For the misanthropy which is its price ;
 That o'er the neck of this or that lost faith
 Miserably rises in being put upon,

And is deceived to greatness annually ;
 Tell her, a man that is without a friend,
 Commends himself—to her. If she can keep
 A trust exceeding men's, I see no breast
 That I more gladly would repose it in.

TIBERIUS (*to himself*). Heigh-ho ! I hope we shall get
 some dinner soon.

MAECENAS. Lady, I speak in young Octavian's name.
 A man, he says, that has been Fortune's slave ;
 That sadly soars in unwished solitude,
 And never finds dominion compensate
 For the misanthropy which is its price ;
 That o'er the neck of this or that lost faith
 Miserably rises in being put upon,
 And is deceived to greatness annually ;
 A man (he says) that is without a friend,
 Commends himself—to you. If you can keep
 A trust exceeding men's, he sees no breast
 That he more gladly would repose it in.

TIBERIUS. Those capons will be overdone, I know they will.
 M'ph ! (*sniffing*) m'ph ! I'm certain I can smell *something*
 burning.

LIVIA. Alas, how came you to betray him, sir ?

MAECENAS. Betray him ? I ?

LIVIA. Well, are you not his friend ?

MAECENAS. Oh, I have been his faithful friend so long
 That he forgets to count me ; I am reckoned
 But as an instinct of him.

LIVIA. Does he treat
 His instincts kindly ?

MAECENAS (*after a pause*). He is his own good friend.

LIVIA. Say to him, then, that helpless Livia's heart
 Is not her own to give even. I was wed,
 At fifteen years, to kind Tiberius ;—

TIBERIUS (*sneezing*). Achoosh !

LIVIA. And though I knew not quite what love might mean—
 For, I may say to you, this was a match
 Made, not in Heaven, but by my father, sir—
 Yet have I borne one child since, and love *him* ;
 And I will always be his mother, say.

Take that to him for whom you spoke to me ;
And if he still say that he has no friend,
Ask if he never looked into your eyes.

TIBERIUS (*to the company, without turning*). My cook is a
Syracusan, I believe that's why ; he's good, I think you'll
find, but slow ; too slow.

MAECENAS. Sir, I'm bid say that helpless Livia's heart
Is not her own to give even. She was wed,
At fifteen years, to—old Tiberius ;—

TIBERIUS. Oh, come, I say, this is getting past a joke. Here !
Beckons to slave, who enters, then exit as with a message.

MAECENAS. And though she knew not quite what love might
mean—

For, she made plain to me, this was a match
Made, not in Heaven, but by her father, sir—
Yet has she borne one child since, and loves him ;
And she will always be his mother.

OCTAVIAN (*eagerly*). Well ?

MAECENAS. And, for your friendlessness—well, she made bold
To disbelieve it ; she declared to me
No man that looked into your face could doubt
You must have those that serve you loyally.

OCTAVIAN. That's noble of her ! Oh, that rings true, rings
true ;

Go, good Maecenas, go to her again,
And tell her this ; this, word for word, deliver—

Enter Davus, the Butler.

DAVUS. Dinner is ready, sir.

Enter various other Guests.

TIBERIUS. Thank goodness ! I don't believe I could have
stood it a moment longer. Why it is I can't say, for
I had a big lunch ; but I was beginning to feel an awful
vacuity in my stomach ; just here.

DAVUS. There, sir ? Why, that's your heart, sir, not your
stomach. I hope there's nothing wrong ?

TIBERIUS. Ah, Davy, Davy, at my age the stomach is only
too apt to interfere with the heart's action. (*Turning to the
company*). I say, I do hope you haven't all been dread-
fully bored ; I'm awfully sorry.

Octavian hands Livia down the steps

MAECENAS. Oh, don't apologise. We have plenty to think
about these days, Heaven knows.

TIBERIUS. Ah yes, by the way ; just read this over at the
dessert, if you don't mind, and tell me whether it meets
your views.

Exeunt Omnes.

Pass and repass Waiters with trays.

1ST WAITER. Buck up there with the bloody vegetables ;
can't wait all night, you know.

2ND WAITER. I say, have you seen young Caesar with my
mistress ? Ooh !

Exeunt.

*Re-enter suddenly Tiberius, serviette in hand, but agitated,
with a half-eaten apple ; marches distractedly across ;
returns to where he can see Octavian, and stands glaring
at the prospect ; then stamps his foot ; then fiercely flaps
his serviette.*

All very well, I said I'd divorce her ; but I'm not ready
yet.

Suddenly starts wildly.

No, I won't have it ; I've made up my mind. I'll get
her well enough provided for, all in good time. Here
they come, young devils.

Re-enter Octavian and Maecenas.

OCTAVIAN. There were my hope-earned harbour, my heart's
home ;

Had I but her, filled be my life with toil,
Numbered each eve by the day's work-wrung groan,
The love-winged soul—unheard, unfelt, what matters ?—
Inside the breast for freedom's sake should sing !

MAECENAS. Ahem.

Worthy Tiberius, it grows late, we find,
But ere our leave-taking, take leave to say
We count you much to be felicitated
On the possession of so sweet a wife.

TIBERIUS. Thank you ; good-night.

OCTAVIAN. The rhythm I breathe to, she !

MAECENAS. Should you some day feel bound to put her
from you,

From all solicitude for her next home
We would ourselves relieve you.

TIBERIUS. O, do not think of it.
Good-night.

MAECENAS. Forgive my mentioning that ; but rumour, sir,
Herein as oft, it may be, premature,
Re-marries you next month ; if that were so—

TIBERIUS. Yes, yes, I know ; but—(to Octavian) well, you
see, young man, this is so sudden.

OCTAVIAN. No suddener than my love ; but that's imperative.

TIBERIUS. Good Heavens, man, will you take her now, or
shall I send her round to you next morning ? I'm sorry
I'm so short-handed just at present.

OCTAVIAN. Stand not on ceremony ; I'll take her now.

TIBERIUS (wiping his forehead). Er-ha ! Here, you, just step
upstairs and ask your mistress to come down a moment.
(Exit Attendant.)

He can't marry her yet, you know ; she's expecting
her confinement in three months ; the law don't allow it.

MAECENAS. Excepting under a dispensation from the High
Priest ; and that's Lepidus.

TIBERIUS. Well, well, " you have my consent, young man " !
Writes.

Re-enter Livia, with one Attendant ; then Terentia.

Livia my dear, you will remember what
I had told you lately ; now provision's found.
This paper, lodged with the pontifices,
Declares our marriage thenceforth null and void.

Here is Octavian for you ; you've been a good wife,
And I rejoice to leave you so well settled.

—She weeps at every change ; but soon gets used to it.

OCTAVIAN. Bear up, sweet soul ; no Roman husband I.

Your children both for your dear sake I'll cherish.
Your state I reverence ; and though I may not more
Than kiss your pillow yet, you'll sleep at least
Under my care ; what were my best wish other ?

LIVIA. If this be truth you speak, all mine is yours.

Forgive these drops ; even on life's thorns, I fear,
I leave some shreds of me, when I'm torn thence.

Her maid puts a cloak over her.

TIBERIUS. There, there (to Octavian). And when you're
married and all, come here sometimes and dine with us,
won't you ?—with me, I mean. And—er—bring your
wife ; bring your wife. (Aside to Livia) I say, Livia,
that's a perfect devil of a young man, that is ; you keep
your own end up, my girl, for God's sake !

Exit Tiberius.

OCTAVIAN. This is my very good friend Maecenas, whom
you must now know better. Ah, Maecenas, you ought
to get married ; it would do you good. But there, I'm
afraid you never will ; you're not the sort, somehow.

MAECENAS. My dear Tavy, I quite realise the advantages,
but as yet I'm in no hurry ; in the long run—well, I'll
make no rash prophecies ; but if I *should* end my days
without a helpmeet, I strongly suspect it will turn out to
have been all your fault !—eh ? Ha-ha-ha ! Good luck
to both of you.

Exit Octavian, Livia, and Maid.

H'm ! The complacency of these engaged couples !
Telling me I'd never marry !

TERENTIA. Yes, just like his cheek, isn't it ?

MAECENAS (starting). Hey ?—Just like yours, I fancy.

TERENTIA. Of course you don't marry. Why should you ?
You've never been in love.

MAECENAS. O, haven't I just ! That's all the difficulty.
I'm never out of it.

TERENTIA. But just can't get the length of a proposal,
somehow ?

MAECENAS. I get to the brink of it about three times a year.

TERENTIA. Well, all you want is a bit more courage.

MAECENAS. O that's not it, it's my tender-heartedness. Just
at the last moment, somehow, all at once I can't help
thinking of the other ones—d'you see ?—and then I feel
so sorry for them. I can't bear the idea of their having
to—to fall back on someone else.

TERENTIA. Yes, I see ; poor Metella.

MAECENAS. Hey ? What do *you* know about Metella, I
wonder.

TERENTIA. O, nothing to what *you* do. Only she's coming
along the passage there.

MAECENAS (*startling back*). The devil she is.

TERENTIA. Now look here do be sensible; you'll never have a better chance.

MAECENAS. Well, what shall I do?

TERENTIA. Just go right up to her and—(*whispers*). And most of all, whatever you do, mind you don't remember anything about—mind you don't remember anything about me!

Runs out in opposite direction.

Maecenas walks hesitatingly, and with several stoppages, towards Metella.

MAECENAS (*suddenly, his hand to his mouth*). I say! (*turning*) I say, Terentia!

Runs out after her.

Re-enter at back Tiberius.

TIBERIUS. The more I begin to think about it, the sicker I feel. Damn him! Damn him for ever!

Sees his left-off apple suddenly, and resumes it.

CURTAIN.

SCENE V.—*A street in Rome. Expectant crowd.*

SEVERAL. Can you see them?—Don't push behind there.—They won't come out for ages yet.

Enter 1st Citizen.

1ST CITIZEN. What's all this about?

2ND CITIZEN. Don't you know? Maecenas' marriage.

1ST CITIZEN. Goodbye. (*Turning at wing*). There are some things I'd stay to see; but not a marriage.

2ND CITIZEN. Oh well, but such a marriage.

1ST CITIZEN. Bah, it's all the same. I suppose an Etruscan millionaire gets married for the same reason as a Roman labourer, eh?

2ND CITIZEN. Reason? And what may that be, then?

1ST CITIZEN. What may it be! Well. Come. What is it?

3RD CITIZEN. Not a bit. There are as many reasons for getting married as there are men that marry.

2ND CITIZEN. No, you must multiply by two, to get in the women's reasons.

4TH CITIZEN. And even then you won't have got it; no man marries for one motive only.

1ST CITIZEN. Good-bye.

Exil.

CROWD. Here they come, here they come! Hurray!

Enter Maecenas and Terentia and wedding train. General jubilation and throwing of roses. Enter an Attache.

ATTACHE. Maecenas! Is Maecenas there?

MAECENAS. Here, friend.

ATTACHE. Letter from the Triumvir, sir; and urgent.

Exeunt all but Maecenas, Attache, Terentia, and one Bridesmaid.

MAECENAS. Tell the Triumvir that I shall start in half an hour. (*Exil Attache*). Terentia. (*Exil Bridesmaid*).

Fresh trouble has broken out with Antony; I have to meet his agents at Brundisium.

TERENTIA. O, Cilnius, how perfectly disgusting! Do you mean you'll be off in a few days?

MAECENAS. Days? Jupiter! I'll start at once.

TERENTIA. Cilnius! No! Not—not before to-night?

MAECENAS. Terentia; are you a Roman wife?

And is it your nation, or your womanhood,
That you care less for than for the idlest toys?

Go; bid your servant pack my necessities.

As she moves off in a pet, he walks after her and puts his hand on her shoulder. She looks round pouting.

There; be good, now; I don't know that I *really* think—quite what I said. But—well, it's a convenient view to take at present. I'll be back in a fortnight.

Exil Terentia.

H'm. Damn. I must take some entertaining person. Let's see—ah! there goes the very man. Horace! I say, Horace! Not so fast. I'm for Brundisium in half an hour; I want you with me.—Eh? Appointment?—What appointment? Oh, *that* sort of an appointment; well, you must put her off, that's all.—My dear Horace, it isn't done; you must, you know; come along, get ready.

Exil.

WORDSWORTH'S TREE.

THE tennis courts are threadbare and all but deserted. Everyone has gone down; but the Backs are still open. I can't find the tree there that Wordsworth made such a fuss about. The cuckoo's voice is broken. The wilderness is weedy. There's a gardener and a don inside—it reminds me of Curiosities, photographs of strange friendships; a dog and a cock sharing a kennel, or a cat and a butterfly playing amicably together. Anything reminds me of anything, I can't stop the wheels of my mind, but they are out of my control in any case. That's the clock that strikes the hours with male and female voice. There's a story about it, they say; for there are stories about everything queer in Cambridge. I never heard the story, and I can't remember it. I can't find the tree, I don't want to find the tree, I'm only just looking for it, and shouldn't get any satisfaction out of finding it. But a man must do something; the tennis courts are threadbare. Everyone has gone down.

How hot porters must be. Why don't they wear some other kind of clothes and hats in summer? Striped holiday suits in pale grey and panamas—it would be a distinguished costume. A young lady is painting a picture of New Court. It is quite sad to think of her disillusionment. I feel sorry about it. Isn't life rotten? I sit down and cross my legs on the grass quite near to her and repeat my observation. She wears a paintbrush between her teeth and paints fiercely at the sky. I peep at her picture. Words fail me for a while. I didn't realise how ugly New Court is. She begins with a full brush upon the grass in her picture. I wonder if she can tell me which tree it was that Wordsworth made such a fuss about. I ask gently. But it is useless. I point out to her how threadbare the tennis courts are; while Trinity strikes the quarter. I try my best. I tell her about the don and the gardener. At last she packs up her paintbox and hurries away. I see her speaking to the porter. He lifts his hot hat when she goes. Then he goes. I still sit on. I am wondering whether it is the elm-tree by the east end of the courts. I am more or less lost in wonder.

Now there are two porters at the gate looking across at me; one is much bigger than the other. It is very kind of them to come across and talk to me. I ask the big one about the tree, but he says he doesn't know. *He* would look nice in flannels and a panama—or perhaps yachting clothes. They look quite sadly at me; how sympathetic porters are. I think they are trying to find the tree for me. Or are they going to the wilderness? I forget all about porters. I am considering the possibilities of the other trees. I am rather inclined to give the vote to that one opposite the bridge. Now the porters are coming back, and the don is with them. I expect they went to ask him about the tree. He seems quite a good don. I like men with white hair, they are generally so benevolent. I get up to speak to him, and tell him about the tree. He doesn't seem to know as much as the porters did about it. I can see the gardener dodging behind the trees of the avenue. Perhaps it is one of those trees. It wasn't fair of Wordsworth to choose a tree in an avenue to make a fuss about. The don says something to the small porter and he goes away quickly. I wish he wouldn't hurry so, I'm sure he feels too hot to hurry. The don is very kind, he is trying to help to find the tree. The big porter looks quite sorry still. I wish for his sake that we could find the tree, then he could tell other people when they asked him—Americans and people of an enquiring turn of mind. The small porter is coming back with another kind-faced man. The don and the new man shake hands. They don't seem to be talking about trees. The don calls him Doctor. I wonder what he is a Doctor of—Philosophy, or something like that? How nice it would be if he had his red gown on. He is a very kind man, and takes me by the wrist while I explain about the tree to him. We are walking down the avenue. I point out that I don't think Wordsworth could have been so unfair. There is a taxi waiting by the gate. The Doctor says we will go and find Wordsworth and ask him. Why didn't I think of that before, I wonder. It will be jolly to see him and settle the question. We shall see him to-morrow. To-night we are staying in a big country house with lots of other people.

F. H. K.

THE UNDYING HEART.

Beyond all promise of dream and fancy of rhyme
Comes Love all dreams to excel, all rhymes to impart ;
Bear to abide for a while this desolate time,
Thine shall reward thee well, saith the undying heart.

Though risen again reborn in despite of stain
I shall be weary of words, a poet no more,
Unknowing, unknown, (I reply), unhappy again,
Remembering thee so beautiful once before.

E. L. D.

THE TWO SISTERS.

14—18 FEBRUARY, 1922.

**Opera
and
Cambridge.** IT is not easy to trace the beginning of operatic art in Cambridge. When Nicholas Staggins, who was to be our first Professor of Music, was created Mus.D. here by royal mandate, in 1682, he had already composed a dialogue for the second part of Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, which was produced in 1681. The dialogue begins 'How unhappy a lover am I', and is printed in J. S. Smith's *Musica Antiqua*. Maurice Greene, who was Professor from 1730 till 1755, wrote not only a dramatic pastoral, *Florimel or Love's Revenge*, in 1737, and a masque, *The Judgment of Hercules* (1740), but a pastoral opera, *Phoebe*, in 1748. John Randall, Professor 1755-99, as a boy had performed in Handel's *Esler* in 1732, taking the title *rôle*. This work, though not an opera, was performed on the stage with scenic effects, but without action. A half-way house, as it were. Monck-Mason attempted to secure Walmisley, who was Professor 1836-56, for English opera in 1830, but Walmisley decided to try his fortune in Cambridge, and was appointed organist at Trinity and St John's in 1833. Sterndale Bennett took the part of Cherubino in a performance of *Figaro* given by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music in the King's Theatre in 1830 when he was fourteen. His overtures to 'Parisina' and 'Naiades' and 'The Wood Nymphs' also point to the stage, though they are but concert-overtures. I know nothing of his music to the *Ajax* of Sophocles (op. 45). Macfarren's *Devil's Opera*, produced at the English Opera House in 1838, at once drew public attention; and he produced also an 'Emblematical Tribute on the Queen's Marriage' at Drury Lane (1840). In the same year he edited Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. He produced Mendelssohn's *Antigone* in 1845, and next year his

own opera of *Don Quixote* was successful at Drury Lane. In 1849 his opera of *Charles II.* was produced at the Princess's, and *Robin Hood* at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1860, *Jessy Lea* (1863), and three more operas in 1864! Several more are in manuscript.

Sir Charles Stanford has written several operas—*The Veiled Prophet* in 1881, *Savonarola* and *The Canterbury Pilgrims* in 1814, *Lorenza* (op. 55) in 1894 (not produced), *Shamus O'Brien* in 1896, an opera unnamed (op. 69) in 1898, and *Much Ado About Nothing* in 1900. *The Travelling Companion* was published by February, 1920. Dr Naylor's opera, *The Angelus*, was produced in 1909. We have Dr Rootham's *The Two Sisters* in 1922, and Dr Vaughan Williams's *Hugh the Rover* was to have a partial production this spring. Dr Charles Wood has completed an operetta based on *Pickwick*.

The production, by amateurs, of opera in Cambridge is a much shorter story. The production of Gluck's *Orpheus* in

Opera in Cambridge. May, 1890, deserves a fuller notice, for it is all but forgotten by the oldest inhabitants. After that nothing happened till the performance of *The Magic Flute* in December, 1911, followed by *The Faery Queen* in 1920 and *The Two Sisters* in 1922. It is not essential to chronicle here the professional performances given by travelling companies at the New Theatre since its opening in 1896, but it certainly is right to add to this list the series of operas produced by the Cambridge Amateur Opera Society since 1910, and the work of the Cambridge University Opera Society founded in 1920. Dr Rootham's opera is the first opera to be produced in Cambridge at its first performance.

'Sooner or later', says a recent writer on Debussy, 'at some epoch of their lives, most composers of note turn to opera as a means of expressing themselves'. To Dr Rootham the moment has now come. His opera has been long maturing,

and he may be congratulated on the result. **Dr Rootham's 'The Two Sisters.'** There were no mishaps. Everything that was wanted was forthcoming. In an informal speech at the end of the week the composer remarked that he had a unique experience for an English composer of our time: he had heard his own opera for six

consecutive performances. The words of *The Cambridge Review* may be recalled: 'Assisted by the devoted, hard-working company of Cambridge amateurs that he gathered about him, he has given Cambridge herself what is probably a "unique experience", namely, the opportunity of listening to an opera that owes little or nothing to the outside world, to a production for which Cambridge herself is responsible'.

It is not necessary here to enlarge upon the story of *The Two Sisters* and the sources from which the composer and the librettist drew their inspiration. Like Dohnanyi's opera, produced in March, Dr Rootham's opera is founded on a ballad. Mr Dennis Arundell wrote an admirable exposition of this, which appeared in the programme. Mrs Marjory Fausset's libretto has come in for a good deal of adverse criticism, in some of which the author herself would perhaps join. When Dr Rootham has written as many operas as Telemann, who wrote forty, we shall be able to tell to what extent the music was subservient to the words. To the present writer the most effective music was when the curtain of blood-red trees was down in the third Act; and in the dances of Act III. That is to say, the music was best when the ballad was out of the way. Act I. ended in gloom, but as *The Two Sisters* is a tragedy, how else could it end?

A word of praise may be permitted for the scenery of Mr Lionel Penrose. The evening scenery of Act I. was wholly successful, the success being largely enhanced by what Herrick calls the daffodil sky. That the sky remained daffodil in the first scene of Act III. which takes place, by contrast, in the morning was a technical mistake. Mr Penrose's second success was the adroit management of his river across the stage in the back cloth of Act II. The treatment of the trees was a mistake. In the last Act the colour scheme was again a success.

It remains to chronicle such members of the cast and of the orchestra as, like the composer, were members of the College. First and foremost Mr Dennis Arundell, **Johnian Performers.** the producer and singer of the ballad. Mr Herbert Sharp and Kenneth Moncrieff were Forest Voices and also Foresters. Mr Steuart Wilson, the

Harper, is the son of a Johnian. Mr Lionel Penrose designed scenery, as aforesaid, and dresses. In the scene painting he was assisted by Mr Rolf Gardiner. Mrs Rootham may surely claim membership of the College as well as thanks for her direction in the local production of the dresses. In the Chorus were Mr Desmond Cranley, Mr Edward Davison, and Mr Déra Peiris among the tenors; Mr O. R. Fulljames, Mr Macklin, and Mr R. Macklin among the basses. Among the dancers were Mr Gardiner and Mr R. Holttum. Twelve choristers from the College choir took part:

Keith Liddle	Alfred Kirk
Leonard Tingey	Edward Carter
Cecil Longley	Maxwell Jones
Robert Sharp	Bernard Colchester
Montague Fry	Gordon Chapman
Edward Egan	Robert Ashby

An appreciative criticism of the opera, from the pen of Mr E. J. Dent, appeared in the March number of the *British Music Bulletin*, the journal of the British Music Society, of which Dr Rootham is President this year. Mr Dent speaks of the production of *The Two Sisters* as 'an event of importance' and 'a remarkable achievement'. "Considered as an opera by itself it presents new ideas in opera. . . . Dr Rootham offers an original and very admirable solution. He has also evoked a vocal style of his own". He adds that the opera contains "much music that is genuinely beautiful and individual". We may safely leave criticism in Mr Dent's hands.

We in Cambridge may look forward with hope to the future of a school of opera, as of drama, and of music. In opera Dr Rootham is pioneer.

CHARLES SAYLE.

It is worth recording that photographic reproductions of the scenes, by Mr Walter Benington, appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of February 25 (p. 265).

REVIEWS.

Memories of a Long Life. By T. G. Bonney, Sc.D., etc.
(Cambridge, Metcalfe & Co., 1921, 7/-).

Dr. Bonney's *Memories of a Long Life*, unpretentious and brief, calls for appreciative notice in the pages of the *Eagle*, ever ready to welcome reminiscences of the past from its older supporters. And in any case a man who remembers the death of William IV. must be able to recall much that is of interest to his readers.

The range of these *Memories* is wide, and the detail sometimes minute. The writer carries us over Alpine peaks and glaciers in an outline sketch of strenuous achievement; and one is compelled to remind oneself that these are the doing not only of an athletic climber but of an eminent Geologist. To follow the narrative in these matters would be merely to restate in other words what has been set forth by a Fellow of the Royal Society and a notable member of the Alpine Club. This unprofitable effort I shall not presume to make.

Nor is it here necessary to deal at length with the manifold experiences of a man who has been an active schoolmaster, who has done much literary work, who is also an antiquarian, and has been and still is a preacher. But I would add that he was for some years a representative in England of my dear friend J. B. Pearson, Bishop of Newcastle, N.S.W., whose loss was to him as great a sorrow as it was to me.

It is the reminiscences of Cambridge and St John's, the changes of over half a century in University and College life, and the opinions of a deeply-interested observer on men and things, the variations of habit and fashion, the contrasts of Old and New, that must be for the *Eagle* its chief concern. If we are to be honest as well as sympathetic (and I for one am the latter) we must admit that some of the views put forth in this book would not in their present form commend

themselves to other observers of the same events. I like them all the better for their candour, even when they seem to me susceptible of modification. But, to one who himself remembers a great part of the persons and things referred to, it appears a pity that names are not given (*e.g.* on pages 40-1). For the remarks on persons are fair, not uncharitable, evidently written under pressure of mighty self-restraint. The present generation can have no notion of the state of things in St John's in those days. It was certainly not easy for a vigorous reformer of the period to 'suffer gladly' the majority of the then rulers of the College. As Dr Bonney truly shews, all depended on the subtle discretion of the Master, Dr Bateson.

Most of the internal details of the College system as described by Dr Bonney were still in existence when I came up in 1867. College lectures and examinations were mostly futile. Great importance was attached to a man's place in his Tripos; indeed Fellowships were awarded on that 'order of merit'. But, with success of this kind in view, it was the students' general aim to cut lectures and get practical training from a Coach. The help of Classical lectures may be guessed from my experience. I cut a set of lectures on a set subject in a College examination, and read it myself. Yet I came out first in the paper on this subject, beating a number of good men who had attended the lectures. It was too absurd.

Morning Chapel at 7 o'clock was rather a trial. As Dr Bonney suggests, it was not easy to get breakfast after it in time for 8 o'clock lecture. I did it for a while, but had to give it up at last—I mean the Chapel—and so had trouble with Deans. No doubt these officers had an awkward duty to perform, as Dr Bonney implies. But he was himself the best Dean of my time. When 'hailed' for insufficient attendance at Chapel, the average Undergraduate made flimsy and often insincere excuses. Conscious of this, he was rather relieved when his Dean brushed aside his rubbish and simply gated him. Some Deans tried to persuade a reluctant youth by what seemed arguments, blind to the fact that compulsion was of the essence of the system, and that the Undergraduate meant either to be compelled or let alone. And the causes of the difficulty were even then more deep-

seated than those in authority were aware. Discipline was all very well, but it could not be worked by arguing.

Dinner in Hall was still very much as Dr Bonney describes it, a simple meal of joint and potatoes, which you could supplement at your own cost by 'sizing' for extras such as apple pie. Bread was cut up into lumps, which old Moses carried round in a basket saying 'bootiful bread, Gentlemen'. You helped yourself as he passed. Joints were on the table. After cutting off what you fancied, you shoved the dish on. By the time it had run its course, the joint was a ghastly sight, and the last man had to choose from the least ineligible remnants of a mangled ruin.

Some of us began to form sets, taking turns to carve for the other partners. When carving off the table by skilled carvers came in, I cannot remember. But, as to the circumstances of the great change by which the College took over the Kitchens and arranged to provide dinners on a more modern scale, I should give a different account from Dr Bonney. The old cook, lessee of the Kitchens, Owen Jones, died a poor man. D. Bruvet, a Frenchman, succeeded him as lessee, promising much. He offered to provide a complete dinner at a slightly higher price, and so to put an end to Sizing. This, which was known as the 'Cook's dinner', was soon accepted by most Undergraduates. I was one of the few who stood out from motives of thrift, and tried to do without extras. But separation from table-companions soon drove one to submit to one's fate.

Opinions might differ as to the food supplied by the Frenchman. At all events he seemed to have made the Kitchens pay; for he took to money-lending, and had to go. Then the College was persuaded to take over the Kitchens and work them under the Steward, with a Head-Cook as College Servant, not Lessee. That this plan has ever been a real financial success, I am not aware. That it has on occasion been so represented, I know. But in justice to the memory of Mr W. F. Smith I must record my belief that when he became Steward the department was in a sad plight, and he had a hard task to keep it going in his earlier years.

The great breakfast parties referred to by Dr Bonney

were in full swing in my time. Beer or various Cups followed a massive meal, and the session begun at 9 could be (and on occasion was) prolonged to noon. It was not good for study, but it wasn't meant to be. And it only happened now and then. Smoking had the charm of being forbidden in the courts and grounds. I doubt whether many men really cared for it on its own merits. 'Wines' were an entertainment of which I should speak more severely than Dr Bonney. In some Colleges they were a grave evil, and they were bad enough in St John's. Fashion ruled such matters, and has probably changed. I hope so.

The ways of Undergraduates in moments of undue excitement do not, I think, change greatly. I cordially agree with most of the remarks on the subject in these *Memories*. A recent affair indicates that the change is not always for the better. Liquor played a larger part (say) fifty years ago. But the doings on 20 October last make me think of the saying of a Scotch magistrate 'What would he have done if he had been sober?' For there was no sign of drunkenness then (I saw the mob); only a flock of silly sheep led by vulgarity. I trust no members of St John's took a share in the business. But I hesitate to add 'if they did, I hope they were drunk'.

So too in the matter of traffic in the streets. I agree with the censure passed on the various forms of extreme road-hoggery. But the indifference of young men to the convenience or safety of other people is much the same as of old. The inventions of recent times have furnished more abundant facilities for exuberant misconduct. In my time we were less tempted. And in the last year or two I have several times noticed men behaving quite like gentlemen in the street. Dress is very undress nowadays, but it used to be over-dress, I should say. On the whole perhaps I am, rather more than Dr Bonney, on the side of the moderns.

But I wax garrulous, and a threatening avalanche of rich anecdote must be stopped. I am to criticize another's *Memories*, not to write my own. Readers of the book will find a number of interesting sketches of notable men, friends of the author, among them Charles Kingsley and E. H. Palmer.

Also many other matters that need not be catalogued here. There is too an excellent index, in which you can find your way to the various topics, including recipes for punch and sherry beaker. I only miss the item 'Diving-Bell' (see page 2). For I had as a boy exactly the same unpleasant experience, and have never forgotten it.

I only wish all subscribers to the *Eagle* as long a range of memories as this little book covers, and as much of interest to record.

W. E. HEITLAND.

Wishes Limited. By the Author of *Alf's Bullon* (W. A. Darlington). (Herbert Jenkins, London, 1922, 7/6).

The unsatisfactory nature of the fulfilment of fairy wishes is not a new topic. The story in Grimm of the three wishes which only resulted in the appearance of a black pudding, followed by its application to and subsequent removal from the victim's nose, is probably older than Grimm. The same idea was worked out in a much more suggestive and attractive form by Hans Andersen in *The Goloshes of Fortune*. Mr Darlington approaches the problem on new lines, modernising the traditional scenery and characters, but conscientiously adhering to the fundamental doctrine of the past, that fairy wishes are dangerous things because there is sure to be a catch somewhere.

John Benstead is a youth of comely exterior, athletic prowess, and thoroughly decent ideas. He is of course a Cambridge man, and we strongly suspect him of being a member of Mr Darlington's college. He is in love with an attractive damsel, but marriage is at present beyond the horizon, as he is only a writer of short stories which do not bring in much money. To him appears suddenly through the wall of his room the modernised fairy godmother, who had discarded the steeple-crowned hat and other trappings of the story-books in favour of "extremely high-heeled shoes, silk stockings, a skimpy yellow frock cut low at the neck,

long fair plaits, and a floppy black hat". Instead of a fairy wand she carried a magic sunshade; "wands", she explains, "are simply not worn now". We learn from her lips that Fairyland itself has also been brought up to date. Owing to labour troubles among the djinns who had formerly carried out the fairies' behests, the old Fairy Kingdom has been replaced by a Republic run on strict Trade Union lines, but Rule 19 allows a fairy godmother to grant to a mortal god-child one wish a month, although this, by Rule 36, must be limited like a telegram to 12 words. Money and jewels are barred by Rule 7, so Benstead's first wish—for £50,000 invested in War Loan—cannot be granted; but he gets round this difficulty by wishing that he might be the author of a successful novel.

At this point the hero's troubles begin. The djinns are set to work, but the efforts at literary self-expression of a syndicate of evil spirits leads to the publication in Benstead's name of a novel of so salacious a character that his friends begin to drop him, and even Beth's faith in him is shaken, while the work has an enormous sale and his fortune is made. The unforeseen consequences of the fairy gift are worked out by the author with unfailing skill, and the unfortunate hero, now rich enough to marry a girl who will no longer marry him, collapses into a brain fever of indefinite duration.

With this, the main thread of the story, is skilfully interwoven another which continuously supplies comic relief. The fairy godmother, when leaving Benstead's room through the wall, had necessarily appeared on the other side of the wall in an apartment occupied by Mr Spalding, a family solicitor of unimpeachable respectability, who had not unnaturally called her an "impudent, brazen hussy"—provocative terms which led her at once to transform him by the help of the sunshade into a black-beetle; and we have the usual nine-days' wonder of the absconding solicitor with the sleuth-hounds of the law in full pursuit. Benstead, who had heard the appalling truth from the fairy's own lips, had collected Mr Spalding in a cigar-box with the humane intention of using up his next monthly wish in restoring him to his natural shape. But until this can happen, he is encompassed by the perplexing problems offered by the

cigar-box and its contents. Should an elderly family solicitor who has been transformed into a black-beetle be offered boot polish and leather bindings, or lamb and green peas? How is he to be protected against sudden extinction under the impact of the human foot? What is to be done to protect an eccentric novelist of decadent morals who insists on making a pet of a black-beetle from incarceration in a lunatic asylum? The difficulties are got over by the aid of a priceless manservant and Peter Careswell, a loyal friend, who is modelled on the Archie of Mr P. G. Wodehouse, although he displays greater restraint than that breezy youth in the manufacture and use of expressions not hitherto known to English literature. With this material Mr Darlington accomplishes some excellent fooling. Benstead recovers from his illness, and Mr Spalding survives in his cigar-box until the day comes for the restoration to be accomplished. Beth and Peter, both admitted to the secret at last, suggest a train as the most suitable scene for it, so three persons and a cigar-box enter a carriage with four first-class tickets. One of the tickets is placed in Mr Spalding's box; he is transferred to an empty compartment; the twelve words of the wish are pronounced; and the transformation is successfully accomplished. But Fairyland scores again. Mr Spalding comes to life in cream-silk pyjamas "illustrated with a neat wall-paper pattern", and a dressing-gown "of a startling crimson shade of silk", "embroidered at intervals with silver storks". At that moment the train draws up at the main-line platform at Waterloo, and fresh complications of an intriguing character at once ensue.

As in Anstey's *Brass Bottle* a happy ending to the story is provided by the obliteration of everything from the minds of all the parties concerned with the exception of the hero and heroine, and the success of a new novel, written without the intervention of the fairy godmother, brings their happiness within reach. But Mr Darlington links up the device of forgetfulness happily with his conception of a modernised Fairyland by making it the result of a fresh strike on the part of the djinns, who, not content with refusing to write any more novels, destroy, by a kind of sabotage, the work which they have already done.

This rapid sketch gives only an inadequate idea of the ingenuity of Mr Darlington's plot, or the zest and skill with which he works it out. His own enjoyment of the situations which he is creating carries the reader joyously over all the critical points, and he sits up far beyond his usual bedtime rather than break so fascinating a thread. The principal characters are lovable; granted the preliminary assumptions on which the story proceeds, the events are probable; and the fun bubbles up naturally, without the intervention of the common pump. A comparison with *Alf's Button* is inevitably suggested. To the reviewer it appears that *Wishes Limited* is more ambitious, maturer, written with a surer and more delicate touch. Whether it will make an equal contribution to its author's fame and fortune remains to be seen.

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Bricks Without Straw

By W. A. DARLINGTON (*Author of "Alf's Button."*)

I SHOULD have liked to begin by saying a few well-chosen words dealing with my emotions of pride and gratitude at being invited to contribute once again to THE EAGLE; but as I sit down to do so a horrid doubt assails me. It strikes me suddenly that the wording of the invitation is rather ambiguous. "We are cutting down the literary side of the magazine; we must have a contribution from you"—thus, with a most regrettable economy in the matter of particulars, one of the Editors. Now, is this a case for pride and gratitude, or is it an insult that would—by a larger or less peaceable man—be expiable only in blood? Does it mean "*Although* we are cutting down the literary side, we must," etc.; or should it be understood to imply, "We are cutting down the literary side of the magazine, *so* we must have a contribution from you"? Perhaps it would be as well, in the interests of my own peace of mind, not to pursue this enquiry too relentlessly. Better, I think, to treat the invitation simply as a voice saying "Write!" and keep pride and gratitude till they are more clearly called for.

I am to write, then. But what? Now that the literary side has been cut down (queer how that phrase seems to rankle, isn't it?) I am told simply that I can write anything I jolly well like, so long as it has something to do with the College. That, as you must realise if you think of the matter from my point of view for a moment, is a very irritating clause indeed. In the old days, if the Editor had called on me suddenly for a contribution, I could have sent him my latest *vers libre* masterpiece, "Thoughts on Chelsea Embankment," whose merits the Editor of the *Gasfitter's* appreciate. That would have salved my conscience without interfering with my slumbers—with my working day, I should say; and if the Editor then failed also to appreciate the poem, that would hardly have been my fault—would it? Of course, even under the new and galling necessity of sticking to the point, I might just alter the title of the poem to "Thoughts in First Court," and send it in. I don't suppose anybody would

notice the difference—that's the best of *vers libre*. But no. Any editor who is vandal enough to talk so airily about cutting down literary . . . really, the thing's becoming an obsession. *Il faut tirer moi-même ensemble*, as an eminent Frenchman has said—Where was I? Oh, yes . . . Vandal enough for that, would certainly fail to appreciate the beauties of my poor little poem. He might say things very wounding to the sensibilities of a conscientious artist. I will not give him the chance.

I am to write, then, about the College. But again, what? I might compose a deathless passage of emotional prose descriptive of the feelings that overwhelm me when I visit my old rooms; how at the memory of the happy days long past, a lump rises up in my throat and chokes me; how I collapse, my chest heaving with great sobs, and bow my head over the lunch-table of the present occupant, and drop a sentimental and unwelcome tear into his butter. And yet, I don't know. I have a feeling that a couple of thousand words of that kind of thing might prove a little cloying. Besides, as a matter of strict fact, I never go near my old rooms. I am like the young squire in the novelette, who never would gaze again upon the old Manor House after it had passed out of the family. And if there is one thing the young squire would never have done, if he is the man I take him for, it is to lay bare his inmost feelings in the pages of the Parish Magazine. (That is rather a nasty dig at the Vandal Editor, if he is not too much of a vandal to feel it!) Here I am, then, once more coming out by the same door as in I went. What *am* I to write about? Naturally, I can't write about the College generally, because my readers would know considerably more of the subject than I did myself—no new position, of course, for a journalist; but not one in which he places himself deliberately. Nor can I fold my hands and discourse mellifluously about the Good Old Days, because my Cambridge days are not yet particularly old; nor were they conspicuously better than (or indeed noticeably different from) the present day.

To a Johnian such as myself, whose ordinary work brings him up to Cambridge once every term or so for a couple of days, the most striking thing about the College is the way the gap caused by the War has been bridged over. Notwithstanding the complete break in traditions, extending over rather more than a college generation, the atmosphere now is no more changed than one would naturally expect even if the War had never happened. For a year or two after demobilisation, of course, it was not so. People were still very conscious of the gap. In February, 1920, for instance, I came up to see

the Lent Boat go head of the river; and subsequently I found myself taking part in the proceedings round the bonfire, and communing soul to soul with a very dear friend of mine—a member of the Jesus crew, whom I had never seen before that day, and have not met since. I confessed to him that between us was a great Gap fixed, and he begged me to tell him frankly, out of my weight of experience, whether the Bonner before us was up to the pre-war brand. I mentioned one or two details in which, as it seemed to me, the men of the olden time had excelled—details connected chiefly with the adding of portable property to the flames. He thanked me effusively and departed. Five minutes later, to my horror, I saw him with a little band of desperadoes industriously (and most successfully) engaged in re-establishing that particular tradition. It occurred to me suddenly that an alibi would be a useful thing to have about me. I sought out the least larky don of my acquaintance and engaged him in earnest conversation about the College's prospects of getting Firsts in the Tripos which was his particular care. He followed my lead with a certain reluctance. I think he felt that I had selected an unfortunate place and time in which to discuss so important a topic.

But now it is 1923, not 1920, and all the traditions are mending up again nicely. I was interested to see in the editorial note to the last number of THE EAGLE that there is a club called the "Crickets," which, in spite of the Gap, indulges in the same unspeakable orgies—whatever they may be—once carried on by "The Fireflies." There must be something in the air of the place, I suppose, which tells each generation that they shall do thus and thus. I wonder if the frivolous little amusements with which we used to fill our odd pre-war moments still flourish in the same way. Has anybody, for instance, got a golf-course in his rooms, as I had? I used to put a chair across the bedroom door as a bunker, over which you had to loft your tee-shot (and if you missed you had to hoick the ball out from under the bed—a difficult stroke which very nearly cost me a knee-cap once). The fairway was so dog-legged as to be nearly circular; you had to go round the room, keeping outside the legs of the table, and hole out in the waste-paper basket by chipping against the wall behind it. Bogey was three; and if your tee-shot hit the middle of the door well and truly, it was a reasonable three-hole every time. As soon as my gyp got the hang of this game he went and bought a roll of wall-paper and a pot of paint. He used to patch the wall behind the "hole" once a week, on Saturday (I presume to make me presentable for Sunday) and paint the door once a month. A tidy being, my gyp.

The waste-paper basket came in useful also as wicket, in a game of stump cricket played with a walking-stick and a fives-ball. You got one run every time you hit the ball, and you had to lose ten wickets before you were out. Does anybody play that now? And is anybody fool enough, in that case, to do what I did—challenge a fellow about nine feet high, with a natural drive to long-on, where stood my cherished glass-fronted book-case? In respect of this game my gyp's tidiness became rather expensive; he used to get the glass mended each time my nine-foot playmate had paid me a visit. But I spoke to him seriously; and after that he used to get the glazier in once a term and make a comprehensive job of it. I couldn't move the book-case, because the only alternative spot was an even more exposed position at extra-cover. And what about bowls? I know that nowadays there is a College Bowls Club complete with captain and set of boxwood bowls in case. That is a decorous pastime in which I, too, have engaged: however, I am not referring to that now, but to a much more spacious game played on the cricket-field at the fag-end of the Lent term and in the Long. In the Pavilion there used to repose a set of very ancient bowls, entirely innocent of bias, and a dilapidated jack. This latter used to be hurled as far as the thrower could manage to propel it; and you were only allowed to score when your bowl came to rest within twenty yards of it. You might take an unlimited run, and you discharged your missile from behind an imaginary line—being disqualified (as in that other comic sport, throwing the hammer) if you overstepped it. Of the game of fives, played in the archway between Second and Third Courts, there is not much to be said. It was doomed from the start, but the manner of its suppression led to a heated argument, clinched by Authority with the rebuke, now historic in certain circles: "There *is* gentlemen as *are* gentlemen!" A painful topic.

However, I must not allow myself to be led aside by these frivolous speculations. Life is real, life is earnest; and I've still got to find a subject which will satisfy the Vandal Editor. How about "A Sunday on the Fens"? It's true it hasn't, strictly speaking, much to do with the College. It is also true that I've never been on the fens on Sunday—or, indeed, on any other day. But I must do something . . .

No, I won't. I absolutely refuse. I'll alter the title of that bit of *vers libre*, and send it in. If he doesn't like it he can lump it. After all, he won't be the first Editor I've annoyed.

W. A. DARLINGTON.

THE HEART'S DESIRE

The Heavenly City's streets are paved with gold,
The walls about it builded great and high,
Founded on jasper, so the Seer told,
Garnished with stones most dazzling to the eye;
Sapphire and beryl, pearl, chalcedony.
O chilling list, O deadly catalogue!
Let all good goldsmiths go there, Lord! not I—
I want a place where I can keep a dog.

For sure the gracious bounds of Heaven hold
Some quiet spot beneath the open sky,
Where kindly hills not prison walls enfold
The peat-brown streams that gently burble by,
Where from the Crystal Sea the gull's shrill cry
Answers the curlew calling from the bog,
And league-long moors in wide savannahs lie—
I want a place where I can keep a dog.

Nay, deem me not o'erfoolish nor o'erbold;
What Earth can give, O let not Heaven deny!
Come, let us reason: how can Love withhold
One loving well from Love's own company?
And if love live, how can dogs wholly die?
What though a pair of sirens on my log
May need angelic rats to keep them spry—
I want a place where I can keep a dog.

Lord! though it stand not in our Litany,
This is no breach of Heaven's decalogue;
Thou knowest all, Thou knowest therefore why
I want a place where I can keep a dog.

Saint Antonino of Florence and the Revival of Learning

ST. ANTONINO, most famous of all the medieval archbishops of Florence, was the son of a well-to-do notary and, under the influence of Giovanni Dominici, made his profession as a Dominican in the monastery at Cortona in 1406, being then not quite seventeen years old. He had been carefully educated during his boyhood, although it is certain that he never attended any University lectures in Italy or elsewhere. He early showed a considerable capacity for business, became successively prior at Cortona, Fiesole and Minerva, and was officially employed at the Roman *curia* by Eugenius IV as "auditor-general of apostolic causes" (*auditor generalis causarum palatii domini papae*), where he showed considerable reforming activity. To the end he remained primarily an administrator, trying to live the life of the best of his predecessors in the troubled waters of Florentine politics at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

As archbishop in 1446, the reward of Eugenius IV for his capacity and his services at the council of Florence, he gained a considerable reputation for even-handed justice in the many complicated causes that were brought before him. Within his diocese he struggled unceasingly to reform an immoral clergy, decayed churches, corrupt nunneries and decadent monasteries. An able financier and a friend of liberty, he used his influence against the steadily increasing hegemony of Cosimo de Medici. A notable casuist and a great theological writer, accepting neither the Immaculate Conception nor papal infallibility, he was fundamentally a monk and a Dominican, whose abilities and transparent virtue gained him the respect and reverence of his fellow-citizens and his canonisation by Adrian VI in 1523.

Such a man had ample opportunities for studying the educational activities which were among the most enduring and useful manifestations of humanism. His analysis is all the more trustworthy because it is unsympathetic. The compilation of the *summa moralis* occupied his scanty leisure from 1440 to 1454, and is a mine of information upon every aspect of contemporary activities. It was readily accepted as an authoritative guide to conduct, some twenty complete editions in four folio volumes being printed in the century that followed his death, beside innumerable condensations and summaries. His own opinions on the education of children are found in the fourth book.* Philip of Macedon, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca, Cato and Lucretius, together with the Bible and the Fathers, are cited to introduce his idea of

* IV tit. II cap. V s. 3.

the essentials of a liberal education. He insists upon the need for the cultivation of character, so that the curriculum must include not only history, which is valuable because of the moral lessons to be drawn from it, but also Æsop's fables, games and physical exercise. Education is to start from the very earliest years, and it is a sacred duty incumbent upon parents to develop alike the intellectual and physical capabilities of their children.

In this he is only following the current conceptions of the Renaissance thinkers. The really valuable evidence in his writings is to be found in the second book of the *summa*, under the fifth title, *De doctoribus et scholaribus*. It begins with the usual platitudes about the value of knowledge, and the testimony of the Bible and of the Fathers as to the desirability of its acquisition. Only, goodness and charity must come first, for the devil is more learned than any man. Evil communications corrupt good manners, wherefore it is necessary to beware of the "contentions for show, slander, murmuring, ridicule, oaths and bad language to which scholars are greatly prone now-a-days." Moderation in eating, drinking, and clothes is required and abstention from quarrels, games, dancing, festivities and factions in university matters, which vices "are commonly found to-day in scholars and sometimes in their masters."

Clerks are expected to go through the trivium and quadrivium, indeed grammar is recognised as not only useful but essential, as the portal to all knowledge. More quotations from the Bible and canon law follow, leading up to the natural conclusion that theology is the mistress of all sciences, and the liberal arts are her handmaidens and servants. Humility is expected: the student is to believe what his masters teach him. Greek and Hebrew are mentioned as desirable for the conversion of the heathen and a more perfect understanding of the Scriptures. The order in which these reasons are placed is not without significance.

The decretal of the Lateran Council of 1215 requiring schools to be set up in every diocese is noted "although it is badly carried out (*quamvis male servetur*)."

A passage against the subtleties of scholastic metaphysics follows. Canon law is more important than civil law and philosophy is of still greater value. St. Antonino decides that a master who has a sufficient income from a public salary or ecclesiastical benefice may not demand a "collection" from his pupils. This would be simony; but if his income is not sufficient for a decent living, then he may charge such fees to both foreigners and resident clerks. No fee may be demanded for a licence to teach or for permission to lecture, but customary charges may be made for conferring a degree; a doctor is to pay

eight florins to the Chancellor and two to his examiners. Much depends, however, upon local custom.

Monks and mendicants may be admitted to Cathedrals in order to teach the secular clergy, although St. Jerome is cited to prove that this is not desirable even with permission of the monk's superiors. A monk who goes to a university without permission is *ipso facto* excommunicated, as is the master who knowingly teaches him. This also applies to any monk reading civil law or medicine. At the University, and St. Antonino was thoroughly conversant with the conditions at Florence at least, masters admit unsuitable and ignorant people to degrees, instead of expelling them, and prefer to gain a reputation for subtlety rather than for useful teaching. In this matter the theologians are the worst sinners, and chiefly those of Paris and Oxford, seculars and regulars, Dominicans and Franciscans alike. The section concludes with a list of thirteen headings of vices generally to be found among scholars, including contempt for learning of every kind, cheating their masters of their just dues, a habit of forming disreputable societies, perjury by their deliberate disobedience of the statutes they have sworn to obey, absence from church, neglect of the benefice from which they draw the money which enables them to study, but which they actually waste, so that finally they go down in debt and excommunicate and care nothing for ecclesiastical censures.

There is something more in this than the ordinary lamentations of the moralist. The outlook of the archbishop is essentially medieval; there are few signs of the Renaissance in his works. He not only bears testimony to the general corruption of the age, but his writings suggest that at the time of his death in 1459 the new classical learning had not spread very widely or very deeply among the rank and file of the professionally learned classes, but that such new learning as there was, beyond mere ability to read, was to be found rather among the laity than in the ranks of the Clergy.

G.R.P.

The College Abroad

I.—LONDON, DECEMBER, 1922

LAST term a short tour of the London Colleges was arranged for the week-end immediately preceding the Varsity Matches. It was hoped to have three games—against University, Imperial and King's Colleges—but none of these could play us on the Saturday, so that we had to be content with two fixtures for the Friday and Monday. A. L.

Thomas and K. Long Brown, our right wing, were not able to come with us, but their places were taken by F. A. L. Wellard and A. E. Taylor (Queens') who, being in London for the week end in question, very kindly consented to assist us in our difficulty, for neither of our two reserve right wing men was able to come.

Friday, 8th December, saw us leave Cambridge for King's Cross. Some of us had to leave rather hurriedly—that is, leave our breakfast—but despite that we all caught the train, Mellor finding the right platform in very nice time. There were quite a number of people travelling up to town that day, so our party wasn't really very conspicuous! Our journey was without incident till we reached Finsbury Park, when Eagles had a little squabble with the railway company about his ticket. The guard was obdurate, so the little man had to pay the extra penny. He did this under protest.

During our stay in town practically the whole of the team were put up at the College Mission, which has come to be regarded as the headquarters of the College in London. So our first concern on arriving at King's Cross was to make our way to Herbert Street with our luggage. Then after a light lunch—light in some cases at least, for we can't answer for the whole team—we made our way to Perivale, the ground of University College.

Our opponents began well and continued to have rather more of the play than we did throughout the first half. A feature of their play was the greater readiness with which they tried a shot. This policy bore fruit eventually and their centre forward scored with a good shot from outside the penalty area. We then began to do some of the attacking and were rather unlucky in not scoring. Their backs upset our forwards somewhat by their off-side tactics until we retaliated even more effectually with the same game. The referee failed to penalise one flagrant case which resulted in their adding to the score. Before half time their outside left managed to score with a good dropping shot which gave Smith, in goal, little chance. For the second half D. J. Fleming went centre forward and J. Fleming took his place at back. This arrangement worked so well that our opponents only managed to add one to their score through a misunderstanding between back and goal keeper, while we scored three times through Fleming (2) and Pennington. By the close of play we were well on top having scored twice in the last ten minutes.

Friday night was spent renewing or making acquaintances with the boys at the Mission, and in making valiant efforts not to be beaten too badly at ping pong, billiards or any other game that we put our hand to. But when we put our foot to it we were a little better and managed to draw after an exciting

tussle at indoor football, although this was largely due to the services of one of the boys in goal and our habit of standing on the ball and leaning against the wall when in difficulties.

The nights were spent in comparative peace, though some of the team were so keen on fresh air as to cause others to enquire if they were accustomed to barns. But the mornings were a series of disturbances. If one were sufficiently lucky to sleep through the cries of the milkman—I'm told it was the milkman; he yodelled like a veritable mountaineer, so perhaps his commodity was condensed—if one slept through that, there were always the early birds who, having had enough sleep themselves, were quite prepared to bring to an abrupt end the peaceful slumbers of the more sensible members of the team, and this by the removal of blankets and even mattresses, if necessary. Still, being up by ten had its reward. For one had then an opportunity of contemplating the pretty sight of "the Oak" in profound sleep with an array of alarm clocks set at successive quarters—hours earlier—to remind him when he woke that after all he needn't keep his "niner" at the hospital.

Saturday was spent by some in making a tour of Mine. Tussaud's, when some members of the company were known to do some strange things. The evening was the occasion of a tea and dance given by The Mission in our honour. After partaking with the boys of a fine tea, we competed against them at their various indoor games, the soccer team being considerably reinforced by other Johnians. We did win the chess and a hand of bridge! The evening finished with a jolly dance. Sunday morning—or was it afternoon?—was spent in watching the final of the Mission Clinker Fours on the Lea.

On Monday we played the Imperial College at Wembley, being driven there in a motor char-a-banc from the Imperial Union. We played the team as we had changed it in the previous game. At first this met with considerable success, Fleming scoring twice before the interval. The second half saw us fall away considerably, particularly the left wing, so that a lot of work fell to the defence. They worked hard and defended well, but Barker and J. Fleming naturally did not play very well as a pair, being too apt to play square. Imperial managed to draw level and then D. J. Fleming had a fair chance from a cross from the right, but in trying to take it first time, his shot was not quite accurate and went past. The match ended in a draw, 2—2. As a result of his play at right half W. E. Mounsey was awarded his Colours during the tour.

Tuesday and Wednesday were taken up with the 'Varsity Rugger and Soccer matches. The evenings were spent in a

variety of ways according to individual taste, but as this hardly concerns the team's tour, over this part we will draw a veil—kindly in some cases we don't doubt.

Although only managing 1 point out of 4 it will be seen that we were only one goal down, so that we were not disgraced. The tour was a great success in bringing us all into more intimate personal contact with one another and making us one happy family. We were all agreed that it had been a most jolly week and it is to be hoped that this London tour will become an annual affair.

2.—COLOGNE, JANUARY, 1923

As mentioned in the last number of THE EAGLE, the College Rugger team had an innovation in the shape of a tour during the Christmas Vacation. Fixtures had been arranged with the Army of the Rhine at Cologne. A certain amount of difficulty was experienced in raising the side owing to a few last hour scratchings, but the following team met at Victoria at 8.55 a.m. on Wednesday, January 10th:—S. Walker, R. A. Layton, O. R. Fulljames, H. H. Fagnani, J. A. C. Field, P. O. Walker, C. W. Walker, D. H. Sanderson, J. B. Wilson, H. S. Magnay, H. P. Hurl, M. Falcon and J. G. Kellock. After a certain amount of depression over the fact that Pip and Squeak Walkers' bag and baggage failed to materialise until the train was about to leave, we took our seats in our sumptuous reserved compartments (2nd class) and had an uneventful journey to Dover. As we went along the coast from Folkestone, the optimists announced that the sea was calm—they joined the ranks of the pessimists on Dover pier! However, everyone found to his astonishment that he was a good sailor after all, and no case of "giving up the ghost" (or breakfast) was proved. At Brussels we were joined by Leakey, who arrived in time to see the genial manager—Fags—giving his world-famed exhibition of "spotting the lady" or "the quickness of the hand, etc."—the rest of the team clutching their cash tight! We arrived at Cologne at midnight and were met by representatives of the various regiments, who carted us off in twos and threes.

The next morning Eve Van Millingen rolled up from Switzerland and Stuart from the interior of Germany. After lunch we proceeded to play the first match—Leakey standing down and Fagnani playing centre three. The match was fairly even, but our combination and the hard running of the outsides were rather too much for the home side. Tries were scored by Field (2), Fulljames (2) and Kellock, and Fulljames kicked two goals—score, 19 points to 10. We draw a veil over the evening—suffice to say that many encounters were made in unlikely spots amid mutual astonishment! At any rate certain members *must* have had a bad night as they were

discovered next morning 350 or so feet up the Cathedral—a feat we can hardly believe they would have attempted sober!

James and Fags, as the officials of the team, raised a lunch off the C-in-C., Lt.-Gen. Sir Alexander Godley, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., and were observed driving back in a lordly way in the General's car, smoking very fat cigars (with bands on) and bowing their acknowledgments of the applause of the multitude. The rest of the team spent the day finding that, with the mark at nearly 50,000 to the pound, cigars cost about $\frac{1}{2}$ d. each—to which the present haze of smoke hanging over the College precincts may be attributed. The evening was spent in diverse ways and most people retired early to bed in anticipation of the morrow's return match.

For this match the Army had succeeded in strengthening their team and a hard game resulted. The scoring was as follows:—0-5, 3-5, 8-5 at half time, 8-8, 8-11, 11-11 and at last 14-11—thereby earning the Cup promised by Mr. Armitage. Tries were scored by Field (2), Pip Walker and Magnay—one being converted by Fulljames. This match was attended by the C-in-C. and a large and distinguished crowd—at 1,000 marks each admission! However, despite that fact the crowd seemed to enjoy the game. Leakey took Falcon's place in the scrum.

We now come to one of the saddest incidents of the tour—how our Captain lost his reputation! It occurred in a taxi—but, as he said, it was only for experience! It would also be kinder not to ask where Mick and Kellock got to—how Wilfred Walker (*alias* Johnny) and J. B. felt next morning—and whether Eve found what he was looking for!

The next day it was decided to play the officers of the D.C.L.I. at hockey—it was then discovered that Pip and Squeak had failed to turn up that night. When found later, it was only after long cross-examination that their story of going over to explore Dusseldorf was believed. Joy Layton took to his couch and refused to be enticed off it, possibly with conscientious objections to playing on Sunday. However mainly owing to the prowess of Mick, who, we believe, received a card for a Varsity Hoops Trial on his return, and the fact that we had been lent a wonderful goal-keeper, we drew 2 all. After tea at the Club—to which Fags prefers not to refer—we met at midnight at the station—our footer boots full of bottles of Eau-de-C—as you were—Kölnishes Wasser—pockets and bags bulging with cigars, electric frying pans (at 2s. 5d.), shaving sets, and other “objets d'art.” The journey to Ostend was enlivened by half-hourly visits from excited guards and gendarmes demanding passports and tickets. Several of these nearly died the death, as no one, except J. B. and Johnny, was feeling too bright at the witching

hour of 3 a.m. However, we arrived in Ostend about 8 a.m. and had a couple of hours to get shaved and have breakfast. Another good crossing and we rolled up at Victoria at 4.30 p.m. vowing it was the best tour we had ever been on and one and all hoping to go again next Christmas.

H. H. F.

3.—SWITZERLAND, 1922-1923

Two members of the College, L. G. Dobbs (Capt.) and E. van Millingen (Hon. Sec.) were members of the Ski team that raced against Oxford at Wengen on January 1st. Dobbs is to be congratulated on putting up a very fine performance against a Norwegian and American (not African, as some papers said!) champion, coming in third. E. van Millingen came in eighth. A third member of the College, G. R. Sutton, one of last year's team, was reserve. It is a great pity that so few men can get out before Christmas and get fit for such a race; most of them come just before the New Year and cannot hope to do any good in a very stiff cross-country race of five miles. In the British Ski Championship Dobbs regained the champion title, which he had not been able to defend last year, with great ease, and at present there is certainly no Englishman who can give him a race.

There were one or two other Johnnians in Mürren, but perhaps for their own sakes their deeds had better not be related. Suffice it to say that a visit to their rooms will show how the crest of a certain hotel *was* not unlike our own! No Johnnian played in our Ice Hockey team, which was unbeaten except by Oxford. We hope that next year some of the Americans and Canadians, and of course Englishmen, will be able to go in for the Trials at Manchester.

E. v. M.

Obituary

WILLIAM ALBERT COX

“ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, Cambridge, to which I owe so much.” These words in his will, penned by an undemonstrative man, simple as they are, glow with grateful love for the venerable Foundation wherewith our friend was so long associated, and which had so much of his heart. They read indeed like a parting benediction.

A “Senior Fellow” under the old statutes, he had at the date of his death (the feast day of the Epiphany, 1923),

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Body No. 19

I AM going to write it all down calmly, just as it occurred. If anything happens they always say "while of unsound mind," and I am perfectly sane. Of course, of course. If I wasn't quite sensible could I give all the details in their logical order? I want people to know later on that I am absolutely normal—only her eyes are killing me.

It started a year ago with a letter from her. Just an ordinary letter in an envelope delivered by post. It came by the afternoon delivery, I remember. She wrote demanding money, hinted and threatened, and the alternative was ruin for me. Exposure. God knows it was all trickery, she was squeezing me because I was the easiest of the men she had known. I was no more guilty than a dozen others, but she knew, knew I couldn't face exposure.

The threats continued. Like a devil she tortured me. Five time I scraped up money, only to have her back again. More money or the exposure that meant simple ruin for me. I saw my career, all my precious research work, in the power of that devil. Merciless. Quite.

It went on until in desperation I arranged to meet her.

I waited till we were well out in the country and then asked :

"How much?"

"Five hundred pounds," she replied. "Not a darned cent less, it's five hundred from you or your people, I don't mind which."

"But I can't possibly," I said, aghast. "I haven't got it." "You'll have to find it," she answered shortly, "or get rid of me."

I swear I never thought of getting rid of her like that until she suggested it, but after that I had black thoughts, and horrible little devils began to stir up clouds of evil ideas, and urge me to take the easiest way out. I suppose I was weak, but the more I thought the easier it seemed.

Then we came to the Pool, and I looked down into the water and watched the undertow sucking down leaves and sticks and dragging them away into the depths.

The current babbled and muttered, "Easy, easy, push her in and get it over." Then she sealed her fate.

"Look," she said, bending over the edge: "A poor drowned rat."

"Yes," I replied, "the bank's undercut here and it couldn't get out."

Then absolutely cold-bloodedly I pushed her over. It seemed the only sane thing to do at the time. I wonder now why I did it. One short, bubbling scream, and the undertow snatched her and twirled and twisted her shadowy body in its murky depths. Of course, of course.

She only came up once and I thought I caught the word "Haunt," but it may have been fancy. I walked up and down for half-an-hour, but she didn't appear again so I plodded solemnly back in the growing shadows.

When darkness grew, I began to think I could hear things—stealthy footsteps following, dripping garments, close behind, but I couldn't see anything and put it down to reaction. That night I got drunk to try and forget, but I couldn't.

I saw things in the darkness, just a shadowy figure which disappeared when the light went out.

I can hear you saying "Imagination," but I don't think it was. The next day I could feel something behind me, keeping pace with me in the street, sitting behind me at lectures, reading the same book in my rooms.

I must have turned round hundreds of times, but, however quickly I did it, I never saw anything. Whatever it was it kept out of sight, and only let me know of its presence by that curious, prickly feeling at the base of the scalp and cold little shivers chasing each other up and down my spine. The diabolical thing was that though it never left me it never kept its distance, always crept nearer and nearer and then darted away again. Perfectly calm as I am now, I know there was something behind me.

That night I slept with the light on and my back to the wall. Thank God it can't squeeze itself into cracks or it might force me out into the open, I thought. Something, someone was always there stepping delicately in the shadows, watching and waiting for me to sleep. Every time I dozed

In the next few days the feeling grew worse, much worse. I could do no work, I could play no games, and at night I dare not move out of the light of my own electric lamps. Once I tried to get into a Church

I have had to give up fires too, although it is the beginning of December. You know fires make the shadows quiver, make horrible dancing things leap and caper about the walls,

make you think they are alive and gibbering at you, and then they make noises, stealthy, crackling noises, that make you listen, and then something slides down and makes you jump; and the flames, how they roar and twist, just as if they are angry and want to get out and dance and flicker all over the room. Ghastly! Of course.

I am trying to make you understand what Hell I have passed through, and somehow I think you will.

By the end of five days I was a physical and mental wreck. I had not had more than twenty minutes' consecutive sleep day or night, I was always listening for noises that didn't exist, always looking for something that wasn't there, and always the feeling of being stealthily watched. Yesterday I decided that if I went on as I had been doing, something would snap in my brain and so, after a breakfast eaten with my back to the wall and with something watching every mouthful, I hurried off to the Anatomy Schools.

While I was putting on my coat someone told me that our body had just come up. The news failed to interest me much, even when I started work, until I felt something forcing me to look at the face. Inch by inch my eyes rose. I closed them in a vain effort to shut out the sight which I knew would meet my gaze, but at last I opened them to find myself staring into the accusing eyes of body number nineteen.

Her hair had gone, her cheeks had sunk in, but there were still the eyes and an oddly triumphant smile hovering round her lips. Everything swam round for a few minutes and then I went on with my work, with those eyes still staring, boring into my very brain.

Then I felt the flesh stirring under my scalpel, horrible, soft, putty-coloured flesh, yet I swear it moved, and all the time those awful eyes, staring, staring.

After that I tottered to my feet and, forcing my legs into a sort of mechanical motion, staggered across the room, conscious of a piercing gaze following me all the way to the door and down the stairs.

All the way along the busy streets something kept step with me, ready to twine its cold, wet arms round my neck if once I dared to turn. Always behind me.

How I got back to my rooms I don't know, but I walked all the way up the three flights of stairs with my back to the wall and edged slowly round the room into a corner.

I sat there until afternoon, creeping slowly into a Hell of madness and despair, and the horrible darkness coming on, then a relief came in the shape of a couple of men whom I knew slightly. I tried to talk but they put it down to drink. Laughed!

However, they took me out for a walk, and, as chance

would have it, we went down by the river. I talked all the way, you see I had to make a noise to keep her at bay.

I never noticed where we were going until we stopped to turn round, then I saw that we had reached the very spot. Even as I turned something seized my throat and I felt—but you must understand it wasn't imagination, it was true. I am sane. Could I be telling it calmly like this if I wasn't quite sane?

My friends, they never left me for the rest of the day and even got up a bridge party at night. The feeling wasn't so bad in company as a rule, but last night it was there the whole time. Every time I played a card something whispered and told me which to play and all the time I could feel that I was being watched and played with just as if I was a mouse with a gigantic cat ready to leap in and crush me at a blow. As a rule I am an appalling player, as you know, but last night I couldn't go wrong.

At four this morning the feeling almost left me, so with mutual good wishes the party broke up.

Why, I even attempted a joke about my tame ghost and nothing happened.

When left alone I began to count my winnings and congratulate myself on my victory, as I thought in more senses than one, when I suddenly felt eyes looking at me, peering right through me.

I have just found out where they are.

Over my door there is a heavy curtain and they are just behind that. Indeed, I can even see the curtain bulging with the shape of her body.

It may fall out at any moment, and I can't face the eyes. . . . A few minutes ago they forced me back until I found myself leaning against the window groping for the catch; it opens on to the river.

One of two things must happen; either I must throw myself into the river, or pull aside the curtain; I think it will be the river. I am writing this so that whatever happens people will know I am sane.

I have conquered for the moment. I wrenched down the curtain and trod it underfoot.

There is nothing there, absolutely nothing. Nothing in the curtain either, not even a pair of eyes. I've searched every inch of that curtain and I can't even find her eyes. It would have been funny if I had found her eyes, wouldn't it? Of course.

I must be going mad. I'm certain there was nothing there, yet I can still feel the eyes following me every movement. I think the eyes are behind the door. Of course they must be behind the door! She's dead, and she can't

get in, I can keep her out as long as I like, all except her eyes. I wish I had eyes like hers, then I could see where she was and kill her. I am sure I shall be mad before daylight unless I can come to grips with her and kill her ghost as I drowned her body! I wonder if you can kill a ghost? I think I shall try. If I can open that door and seize her before she can get away I shall be free once more. If only I could be free!

I am going to open that door, so I shall soon know, if not it is the window, and I am writing this before I jump because they always say "while of unsound mind," and I am perfectly sane. Of course.

J. LYLE-SMITH.

THE NINE O'CLOCK

Sleepy I wake and doze again
 Again I wake outside the sun
 Is golden; then the Cuckoo's note,
 The lazy, lazy Cuckoo's note—
Cuckoo—Cuckoo "What? Half-past eight?
 O, thanks—and breakfast ready, too?"
 Up! out of bed! but very warm
 And very pleasant is my bed
 At last I'm out—I'm bathed—I'm dressed—
 I've brushed my teeth and combed my hair—
 I've breakfasted—I've lit my pipe
 The clock! By Jove, I must be quick
 Here's pen, here's note-book, cap and gown;
 Anything else? No—all complete
 Both tyres right? I think I've time—
 The Arts School Door—on with your gown,
 Pipe in your pocket What! the Door
 Shut! No one round! I must be late
 A notice? Damn! *is indisposed*
And will not lecture here to-day."

J.G.D.

Recollections of a Tricenarian

GOOD word, that! But I believe it will satisfy E.E.S. and T.R.G. as being correct. I remember the difficulty I once had in successfully concealing from these two gentlemen my extreme weakness in dealing with the Latin numerals. However, on the analogy of "*octoginta, octogeni, octogenarius*" I suppose we have "*triginta, triceni, tricenarius*"—though I will not vouch for the last word as being really hall-marked Classical. I must look it up. Sure enough, here it is: "*Tricenarius*, —a, —um, adj. Of or containing thirty"; used by Front. Aquaed. 29 (I do not seem to remember having read this work: hardly Classical, I suppose). "Front." however, must have been something of a Sportsman. He makes it mean "thirty quarter-digits in diameter"! A word to be remembered for Latin Prose purposes! The word is also found in "*Sen. Excerpt contro. 3, 3 fin.*" and in "*Arn 2, 58.*" So now you know! ("*Sen.*" I might make a possible shot at; but who in the name of Lewis and Short is "*Arn.*"?)

I choose this title for the following animadversions, not because I am thirty quarter digits in diameter but because it follows a time-honoured precedent. In the days when I was correctly described as "*in loco parentis*"—I mean, of course, "*in statu pup.*"—these classical tags tend to get rusty when one is a Tricenarian—in those days, I repeat, there was a perfect glut of anecdotal papers published in THE EAGLE, and headed "Recollections of an Octogenarian." "Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian," "Memories of a Centenarian," and so forth. This tradition has, I see, been revived by W.A.D., a younger contemporary of my own, in the March EAGLE, though he has dropped the characteristic title. "Bricks without Straw," is something of a comedown, though possibly it may be more honest than "Recollections of an Octogenarian."

These "Bricks without Straw," dropped by W.A.D., revived most pleasant memories. I helped him to drop a good many of them. In the prehistoric days when he and I strolled about on the grass in New Court, posing as lords of creation until we heard the step of a College porter approaching, I was privileged to belong to three separate Triumvirates, my colleagues in Triumvirate I. belonging to the year senior to mine, in Triumvirate II. to my own year, and in Triumvirate III. (the most memorable) to the year junior to mine. Now a Tricenarian is at a disadvantage as compared with a Centenarian, in that the latter has usually successfully buried his less tough contemporaries many decades ago. The Tricenarian has to keep an eye on the law of the land concerning

copyright, slander, and so forth. The Third, and most distinguished, Triumvirate is still happily extant, and I hope the other members will not take legal proceedings if I refer to them thus in print as "Ted, Bill and Fred."

Well do I remember the golf course in Bill's rooms, and the excruciating moment when he nearly lost his knee-cap when prodding under the table for the ball with a mashie. There fell a devastating silence, too deep for swears, while the sufferer, with no syllable of explanation, suddenly lost interest in the ball and limped like a half-trapped duck round the room. The silence was broken by gusts of tearful and unsympathetic hilarity from Ted and myself. Bill got quite shirty about it. Most of my recollections of the activities of this particular Triumvirate are associated in my mind with spasms of helpless merriment.

Well, too, do I remember a historic occasion on which Bill retired to his bedroom and shut himself in. Long time he remained there while his sorrowing companions heard issuing from the bedroom noises like the moaning of a sick cow whose calf has gone to be transmogrified into veal, and who will not be comforted. We forced an entrance and found him spread butter-side down upon his couch, the picture of woeful despair. His sole explanation was that he was "mourning for King Edward."

Ted had rooms just under the eaves on about the fifteenth floor of New Court, and used to sit on his window-ledge pretending to read the Classics, with about seven-eighths of his person protruding over a sheer precipice. Fair sisters, cousins and aunts, being shown over the College by dutiful undergraduates, used to glance up at his giddy eyrie and scream, fainting into the arms of the dutiful undergraduate nearest to them. Strong men had been known to look up at him and blanch visibly. His window was an excellent strategic position for bombarding peace-loving and unsuspecting citizens with lumps of sugar as they entered New Court. One such victim, having received a lump of perfectly good sugar on his chest, apparently from heaven, looked carefully around, and perceiving nobody about, consumed the gift from the gods with evident relish. I hope he said his Grace first. At the beginning of one Summer Term I threw a lump of sugar from this window with such violence that I "threw my arm out," and could not throw a cricket-ball (or anything else for that matter) for the rest of the season.

The ring-leader of Triumvirate I. was "Pat." who I see is now a D.Litt., or something equally distinguished. He was a composer of ribald verses and a parodist of no mean cunning. One of his few publishable efforts even now rings in my head at times. In those days we had a highly officious and un-

popular Head Porter, who used to tell us not to smoke in cap and gown, as the Dean would fine us if he saw us, and we should have to pay. A favourite expression of his was "Of course it ain't obligatory!" Pat, his head protruding from his window on the top floor of Second Court, when he saw the Head Porter approaching, used to roar out in a raucous voice to the tune of "Three Blind Mice" the following exercise in *vers libre*:

"You'll 'ave ter pay!

You'll 'ave ter pay!

You'll 'ave ter pay!

Please don't smoke in yer cap an' gown!

The Dean'll fine yer if he sees yer!

'Course it ain't obligatory,

But you'll 'ave ter pay!"

Perhaps one of Pat's brightest achievements was to light a pipe, throw the lighted match into his waste-paper basket, and go out for the afternoon, sporting his door behind him. He found no little stir round his locked door on his return some hours later. Luckily little else was burned besides the contents of his w.p.b.

The most historical re-union of Triumvirate III. since the members of it dispersed was a meeting packed with memories for me, who for once took the leading part, but it really comes outside the scope of this paper. It was the occasion on which I was Bridegroom, Ted was Best Man, and Bill was Deputy Best Man. The competence and efficiency of the Best Man in this crisis were beyond criticism, and I can thoroughly recommend him as being far the best Best Man I have ever had. The Second Best Man is no longer qualified for the situation, and so requires no testimonial from me.

"*Haec olim meminisse . . .*" The tags do come to the top when a Tricenarian writes his reminiscences. I hope the reader will forgive an old dotard who, when THE EAGLE condescends to take notice of some petty achievement of his sees printed after his name "B.A., 1911." Most of the members of my three Triumvirates are past or present Editors of THE EAGLE. I look back with pride upon the time when I used to sit in judgment upon the early literary efforts of the future author of "Alf's Button," whom I am delighted to see "John-o'-London" brackets with P. G. Wodehouse at the top of the list of contemporary humorous novelists. I wonder whether I ever turned down anything of his? I hope so. It would be something to carve on my tombstone. But, joking apart, having held the honoured post of Editor myself, my heart goes out to the present Editor whose pathetic letter I so lately received. "There has recently been a great dearth of 'copy.'" Familiar sentence! Not only 'recently,' my dear sir, let me assure you! And in twelve years' time

the then Editor will be writing to you in very similar strains. But it is your last sentence which brought the tears to my eyes: "If you can't do anything else please send us your commiserations!" You are welcome to them, sir, and I have done something else, too. Your difficulty now will be to persuade your fellow-Editors to pass it for publication. Please do not trouble to write me a tactful letter if they refuse. I have been an Editor myself, and I quite understand, thank you!

F.C.O.

REVERIE

Ah, tender flower,
That shewest forth thy Maker's handiwork
And mighty power.

I sometimes think
How happy, then, in lowly place to be—
The river's brink.

What carest thou
If men and all they touch are spoiled and marred?
Untouched art thou.

"But," says a voice,
"That flower, if sweetly perfect, is not so
Of its own choice."

"If man can be,
And often is, alas! so wretched, so
He can be happy."

"This flower has not
The understanding and the knowing mind
That is man's lot."

"More glorious 'tis
By far, with knowledge to enjoy and count
Our happiness!"

Commemoration Sermon

Preached in the College Chapel on the day of S. John ante Portam Latinam, 6 May, 1923, by the Right Rev. E. C. QUIRK, Bishop of Jarrow.

St. Luke xvi 25. "But Abraham said, 'Son, remember.'"

A DAY of Remembrance! Such, I assume, is the essence of the Commemoration Day of a College, or of a University. It is the day on which we recite in pious memory, the names of Founders and Benefactors. We recall their noble deeds and generous gifts. We wonder at their foresight and their wisdom, which—from what we call "the dark ages"—shed on us still the light of intellectual life. Thus "we praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us."

In this College, dating back in its earliest foundation before the University existed, we think of our noble Patroness the Lady Margaret, Mother of Henry the Seventh, who, in 1511, transformed the ancient religious Foundation of the Hospital of St. John into St. John's College. It has been quaintly said of the old religious house, that "the Scholars were overwise, and the Brethren over good." But be that as it may, this College in its earliest days was full of earnest and successful students, who, as we have been told, "either for divinity on the one side or the other, or for civil service to their 'Prince and Contrie,' have been, and are yet to this day, notable ornaments to the whole realm."

Such is our goodly heritage, the "lot is fallen unto us in a fair ground," and we may well say—

The words are a call to remembrance, that in the parable came too late. It was the echo of many a similar call, heard in the years that were past: but never listened to, never heeded, never obeyed. And now too late the sleeper wakes, to find that he can neither save others, nor save himself.

As we study the parable, we observe that *the rich man is asked to remember first the advantages in his own life*. He had been one of the privileged class. His good things were countless. His riches were not expressed only by his clothing and sumptuous living; but everything that from the material point of view makes life worth living was at his disposal. He possessed all the intellectual and literary luxuries of the day. And the representative of the Masses lay at his gate; full of sores and desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the table of this representative of the privileged class.

And is there not cause for us too to remember our life's good things?

To some of us, late in life, let us hope not too late, the call

comes to-day. And looking back over half a century, and the time when we had the good things of University life, the call comes: "Son, remember!"

And we do remember, humbly and gratefully. So much received, so little given. So rich the privilege, so poor the return.

To some of us, life here was the turning point, physically, intellectually and religiously, and as we look back to the pious founders of our characters and careers, by us the call is heard, "Son, remember."

And if, to the Seniors, this call comes; it comes with fresher force, and fuller hope, to the Junior Members of this College. For to give, here and now, this ancient Foundation offers a lifetime of opportunity, privilege, and advantage. Not material and secular only; but spiritual and eternal. You can, if you dare, sell your birthright for a mess of pottage; never to regain it, though you seek it diligently and with tears.

But on the other hand, you may, and I trust will, lay up in store for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that you may lay hold on the life, which is life indeed.

Secondly. The rich man was asked to remember the disabilities and disadvantages in the lives of others. "Lazarus!" the very name represents all that is honourable, and forlorn, and hopeless in the non-privileged class. Our own Foundation was, in its origin, the Hospital for such a class, with its old chapel and its infirmary. For its XIIIth Century Chapel was used as the College Chapel, until this Chapel was built in 1869.

In the last half century this realization of the disabilities and disadvantages of the non-privileged class has once more come into the forefront. This College expressed it in its Lady Margaret Mission in South London. It was the first University Mission of its kind, of which I had personal experience myself, when Vicar of a South London parish, an experience to me profitable indeed for realising and remembering the tragic disabilities of others. As you know, the College has now transferred its Mission activities to the Maurice Hostel, Hoxton.

But it is the Industrial North; its teeming masses, and its strenuous work, with which I have for long been most intimately connected. And there Labour is no longer lying down, no longer at our gates, silent and downtrodden. Now we have only to think of Sunday last, "Industrial Sunday." Or see its banners on Labour Day, May 1st, and you read the words, "The Advance of Labour!" Labour may not be "fit to govern" yet; but it means to try; and it is the duty of the present governing class to make it fit. Not by merely recognising that impossible ideal, "the equality

of opportunity." For opportunities are never equal anywhere. But what we ought to realise is *the equality of service*; the recognition on the one side that brain service is as arduous and useful as bodily service; and on the other side that the service of the hand is as deserving of honour as that of the schools, of Education, and of Intellectual Achievement.

On this Commemoration Day then let us remember thankfully and humbly, our good things. "Our Fathers have told us what Thou hast done in the days of old." "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above," and is given for the service of others. "The true mission of the Church" it has been well said "is the greatest of all missions. It is to help men to live higher and more unselfish lives . . . to fear, not external misfortune or death, but only dishonour," for it has been said again, "The Church is the Union of those who love, for the sake of those who suffer."

In this way let us of this College strive to serve, for the words of our Lord and Master are true, "Unto whom much is given, of him shall much be required: and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask more."

The Lists of Love

I DON'T know what it is about me. Somehow I suspect that, as a lover, I am doomed to be a complete "also-ran." Molly, of course, was adorable, but I could never help feeling that I didn't quite "get there" whenever I was with her. I was too shy and distant. As for Molly, she never said the thrilling things which girls who are in love ought to say, never clung to me and never wept. In fact, she was just ordinary, and I do think that in the circumstances a girl ought to be a little more—well—er—extra-ordinary. But I suppose it was my fault.

And then I read *The Lists of Love*, and that changed everything. It is a thrilling story, with whole pages devoted to the most realistic love scenes between people who, I am sure, must be very common in this world, though I admit I have never met any of them.

The hero is a fine, strong, full-blooded man—I never like stories of empty blooded men myself—who brings off a succession of the most daring coups. Take this, for instance.

"My adorable Dorothea," he hoarsed, his voice palpitating with desire, "you *shall* be mine."

"Ah no, Horatio! are you mad?" she cried, half turning

away from him and putting out a dainty hand, as though to ward him off. "Have I not told you that I have already plighted my troth, nay more, become engaged to, Sir Richard."

"Sir Richard who?" he hissed.

"Boodlebag," she whimpered.

But Horatio knew the ways of women, knew that all down the ages woman has repelled but to allure, that when she says "no," she always means "yes." And, moreover, he knew Sir Richard for a timid æsthete. Not for a moment did he hesitate.

He rushed at her, caught her fiercely in his powerful arms and crushed her to his heaving breast, covering her with wild, passionate kisses, murmuring the while "Oh, Dotty! Dotty! be mine. You *shall* be mine."

And since woman has always loved the bare, primeval fierceness in man, she yielded herself, body, soul and everything else to his embrace.

Of course I realised what was the matter with me; I was far too timid. I resolved to alter all that at once.

We were walking in our usual somewhat futile way down a woodland path when I decided that the moment had come to display the hidden forcefulness of my character.

I stopped suddenly, gripped Molly's shoulders and, gazing at her with all my soul in my eyes, said, in as palpitating a voice as possible, "My adorable Molly, you *shall* be mine."

And Molly, half turning away from me and putting out a dainty hand as though to ward me off, answered: "Oh! Thomas! Are you mad!"

But I knew now the ways of women, knew that a woman repels but to attract. Not for a moment did I hesitate.

I rushed at her and was about to crush her fiercely in my powerful arms and cover her with wild, passionate kisses, when I received a stinging blow in the face, and an icy voice said, "I don't know if you're mad or merely trying to be funny, but, anyhow, I've had enough of you," and Molly, turning on her heel, strode off in a fury, leaving me bewildered and very unforceful.

The next day she broke it off.

By gad! wait till I catch the fool who wrote *Lists of Love*.

T.R.O.F.

Chancellor's Prize Poem

Saint Francis of Assisi

He tells of his conversion from the ways of his youth to one to whom he preacheth in the street.

" Wilt thou not listen—wilt not turn to me ?
 Nay, frown not boy, nor bite thy lip with wrath,
 Nor seek to twist thy mantle from my grasp ;
 I have a message for thine ear—nay, nay,
 These are not words meant for thine ear alone ;
 These are words that I would thine heart might hear.
 Stay, for I bid thee ! stay—look in mine eyes ;
 These have seen visions—dreams of the boundless heavens
 Swept by the dove-wings of the seraphim,
 Yea, of the Throne, gemmed with the stars of night,
 Girt with the argent armour of archangels,
 Hosts of the heavens—a splendour, a glory as of flame.
 Look in mine eyes—I bid thee come with me.
 I have a message for thine heart to hear.
 Nay, turn not from me : thou art young, thou'rt wise
 With the world's wisdom : noble thou art ; thy word
 Of weight, for thou hast lordship of the land.
 What hath the earth but beauty for thine eyes ?—
 There is one thing that thou shalt learn ere long.
 Come with me ; come with me, for I would tell
 Not of the wisdom in the mouths of men :
 Not of the silence of the ancient hills,
 Not of the slumber of the winter woods
 Nor of the murmur of the ceaseless seas—
 These things have knowledge of the aged earth
 And wisdom won of their eternity :
 But I would bid thee hearken to the song
 Of the swift birds that waken with the morn
 When the dawn's lips have kissed the world awake ;
 Harken their sweet shrill singing in the forests
 Where the green leaves toss and stir and shiver
 Thro' the silence of the drowsy noon.
 There is a greater wisdom in their voice
 Than thou shalt find upon the lips of men :
 Theirs are the heights and deeps of song ; and lo !
 What sorrow ever breaks upon their singing
 And weeps within their laughing lutany ?
 There is a greater wisdom in their voice
 Than thou shalt find among the silent hills
 Whose breasts bear burden of eternal age,
 And theirs the grandeur of mortality.

Ah ! happiness—singing to soar and die—
 For sorrow dwells among the eternal hills
 But these—are these not wiser, having learnt
 From death the wisdom of fleet happiness ?
 Death is most wise, and they are wise, knowing death.
 —Come with me, come with me. Thee shall I teach
 The secret that the birds sing towards the sun
 Greater than the said silence of the woods,
 The sorrow of the mourning midnight wind,
 And all the secret splendour of the stars.
 Come with me ; come with me. Thou shalt forget
 Thy sorrows in the sighing of the seas
 Thy laughter in the light of waking morn,
 And in that happiness that springs of death
 Learn there where sorrow and laughter are made one.
 Come—I have learnt my wisdom thence ; yea I :
 Once was my heart careless as thine, mine eyes
 Sought the world's laughing face and found it fair.
 I had no heed for aught save idle pleasure ;
 Mine was the sorrow of sad satiety.
 Look in mine eyes ; yea, once these were as thine,
 Quick for the pleasure of the passing hour,
 Bright with the light of the desires of youth :
 Yet lo ! they have looked beyond the silent stars
 And the skies had no veil to bind their sight.
 Canst thou not see my dreams within mine eyes ?—
 The silence of the night is loud for me
 With wandering whispers of a tongue divine ;
 I have divined the secret of the spheres—
 My lips shall teach thee what mine heart hath learnt.
 Thus it befell ; was it a year ago—
 Ten years ? Ah God—I know, I care not now—
 I left the night-long revel with wild heart
 Afire, and wilder brain, dizzy with wine ;—
 Passed down the silent streets whose reddened stones
 Gleamed to the footsteps of the fiery dawn.
 The air was still about me and no stir
 Or sound of life woke in my deadened ears.
 What thoughts were in my heart I know not now :
 Naught but a whirl of formless phantasies,
 Dull repetition of a drinking catch.
 —Thus had my life been for how many years,
 A flame of passion and swift, strong desire,
 A flame that wasted of its own fervency.
 Weary my heart was on that waking morn
 And sadness held a mantle o'er my mind.
 Beware—beware thee of light loves, light joys !
 Shall not the wine turn bitter in thy mouth,

At length ; the glad kiss burn thee on the lips ?
 Shall not the rose-wreath wither from thine head,
 And thine heart hold naught save sick vanity ?
 Yea, yea ; so hath it been—so shall it be.
 Thou hast my very laughter, my wild eyes.
 Harken thou yet ; look on my face and learn.
 Thus, as I stumbled down the echoing street
 With blinded eyes and ears that heard no sounds
 Save of the echo of the night's wild song,
 Sudden there came a rush of many feet,
 A blow—a cry—a darkness and a silence ;
 A cold wind breathed as from the lips of death.
 I know not, nay, if with that waking morn
 Death had stretched forth a hand and made me his,
 If for one moment it was granted me
 To tread the strange, dim ways of alien worlds
 And seize one glimpse of things known not of men.
 'Twas not a dream—nay, not a dream—a flame,
 No more—a vision, a fading radiance,
 And sudden knowledge of things once withheld.
 How can I tell thee, how there burned on me
 The gathered glory of a thousand spears,
 The shining shields and the proud panoply,
 The high helmets of the cohorts of the heavens.
 Above mine head the silent hosts stood high
 With winged feet sandalled and shod with stars,
 And arms with shining silver braceleted.
 Thus stood they, voiceless, a mailed multitude,
 With tall spears rank on rank, a glory as of fire.
 And mine heart trembled in my fearful breast.
 Ah, listen yet ! Sudden there rose a cry
 As from one throat from all the armoured host,
 A noise of brazen trumpets, loud for war,
 A thunder of hoofs ; and in my dazzled eyes
 Flashed the swift splendour of the shaken spears.
 Lo ! I had sinned, I had sinned, and in my heart
 Rang that wild cry with warning, and I shrieked
 Mad with my fears—" Give me my life, my life !"
 There was a sudden silence o'er my tears,
 A stir of wings about my stricken brow.
 And then a voice spoke—whence I dared not look.
 My tears had ceased and my heart's tremour stilled.
 What said the voice I know not now, alas,
 Save that it bore a message to my heart
 I hear in the swift whisper of the wind
 O'er the grey solitudes of secret hills.
 What said the voice I know not now, alas,
 But a great peace fell like the hand of sleep

Upon mine eyes and on my burning brow.
 And the voice sank to distant echoings,
 And all the winged warriors of the heavens
 Sank into mist and the blaze of their arms
 Died as the sunset splendour into night.
 —'T was not a dream ; 't was not a dream ! I woke
 With careful hands about me and the sun
 Red on my face, dim with the misty morn.
 One spoke—I heard not aught ; one strove to stay
 My rising. Naught I felt : mine eyes were blind
 To all save visions of the winged hosts.
 I knew not that I trod the street's grey stone ;
 I knew not him who walked an hour before
 There where into the splendour of morn I strode :
 There was a thunder of clarions in mine ears ;
 There was a radiant glory in mine eyes !
 —Hear'st not the cry ?—I bid thee follow me !

D. W. A. L.

The College Mission

THE welcome progress, recorded in our last report, has continued during the past months without any sign of abatement. The summer period is always a lean one for any club, but this year we have scarcely felt the difference, as far as numbers and enthusiasm are concerned. This, no doubt, is partly due to the lack of summer weather, but it is also to a very great extent the result of the expansion and development of our activities. The numbers, indeed, at the present time compare very favourably even with past winter seasons, and the approach of the summer camp will go far to counteract the result of any long-delayed spell of hot weather.

The cricket season is in full swing. For the first time in our history we have two teams this year playing regularly. And although we have suffered a severe blow from the inexplicable action of the L.C.C., who have this year suddenly forbidden us the use of a school playground for our cricket net—a privilege which we have enjoyed for at least the last fifteen years, and for which we took the trouble and expense of procuring a tunnel net, and boring holes in the concrete of the playground to support the poles. It seems strange that the L.C.C., who presumably are appointed for the purpose of looking after the interests of the people of the districts of which they are in charge, should thus deliberately and for no apparent reason put their ban on the enjoyment of some fifty of their old pupils, more especially as the school caretaker is as keen on it

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NOTICE.

JOHNIAN SOCIETY.

At the Old Johnian Dinner held in London in July, 1923, of which a report appears in this issue, it was decided to form a Johnian Society. Past and present members of the College are requested to communicate with the Secretary,

E. W. R. PETERSON,

81, ST. GEORGES SQUARE,

LONDON, S.W. 1.

and to bring the matter to the notice of others interested, who may not be subscribers to THE EAGLE.

Tea

TEA must be dear to every student. Whether you come tired from the library, or glowing from the walk, or mighty hungry from the playing-field there is tea to look forward to, and it is impossible to say under which conditions it is most enjoyed.

For the essayist it has more interest than any other meal. He thinks of the varieties of teas at which he has assisted—in summer gardens after croquet or tennis, in the vicar's library by a blazing fire which imparts warmth to every book, or in London cafés; picnics in woods, and he remembers the family tea long ago, when there might be jam or there might not. He thinks of the quaint people he has met, the charming people he met only once, and the queer accidents and delicious *faux pas* made. Breakfast is a cold meal and the aspect generally bad; lunch is dull and can find no other excuse than to keep one going until tea-time; dinner is more a race than a meal. But tea has a magical position, looking out upon the warm, bright evening. Spirits are high, and the power of the tea (provided it be hot) soon makes itself felt.

It is pleasant to trace things back to their unconscious beginnings, and here is a subject worthy of such a study and

investigation. Dr. Johnson would think so. "His defence of tea," wrote Boswell, "against Mr. Jonas Hanway's violent attack upon that eloquent and popular beverage, shows how very well a man of genius can write upon the slightest subject, when he writes as the Italians say, *con amore*: I suppose no person ever enjoyed with more relish the infusion of that fragrant leaf than Johnson. The quantities which he drank of it at all hours were so great, that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it. He assured me, that he never felt the least inconvenience from it; which is a proof that the fault of his constitution was rather a too great tension of fibres, than the contrary. Mr. Hanway wrote an angry answer to Johnson's review of his essay on tea, and Johnson, after a full and deliberate pause, made a reply to it; the only instance, I believe, in the whole course of his life, when he condescended to oppose anything that was written against him." After which we may take courage to meditate on the subject.

Not far from the school playing-field was a cottage, the front room of which was used as a shop and at the back, down two dark steps was a tea room. Hither at five o'clock we came, sometimes as many as seven of us, more often five. That was in the Fifth, and not one of us but knew it was the greatest Fifth the school had known. And though I do not say the best of us gathered at the cottage, the tea we drank gave us a more than common lustre and we became, as it were, the quintessence. We ate new scones and cakes, and drank abundance of tea, and talked—talked the rich wisdom we have now forgotten, and came back to our play until the sun set on the near hills.

Since then I have learned a more temperate use of tea, as, no doubt, Dr. Johnson would had he been to Cambridge instead of Oxford. For, one cannot blame rowing for an intemperate thirst more than once to the same person, or one becomes notorious. But in spite of the shortage of tea Cambridge teas are very lovely. One soon learns to balance a cup and saucer and plate and knife, and only a bishop would dare to ask for a table lest he should rest his cup on his apron. It is not so easy to manage a cream-bun if you are not given a plate or a fork, but one soon becomes remarkably skilful in the most difficult feats.

It is an anxious time in France and Germany, the time between ordering some tea and pouring out the first cup. Perhaps you have forgotten to say "mit Milch," or the "lait" is hot, or the tea is as clear as white chiffon, or, worst of all, Fräulein brings one small cup poured out. But indeed it is a blessing to find a place where both tea and gateaux are

sold. I remember when staying at Les Andelys finding in my bedroom a *billet doux*. This is to show the element of romance there is in "that fragrant leaf." The *billet doux* said: "When in Paris visit —'s for tea; fresh cakes, etc." I pocketed the note and thought no more of it, until, coming out of the *Comédie Française* one day, I entered a pâtisserie and in the middle of a delicious tea found I had struck —'s.

Let me end on a philosophic note. One of the sayings of my old Head that I remember was: tea makes a new man of me; I divide my day at tea-time.

The moral is, take tea early.

H.W.P

THE VOYAGER

It is all dark in the West: the day is dead,
The sunset quenched 'neath gloomy heaps of cloud
And the last lonely light of evening fled.
The wash of racing waves sounds through the gloaming
Over the rush and surge grows yet more loud
The sighing of the rising wind that drives
The spume like smoke above the billows foaming.
In the black vault of heaven, like brandished knives
Flickers pale lightning through the impetuous rain,
While wanly luminous with a ghastlier light
The smitten ocean moans incessant pain.
With a sad cry, on wings forlornly white,
A gull comes soaring through the growing gale:
Clutched fast by gusty hands he struggles free.
The scurrying tempest stays not that frail form.
The tortured air is filled with dolorous wail.
While thuds the heavy thunder o'er the sea
With dauntless heart he drives into the storm.

JAMES L. R. HALE.

Some Aspects of College Life in Past Times.

THE subject of my lecture this evening was suggested to me some time ago by an article of Sir George Greenhill's in THE EAGLE for the Easter Term of 1921, entitled "The Sizar."

It is an amusing and discursive paper, including quotations from the *Pickwick Papers*, and amongst other things, a criticism of a German version of "The Taming of the Shrew." Sir George Greenhill, like many others, regrets the past, does not quite approve of the present, and distrusts the future. He is not like the happy optimist who held that "There is no time like the present, the past is gone and the future is not with us."

The position of the Sizar, his duties and his hardships, are also considered in a recent work by Mr. Albert Mansbridge, entitled "The older Universities of England." And there is a good deal about the favoured class of Fellow Commoners. I do not say that either of these gentlemen are inaccurate, Mr. Mansbridge is not unsympathetic, but there is little that is new in the facts he records, and, if I may say so, he comments on isolated events in the past rather from the point of view of the present day, without picturing the surroundings and conditions of contemporary life. If we are to understand the methods and customs of our predecessors we must try to picture to ourselves the conditions under which they worked and not draw wide conclusions from isolated cases.

We do not comment on the stage coach journeys of Mr. Pickwick and his companions from the point of view of the present day reveller in a Char-à-banc. Nor do we infer that the habits of all medical students of the last century were modelled on those of Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen.

Suppose we invert the process, if it were possible, and try to picture to ourselves the views of Queen Elizabeth on the Girl Guide movement as she would learn of it from casual references in the newspapers. Good Queen Bess would, I imagine, be puzzled to account for the patronage of the present Royal family.

If we are to consider the Sizarship System as it existed in past centuries, we must try to reconstitute its surroundings and the conditions under which it worked and the needs it met.

There is no doubt that much in the ways and manners of our predecessors seems odd to us, yet these in the past served their purpose and were in accordance with the views of their time.

I shall practically confine my remarks to-night to what has happened in our own College and it may be instructive

to consider the alterations in College life and institutions which changes of circumstance and manners have brought about. I shall leave you to judge whether these changes were for the better or whether you would wish the old state of affairs to be restored.

My material is derived from various documents in the College itself and although I will not trouble you with exact references, I believe that what I am going to say is substantially accurate. As regards material for my lecture: In the first place we have the various statutes of the College. The Statutes of a College are rules laid down by authority for its government. They set forth the rights and duties of its members, Senior and Junior, and those who were admitted to the corporate body in past times had to take a solemn oath to observe the Statutes themselves and to see that they were observed by others.

Our earliest Statutes, at St. John's were prepared by Bishop Fisher who drew them up at the request of his brother executors of the Lady Margaret's Will. He drew up three codes altogether in 1516, 1524 and 1530, each code superseding its predecessor. You will remember that at that time the Roman Catholic faith prevailed. Then in 1545, King Henry, the Eighth prescribed a new set of Statutes adapted to the changes of religion brought about in Church and State. And then, in 1576, certain Commissioners appointed by Queen Elizabeth, of whom Lord Burghley and Archbishop Whitgift were two, laid down a fresh set of Statutes or rules by which the College was governed for 270 years, in fact until 1849. Since then we have had two Royal Commissions who prepared new Statutes in 1860 and 1882, and now, under a fresh Commission, we are to start on a further revision.

These early codes have the most minute provisions as to the daily life of the College. For our present purpose we need only consider such of the provisions as bear on the questions of Fellowships, Scholarships, and Sizarships. In Fisher's Statutes there is no mention of Sizarships, as he deals only with *Scholares*, who are divided into *Socii*—Fellows and *Discipuli*, whom we now call Scholars. He prescribes how the Society is to sit in Hall at dinner as follows. In order that there may be no confusion in Hall the tables are to be arranged as follows. At the principal table the Master shall sit in the centre, if he wishes, and to this he shall lead the chief Fellows. If the Master is absent the President shall call three of the more distinguished Fellows to sit with him and then other Fellows until the table is filled. At the first side table on the right hand side of the Hall shall sit the rest of the Fellows without assignment of places. At the first table on the left hand side shall sit graduates, scholars and

Priests. The other tables are to be for undergraduates and servants. The Bursars' and Stewards' tables are to be near the Butteries. When all have been summoned to the Hall, by the ringing of the bell at the appointed hour and are seated in silence, the Scholars and others deputed for the purpose shall bring in the meat and drink and shall also clear away the plates and napkins at the end of the meal. Fisher prescribed that the Deans should select seven out of the Scholars to wait in Hall and an eighth was to be appointed to read the Bible to the assembled society at dinner. The corresponding provision in the Statutes of Henry the Eighth was that the Deans should select out of the Scholars, Pensioners and Sizars a convenient number to wait in Hall and one other in addition to read the Bible. Waiting then was not confined to the Sizars only, but was part of the general College life.

As I have mentioned before, Fisher does not mention Sizars. The class was known though its origin is lost in antiquity. We may describe them as men who only indirectly benefited by College endowments to the extent of, perhaps, receiving rooms and tuition free, but were attached to a Fellow or Fellow Commoner of the College who in return for some kind of service provided them with funds for maintenance, the service and help being undefined.

But quite early in College history namely on 1st September, 1525, an endowment was provided by Dr. John Dowman, who gave £140 the income arising from which was to support nine Sizars, each of whom was to receive 3d. weekly and what the Fellows leave at dinner—*fragmenta seu frustitula*—teaching and rooms free. These were called the Proper Sizars or Dr. Dowman's Sizars; one for the Master and one for each of the eight Senior Fellows who constituted the Governing body. Sizars maintained by the other Fellows or Fellow Commoners were called Sub-sizars and received little or no allowance from College funds. Other benefactors came forward from time to time to increase the endowment of the Sizars. The last I have noticed was a certain Samuel Newton, who, in 1681, left a legacy to augment the commons of the Sizars to 13d. a week. These allowances seem very small, but they were on the same scale as the rest of the allowances, at first; for weekly commons the Master was allowed 2s., a Fellow 1s., and a Scholar 7d. These allowances as well as those of the Sizars, were increased as time went on, and rents increased. The statutable allowance was paid and the increment known as *Praeter*.

How long the waiting in Hall by the Pensioners went on is not, so far as I know, recorded, but in the spring of 1765, in the mastership of Dr. Powell, we have this note: "the Scholars of the House were first excused from waiting in

Hall, where, till that time, they had waited, four each week, at the President's or High Table. Instead of the Scholars nine Sizars were appointed to wait at the President's table, under the name of Waiting Sizars. The Proper Sizars still continued to wait at the Bursar's table." On 6th May, 1786, the waiting of Sizars was entirely abolished and five servants were hired for the purpose at £10 per annum each. A note of this change was made in the Admission Register of the College. Thus this part of the Sizar's duties was formally abolished.

I was so fortunate some years ago to have given to me a bundle of papers among which was a little diary or account book of one Charles Sutton, the son of a Norwich draper, who was a Waiting Sizar. Some extracts from this may interest you.

It has the following entries: "Norwich, 20 April, 1775. Examined and admitted this day Sizar of St. John's College, Cambridge, by the Rev. Mr. Ferris my intended Tutor, who happened to be at the King's Head upon his tour through Norfolk. At the same time deposited in his hands ten pounds by way of caution to be returned to me after taking my A.M. degree, if I stay so long in College. Cambridge, October 9. Came to reside, but did not dine in Hall till next day. October 14. Took possession with George Holcombe (another sizar) of a room in the First Court. October 19. Went to lectures in Horace, second book of Epistles, to Mr. Pearce, sub-tutor, but did not read—did the next day. November 10. Chosen Waiting Sizar. November 18. First began to wait. November 21. Changed my room for a Turret in the Second Court, right-hand side."

Sutton kept a very accurate account of his expenditure while an undergraduate. In his first year he received from the College as a Sizar £25 10s. 9½d., and from home £42 with a suit, as he records, of Superfine, worth £5. In his second year he had in addition to his Sizarship a Mountstephen Exhibition of £6, receiving from the College £30 10s., and from home £20, and a suit of Superfine. In his third year he had become a Scholar, receiving from the College £37 10s. 7d., and from home £21.

In the year 1777 he had an Exhibition from the Ironmongers' Company which produced £11 12 6d., and in 1778 an Exhibition from the Fishmongers' Company worth £14 9s. 6d. He gives a summary of all his College expenses up to the time of taking his B.A. degree.

From Father	£101	7	6
From College	104	3	4
From London	26	2	0
Total	£231	12	10

He had a bedmaker to whom he paid 12s. a Term and 15s. for the Long Vacation, with a Christmas box of 6d.

He did not seem to spend much on books, but records the purchase of a Euclid and Gray's Elegy. On the other hand he was not a Prohibitionist, for he records his bill for liquor in 1776 as follows: "12 bottles of Port, £1 1s. od.; 1 ditto. Rum, 3s.; 2 do. Brandy, 8s.; one of Mountain, 2s., and two of Punch, 3s. A total of £1 17s."

Note that while he was a Waiting Sizar he had himself a bedmaker.

He has the further note: "March 29. 1784. Elected this day Fellow of St. John's College, with eight others of whom I am the Senior. There were 23 candidates. Four Fellowships were appropriated. Mine is of Lady Margaret's Foundation—*Cuius memoriam semper honoratam habebō.*"

When he became a Fellow his dividend was £60 a year with allowances, making his total income from the College £66 10s.

We learn then that by the end of the eighteenth century Sizars like others had bedmakers. Two years after Sutton became Fellow the Waiting by Sizars was as we have seen, abolished. I shall recur presently to further changes in College about this time.

It is not easy to say exactly what the Sizar had to do for the Fellow, or Fellow Commoner, to whom he was attached, as we only learn at intervals and indirectly what was going on. At Trinity, about 1660, when Isaac Newton was a Sub-sizar, we learn that Sizars waited on their tutors and even fetched their quantum or Commons from the Buttery. In 1670, Eachard, who was Master of St. Catherine's, describes the Fellows as: "taking a very good method to prevent sizars overheating their brains; bedmaking, chamber sweeping and water fetching were doubtless great preservatives against too much vain philosophy." Or, again: "However the Fellow whome he serves cannot but in pitie, if not for conscience sake, let him glean some small morsels of his knowledge, which costs him no more than only the expense of that time while the young sizar is pulling off his master's stockings or warming his night-cap." One would hope that such statements only refer to isolated cases; Eachard was arguing against the existence of Sizars, many of whom he seemed to think scarcely deserved a University education or degree. On the other hand some 50 years before, namely in 1625, the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses in the University had published a decree prohibiting the admission of bedmakers, illiterate boys and men, and even women, into Colleges to perform those offices which been a source of income to poor Scholars. That seems to indicate that quite early in the 17th century servants were replacing Sizars for some purposes.

Sir Symonds D'Ewes, son of a wealthy Suffolk squire, entered St. John's 20th May, 1618, as a Fellow Commoner, and brought with him as his Sub-sizar one Thomas Manning, son of an elder Thomas Manning, a clergyman who had been silenced by the three articles of Archbishop Whitgift in the preceding reign. All the duties of his Sizar to which D'Ewes alludes in his diary are calling up D'Ewes to morning chapel and announcing what is of the clock and carrying messages and letters into the town. D'Ewes speaks kindly of his Sizar, whose friendship he enjoyed at the time and in after life and tells us that Manning became an able and laborious preacher. But we also learn from the diary that D'Ewes brought with him to College from his home a man servant, who probably did most of the duties we should now call menial.

The fact is wealthy and well born Fellow Commoners seem to have come to Cambridge with a considerable retinue of servants, and occasionally brought with them their own guardian or tutor. For example, in 1624, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundell and Surrey sent his eldest son, Lord Maltravers and his brother, Mr. William Howard, to be Fellow Commoners of St. John's. They were accompanied by ^{Eagle XV} William, Lord Sandys, and Sir Henry Bouchier, who afterwards became fifth Earl of Bath. These four lads were to "live a scholastic life." They were accompanied by a Rev. John Borough, who seems to have been a kind of preceptor. Borough, in writing to the Master of the College with regard to the party, suggests the following accommodation. "My Lord Maltravers and his brother Mr. William Howard to be lodged in one chamber with a pallet for the grooms of their chamber. A chamber in the College for Lord Sandys and his man. A chamber in the College for Sir Henry Bouchier and his man. A chamber in the College for Mr. Borough and his man." Adding: "The rest of his Lordship's company, being two gentlemen, a groom of his stable and a footman may be lodged in the towne near the College." ¹⁴⁹⁻⁵¹

If, then, each of these well-born lads entertained a Sizar in accordance with College custom, his duties were probably light.

As between the Fellow Commoner and the Sizar, there was, in the opinion of the time, no degradation. The Sub-sizar was not a poor student, depressed to the footing of a servant, but generally the son of a clergyman, small yeoman or farmer elevated to the rank of a student by a kindly and richer friend without whose help he could not have come to the University. They were a traditional way of helping the sons of parents of limited means to a University education.

And in the days when endowments were small, and the territorial and other restrictions on Scholarships (to which I will refer presently) were hampering, the Sizarship tided over a period until the Sizar could prove his mettle. But human nature being what it is the life of a Sizar must have depended on the temperaments of both parties. A sensitive Sizar and a selfish or overbearing or even thoughtless Fellow or Fellow Commoner would make a poor pair to work together.

But to return to recorded facts in our own College, the two following College Orders passed at an interval of a century show some change of view or practice. The first is dated 6th November, 1605: "It is decreed by the Master and Seniors . . . that no Fellow shall have above one Sub-sizar, except the same be allowed by the Master and the greater part of the Seniors being mette together; and if anie Fellow contrarie to this decree do keep under his tuition anie moe sub-sizars than one by the space of one monthe, that then the said Fellow is to be punished 6s. 8d. by the Maister, the President, or anie officer; if two months 13s. 4d.; and so forward, the punishment everie month to be doubled and to be exacted of the Steward for the Colledge by the Senior Bursar for the time being."

This seems to imply some kind of abuse though its exact nature is not very clear.

The second College Order is dated March 20th, 1716, and is as follows: "Whereas every Fellow at his admission to his Fellowship is by oath obliged to observe all the laudable customs of the College; and whereas there is a very antient and laudable custom of the said College that every Fellow and all others who are in Fellows Commons (i.e. Fellow Commoners) should entertain a Sizar, but by neglect of this good custom many poor scholars have been deprived of that support which they should have had; we, the Master and Fellows, by virtue of this Statute and Oath, require all Fellows, and all others who are in Fellows Commons to entertain a Sizar in such manner as has been accustomed." At this time the College Admission Register was carefully kept and the status of each person admitted recorded. Between 1701 and 1715 the number of Sizars admitted annually was nearly always over twenty, more often over thirty, in each year. And the number of Sizars admitted generally exceeded the number of pensioners and Fellow Commoners put together. In 1716, the year in which the Order was passed, the number rose to 38, the pensioners were only 22 and the Fellow Commoners five in number. The average number of admissions being about 25 Sizars, 20 pensioners and three Fellow Commoners. For the three years of residence the average number of Sizars must have been 75, pensioners 60 and Fellow Commoners nine.

As there were 52 Fellows, each of whom ought to have had a Sizar there does not seem room for many delinquents. Perhaps as in many cases of legislation the order was aimed at one or two persons only, but put in general terms. The incident puzzles me, and I have no explanations to offer. We have seen that the waiting in Hall by the Scholars was abolished in 1765, and by the Sizars in 1786. I detect in the College Admission Register about this time a change of form introduced without any remark. It used to run: Brown was admitted Sizar for Mr. Jones, a Fellow or Fellow Commoner. Tutor, Mr. Robinson. About this time men began to be admitted simply as Sizars without being Sizars to anyone. And a further fact also emerges from the Register. During the earlier parts of each year men are admitted as Sizars, and then early in November they are re-admitted as pensioners. Scrutiny of the Registers shows that these men had been elected Scholars. The election of Scholars was just after All Saints' Day. Tenure of a Scholarship was inconsistent with the status of a Sizar. In these days scholars could only be elected from men in residence, and even amongst these from persons who satisfied some restricted qualifications. I infer, therefore, that Sizarships had begun to be used by the College as a form of what we should now call Entrance Scholarships or Exhibitions. If the College, through some of its Fellows, or some Schoolmaster or clergyman learned of a capable and promising youth, financially it was attractive to him to say: We cannot promise you a Scholarship till you come into residence, but if you will join the College as a Sizar, the allowances we make partly in cash and partly in reduced charges will make it possible for you to enter and then it depends on yourself whether you can obtain a Scholarship. This change of status is always to be found in the Register, but towards the end of the eighteenth century is so regular and marked that it must, I think, point to such a practice. But it is not to be inferred that all Sizars were elected Scholars, pensioners were frequently elected. It is popular knowledge that many Fellows of the College were originally Sizars, but election to a Scholarship was the intermediate step for it was laid down more than once that Fellows were to be elected from those who were or had been Scholars. But when Sizars came to be selected for promise or ability it was natural that they should afterwards become Fellows. Such Sizars selected in this way were, I imagine, free of any duties to any individual Fellow and in Sutton's diary which I have quoted there is no reference to any Fellow to whom he was attached.

It was not until the University Commission of 1860 which laid down new Statutes for the College that the College

could offer Entrance Scholarships or Exhibitions to persons not in residence. From that time onwards the competition for sizarships fell. A clever boy got his Entrance Scholarship, and in due course became a Foundation Scholar, and as time went on sizarships became more or less a consolation prize for those who showed promise rather than performance.

Before I pass to the consideration of Fellows and Scholars I would like to say a few words about Fellow Commoners generally represented as a privileged and idle class. They also existed in the College from the earliest times. Fisher provided in his Statutes that sons of noblemen or opulent persons, friends of the College, to the number of eight, might, with the approval of the Master, be accepted, subject to the rules of the College. We have to remember that what we now call a degree was in early times a licence to teach or a qualification for Holy Orders. The sons of noblemen or landed proprietors did not require such licences, but in the phrase I quoted some time ago came to lead a scholastic life for a short period. It was usual also for such persons to enter at one of the Inns of Court, not with the view of being called to the Bar as we should say, but by attending lectures and moots to learn something of the law and its administration, to fit themselves for their duties in after life as landed owners or magistrates. Their number in College was always small the average number admitted annually to St. John's in the eighteenth century was four. The highest number in any one year was twelve, and frequently none were admitted. Their special dress with a gold laced gown and gold tassel to their cap made them conspicuous as a peacock would be amongst barn door fowls. Some, I daresay, did not use, perhaps abused, their privileges. But in the days of Dr. Powell while the position of the Sizar was being improved, the Fellow Commoners were brought under stricter control, had to take the College examinations and began to take degrees. It is true that the academic wind was tempered to these well fleeced lambs and some were admitted to honorary or as we should say titular degrees, after little more than two years residence.

But turning now to the Fellows and Scholars. In the early Statutes of the College precise rules for their election are laid down. Other things being equal, in the election of Fellows the most needy are to be chosen. Out of the Fellows on the Foundress foundation preference was to be given to those born in the northern counties: Durham, Northumberland, Westmorland, Cumberland, York, Richmondshire, Lancaster, Derby and Nottingham, and one half of the Fellows were to come from these Counties. Of the rest, preference was to be given to those born in Lincoln, Norfolk, Essex,

Middlesex, Kent and Cambridge, and other counties where the College had landed property. But not more than two Fellows were to come from any one county. None were to be elected who did not propose to study theology. Similar restrictions applied to the Scholars. Passing over intermediate changes, the Statutes of Elizabeth divided the counties into trans-Trentine and cis-Trentine, the river Trent being the boundary, but also allowing one Fellow and no more to come from each diocese in Wales. The place of birth was the ruling feature, and the object no doubt was to spread the influence of the College over the whole country, preference being given to the North, at that time the most backward part of the Kingdom. By the reign of Elizabeth a number of additional Fellowships and Scholarships had been founded by private benefactors or sub-founders as they were called. Each of these sub-foundations or appropriated Fellowships and Scholarships had its own special restrictions or trusts. The Commissioners of Queen Elizabeth extended the rule that no more than two Fellows or Scholars were to come from any one county to the whole body of the Foundress foundation and these special trusts. And we have to remember that the College was governed by the Elizabethan Code from 1576 to 1860 over 270 years.

There were 32 Fellowships of the Foundress foundation and 21 of these appropriated Fellowships. The preferences of these latter were often very narrow, extending perhaps not to a whole county, but to a particular parish, township or school, and as it so happened these preferences were nearly all given to the North. The effect was that men who came from six of the nine northern counties to which preference was given by the Foundress were by the effect of these special trusts excluded from her Fellowships. A county was full, as it was then expressed, if two Fellows came from any one, the preference was to the place of birth not to learning or knowledge in the abstract. It was a curious and unforeseen situation. There was one slight alleviation, though a poor one. In the year 1632 a Mr. William Platt bequeathed an estate in Middlesex, in what we now know as Kentish Town, to found Fellowships and Scholarships in the College, each Fellow to receive £30 a year, each Scholar £10. The Will was disputed and lengthy proceedings in Chancery ensued. It was not until the year 1684 that the property came to the College and a scheme for the administration of the trust drawn up by the Court of Chancery. The Scheme is a very long one, but its provisions may be summarised as follows. In the first place it was to be a separate foundation with its own accounts. There were no county restrictions, but the Platt Fellows were to be incapable of being appointed to any

College office, or presentation to any benefice in the gift of the College until all the other Fellows had refused such offices or benefices. The monetary payments are small, but something approaching those made to the Fellows and Scholars on the ancient foundations. For certain Fellowships and Scholarships the county restriction was thus removed, but the Platt Fellows were practically excluded from any participation in College government and this disability continued until 1860, when the Universities Commission placed the Platt Fellows on the same footing as all the others. As time went on the administration of the private foundations side by side with that of the Foundress, gave rise to many difficulties. If a man happened to have been born in the proper parish, or educated at the proper school, or fulfilled some other condition, he had to be elected to the appropriated Scholarship or Fellowship, whatever the intellectual qualifications or distinctions of others, his contemporaries, might be.

For Scholarships there does not seem to have been much difficulty. When a candidate presented himself for one of the Scholarships on the Foundress foundation, which was vacant, the chief question was: Is the county full already, full in the sense that there were already two holders from that county. If not then his qualifications could be gone into. It was the working of this county restriction side by side with the appropriated Scholarships which gave rise to difficulties. The net result was that men from the Southern counties came to have a better chance of foundation Scholarships than men from the northern counties, the exact reverse of what Bishop Fisher contemplated.

If the candidate came from one of the privileged Schools he seems to have brought with him what was practically a nomination from his Headmaster. If from one of the privileged townships or parishes usually a baptismal certificate to prove his birth right.

If on any vacancy there was no candidate with the exact qualifications prescribed, the custom seems to have been to elect some one with fairly equivalent qualifications for that turn. Few, if any, disputes arose with regard to the election of Scholars.

It was otherwise with regard to Fellowships. These fell vacant less frequently, and were not only more valuable in a pecuniary sense, but also, as practically all Fellows were in Orders, gave the chance of presentation to a benefice in the gift of the College and so a provision for life. If the Governing Body stretched a point and elected A when B thought he had a better claim, B would appeal to the Bishop of Ely as visitor, who had to go into the whole matter, and on several occasions overruled the decision of the College,

ejected A from the Fellowship to which he had been elected, and ordered the College to admit B. Some of these appeals, and the grounds for them, may interest you.

Very early in the history of the College Sir Marmaduke Constable, of Flamborough, founded a Fellowship in the College. The Fellow was to be a native of Yorkshire, to be a Priest and to celebrate Masses in the College for the souls of Sir Marmaduke and members of the Constable family, he was in effect what was in those days known as a Chantry Priest. The Statutes of Elizabeth abolished such institutions. In the year 1770 there seems to have been a dispute as to what the restriction to Priest's orders then really implied. The Constable Fellow was to be a Priest—*Sacerdos*. Was he to be a Priest in order to qualify for election, or was he to be elected a Fellow in order to perform the acts of a Priest afterwards?

Constable said his Fellow was to be a Priest—*Sacerdos*—he did not say of what denomination for the excellent reason, probably, that he never thought of any other priesthood than that of his own Faith. But it was argued in 1770 that if *Sacerdos* is taken alone, he might be a Priest of any other church or community, Jewish or Mahomedan. As such persons could not then be members of the University the implied argument seems to have been: Why not elect a respectable Yorkshire layman of the Church of England? If he does not take Priest's orders afterwards that can be gone into, anyhow a Priest of the Church of England could no more say masses for the dead than could a Deacon or a layman. How that matter was settled or why indeed the question was ever raised does not appear from the papers I have seen.

A somewhat similar question was raised with regard to a Fellowship founded by Lady Rokeby. The Fellow was to be chosen from persons born in the town of Beverley, failing such, one born in Yorkshire and to be a Priest at the time of his election or within six months afterwards. In 1804 the Rokeby Fellowship was vacant; there were two candidates, Hunter and Courtney, both born in Beverley. At the time of the election Hunter was in Priest's orders, Courtney not even a Deacon. The College elected Hunter, and Courtney appealed to the Bishop of Ely. Courtney's argument was that a candidate for the Fellowship need not be in Priest's orders, if he obtained these within six months he would satisfy the conditions, if he did not, then it was admitted he would have to go. Hunter had taken his degree in 1798 as a Junior Optime, third from the bottom of the Mathematical Tripos. Courtney had not taken an honours degree. To us it would seem that Hunter was the better man. The proceedings before the Bishop of Ely dragged on

for some time, and Courtney was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Peterborough on June 10th, 1804, and Priest by the Archbishop of York a month later, on July 8th, 1804, within six months of the election in April. In the end the Bishop of Ely deprived Hunter of the Fellowship, not on the ground that Courtney was the better man, but because it was disclosed that Hunter had an income from land exceeding the value named in the Statutes as disqualifying a man from election, and that therefore as between the two Courtney ought to have been elected. The College complied and Courtney became a Fellow.

But perhaps the most amusing and instructive cases of such elections arose with regard to the Keyton Fellowships. In the year 1532, Dr. John Keyton, a Canon of Salisbury, founded two Scholarships and two Fellowships in the College. They were to be elected from those who had been choristers of the Collegiate Church of Southwell. A chorister could claim one of the scholarships and be elected, then when the time came he could be elected a Keyton Fellow if one were vacant. The first case to which I will draw your attention related to quite a celebrated man, Matthew Prior, the poet and diplomatist whose portrait hangs in this Hall. Prior was admitted a pensioner of the College, April 2nd, 1683. It is then quite clearly stated that he was the son of George Prior, and was born at Wimborne, in Dorset, but this was afterwards erased, and the County of birth given as Middlesex. Much time has been spent in trying to verify which of these statements is correct, no proof of his Dorset birth can be found, and it was left to Canon H. F. Westlake, of Westminster, to discover quite recently the entry of Prior's baptism in the Registers of St. Margaret's, Westminster, where we have the entry: "August 2nd, 1664. Matthew Pryor, son to George by Elizabeth" (baptised). So that he was a Middlesex and not a Dorset man. How the original error was made we cannot say. Prior was admitted to the College on April 2nd, and next day (still giving Dorset as his county) he was admitted a Scholar on the Duchess of Somerset's foundation on the nomination of the Duchess herself, who thereby gave a dispensation from her own rules, for Prior came from Westminster School, and the Scholars of the Duchess were to come from Manchester or Hereford Schools. On April 3rd, 1688, Prior was admitted a Fellow on Dr. Keyton's foundation, again you will see apparently without the proper qualification of having been a chorister at Southwell. But quite recently Mr. C. A. James of Southwell has made the interesting discovery that Prior had been nominated to a chorister's place at Southwell, by the Chapter of Southwell in the February preceding the election, and a certificate of such election

recorded no doubt for the satisfaction of the College. There can be no doubt about the identification, for he is described as Matthew Prior, son of George Prior, gentleman and B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge. The nomination must have been a pure form to qualify him for the Fellowship, for a young man of 23 is not likely to become an effective choir boy. But Prior was always a favoured person, later the College nominated him to one of the two medical Fellowships which could be held without the obligation of taking orders and nominated him Linacre Lecturer of Physic to lecture on the works of Galen, and he remained a Fellow to his death.

A similar artifice to qualify a candidate for a Keyton Fellowship was attempted some eighty years later. A William Wood was admitted a chorister of Southwell in 1756 at the age of ten, and performed the duties of a chorister for six years and after two years more at Southwell School entered St. John's in 1764 and took his degree as last man or Wooden Spoon in the Mathematical Tripos of 1768. In 1775 a Keyton Fellowship was vacant, and Wood stood as a candidate. His opponent was a man called Absom, who had taken his degree in 1774, but without honours. In 1768, when he was 16 years of age, he had been appointed a chorister of Southwell, and claimed that he had performed the duties for three months. The College, for reasons which do not very clearly appear, elected Absom, and Wood at once appealed to the Bishop of Ely, claiming that while he himself had been a real chorister the election of Absom was not a genuine one, but made solely for the purpose of qualifying him presently for the Keyton Fellowship. The Bishop took this view and in his judgment stated that Absom's election as a chorister was "fraudulent, colourable and fictitious, and that he had never performed any of the duties of a chorister nor intended nor was able to perform them." He accordingly ruled that Absom should be ejected from his Fellowship and Wood installed in his room. Thus the artifice which was successful in Prior's case, failed in that of Absom.

I need not trouble you with further instances, but you will gather that 200 years ago or thereabouts, elections to Fellowships were governed by quite different considerations from those which now commend themselves to us. As time went on these old provisions became less and less applicable to modern conditions. The County restriction became more and more troublesome. In the eighteenth century a curious fiction was introduced. Men came to the College who were of English parentage, but had been born abroad—*Peregrini*. The convention was introduced that such a man might on entrance choose either the county of birth of his father or mother as his own. It was a bit of a lottery, of course, as

when the time came his parental county might be full, after all, still, it did give him a chance. The entry of such a man ran: born in India, Gibraltar, Minorca (all these are actual instances) father, or mother's county Lancaster, or whatever that might be. We have even such abbreviated entries as: "born in Ireland, County of birth, Yorkshire."

The Platt Scholarships and Fellowships gave some relief in hard cases, but their inferior status in the College was a drawback.

One case attracted public attention: James Inman, born at Dent, in Yorkshire, entered the College as a Sizar, was in due course elected a Scholar, and was Senior Wrangler, and first Smith's Prizeman, in 1800. No fellowship for a Yorkshire man fell vacant and Inman was not elected a Fellow till 1805, and then only to a Platt Fellowship. Those who were then agitating for a change took his case as typical and, showing the estimation in which these Fellowships were held, stated that he had never been a Fellow of St. John's.

The College took the matter in hand, endeavouring to obtain freedom of election to Fellowships. Queen Elizabeth in her Statutes had reserved the power to herself and her successors of altering and amending the Statutes, and the Crown was urged to exercise this power. The real obstacles to any effective change were the provisions of the appropriated Fellowships, each foundation was a special trust, and in the early days of the nineteenth century the alteration of trusts was almost impossible.

I need not trouble you with the proceedings extending over many years. The lawyers who were consulted were quite clear that the trusts of the private foundations could not be altered, but that the Crown might, if so advised, alter the Elizabethan Statutes. Accordingly in 1819 the College petitioned the Prince Regent for a modification of the Elizabethan Statutes. In the end on March 4th, 1820, the Crown granted a new Fellowship Statute, the effect of which was to abolish the County restrictions for the Foundress Fellowships and to allow election from any county. And further gave the curious power of transferring a Foundress Fellow to one of the private foundations if his county or other qualifications made him eligible for that, thus vacating a Foundress Fellowship for another man. This may be illustrated by an example. Dr. Bateson, formerly Master of the College, a Lancashire man by birth, was, in 1837, elected a Foundress Fellow. In 1849 he was transferred to a Gregson Fellowship, which happened to be vacant for which a Lancashire man was eligible, and so made room for a Cumberland man to be elected Foundress Fellow, who, on account of his county, could not hold the Gregson Fellowship.

It was not until 1860, when under the authority of Parliament, all these restrictions were removed. All preferences to place of birth, school or chorister were abolished for Fellowships, but the preference of certain Schools to Scholarships in the College was, however, retained under the name of School Exhibitions.

My long story comes to an end—has it a moral? If it has one, it is that in legislating for the government of a College, flexibility is required. We have seen the difficulties created by rigid rules laid down by honest and well-meaning men who looked on their own ideals and the conditions of their time as the best and likely to endure. On the other hand the system of sizarships, based on custom and tradition, and not bound by written rules, lent itself to gradual alteration as times and manners changed.

As you know a Parliamentary Commission has recently been appointed to draw up new Statutes for the University and Colleges, let us hope that the moral I have drawn may commend itself to them.

"YES, WE HAVE NO"

Ei mihi confiteor non, emptor, habere bananas;

Copia non hodie, quae fuit ante, manet.

At si forte velis colocasia lata referre,

Maiora haec ipso nostra tumore tument.

Hic olus, hic caepa est: aliud si quaeris, habemus

Omne genus frugum, quot dare Terra solet.

Hic et emes baccas, quales placuere Catoni,

[Non propriam vocem lingua Latina tenet]

Fossaque Jersiacae radicis poma videntur:

—Sed, fateor, nobis nulla banana manet. W.D.

What are the Wild Waves Saying

I FORGET who it was that advised me, but, Heaven knows, I should never have done it on my own. I have just come away from it, and I am staggered.

It was called a Wireless Concert. I got in a little bit late and was only just in time to hear the last words of a song; and, as I live, those words were "one and a half millibars." What on earth the author had found to rhyme with "millibars" I can't imagine. But my thoughts were soon distracted, as well they might be.

And here I must do a little explaining. Know, then, that there are four main noises in a Wireless Concert ;

(1) a rasping noise which is like the tearing of strong sacking ;

(2) A "cheep, cheep" like a blackbird's, only much magnified ;

(3) An altogether indescribable noise which we will denote by the expression x ;

(4) The noise of the singer or other functioning body ; The combination of the above beggars description.

But to get on with the concert. The next item on the programme was a lot of useful information about tin, rubber, coffee, cotton, rubber, and the Bombay mango market. But perhaps this got in by mistake.

Then we got to the real music. The first piece was, I think, a "Triumphal March" though it sounded more like a shipwreck, with the cries of women and children dimly heard "off." The second was called "The Remembered Wrong," and was so poignant that the apparatus could stand it no longer and temporarily ceased to function. But it was the third which drove me forth with a terrible curse on my lips. It was a song called "Oenone" (which 3 L.O. pronounced "eenoon") and was sung by a famous soprano. Of course, I do not know what the song was like when it started its journey, but this is how it reached me.

My heart is grr . . . r . . . r the isles

The sunlit . . . x x x of ancient Greece

Cheep ! cheep ! grr . . . r . . . bzzz smiles

To charm cheep ! CHEEP ! x x x peace.

Yes ! and that went on for four verses. Do you wonder I fled ?

But I would end up on a note of hope ; and it is addressed to the gramophone industry. Be of good cheer, I say. For as long as you can produce records and machines which do not buzz, rattle, clank, chirrup, or make other unspeakable noises, you have nothing to fear from the wireless world.

T.R.O.F.

Of Halls

A NEW GREEK FRAGMENT.

(For the translation which follows the Editor takes sole responsibility. The fragment was originally handed to the Classical Dons, but such dissention arose among them as to the authorship, since they averred that it combined the worst faults of most Greek writers, the diffuseness of Herodotus, the obscurity

of Thucydides, and the irritating dialectic of Plato, that it seemed better to the Editor to do the work himself with the aid of a small Liddell and Scott.)

. . . and forasmuch as I had heard much in Oxenford of the curious customs of eating in Cambridge, I took a ship to that town to enquire more carefully into them. Now the boats that ply upon the river are of a marvellous construction . . .

(A lacuna here of some lines)

. . . for whereas on the one hand the men of Trinity feast largely, while those of the College called Corpus drink deeply, the Iohnians (or Ionians) who use a sober moderation both in matters of eating and drinking, yet have strange diversions and distractions duing their meals. Of these Iohnians some affirm that they are sons of Ion, the son of Hellen, and so are of Greek descent : others on the other hand claim that they have their origin in a divine Eagle ; but this latter story is a mystery which I may not divulge. And in any case I must tell the tale as it was told to me though I am not bound to credit it, nor the reader either. Now, whereas the Scoti drink to the sound of bagpipes, and the Americani eat to the noise of iazz, the men of Iohnia, forasmuch as they surpass all others in ingenuity, have imagined strange mechanical devices wherewith they diversify their banquets. These things indeed I saw with my own eyes, because I dined much in their college, being attracted thereto not only by the charm of their manners, or the richness of their food (the cooking of which is Masterly), but also by these same curious diversions. And on the first night whereon I dined, while I was conversing with my neighbour, there was heard suddenly a loud report, and at the same time a brilliant light flashed, while at the back of the building a picture arose in an unexpected manner, whereon were strange signs and hieroglyphics graven, and also the figure of a damsel making broth such as they use in Sparta—and my friends assured me that this broth was the greatest mystery in all the kitchen. And upon another occasion, while all were busied upon food and drink, there was let down upon them a strange *eidolon* or figure, hanging from a rope or cord, devised with an ingenuity which it seemed past the wit of man to achieve. And though I diligently enquired of the name of this *eidolon*, men would only speak of it with great reverence, for it represents a powerful divinity, living—as I interpret the name—among palm-trees. But the greatest marvel of all happened with recent memory ; for this time amid strange noises and creakings there appeared within the hall a golden Eagle, such as is venerated throughout the whole college—and indeed the same symbol may be found in

their chapel—which hovered above the heads of the multitude for a sign of beneficent favour, and may such favour long be showered upon the men of Iohn. But while many sought fruitlessly how it was achieved, some thinking the thing was of divine intervention, while others considered it was the work of men—and I here will give my own opinion which is that it was the work of the Hawks, for who but Hawks could thus control an Eagle?—and while some held one thing, and some another, and others even others, I was engaged in conversation by a Don, of more than Iohnian sagacity and of great acumen. And he, laughing gently, observed “They, seek vainly the perpetrator of the deed, and follow empty clues, and yet it is the simplest matter in the world; even now I could point you out the man or men, for such I am convinced it was.” Whereat I trembled with excitement, and replied “O Iohnian stranger, enlighten my misunderstanding, I pray thee.” And he replying said, “Come now, you will agree, I suppose, that there is such a thing as a first year man?” “Indeed, yes.” “And what is the proper function of a first year man?” “I do not understand.” Whereat he frowned impatiently and replied, “The proper function of a first year man is to keep himself quiet and in proper awe of and subjection to his seniors. Therefore no first year man could have done this.” “I agree.” “And what is the function of a second year man?” “That is easy,” I replied, “for the function of a second year man is obviously to pass Tripodes.” “That is so,” he agreed, “and therefore second year men will be far too hard at work to lend their time to such schemes.” “Of course.” “And now proceeding further, what is the function of a third year man?” “To preserve his dignity,” I replied. “Exactly so,” he answered, “and that occupies so much of their time, since they are compelled to snub alike the impertinences of the freshmen and the claim to equality of the second year men, that they can have no leisure for the imagining of such devices as the present.” “By Zeus, this is marvellous reasoning.” “But now, tell me, my friend,” he said, lowering his voice somewhat, “what do you consider to be the proper function of a fourth year man?” At this question I was struck dumb with confusion, and after hesitating some time replied, “Alas, I cannot tell.” Whereat my questioner laughed hoarsely (ἀνεκαγχάσε μάλ' ἀππικόν), and replied, “Nor can I either, nor can anyone else; and indeed most affirm that they live a leisurely existence, chewing gently the laurels of their Baccalaureate. And therefore I deem it to have been a fourth year man—or if there is anything higher than a fourth year man, that it was that*—because fourth year men have great leisure and spend their whole time in the

devising of new and brighter things.” “Heracles,” I exclaimed “this is a wonderful conclusion.” “Nay, but wait,” he interrupted, “for the argument can go still further; for since all the notorious evil livers in the college are already known and marked down, none of them would have dared to commit such a deed, and therefore it must have been done by one who bears an unblemished reputation, and, therefore, could never be suspected; ergo, he who appears most innocent must inevitably be the guilty one.” And at this I was carried away by my enthusiasm, and burst out “Oh, Iohnian stranger, truly your ratiocination is portentous, but surely you should follow the argument beyond a fourth year man: and when I think upon it, it seems to me obvious, if we follow the argument to its logical conclusion, that only a Tutor can have a sufficient appearance of innocence to mark him out infallibly as the guilty man.” But at this my questioner was horrified and exclaimed “Utter words of good omen, O Athenian stranger, for surely you have been visited by a divine infatuation† or else . . .

E.H.N.B

* The Greek here is obscure—ED.

† ἀτη

Old Iohnian Dinner

ON July roth the Cambridge sun went down flamelessly at Lords, but the parts are as great as the whole, and the Universe is to be congratulated on the rise of another sun, albeit a midnight sun. For that evening at the Victoria Hotel (or as they name it here, Hotel Victoria) was gathered together as goodly a company of Iohnians as a man could well desire, and from this arose the Old Iohnian Association.

One Peterson (to whom long life) had circumspatched the fiery cross, and many had seen and had assembled. Came Sir Edward Marshall Hall as symposiarch; came also our Master as guest of the evening, with Admiral Sir Wilmot Fawkes, Mr. Squire, Mr. Armitage, Hubert-o-the-Oar, MacIntyre and many another (I believe someone is going to put in a catalogue of the ships somewhere at the end of this nonsense).

This is ridiculous. I've been told to write an account of the dinner. We ate things, we drank things: *verb sap. Dulce est desipere in loco.* And then came the speeches.

Mr. Squire led off. He had been at St. John's *Consule Planco*, when things were not as they are now, being, in fact, then at their nadir. One thing indeed remained, the Master,

The Eagle

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The Ideal Holiday.

*"Quiet by day,
Sound sleep by night;"*

AFTER each holiday we say and feel : that was the best holiday I have had. If we have spent three weeks at Torquay they seem more impressive than the month we spent last year in Italy or the six weeks in Scotland three years ago, though last year and three years ago we protested loudly we had spent the perfect holiday. In each place we visit we find much that is new and surprising and each day brings excitement and pleasure, but the impression does not last long or at least it does not remain clear.

I spent a holiday not so long ago, the details of which, I believe, will last longer than most, and from the memory of which I am continually drawing pleasure. There was no race of pleasures to inflame the mind and then blur in an annoying sense of past pleasure—only an unbroken quiet and joy, and the very few things I did (which were not in any way pleasures), stand out as though the quiet happiness flowed from them.

Our house was on moorland and it was winter. There were four of us—three ladies and myself. We got up about 8.45 a.m. and breakfasted at 9.30. We rose, therefore, always fresh and yet did not feel lazy or that we were losing the day. Breakfast covered the time until soon after 10.0 ; then we sat round the fire, in bedroom slippers, chatting and exchanging the newspapers—one a picture paper and one the *Daily Reader* which the ladies protested they ordered for me. After we had discussed such news as needed discussing one would grow restless and begin to carry dishes away to the kitchen ; then a second, and after a while a third, would join in this whilst I tried to read a little more deeply the *Daily Reader*. But as these ladies journeyed backwards and forwards they brought scraps of news or asked a question.

When 11.0 o'clock came this piece of work was finished and two of us would set off for Thramace to order one or two

things and very likely buy some stamps or postcards. Thramace was two miles away by a walk over fields and moorlands, only mostly downhill. At Thramace people were occupied like ourselves and pleasant but not busy, and we chose our postcards with care so that we knew no better purchase could have been made. I came to love Thramace and its stately church rising at the cross-roads and becoming this country town well. Often a bus would be standing at the cross-roads to take people into London, and this gave a little added romance to our town. We were near enough to men to enjoy our superiority, and as we returned up the hill we felt like heroes and heroines of Jane Austen.

Lunch was in every respect like breakfast only we sat five minutes less so as to get out for a walk whilst the afternoon lasted. And the fine Surrey country, especially with snow underfoot and a white sun shining! After a walk of two hours we returned with shining faces (or so we thought). The light was going, the fire blazed warmly and the end of day for which the first was made was coming on. The fire was arranged to receive the kettle, the tea was mashed and we began a winter afternoon's tea by firelight and lamplight. Now the conversation was swifter and lighter. After tea there was much to be done and with good arrangement everything was done without rush or scamping. The table was cleared, the piano was opened, the fruit-knives brought in, and the kettles. These were most important—four kettles drawn up in line for the four hot-water bottles. As each kettle boiled the bottles were fetched, still warm, from the beds and filled and taken back. The evening passed with conversation and music, and when it grew late a fifth kettle was needed for the coffee. After supper we sat again for an hour, stirring the fire to new life until, not tired but supremely happy and not wishing the dream should break, we went to our beds. And the wind blew against the house and more snow fell.

For the only week in my life I felt everything had been done satisfactorily. The right postcard was sent to the right person, the message was the right message and even the stamp was put on straight. There was no doubt about its being posted, it would be collected before tea and my mother would read it at breakfast.

H.W.P.

Some Notes on Rowing and Boat Design

THE writer of these notes has been asked several times in the last few months if he could say what has been the matter with college rowing during the last year or two.

Recently matters have taken a turn for the better, but the L.M.B.C. has still a long way to go in order to regain a really good position on the river.

Especially in the first and second boats there have not been wanting keen athletic men who have been willing workers. With the example of such men as Hubert Hartley and more recently of Frank Law, who have most efficiently represented the L.M.B.C. in the University boat, one naturally hoped for better things.

It must be admitted that the first boat would have given a much better account of themselves in the last May Races if the necessity had not arisen for stroke and seven to change places on the very eve of the races, so that the boat really had no chance of practising under the new conditions. With even a few days together it was a practical certainty that this crew would have caught Caius on the first night of the races and would have probably managed to keep the position thus gained to the end of the races, having in view the relative merits of the boats immediately following L.M.B.C.

The fact remains that although containing some very good individual oarsmen our last first May boat was only a moderate crew, and the style of the rowing was not at all convincing.

The writer has watched the rowing of the club very closely for the last two or three years and fears that it must be admitted that an inefficient style of rowing has gradually been developed in the L.M.B.C.

It has not been easy to form a definite opinion about the rowing because, at first sight, the crews generally have shown a good swing from the hips, a strong beginning and smartness in shooting the hands; and they have also struggled manfully to secure some kind of leg work. It is on very closely watching the progress of the boat through the water that the trouble is apparent, because a good swing and beginning and smartness of the hands are no advantage unless carried out so as to let the boat run between the strokes, and here I believe is the secret of comparative failure.

Turning now to the boat itself, it will be interesting to note in connection with investigations with regard to the speed and other qualities that technically a rowing boat is in a class between a tow boat and a paddle boat. The speed investigations are complicated of course by the intermittent

nature of propulsion and the very considerable longitudinal movement of the oarsmen, especially when on sliding seats. The speed lines of a racing craft may be very good for one part of the stroke but not so efficient when the oarsmen have moved so as to bring the boat into an entirely different trim.

It may be said, for instance, of the two best light eights now belonging to the club that the only position in which their speed lines are at all efficient is when the men have swung well back and reached the finish of the stroke. When the men are forward over their stretchers and the stern is drooping, the resulting lines are not so good as they should be, and cause considerable drag, and pull the boat up more than necessary. No rowing boat is ever designed to run "down by the head" because in this trim it would not be possible to steer. On the other hand, when the boat is too much "down by the stern" the speed is adversely affected.

It obviously follows that to let a boat run between the strokes the boat must be so rowed as to hold her "down by the stern" for as short a time as practicable.

It seems to me that in the club rowing almost everything has been sacrificed to getting a powerful beginning, and the men appear to be far too heavy over their stretchers forward, apparently crouching, over-reaching with the shoulders and straining themselves to get a bigger and still bigger beginning, although by so doing they are reducing the speed of the boat unnecessarily while gathering themselves up for this beginning, and the longer time they spend in a relatively forward position with their hands over the stretchers, the greater the amount of useless effort expended.

There is a corresponding tendency to rush the first part of the swing forward and so allow for the extra time taken in the forward position of the bodies. This rushing forward is in itself a detriment, bringing the boat down by the stern more suddenly than necessary. The resulting extra resistance to the boat's progress owing to this incorrect timing, throws unnecessary weight on to the oar at the beginning, and some oarsmen even complain they are not getting sufficient work on at the beginning unless they have the satisfaction of encountering this extra resistance. This is an obvious fallacy, as the speed factor in the work done by the oarsman under racing conditions is the efficient factor, and not the mere dynamometric resistance against the stretcher. The slower the pace of the boat, the greater may be the latter factor.

This speed factor is, of course, higher as the "finish" is approached; hence the necessity of taking the "finish" deliberately and smoothly, especially when keeping in view that the relative resistance at this point of the stroke is at a minimum.

Considering again the finish of the stroke, as remarked above, the crews generally show smartness in shooting the hands; but sufficient time is not taken in cleaning the finish right up, and there appears to be a general tendency to shoot the hands before the most has been made of the finish. In good rowing all the movements should glide into one another and there should be neither pause nor visible hurry at any part of the stroke, but if a pause could be imagined in the rhythm of the stroke, it must be as the oar comes out of the water at the finish, for in this position a boat is approximately running on an even keel with the speed lines in alignment of best advantage, and the boat is then said to be "allowed" to run between the strokes, in the language of expert watermen.

It follows from what has been said that a hard beginning, a long swing and smartness of the hands do not necessarily characterize a good style of rowing *unless correctly timed*.

A few remarks on leg work will not be out of place.

The act of over-reaching and straining over the stretcher does not lend itself to good leg work, as the body is brought into a bad position for applying the leg work and a tendency arises, so to speak, to let off the leg work all at once. This sudden transference of the weight of the crew in the same direction as the boat is travelling has the same effect as a sudden push backward on the boat and is detrimental to speed. It should be obvious also to any oarsman that some part of the sliding movement must be kept for the later part of the stroke, as it is at this point that the relative resistance of the boat in the water is a minimum and the speed factor will appear to the best advantage.

The pace of a racing eight varies according to wind and other circumstances, but for the purpose of argument may be taken at 12 miles per hour through the water on the average. It will be quite accurate enough, for the purpose of these remarks to assume that at various parts of the stroke the speed momentarily rises to nearly 13 miles per hour or falls to 11 miles per hour. The resistance of the boat's progress at 13 miles per hour as compared to the resistance of 11 miles per hour, after making a reasonable allowance for any drag caused by the drooping of the stern when the boat is running at the lower speed, might be taken approximately as 40 to 50 per cent. greater.

The consideration of these assumptions, which are very nearly true, will I hope bring out the point that a maximum average speed is of greater importance than any sudden increment of speed at any point of the stroke which can only be attained at an increased effort in proportion to the increased resistance. Without going further into calculations, which probably would only be appreciated by a trained naval

architect,
is generally established by these observations.

Oarsmen accustomed to row in light racing craft have from time to time noticed what is called "bouncing" or "galloping," under strain it invariably "whips" and a new eight-oar will "whip" as much as $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches when the men take their seats; the middle of the boat going down and the ends rising.

To counteract this "whipping" it is customary in building such craft to raise the middle of the boat as compared with the ends, so that when the boat takes the water she will come to the designed camber. It is a point of great nicety and skill in boat designing to allow at every point in the length of the keel for this expected "whipping." The effect when the crew are seated is that the boat lengthwise becomes a spring. Any sudden transference of the weight longitudinally compresses or relieves the spring, retransference the rebound is quite apparent. Shooting the slide from front stop to back stop is the chief cause of "bouncing," "bouncing" becomes more marked when the rush forward of the bodies falls into step with the movement caused by unskilful manipulation of the slide. Bouncing can be instantly checked by holding the finish out very carefully or slightly altering the rate of striking. It has no relation to the merits of the design, varies according to the stiffness or age of the particular boat.

The effort of swinging and sliding the body forward on the recovery has considerable effect in propelling the boat. The full benefit of this effect, however, rushed forward at the first part of the swing and the swing checked over the stretcher unless the blade is covered instantaneously and a grip of the water secured by raising the shoulders up from the stretcher with pressure on the toes, this movement to be instantly followed by steadily pressing the slide back from the heels so that the back stop is just about reached the instant after bending the arms. Even then a skilful oarsman keeps a small part of his slide in reserve as long as possible to avoid anything like a sudden check against his back stops.

A good firm beginning is necessary to maintain the average speed and to neutralize the effect of throwing the body back from the stretcher, beginning, speed, beginning which has come into operation after badly checking the progress of the boat by heaviness over the stretcher.

It may also be well to add one word on over-reaching forward.

The act of over-reaching refers as a rule to the operation of stretching the shoulders away from the body and letting that part of the shoulder that should be really kept well back come over until it appears to be in front of the neck. As this movement is almost invariably accompanied by a curving back of the back from the hips, is secured forward, on the stretcher, and the blade of the oar tends to rise from the water, usually accompanies hanging over the stretcher and is, I fear, too prevalent among L.M.B.C. rowers to-day.

"Lying down," as it is termed, at the end of the stroke is to be avoided, but a good bold swing back well beyond the perpendicular is a great help to finishing the stroke out well and tends to increased speed.

Rolling of a boat is not so detrimental to speed as pitching but is very exhausting in its effect on the oarsman. Unfortunately our best boat builders, craftsmen, stability of surface vessels, and it is not at all an uncommon fault in the latest built craft that the position of worst stability is at the point when the men are all forward over their stretchers endeavouring to get an accurate grip of the water.

In the building of the new light four this point was taken into consideration (to the evident comfort of the crew) and in an eight-oar such an improvement could be carried out even to greater advantage in view of the greater length of the boat.

These remarks are offered from a somewhat technical point of view without particular reference to the prospects of the L.M.B.C. at the present juncture. It is impossible, however, for the writer to conclude without some reference to such matters.

Under the guidance of the present First Boat Captain and with the assistance of our new Senior Bursar, the present outlook for the club is distinctly brighter. The club has a number of very promising oarsmen and is once again efficiently represented in the 'Varsity Boat, is no reason under such conditions why the rowing generally should not reach a high standard, of the College.

E. HALL CRAGGS.

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The Cottage

IT was in the evening, about a week before Christmas, in the days when the Irish were perhaps a little less bloodthirsty than of late, and we were sitting round the fire talking of the times when we began to know each other intimately and when we did things together. It was cold and miserable outside, and this made the blaze seem all the more cheery and comfortable. There were four of us: Jim (who had always seemed to us very much like a certain type of book hero, both in name, for they are always Jims, and also in character), two others whose names don't particularly matter, and myself. We were all, of course, old friends and had known each other for years and years, but had not met together like this for many a long day; and now the conversation had turned sort of naturally, as is, I should imagine, generally the case on such occasions, to reminiscences. I had been telling them of my experiences at a spiritualistic séance and of the rather queer things I saw and heard and should not easily forget. That led us on to a discussion on the psychology of being afraid; not that any of us knew much about it. We had sat silent for a while, and then Jim moved slightly in his chair.

"Fear," he said, in a quiet, serious voice; "you talk of fear—it's funny, but it's just three years ago to-day that I spent the most terrible night I ever spent in my life, and I hope devoutly that I shall never have such an experience again."

I glanced at him quickly: his face wore that rather grim expression of a man who knows that his words come as a surprise to those listening, his eyes were bent on the glow of the fire, and I felt a thrill of excitement pass through me. I could see that the others were no less aroused. For Jim was no ordinary man. He was one of those very lucky people who have been practically everywhere there is to go, and done things which most of us never have a chance to do, and seen things, too; but it was pretty universally decided that he didn't know what fear was. O, I know that remark is far from being original. Heroes without number have been said not to know what fear is. But I can't help it. I can only say again, I don't think Jim *did* know what it was to fear anything. He laughed at the idea of ghosts, and would spend a night in a haunted house and emerge next morning quite unimpressed. Literally we had never known him to be afraid, and so we knew that it must be some very real horror that could make him speak of it in the tone in which he now spoke. After a while Jim went on.

"It was in Ireland. Partly as a holiday and partly because there was an old friend of mine staying there, towards the end of November I started out to spend a few weeks there before I pushed on again. It was a funny time of the year to go to Ireland for a holiday, but I'd never seen the place and decided to take advantage of the little spare time I had.

"For some unknown reason he lived in a remote house out on the west coast, somewhere between Black Head and Hag's Head, a mile or more from the nearest village and overlooking the sea. How he managed to get in regular supplies I don't know, but the place was certainly comfortable enough.

"Well, one chilly night we had, as we sat at dinner, been talking about Irish superstitions concerning certain places.

"Of course, most of it's all rot," said my friend, "but there's just one spot further up north which, according to rumour, it's really best to fight shy of."

"It sounded interesting and I asked him to tell me more about it.

"It's a small, dull stone house about eight miles north of here and a mile inland," he said. "It's absolutely isolated, and is surrounded by a few dreary trees. There's a small empty yard at the side of it. In this house live a very old man and a thin, white-faced woman, his wife. Who they are and how long they've been there nobody knows. They live quite alone, and the woman is said to be dumb. Everybody gives the place a wide berth, and no one will go within miles of it after dark."

"But why?" I asked, "what's wrong with this couple? Why should people be afraid of them?"

"That's just it," he answered, "nothing's definitely known, but some very strange stories have got about. Some say they are mad, these two, and are hatching some ghastly plot. Others think that they are only waiting for some luckless traveller to cross their path to—well, I don't know what. It's all so vague and queer that no one knows anything for certain."

"He went on to tell me all he could. While he had been speaking an idea had come into my head, and after he had finished, for he didn't know very much about it, I came out with my plan.

"Well," I said, "I'm going to see for myself, and clear up the mystery once and for all. I've got my motor bike with me, and to-morrow I shall go to the place, pretend that I have lost my way, and see if they can put me up for the night. If they've got no room, then I suppose I shall have to come back again; but at any rate I'll have a shot."

"But his face had grown very serious as I spoke, and he answered me quietly.

" 'You'll do absolutely nothing of the sort, Jim,' he said, 'the place is not safe, I tell you, and it would be sheer foolhardiness to go near it after dark. I should never have told you about it if I had thought you were going to be so childish.'

"I knew he spoke like that only because he feared for me, and of course it made me want to go all the more. 'It's no good, Dennis,' I said, 'I've quite decided to go to-morrow night, and no one can stop me.'

" 'Then you're a fool, a pig-headed fool,' he burst out, hotly, 'it's not brave or clever, but just idiotic. You've got absolutely nothing to gain by it, and you may be exposing yourself needlessly to very real danger. I hope to-morrow you will be more sensible, and act like a sane man and not like a schoolboy trying to impress his friends.'

"After a minute's silence he apologised, but still begged me to give up the idea. Not very long afterwards, for we had finished dinner by now, he rose and said he thought of going to bed. A little later I followed his example, my mind unchanged.

"I wish now with all my heart that I had taken his advice and never gone near that awful place.

"Next morning Dennis saw that I had no intention of giving up my project, and the day passed quietly and rather cheerlessly. In the evening, after an early dinner, I started out. It was a wild night, already quite dark. In fact it was exactly the sort of night you'd expect for the thing I was going to do. The sky was overclouded and there wasn't a star to be seen; the wind was getting up a bit, too.

"It looked like rain, I thought, and I turned up the collar of my overcoat, got my motor bike round and started her up.

" 'So long, Dennis,' I called, 'I'll be back for breakfast to-morrow morning, so be down in time.'

"He was standing in the doorway, and he didn't smile.

" 'Good-bye, old man,' he said, 'and for heaven's sake take care of yourself.' He looked serious and very unhappy.

" 'You bet,' I told him, and was off.

"Well, I won't bore you with the details of that ride, but it was well after ten when I left the last habitation behind me, and found myself on the wild stretches of desolate ground which lay between me and the place I was bound for. The last villager of whom I had asked the way had looked at me with a white, scared face when he heard where I wanted to go, and entreated me to turn back. At length, however, having given me the information I asked, he turned and

hurried away. This sort of thing was by no means reassuring, I can tell you.

"I pushed on for another twenty minutes without slackening speed. It was very cold and windy now, and pitch dark but for the beam of light from my lamp; the rain, however, had so far kept off. All was unbroken blackness round about me, and there wasn't a living soul anywhere. Oh! I felt lonely then. It was all so wild and deserted. There was just the sound of the wind and the low throb from my engine, and that was all I could hear. I was going quite slowly, keeping a fairly crooked course, and in that way illuminating as large an area as I could. I felt somehow strangely depressed now. It was a feeling that surprised me, for I don't think I had ever had it before, or at any rate not so acutely. It was with me, like a heavy weight on my mind, and I couldn't shake it off.

"And this was the most difficult part of my journey. I had followed the directions of my guide, so I knew I must be somewhere near the cottage, but which way to turn now I hadn't the faintest idea; I could see absolutely nothing except what was illuminated by my lamp.

"Well, I wandered about in the wind and bitter cold for over an hour, wondering whether I had missed the place altogether and wasn't really near it at all; wondering what I should do if I didn't find it and where I should spend the night, and how it was all going to end.

"And then quite suddenly I saw it!

"With a kind of shock and sudden chilling sensation I came upon what I knew to be at the very heart of the depression I felt; for there, a little ahead of me I saw, by the light from the lamp, a small, grey, lifeless-looking cottage and empty yard, surrounded by a few tall bare trees. There was something unpleasant and terribly uninviting about the place, but now I was here I intended to see the thing through, and without more ado I rode up to the front.

"My first thought was that the place was empty, and then I saw a faint light through the curtain of the ground floor window on the right. The front door was open, and I entered. The small passage was quite dark and I saw to the right of me, ajar, the door of the room in which I had noticed the light. I knocked and receiving no answer, walked in.

"I stopped suddenly. I was in a small, low-ceilinged room: it was small, anyway, but its extreme narrowness made it seem very tight and shut in. It was only half lit by the feeble rays from an oil lamp. That sharp, unpleasant smell of a burning wick that is nearly dry was about the room, and I could see the dwarfed, yellow flame bobbing up and down in the dirty lamp chimney. There wasn't much furniture,

and what there was seemed very old and worn ; but it was difficult to see anything very clearly as a lot of the room was in deep shadow.

"At the further end, at a table, sat two people ; a very old man with thin grey hair, and a woman almost as old. The man wore a much-worn suit of rough dark grey cloth, with a slanting collar that hung low on his stringy neck. On his feet were what looked like old leather-soled bedroom slippers. The woman was entirely in black, and I noticed that she wore slippers, too. They obviously would make little noise as they walked. They sat together in silence in the half dark and watched me as I came in. They seemed a little strange to me as I looked at them. I don't know whether it was because of what I had been told about them or whether there was something about them that produced in me a transient sensation of insecurity that went as quickly as it came when I saw how old they were. Indeed there was something strange about the room itself ; there was about it and its two occupants an air of age and loneliness which had an effect on me which I can't describe ; a peculiarly depressing effect. I can't define it, but it was there.

"As I stood there in the doorway I began to explain.

" 'I'm very sorry to trouble you,' I said, 'but I've lost my way in the dark, and wondered whether you could possibly put me up for the night. Any sort of bed will do, so long as I can get a few hours' sleep.'

"I was looking at the man as I spoke, and his small eyes were fixed upon me intently. As I said the words 'put me up for the night,' I was almost certain that his companion, who was sitting still and silent at his side, made some slight motion—whether she moved ever so slightly in her chair or just turned her head the least bit I cannot say, but I was conscious of a movement. At the same moment I saw the man glance at her ; quick and sharp as a flash the glance was, and almost involuntary, it seemed to me, and then he was looking at me again with those small, bright eyes.

" 'You've lost your way, have you?' he asked, in a rather high voice, his eyes still fixed on mine.

" 'Yes, I don't know this part of the country very well, and if I could spend the night under your roof, I could be up and away again as soon as it was daylight.'

"As I stood there and said it and looked round that lonely, half-lit room and then out into the black waste of night and thought of the weird things I had heard about this place, I wished with all my heart and soul it was daylight now. And suddenly I experienced a very strange sensation—the sensation that comes to a child when left alone in a dark room. It came to me, a grown man, with all its strange force. A kind

of dread that I've never known before came over me ; and as I looked again at those two in front of me and saw with a shock that the expression of the man had relaxed into one of strange relish that made his seamed, yellow face look incredibly evil, and that the woman sat there motionless and white-faced, listening intently to what I said, that dread deepened and grew more black.

"And for a moment, I confess, the idea of getting out of it there and then occurred to me. But that I put aside at once, and felt deadly ashamed that the thought should have come to me. Here was I, having said I was going to spend the night in this house, only just inside the door, and now thinking of turning back. And what for? Simply because of a feeling. Like this I reasoned with myself. But the feeling did not alter. It was like an intuition ; I had a feeling that I had better go before it was too late. The idea, when I looked at it impersonally, seemed so ludicrous ; and yet I think I persuaded myself finally that I would not remain. And then the rain began.

"It started with a gentle, purring sound which grew steadily louder, and after a few seconds it was difficult to hear anything but the dripping and the splash and roar of a heavy downpour. I looked out at the torrents of rain and knew, then, that this was the answer. With bitter certainty I realised that now I had got to stay.

"The steady, dull pounding of the rain filled my ears, and I looked slowly round me. The room seemed to have become darker ; there were black shadows everywhere. I turned in a panic to the lamp. The flame had dwindled and was shaking on the wick. And then my eyes went wildly to the two inmates of that room. The woman was gazing at a point on the table with a face devoid of any expression at all. I knew she must have heard the rain because she wasn't deaf, and yet she sat there paying no attention ; and so I looked next at her companion . . . and then stared in horror. He was sitting gazing fixedly at one of the small windows, where the rain slashed down in glistening streams, and I could have sworn that his eyes shone with an almost devilish glee.

"With a sensation of faintness I turned my eyes away. My courage was going now and I knew it. There was something awful about the place, something incredibly awful, and yet I didn't know why or what. I tried to take a grip of myself ; I would *not* go under. I'd ask to be shown where I was to sleep. I held tight on to myself and took a step or two forward. I began 'Will you . . .'

"The light went out.

"It simply sank away, and plunged the room into utter,

impenetrable blackness ; leaving not even the faintest trace of a ray.

" My heart gave a great leap that took me at the throat and I heard my breath rasping in as I stood in the dark. I couldn't move. I stood there cold, with pounding heart, not daring to stir in case something should touch me. For perhaps five seconds nothing happened and no one moved, and then I heard a low laugh from the man and his chair creak as he began to get up. At that I backed against the wall with clenched teeth and waited. I heard the man move about ; there was the rattle of a matchbox, a scratch, and the yellow flame of a match lit the room. He took it to a candle on a shelf beside the mantelpiece and lit it. I looked about me and knew then what would have been immediately obvious to me at any other time. The lamp had simply run dry and had gone out because there was no more moisture on the wick. I realised bitterly then what a state my nerves must be in.

" The woman got up now and went to the shelf. As she passed her husband, who was coming back to the table, I heard him mutter something to her. She put the candle on the mantelpiece, took another from the shelf—it was just a stump in a candlestick—lit it from the first and came towards me. I knew she was dumb, so I didn't say anything, but with a feeling more hopeless than I can describe I turned to go with her.

" So it had come at last. I had got to face the thing which I dreaded and which, though I had begun to suggest it myself in a moment when I felt that to get that night over I should do anything, I had hoped to the last night somehow be averted. The idea of spending a night alone in a room of this house was simply awful to me. I was in a state of nerves now that I hardly care to confess to. I was breathing quickly, and turning sharply at the slightest noise. My heart was beating fast and I could feel the throbbing of some pulse just below my ears. The rain still poured down outside, filling the room with its monotonous sound. No possibility of leaving the house. No, I had got to go on.

" I went with her to the door, thinking of Dennis and wondering what he was doing. I thought where I might have been ; sitting in one of his bright, comfortable rooms. It all seemed very remote ; not as though I had left him only that day, but a long time ago. We were going to the door, the woman in front, I following. She passed out into the passage and I was doing the same, when something, goodness knows what, made me look back . . .

" Never shall I forget that grin. The man sat there with an expression on his face that haunts me still. It drew his

thin lips back taut over the pale gums till his yellow teeth seemed to stick from his jaws like pegs. The skin under his cheek bones was stretched like a drum, and his small black eyes shone and glistened in the light.

" The blood seemed to rush out of my heart. He was not looking in my direction and had not seen me turn. I began to feel very cold and was all quivering. The faculty of sober thought was fast leaving me : everything seemed to have a strange significance. The horror of that smile burned in on me and hung in my mind as the embodiment of all I had seen and heard that night : it was as much as I could stand, and I knew myself to be utterly afraid ; afraid of these people, afraid of their solitude, afraid of their house and all that was in it. There was a fear of something behind it all ; what it was I don't know, but I do know that nothing have I ever dreaded so much in all my life as I dreaded that night before me. You'll say, why was I afraid ? How could people, old as these were, affect me as they did ? Well, I don't know. I can only explain it in one way. There was Fear in that house ; Fear, perhaps, without reason or origin ; who knows ? There was for me at any rate, that night. I know, and I think you do too, that I've never been one to be easily frightened, but I tell you Fear had me that night, and with such a hold as to take the manhood clean from me. And yet I went with that woman. It's not a boast, because I don't think I could help myself. I simply followed her out of the room and up the stairs with a dull horror on me, a horror of something that I could not fight against.

" The rest of the house was quite dark. We went along a passage, past two doors, to a small, square bedroom at the end. She went in and I followed. I had a queer feeling as though I were going into a torture chamber and this were the torturer in front of me. Nerves and wild thoughts again ! And I was feeling feverish and then suddenly chilly. Then I was cursing myself for giving way to such impossible ideas. How *could* there be anything wrong with this room ? It contained a bed, a chest of drawers, a washstand and a chair. Absolutely ordinary. And the woman ? But right or wrong I could not help the feeling of repulsion I had for her. She put the candlestick on the dressing table, and as she passed me involuntary I shrank back a pace. She went out and closed the door and I was alone.

" I was going to keep calm and unflustered, and set about methodically to prepare myself for the night. I paused a moment to listen to the wind, for it had come up again and was lashing the rain against the window and howling in the chimney. But I knew that was not going to help me and so tried not to think about it and to shut the sound out of my

mind. The window was closed and I drew the curtain ; I walked over to the door and opened it wide. Then I looked at the candle, which I meant to keep burning all night, and hope left me again. Everything seemed to be working to crush the spirit out of me. It was nearly burnt out. There was about half an inch of it left, and then darkness would come, and with it all the phantoms of thought and horrors of imagination that I tried so hard to keep from me. As long as I had light I would fight with all the power that was in me against the thoughts that were trying to fill my mind, but with the darkness my armour would be gone, and I would be at the mercy of the night, and this I dreaded. I just had to wait for it, and when it came—well, I'd try to meet it.

"It was after midnight now and, slipping off my coat and boots, I lay down on the bed. The rain was still pouring down and the wind whistling and shrieking and lashing against the window. What a night ! I looked round the room as I lay there, to take it all in, and so, feeling more familiar, feel more safe. There was the window on my left with the curtains drawn. In front was the washstand. I looked to the right, and there was a black oblong in the wall, where the doorway looked out into the dark passage. Suppose something were to come slowly round the corner out of the blackness of the passage—I turned my head away quickly. I tried to think of Dennis again. How had he spent his evening ? Probably reading. He must be asleep now. Then I thought of my own affairs, of what I had done and what I was going to do in the future, and the future seemed to me a wonderfully happy time, with good things to come ; as it must to a man about to undergo a serious operation. The future seemed vaguely unattainable. And then back to Dennis again, and then school days. Should I ever have thought ?—there was a fizzle and a splutter and the candle went out. The suddenness of it almost made me cry out. I lay quite still and tried to breathe slowly to get my nerve back. The room was in pitch blackness now ; there was no ray from the window or the passage. It was that close, thick darkness that seems to be wrapped round your face ; and I realised that now I must make my greatest effort yet to keep my thoughts from things of the night, that I must do all in my power to concentrate on everyday matters, on anything in the wide world but those thoughts which kept looming in my mind like shadows. I knew that if I let go of myself I was lost. I must put my whole mind into thinking of ordinary things.

"And I think I succeeded. I lay there thinking of one topic after another, never letting my mind slip back, but always hurrying it on to something else, until gradually it

became more easy. My thoughts ran on by themselves and I think by the intensity of my concentration I must have almost forgotten my surroundings.

"The incessant sound of the rain and the fitful howling of the wind as every now and then it sprang up and beat against the house and down the chimney was all that could be heard. The room was very quiet. The whole house was still and silent. I lay staring up into the blackness, my mind dulled with ceaseless thinking, motionless and making no sound, when suddenly my heart gave a great jerk that was almost physical pain, my thoughts vanished, and all the dreads and horrors of that long night rushed in on me.

"I had heard talking in low tones at the foot of the stairs.

"I lay absolutely stiff and a cold moisture sprang on my forehead and over my body. What I thought of in those moments I can't say. They were wild, meaningless thoughts. I lay glaring up at the ceiling in that black room, and I simply couldn't move. My ears were strained to catch the slightest sound, but sounds were blocked out, for the wind burst out afresh. It shrieked and dashed against the window and thundered away into the night, and then shrieked again ; and all the while I lay there stiffly. And then suddenly I heard a sound quite close to, on my right—my head twisted round in a flash—and all was over.

"Round the door post in the blackness of the wall there slid into view, very faintly and only just discernible, a white face.

"As I glared at that face, what little courage was left in me dwindled and died, hope sank away, and a chill settled down over my heart and froze my reason and I knew what aching, panic terror was.

"I lay no longer. I leapt out of bed in a sort of mad blind frenzy, not knowing where I was going or what I was doing, and rushed out of the door. I had a feeling that who ever it was was just outside the room, as I dashed along the dark passage in my stockinged feet. I stumbled down the stairs and into the half lit ground floor passage. I meant to get away, right out of this ghastly place, to run till I couldn't stand ; never mind the wind and never mind the rain, till I was as far away as I could possibly get.

"So I thought as I stumbled down those stairs and into that passage. I only just staggered back in time. There, just round the corner at the foot of the stairs stood the woman. She was standing in the attitude of one listening intently. She glared at me with a sort of wild light in her eyes, a light of triumph. They seemed to me the eyes of a maniac. Then still fixing me with her eyes she pointed to the door of the house. She was pointing for me to go out of it, and

though a second before I had rushed to make my escape by it, though it seemed but a moment ago the only way to safety and sanity, yet I *knew* now that come what may I must not go out of that door; nothing in the world should drag me through the door of that house to what lurked outside. My condition now was absolutely pitiful; I was shaking from head to foot. I shrank from her gaze, and I knew myself to be powerless to resist. I had no will of my own and no strength in me; I was utterly and completely in their power and I knew this to be the end of the battle. What was to be revealed to me I did not know. Sick and faint, I groped my way to the door and pulled it open; at the same moment I heard the old man coming down the stairs.

"The wind dashed into the house and I felt the rain stinging my hands and face. The two were standing in the doorway now, still pointing—pointing to the little yard beside the house; and out into the shrieking wind and blinding rain I stumbled, and then—Oh! heavens above! I *saw*. There it was, close against the wall of the yard, a low, squat, shapeless body—Oh! great heavens, it——"

Jim broke off and sat silent, his face twisted. We gazed at him, white faced and dry lipped, waiting for him to finish.

"What was it, Jim?" I cried. "What was it you saw?" There was a moment's deathly silence. And then Jim, with a smile of infinite sadness, turned slowly and faced us.

"It was my motor bike," he said. "I'd left it out all night in the rain, and the good folk had come to tell me."

* * * * *

It is February now, and, although we are once more on speaking terms with Jim, it will be a long, long time before any of us will listen to one of his stories again. P.E.M.M.

Concussion

A BRIGHT sun lit up the brisk November afternoon. I had accomplished my usual morning's hard work and as I strolled forth into the sunshine of the Emmanuel College playing field I was looking forward with no little zest to the game in which I was about to participate. It is a long walk from the Emmanuel pavilion to the soccer pitch and I ruminated as I went. In a few moments I should be plying the forwards with delicately controlled pass or weaving patterns round the opposition to crown

a scintillating run with a crashing left foot drive. (In your day dreams you almost invariably work along these lines whereas in actuality you find yourself racing with loud pants after an opposition forward and your forward passes are more often crude or lacking altogether than delicate). Mayhap instead of "notching the decisive point that enabled the visiting team to emerge victorious by the odd goal in five" by means of that powerful left foot drive it would transpire that I should effect a spectacular piece of headwork that would win the match during the last moments. At this point in my reflections a small cloud darkened the bright visions of my prowess to be, for on this same ground almost precisely a year previously I had executed a piece of work with my head which had resulted in my being laid out with a mild attack of concussion of the brain. Well, it would be very extraordinary if the same thing occurred again. The small black cloud dispersed as I thought of the prospect of a rattling game, a hot bath and tea. Aah!

I had joined the others by this time and nonchalantly taking a rasping drive at the ball sent it past the goalkeeper and clean through the back netting (Poetic licence).

The game opened stirringly enough. I felt fit and charged about touching an odd ball here and there and knocking a few people over, until suddenly I realised that one of the opposing forwards was threatening danger to our goal. The ball was passed out of my reach to the Emmanuel inside right and turning as quickly as possible I hared after that player. I was about a yard from him when I experienced a tremendous crash on my head and I could feel things inside being rather mixed up and shaken together.

Now I am sure this would make a more correct story if I said that the next thing I remembered was the incident of my awakening in bed long afterwards. I should dearly like to put in my heroine bending anxiously over the bed, her eyes wet with emotion—"Ah, he lives! Nurse, my Mortimer has opened his eyes."—Then rather bewildered I should drop back into unconsciousness with the dim remembrance of those sweet kisses upon my brow.

But if I told my tale thus I fear that my hard-earned reputation for being the most truthful man in St. John's would go by the board immediately. The actual and very unromantic truth is that I recovered from the first effects of the blow after a few minutes and attempted to play again. Unfortunately I could not see the ball or the players properly. They were there one moment—and gone the next. If only everyone had stopped still I might have been able to play, although even then I might have dribbled the ball on to the adjacent pitch and netted it triumphantly in the hockey

goal. Matters became worse and I realised that I had received my yearly dose of concussion on the Emmanuel playing field. I staggered away vaguely and somehow reached home. Except for my crude efforts at connected vision I felt moderately composed until I got near home. Then I was never more glad to see my rooms. After came bed and an attempt to forget everything. Unfathomable eras of time elapsed and then a doctor came. He hit his hand upon my knee whereupon my leg shot violently up into the air. I remember thinking in a fuddled kind of way that this was not the manner in which a well behaved leg should comport itself. For a mere leg surely it was taking too much upon itself. However I didn't take much notice of what the doctor said ("Cha! Cha!" or words to that effect I expect). He went away and after another space of tossings and turnings, and the consciousness of murmuring voices in the outer room, my bedroom was again invaded by a gang of five people. They moved grimly and silently as with some set purpose.

"We're going to carry you into the other room," remarked one of these strangers tersely.

He who spoke I subsequently came to know by the name of Nurse X. The others I later designated by the titles Nurses Y and Z and Sub-Nurses A and B. Except for some clear-headed suggestion from Sub-Nurse A there was no speech. (Sub-Nurse A is rightly renowned for his clear-headedness—in fact he might, sometimes, though not always, be called the "Common-Sense King of St. John's.")

Forthwith they proceeded to carry me. At the time I took no interest in the proceedings but I have learnt since that the situation was not devoid of incident. Apparently Nurses X and Y had taken a corner each of the head end of the bed, while the other three took the foot end. At a hoarse whisper from X the gathering proceeded to lift the mattress and its inert occupant. The people at the foot end of the mattress made gaily for the door little thinking of the difficulties besetting those holding the other end. As the mattress was lifted over the bed and towards the door Nurse Y was pulled over the iron framework of the bedstead holding grimly on to his corner. He hadn't thought of this contingency. Soon with an agonised glance at Nurse X who had the inside berth he let go altogether. By a supreme effort X held on and saved the situation, but he had not got a proper grip and his fingers slipped gradually. When it seemed that in no circumstances could he hold on any longer the outer room was reached and the situation saved again.

That night I had indistinct impressions of various people coming and going. Every now and then I beheld through a slight haze a new face by the bedside. There were various

answers to the polite queries as to what the devil they were doing here. The most priceless was that given by the afore-said Common-Sense King of Johns—Sub-Nurse A—who calmly gave out that he was working. Working in another man's rooms at 1 a.m.! I believed him though thousands wouldn't have. Apparently someone was stationed there all night for fear I should throw myself out of the window. As a matter of fact I hadn't the energy to contemplate such an action let alone the desire to carry it out.

On the following day I felt rather better. However my brazenly independent limbs still shot about and I lacked the energy of a tortoise. The medicine man on arrival obviously thought nothing of me. He ordered boiled fish and rice puddings only, with no reading or excitement. Above all I was to do or think nothing. What a prospect, thought I, and I rethought this in stronger terms several times during the next week. When I got slightly better it proved an occupation that palled to lie for hours doing absolutely nothing. Finally in desperation I stretched a piece of string across the bed from chair to chair. This I twanged so as to get slight tunes therefrom. The ecstasy of a new occupation!

I had three main nurses and they were really rather wonderful. I spent my time abusing them and commenting unfavourably upon their facial appearances, but nothing could shake them. They relentlessly pressed boiled fish and rice pudding upon me. Once one of them even sent back to the kitchen a plate of buttered buns; no, stay, he ate them himself before my very eyes. Cries of shame! What annoyed me most was that in spite of all my rudeness to them Nurses X, Y and Z refused to leave me. They stubbornly persisted in keeping their tempers and only answered my streams of invective with pitying smiles. Z was, perhaps, the most aggravating. After I had been particularly truculent he would come up, pat the pillow and say, "There, there, curl up and go to sleep." Curl up! By Jove! That sort of remark hurts. However I got one back on Z later. One morning some four days after my accident he said begrudgingly:—

"Look here, my lad, if you're good to-day, you may have a cigarette this evening."

"Thanks very much," I replied, "but I had two yesterday."

Such a simple thrust kept me amused for hours afterwards. I had been allowed the cigarettes when Y had been in charge. I used to think him the most lenient but when I was convalescent he became the strictest of any. Y was a good nurse but he invariably knocked things over when he moved.

I will say that he did not do this during the first few days though.

I remarked that Nurse Z was the most aggravating, but Nurse X was even more persistent over some matters. One morning I thought I'd test his prowess a little and so I asked for scrambled eggs for breakfast. X scratched his head. He knew I was allowed eggs so he could not forbid them. Neither could he cook them, it seemed. X shot off to Y. Y said that the proteins were more coagulated in a scrambled egg than in a boiled one. X thanked him and went to Z. Z said he had never scrambled an egg personally but that it was quite easy. You just threw the egg in some water in a saucepan and awaited results. Nurse X returned and with a triumphant grin vanished into my gyp-room. Shortly afterwards there was a howl of surprise. It seemed that when he had thrown the egg in (a kitchen egg I believe) it had all shot promptly up with a cloud of boiling water and hit him in the eye. He thought the egg spiteful but persisted and shortly afterwards emerged, this time with a rather doubtful smile on his face and a plate in his hand. On the middle of a large white expanse of plate lay a few scraps of much mangled yellow material—"scrambled egg" said X, but he ate it himself as he said it might not be good for an invalid. I eventually had a boiled one (hard)!

Another of the exploits of X was in the hot-water bottle line. He thought one day that I was cold or in dire pain after eating one of his boiled eggs so he scouted around the college to find a hot-water bottle. He obtained one from a generous don who said he hadn't used it that term and probably would not need it now. The next day ushered in the coldest weather we had experienced for five years. The water froze in the jug on two successive mornings. I hugged the hot-water bottle. The generous don was heard to inquire every night how the concussion patient was progressing. What feeling he must have put into that query!

At last I was allowed to read for half-an-hour. Of course, Z attempted to take away the book after 25 minutes! Then came the great day when I ventured out on a long walk of 100 yards, supported on all sides by my three splendid nurses. Colossal effort. Then came a long period of convalescence lasting some weeks. On attempting to work again after this period a relapse set in! The moral of all this is—keep your head out of the way of swiftly moving footballs.

F.M.E.

The Eagle

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Commemoration Sermon

*Preached in the College Chapel on May 4th, 1924, by the Rev.
A. W. GREENUP, Principal of St. John's Hall, Highbury.*

Mal. iii. 16 : " *A book of remembrance was written.*"

Rom. i. 14 : " *I am debtor.*"

I.

THE service we are engaged in brings to mind an aphorism of Ruskin, and bids us learn the lesson therein taught—
" The idea of self-denial for the sake of posterity, of practising present economy for the sake of debtors yet unborn, of planting forests that our descendants may live under their shade, or of raising cities for future nations to inhabit, never, I suppose, efficiently takes place among publicly recognised motives of exertion. Yet these are not the less our duties ; nor is our part fitly sustained upon the earth, unless the range of our intended and deliberate usefulness include, not only the companions but the successors of our pilgrimage."¹ Each one may spiritualise the quotation for himself :—

Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well filled past :
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.²

To-day we kindle our torches at the lamp of memory. The book of remembrance has been opened to us by the reading of the names of our benefactors, who, by their gifts of buildings, fellowships and scholarships, have contributed to the welfare, material, intellectual and spiritual, of the College. That they left their money to the College is a small thing in comparison with the example they have left us to the ideals of the foundation, ideals expressed in the founders' will " that

¹ Ruskin : *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. Aphorism 29.

² Geo. Herbert : *The Heritage*.

places be established where the laws of God be more specially learned, taught and preached, and scholars to the same intent be brought up in virtue and cunning, for the increase of Christ's faith." How these ideals have been carried out for more than four hundred years may be gleaned from the pages of the College Histories, which reveal a story for which our humble gratitude goes forth to Him who doeth all things well, who has guided and still guides by his Providence the affairs of our Society. "The Lord hath been mindful of us, and He will bless us.

which has the affection of its members as they realise that other men have laboured and that they have entered into their labours; an affection which will be strengthened materially by the recent establishment of a Johnian Society, building together more firmly past and present members in bonds of gratitude which can never be broken.

We praise famous men to-day, men renowned for services to Church and State, divines, statesmen, warriors, musicians, lawyers, physicians, poets, the enumeration of whose names would be impossible in a single sermon, men whose training here had been attested by the results attained in the battle of life. No great evangelist, so far as I know, has sprung from the College to stir the soul of England as Wycliffe, Wesley and Whitfield did; but without the work of the scholar the work of the evangelist could never be done. It was the work of Butler and others that made the work of Wesley possible; and it has been the work of our divines here that has made the aggressive work of evangelisation in our towns and villages possible for those who, leaving these sheltered courts, have gone forth into the larger world to grapple with those problems, deeper and more serious than mere intellectual exercises, which meet the ordinary man and woman in their daily contact with life; and who in their walk of life have found that

among the untaught poor
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.³

II.

It was a happy thought of the Lady Margaret that when the College was founded it should retain the name of the earlier foundation it displaced: and so we are St. John's College, a name peculiarly appropriate for an educational

³ Lowell: *An Incident in a Rail-Road Car*.

institution, since it suggests the relation between scholar and teacher. St. John was the scholar who loved to recline on the breast of the greatest of all teachers, thirsting for that true knowledge which He alone could impart; distinguished in the early Church by the name of ἐπιστηθιος; ἐκλεκτῶν ἐκλεκτότερος, as one of the Fathers calls him; a warm-hearted, friendly man, of a receptive turn of mind. Our painters have represented him with countenance of effeminate character, but in manliness, courage and zeal he was behind none of the Apostles, as the New Testament narratives plainly show, and some of these traits have survived in the legends depicted in the window erected here in memory of our late master, Dr. Charles Taylor. "At the sides and below we see the Apostle as he faces his fiery trial and prepares to drink his noisome cup, but the scene where he reclaims the fallen is central; central, too, and supreme, is that where, seated on high, he proclaims to the last the message which he has heard from the beginning.⁴ St. may not have been trained in the schools of Rabbinic dialectics⁵; but he had, as his writings show, a profound insight into the meaning of Old Testament scriptures; he had the true spirit of the scholar who by patient meditation makes the learning of to-day the starting point of that for to-morrow; and he had, too, the true spirit of the teacher, for, as Dean Stanley said: "The flood of speculations from the east, which in the central city of Ephesus blended with the advancing tide of Platonising philosophy from the west, he met not merely by opposing them, but by acknowledging and reproducing in the light of Christian faith *whatever there was of truth in them*.⁶

III.

It was a religious foundation which our founders sought to build up, and though our statutes have been altered from time to time this has not been lost sight of, provision being made in the latest for chaplains to conduct daily services after the order of the Church of England. Our first Chapel was built under the first master, Dr. administrator, and from the eighth year of Henry VIII down to 1869 appears to have been in continuous use. Our historians are not in agreement as to whether it was an enlargement of the old Hospital Chapel or an entirely new building. As the College increased in numbers the question of a new

⁴ 1 John iii. 11.—See THE EAGLE, June, 1910, pp. 364, ff.

⁵ Acts iv. 13.

⁶ *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age*, p. 246.

Chapel was from time to time mooted, and Dr. Gunning, who died in 1684, left a legacy "towards the beginning of it." The design, however, was not carried into effect for nearly two centuries, the final impetus being a sermon by Professor Selwyn, himself a munificent contributor to the funds, on Commemoration Day, 1861. There must be but few living now who worshipped in the old Chapel. It is *here* that the majority of living Johnians met for corporate worship in their undergraduate days; *here* that day by day they recognised what the communion of saints meant as their hearts went out beyond their own little circle to those myriads in all places, and of every tribe and nation, who call on Christ as Lord; *here* that the services, with sufficient ritual to satisfy the aesthetic in worship and yet not distracting to eye or heart, proved a source of quiet strength in their work; *here* that the question of Christian unity was solved in a practical way. Believe me, there is no more abiding recollection with many of us than the services of our College Chapel. Moreover, the material things,—“those things which in a manner preach to the eye when the ear is dull and will not hear, and the eye dictates to the imagination, and that at last moves the affections”⁷—the material things, its very stones, its monuments, its carvings, its statues, its windows, lifted our hearts in gratitude to past generations and the more helped us to realise, in the words of old Fuller, that “the glory of Athens lieth not in her walls, but in the worth of her citizens; buildings may give lustre to a College, but learning giveth life.” Alas, alas! for that latest memorial, seen to-day by me for the first time, speaking great lessons of bravery, faith, hope and love, to true benefactors who shall never be forgotten as long as these walls remain.

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do;

⁷ South: *Sermons*, i. p. 57 (ed. London, 1877).

They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her,
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled
And all-repaying eyes look proud on them in death.⁸

IV.

The great exhibition at Wembley reminds us of our obligations incurred as the result of the expansion of the Empire, and recent conferences have emphasized the last command of our Lord to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. It is a reproach to the Christian Church that she has sent so few missionaries to the colonies and to the heathen, and Bishop Selwyn in his university sermons of 1854, sermons pregnant with results, spoke of the backwardness to offer as possibly due to the backwardness of the Church to call. To-day the call is urgent, not merely for aggressive work but even to maintain the work already in existence; and that call is re-inforced, it seems to me, by the examples before us of members of the College who last century “jeopardied their lives unto the death upon the high places of the field.” Let me recall the names of some.

Henry Martyn's career is well-known to you all. He was product of that time when according to Bass Mullinger “the dangerous taint of religious enthusiasm was spreading amongst students of parts and high promise”⁹; and Dr. Craven sought to arrest it by making the lectures of Miles Bland on Sunday evenings the compulsory alternative to Simeon's sermons. Martyn's biographer speaks of his giving up brilliant prospects here, but a man only enters on them when he devotes himself to the missionary work of the Church, and so he, whom Sir James Stephen speaks of as “the one heroic name which adorns the annals of the Church of England from the days of Elizabeth to our own” found, in the joy of service which provided scope for the gifts laid so lovingly at the Master's feet.

Thomas Carr, the first bishop of Bombay (1837-51), previously archdeacon of Bombay, who, after his retirement from the bishopric, became a simple incumbent, the first

⁸ Lowell: *Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration*, 1865.

⁹ *St. John's College* (College Histories), p. 263.

instance of a bishop since the Reformation so doing, that he might serve God in his last days with his remaining strength.¹⁰

George Augustus Selwyn, founder of the New Zealand Church (1841-67), afterwards bishop of Lichfield (1868-78), with whose name Gladstone wished to be always linked the epithet "noble.

outlook,¹¹ but "in his simplicity sublime," a great organizer, who, when his work amongst the Maoris seemed to be tottering to ruin, said that he would sit among his own people "not moping, but tracing out the outlines of a new foundation," and who, by example and advocacy, did more in his generation than any man to awaken the Christian conscience of England to its responsibility for work overseas.

Thomas Whytehead, missionary in New Zealand for one short year (1842-3), by whose death Selwyn said he had lost his right hand; translator of Ken's Evening Hymn into Maori verse, sung by the natives under his window as he lay adying; whose pure life is commemorated here by a figure in one of the bays; to whom we owe our lecture, and whose hymn "Sabbath of the Saints of old"¹² assures him a place for all time amongst our hymnologists.

Charles Frederick Mackenzie, fellow of Caius, but who migrated from St.

Selwyn; first bishop of Central Africa (1861-2), who would not for one moment differentiate between the home and the foreign work, saying that "Christ's servants should consider themselves as labourers in the *same* field, and be ready to go to any part where there is work to be done." At this time of controversy it is of interest to note that his biographer, Harvey Goodwin, says that the form of religion which commended itself to his mind was the practical application of the Gospel to the wants of men, and the best method of accomplishing this was a simple and faithful adherence to the principles and rules of the Book of Common Prayer. Of him Livingstone testified that he never spared himself and never had any regard to his own comfort.

John William Colenso, bishop of Natal (1853-63), to whom truth was more precious than life. Samuel Wilberforce's words at Colenso's consecration were almost a prophecy, for they were fulfilled to the very letter: his words were distorted, his motives misrepresented, his failings rejoiced in, his errors exaggerated, and his enemies sought by every

¹⁰ Henry Stephens: *Rest of the Blessed* (Funeral Sermon, 1859).

¹¹ Mullinger, *op. cit.*, p. 286 (reported by J. E. B. Mayor).

¹² *Hymnal Companion* (3rd ed.), No. 202.

¹³ H. Goodwin: *Memoir of Bishop MacKenzie* (Cambridge, 1864).

poisoned breath of slander to destroy his powers of service. Whatever views men may take of his Biblical criticism, we cannot but admire his piety, his courage and his advocacy of the oppressed.

witness: "I wish I could express my veneration for the character of Bishop Colenso,—the one man who could fearlessly publish the truth on the most important subjects, to whom intellectually I owe more than to any other person in my life, and the one man who could make an exertion in the cause of political justice which no other person *would* make"; and the professor of the Bantu Languages in London University states that several of Colenso's converts met with in Natal were people of reverent and childlike faith.¹⁴

Owen Vidal, bishop of Sierra Leone (1852-4), who, during the short tenure of his bishopric, gained the affection and reverence of the people.

before his departure to the field, for in his country incumbency he mastered Tamil that he might correspond with natives of South India, wrote a Malay grammar for the use of missionaries of Borneo, and helped Samuel Crowther with his manual of Yomba, a language, Bishop Oluwole told me, of extraordinary difficulty for a European to master.

in the vernacular were such that when he preached the people were unwilling to go home, saying that they wished to remain the night through to hear him?¹⁵

Others I can merely mention.

and Moorhouse of the same continent; Cassells and Lavington Hart of China; Hose of Singapore; Haslam and Miller of Ceylon; Ashe, Martin Hall and Walker, of Uganda; Browne among the Nestorians; Speechly and Palmer of Travancore; Cotterill, of South Africa. Could we have met these and others like them we should appreciate the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury at the World's Missionary Conference: "Many a time, after conversation with a missionary, have I found myself literally tingling with a mingled sense of humiliation and of eager enthusiasm, as I have set the value and the glory of his persistent self-sacrificing devotion to our Lord against the value of our own poor common-place work at home."

With such examples as I have quoted before us, is it too much to hope that of the present generation of Johnians many may hear the Divine Voice saying "who will go for us?" and gladly respond "Here am I, send me.

has the will and the leisure might well compile for the *Eagle*

¹⁴ Werner: *British Africa* (London, 1899), p. 256.

¹⁵ *Christian Observer*, 1855, pp. 211, ff. Curteis: *Life of G. A. Selwyn* (London, 1889), pp. 43, ff.

a list of Johnian missionaries with brief biographical details. The records of the S.P.

Mission, local papers, missionary magazines, are all available, and possibly the notes of Professor John Mayor, whom no Johnian name seemed to escape. He who undertakes such a task will find ample repayment in his labour.

V.

Let me close on the note wherewith I opened, the lesson of self-denial for the sake of posterity. We are debtors to the past, and we must see to it that the future is debtor to us, otherwise we fail to realise the very object of our existence.

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means: a very different thing!¹⁶

We have to acknowledge that in times long past misuse was sometimes made of College endowments, and that many living on them pursued the cult of masterly inactivity, whose merit consisted chiefly in their time spent here.¹⁷ But even in those times, thanks to such men as Dr. Tuckney, twenty-first master, who preferred a scholarship which could not deceive him to a profession of godliness which might;¹⁸ and Dr. Powell, twenty-eighth master, who instituted annual examinations, laying down the principle that students should be examined by their teachers, a principle avowed by the best educationists to-day, St. John's was foremost to wipe away the reproach of Goldsmith that "all our magnificent endowments of Colleges are erroneous, and at best more frequently enrich the prudent than reward the ingenious." And to-day the reproach is altogether wiped away. But there is still the danger of neglecting the present time for self-improvement, of waiting for some more favourable opportunity which will never come.

¹⁶ Browning: *Bishop Blougram's Apology*. See, too, the testimony of Dr. John Edwards (c. 1715), *ib.* p. 204.

¹⁷ J. Davies: *Life of John Hall* (quoted by Mullinger, *op. cit.* p. 138).

¹⁸ "In his election at St. John's, when the President according to the Cant of the times, wou'd call upon him to have regard to the Godly, the Master answer'd, no one should have a greater regard to the truly Godly than himself; but he was determined to choose none but *Scholars*: adding, very wisely; *They may deceive me in their Godliness; they can not in their Scholarship.*" (*Eight Letters of Ant. Tuckney, &c.*, 1753, p. xv. Quoted by Mayor, *Baker's History*, p. 603.)

qui recte vivendi prorogat horam,
rusticus exspectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
labitur et labetur in omne volubilis aevum.¹⁹

And so we preach the Gospel of Work. It is while here, does whatsoever his hand findeth to do with all his might, of whom we are almost certain of hearing a good report. He may not be a brilliant man; he may have started with many disadvantages; but that *conscience* which has been the inspiration of his work, that plodding industry, that loyal observance of the traditions of this place, that consecration of every hour here to the service of his Master, will go with him into his work; and such a man cannot fail to exercise a blessed ministry, whether it be in service of Church or of State. God needs us that we may be "workers together with Him," and we need Him to "amend what flaws may lurk."²⁰

¹⁹ Horace: *Epist.* I. 2.

²⁰ Browning: *Rabbi ben Ezra*.

THE BLAST—1875.

It's rainin'. Weet's the gairden sod,
Weet the lang roads whaur gangrels plod,
A maist unceevil thing o' God

In mid July—
If ye'll just curse the sneckdraw, dod !
An' sae wull I !

He's a braw place in Heev'n, ye ken,
An' lea's us puir, forjaskit men
Clamjamfried in the but and ben
He ca's the earth—
A wee bit inconvenient den
No muckle worth ;

An' whiles, at orra times, keeks out,
Sees what puir mankind are about ;
An' if He can, I've little doubt,
Upsets their plans ;
He hates a' mankind, brainch and root,
An' a' that's man's.

An' whiles, whan they tak' heart again,
An' life i' the sun looks braw an' plain,
Doun comes a jaw o' droukin' rain
Upon their honours—
God sends a spate outower the plain,
Or mebbe thun'ers.

Lord safe us, life's an unco thing !
Simmer an' Winter, Yule an' Spring,
The damned, dour-heartit seasons bring
A feck o' trouble.
I wadna try 't to be a king—
No, nor for double.

But since we're in it, willy-nilly,
We maun be watchfu', wise an' skilly,
An' no' mind ony ither billy,
Lassie nor God.
But drink—that's my best counsel till 'e ;
Sae tak' the nod.

R. L. STEVENSON.

Underwoods.

Imber ut saevit ! madet hortus, humet
Per vias longas titubans viator ;
Sic inurbanus violare gaudet
Juppiter Idus

Julias, nobis male nominandus.
Cui supra splendet domus ampla soli ;
Nosque mortales nimis aggregatos
Compulit infra.

Hic casam denso miseroque volgo
Parvulam, angustam satis, et molestam,
Tristis assignat, decoratque vano
Nomine mundi.

Spectat interdum Pater ex Olympo,
Suspica ne quid sibi moliantur,
Irritos siqua faciat labores
Coeptaque vana.

Gentis humanae nihil haud perosus
Despicit. Si forte dies aperta
Luce det virtutem animis apricus,
Vitaque rursus

Rideat, torvus subito tonitru
Juppiter nostros rigat apparatus,
Inde per campum fluviosque mittit
Diluviumque.

Labitur dura vice vita nobis ;
Ferreum quis ver hiememve laudet,
Cui vel autumnus placeat malignus
Vel brevis aestas ?

Caesaris nomen soliumque Cyri
Jungeres frustra ; tolerare vitam
Non ego hac mercede volo, sed una
Cuncta resigno.

Parca sed vinclo retinet volentes,
Parca nolentes ; spatiumque vitae
Rectius vives, bene si cavebis
Mente sagaci.

Quid viri vel quid cupiant puellae,
Quid Jovi summo libeat, monebo,
Negleges prudens. Satis est scienti
Massicus humor.

On Bicycles

BIKES may be divided into two classes, motor and push. I know nothing of the former except that they never start when you want them to, and generally stop when you don't. There is a member of the college who still gets annoyed when you ask him to count, slowly but viciously up to twenty-five. I know it was a very cold night, but that is no excuse for calling your kick-starter names.

Push-bikes are of three kinds, the don's, the ordinary rideable, and the "Sorry, old man, it's bust." Mine is in the third class now, the vengeance of the gods, I expect, for after having paid ten and sixpence for new spokes and general repair I decided to get a chain, to remove temptation out of the undergraduates' way of course. The chain and lock were purchased at 10.30 a.m., and at 2.15 p.m., cycling merrily up K.P., the pedal fell off, since when I have used no other.

The bike I had previously was a nice little machine, but it finished five years with the bell as the only original part. It's career began when I cycled over a policeman's foot and finished against a lamp-post. It might have been the Robertian pedal extremity, or it might have been the lamp-post, but I had to buy a new front wheel.

Then happened the snapping of the front fork six miles from the nearest railway station. With the front wheel tied to the saddle I pushed the bike backwards to the station and had a grand hundred yards' dash for the train, the signalman waving an encouraging hand from the box. The station-master asked me what I wanted, just as though one generally ran for miles to see the colour of the engine drivers' hair; and he was quite annoyed when in answer to his query "have you had an accident," I replied that I was just practising for when such an occasion might happen. The irony of it all was when they made me buy a cycle ticket for the two wheels strapped together!

Then there was the time when, admiring the view to my right I failed to notice the odd cow and struck her amidships. She sank with all hands, and so did I. The farmer whispered something about machine-made milk but I, speaking in fluent Japanese, persuaded him that we did that sort of thing every day in my native country. I wish I had known about the Rodeo.

Have you ever been on a bike when the frame has snapped? It is a sensation not to be missed. I had just done a tour of three hundred miles round the Borders and was coming up the last hill when I felt the saddle coming

towards the handle bars, and the ground slowly rising to meet me. I have never fainted but I thought that must be what was the matter. Eventually rising from a small puddle placed there for my particular benefit I found the bike in two parts and sadly wheeled it, one half in each hand, to the railway station.

I think it is a great mistake to buy a bike and, just quietly, if you cannot find your own grid in the stand next term, you can make a fair guess that it is being ridden by

"GAYMAN."

OXFORD CIRCUS.

To Oxford Circus in cap and gown!
All the scholars have come to town,
With all the pennies they've stored away,
For Oxford Circus begins to-day.

Some on the roundabouts shout "Hi! hi!
Some in the swing-boats climb the sky,
Some like the cocoanuts, some like the slide,
Some find it difficult to decide.

To Oxford Circus if you'll be good!
There goes a don in a crimson hood.
How the two proctors fume and frown
If anyone goes without cap and gown!

They've got a parrot that knows some Greek,
They've got a lion that plays bezique,
They've got an elephant winds up a clock,
They've got a crocodile goes "Tick-tock!"

To Oxford Circus by Underground!
In my money-box lies a pound:
I'll break it open and give you half,
And we'll go to the Circus and laugh and laugh.

If you were at Cambridge like me, my dear,
You couldn't go there at all, I fear,
For at Oxford Circus in London Town
You must pay your penny in cap and gown.

To Oxford Circus!—it starts at two,
There are hundreds of wonderful things to do!
You in a red hood, I in a white,
We'll ride on the roundabouts half the night!

D.B.H.

To the Editor of THE EAGLE.

Writing Down

Sir,

When I received my copy of the last number of THE EAGLE, and came in due course upon the account of a lecture delivered by me in the College Hall during the Lent term, I was horrified to find myself quoted as having said that dramatists ought to write down to their audiences; and further, as having sought to involve Shakespeare in my own ruin by claiming that he always did so.

Well, I do not blame anybody for having come away from that lecture with a wrong impression. I took my audience frankly into my confidence at the start, and confessed that that was the first lecture I had ever delivered, and that it was quite on the cards that my performance would end in an ignominious breakdown. This did not happen for some reason, but I seem to have allowed myself to fall into the opposite fault of becoming intoxicated with my own flow of words, with the result that I find myself credited with adherence to a principle which of all others I abhor.

I have turned up the notes from which I spoke on this occasion, and the passage in question there runs as follows:—"The playwright should write for the theatrical conditions of his time, and for the understanding of the public he hopes to reach." This may sound like a bare exhortation to "writing down," but it is nothing of the kind. Consider Shakespeare. He, it should never be forgotten, was, besides a sublime poet, a successful author for the commercial theatre. He wrote not above the heads of his public, but *at* his public. He took the kind of plots his public was used to, and clothed them in the kind of verse it was used to; and he even committed what we are sometimes told is the artistic crime of writing parts to fit individual actors in a stock company.

The result was that his genius was effective. It transformed the stage, it put new life into the drama, it made the theatre count.

I suppose I deserve what I got, because I was unwise enough to call attention myself to the ease with which "writing down to" and "writing at" an audience can be confused by hasty people, or by people whose minds are perplexed by the involved periods of an inexperienced lecturer. The two things are, however, fundamentally different. "Writing down" is a question of quality and of morals; "writing at" is a question of subject-matter and method. The first is literary prostitution, the second practical craftsmanship. If you write down to the public you are damned;

but if you do not write at a public, why write at all? The mere act of putting pen to paper implies that you have something to say to an audience; and to say it in a form in which it will be intelligible to that audience is the merest common-sense.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I will try to be less involved next time I lecture. Meanwhile, I must apologise for encroaching upon your space with this personal explanation. Ordinary misapprehensions of meaning I have learnt, as a professional critic must, to bear with a patient shrug; but this one seemed too fundamental to be let pass.

Yours, etc.,
W. A. DARLINGTON.

Johnian Society

THE first regular Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Johnian Society were held in London at the Connaught Rooms on Tuesday, July 8th, 1924. There were 155 Johnians present.

As soon as we arrived we were shepherded into the proper fold by Jesse Collins, who is a walking "Who's Who" and was invaluable in introducing the different generations to one another.

Sir Edward Marshall Hall, our President, took the chair, and informed us that we were to get through our formal business before dining. Minutes of last year's Inaugural Meeting were read and the Hon. Secretary then reported that the Society had a membership of 617, that £300 had been invested, and that a Register of Members had been printed, a copy being on the table before each member present. He appealed for volunteers to take teams to Cambridge to play against the College and asked that names and addresses of members of the College who were not on the boards and who had not been communicated with might be sent to him by any who knew of such.

Letters regretting inability to attend had been received from Lord Carmichel, Lord Wargrave, the Bishop of Thetford, Bishop Andrews, Sir Humphrey Rolleston, Sir Donald MacAllister, Sir G. Forrest, Sir G. Agnew, Sir James Allen, Dr. J. R. Tanner, Dr. C. B. Rootham, Mr. W. J. Locke and many others, and a wire had arrived that afternoon from the Master that unfortunately he would not be able to come.

The next business was the election of President for the year 1924-5. Admiral Sir Wilmot Fawkes was proposed by Mr. F. D. Morton and seconded by Sir Jeremiah Colman and

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The Wall-paintings in K, Second Court.

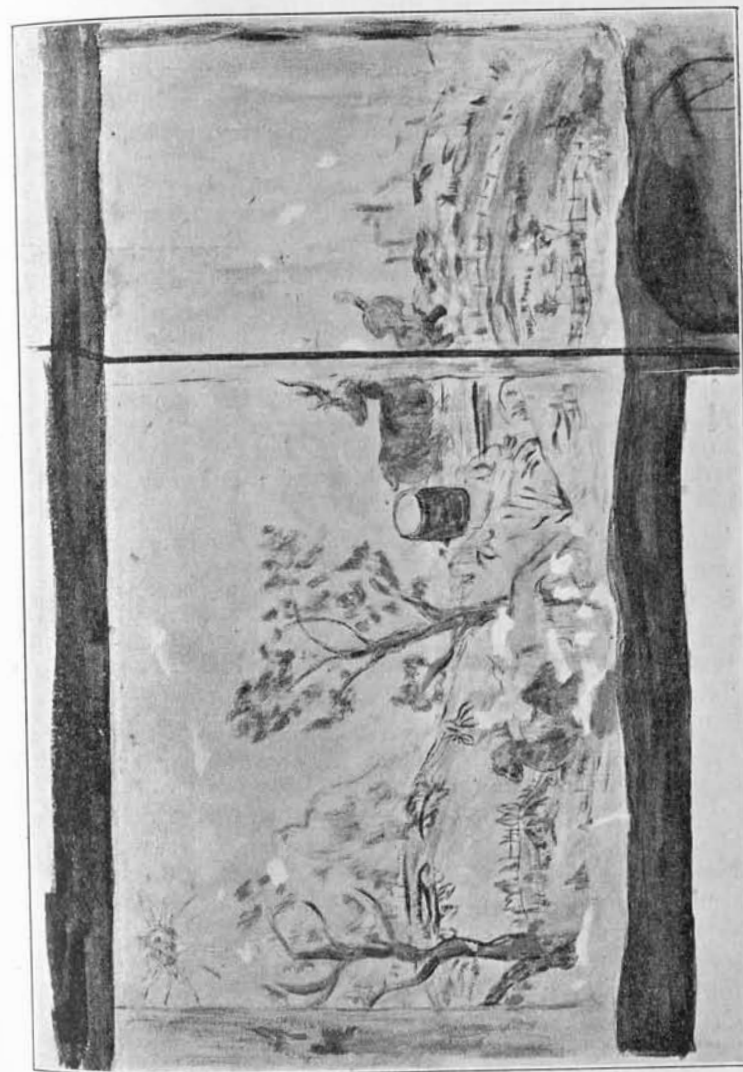
AS most resident Johnnians know, a curious relic of the past has been uncovered within the last few months in a room in Second Court. The room itself, which is the little bedroom in the back set on the first floor of K staircase (numbered K4 in Dr. Moore Smith's list of occupants of College rooms), dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century (1599-1603) when the Second Court was built, for it appears clearly marked in the original plan preserved in the College Library. In the seventeenth century it was probably the bedroom in a set appropriated to a Fellow or Fellow-commoner, since the first floor of Second Court then contained some of the best rooms in the College, and this would explain how the newly-found paintings could be perpetrated in days when College discipline was somewhat severe.

During the renovation of this set of rooms, when the many layers of old wall-papers were stripped off, the spaces of plaster between the oak supports of the north and west walls, were found to be covered with paintings, sketchily executed in tempera, a medium which had been used in England for wall decorations since the twelfth century. The general style of the work suggests the latter half of the seventeenth century, and Mr. W. G. Constable, who as an undergraduate kept in the rooms, suggested *c.* 1680 as a possible date, but the absence of such details as architecture or costume makes it very difficult to place them within a few decades. Mr. Eve Tristram, the Professor of Design at the Royal College of Art, who was consulted as to the means of their preservation, thought it possible that they were yet earlier. Accurate copies of them, made by Mrs. L. E. Shore, have been deposited in the Victoria and Albert Museum, where there is a considerable collection of records of English wall-paintings, and from these are the reproductions accompanying this article. The suggestions of their character and meaning which follow must be taken with all reserve, for they are liable to be completely refuted if the paintings are proved to be earlier than the reign of James II.



Before making these suggestions it will be best to describe the paintings. The first, on the right-hand side of the north wall, shows a church on an eminence between two trees, and little else can be made out. The second has also a tree at each side; between them is an impudent-looking baboon chained by the waist to a large basket of fruit—grapes, pears, but mainly apples, one of which, held in his left hand, he is nibbling. The third picture occupies the whole painted portion of the west wall, and is much more complicated. An undulating country is shown with two "eminences" to left and right, and lower ground (to the left much obliterated) in the foreground. To the left, rooted in the foreground, are two trees. Above, in the left top-corner is a sun with a cheerful human face surrounded by rays. Perched on the left "eminence" between the two trees is an enormous hawk, broad and burly to look at; unfortunately its head is so faded as to lack the expression the painter gives to his animals. Then, in the low foreground on this side are two creatures. One is a tawny member of the cat tribe lying down; the other, standing behind it, is a wolf (less probably a fox), but it has either been left white or has lost its colour. On the right-hand "eminence" is a very different group. An antlered deer, fawn-coloured, is couched within a circle of musical instruments—a drum, a lute (?) a flute (?), a violin, and a black trumpet (only the end shows in the photograph). The deer wears a very individual expression, deprecating, timid, yet smirking. In the air above fly some five swifts. To the right again are traces of reddish buildings—but their nature and number are obscure, although a too intent inspection leads the looker to give them more consistency and plan than they possess.

Here is an odd decoration for a Fellow or Fellow-commoner of St. John's to paint or have painted on his bedroom wall; and not more odd than obscure in subject. It is true that the late seventeenth century was a golden age of the beast-fable. Lafontaine was setting the vogue. Obscure English poetasters, like the author of *Æsop at Tonbridge*, were imitating him, and Gay was to be successful in a political series "of his own invention" under George I. In prose the Tory pamphleteer, Sir Roger L'Estrange, collected all the Fables he could come across, and even his explanations and applications, leaden though they were, could not sink their popularity. But among these Fables, old and new, only one seems to show any marked affinity with the theme of the principal picture, that on the west wall. It was in 1687 that Dryden published his theological fable of *The Hind and the Panther*, and it is certainly curious that its chief creatures appear in the picture. This is not the place to descant on the surprising defects of the



poem, in which animals conduct a theological polemic, or on its still more surprising merits, its grace and strenuous argument, its wit and emotion. It is only necessary to point out how open it lay to ridicule, and to develop the whimsical resemblances between its characters and the animals of the picture.

In the poem the heroine, one may say, is the Roman Catholic Church, figured as a hind—

"A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin."

(Part I. 1-4)

The other protagonist is the Church of England, the spotted Panther—

"The Panther sure the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind. (I. 327-8)

Other denominations appear as other animals: the Atheist as the "buffoon Ape," the Arian as "Reynard the Fox" that ranges in the "Polonian plains," and the Presbyterian as "Isgrim the Wolf."¹ "It is to be noticed that the last is specially associated with the Panther—

"The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart," (I. 338)
and

"Or Isgrim's counsel, her new-chosen mate," (I. 449)
not to mention similar passages in the two later parts. The Panther, says Dryden, has not her former power over the "divided herd" and they press to drink without her leave—

"The Panther, full of inward discontent,
Since they would go, before them wisely went;
Supplying want of power by drinking first,
As if she gave them leave to quench their thirst."
(I. 524-7)

Meanwhile

"Among the rest, the Hind with fearful face
Beheld from far the common-watering-place,
Nor durst approach," (I. 528-30)
until James II "bad her fear no more." There follows her discussion with the Panther in the remaining parts of the poem.

Now this is not unlike the picture. Here the Panther has settled down, the Wolf is coming up. Although the partial

¹ Both these names are taken from *Reynard the Fox*, the well-known beast-satire.

obliteration of the painting has rendered it impossible to point to actual water, the depression in the foreground and the two trees and other plants at least suggest a pool of water in the lost portion. That "the lady of the spotted muff" is painted a plain colour, is not unnatural in a design which does not imply sympathy with Dryden's religion; the colour of the wolf has been lost. The deer, with like change, has replaced its milk-white hue by fawn-colour. It is appropriately couched apart; its antlers, however unsuitable, are not altogether strange to Dryden's zoölogy—the animals

"sought to find
The ten-horned monster in the harmless Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had designed."

(I. 536-8)

But there is a possibility, too fanciful perhaps, which would give another turn to the male appearance of the deer. Is it too forced a supposition to say that the oddly individual expression of its face has a curious resemblance to that of Dryden's as shown in such a picture as the frontispiece of the Mermaid edition of the plays, taken from a portrait once possessed by Sir Walter Scott? Dryden himself would thus take the place of his religion. And in this connexion the musical instruments encircling the deer gain a meaning. In 1687, the very year of the publication of *The Hind and the Panther*, Dryden also produced his celebrated *Song for St. Cecilia's Day*, which was duly sung to music. Three verses describe different instruments, three of them certainly, the other two possibly, represented in the picture—

"The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim,
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame."

But the resemblances to *The Hind and the Panther* are not yet exhausted. In Part III are two subsidiary fables, in one of which the Pigeons (Anglican Clergy) elect the Buzzard (Bishop Burnet) as their monarch, in the other the Swallows (English Roman Catholics) are ill advised by the Martin (Father Petre). Burnet was known as the Brawny Bishop from his stalwart build, and Dryden, his ancient enemy, does not miss the point—

"A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seemed a son of Anak for his height;
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer;
Black-browed and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter."
(III. 1141-44)

Here in the portly Buzzard we see the gigantic hawk of the picture.

The Martin, too, persuaded not only the real Swallows, but also

"Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow kind," (III. 547)
to omit to migrate, and to hope for a continuous summer—
"for their sakes the sun should backward go." (III. 534)

St. Martin's day was sunny—

"The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burnished brooks appeared with liquid gold to flow."
* * * * *
(III. 556-8)

Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone?
The canopy of heaven is all her own;
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for insects in the purling springs,
And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings." (III. 566-71)

Here may be the Swifts of the picture, flying in the light of the radiant Sun. We may recall that Louis XIV was known as the *Roi Soleil*.

So far the seeming references of the painting to Dryden's work have been pursued. There is, however, another line of approach. What special interest would *The Hind and the Panther* evoke in a Johnian of 1687? Oddly enough, one Johnian Fellow had a very special interest in the poem. Nothing could well be more open to parody than the plot of *The Hind and the Panther*. The purport of the fable was violently unpopular, and Dryden himself had long incurred the wrath of numerous persons great and small who would be sure to applaud an attack on him, if only by calling him "Bayes" and "Poet Squab." Accordingly two young

literary men, Charles Montagu, later created Earl of Halifax, and Matthew Prior, B.A., Scholar of St. John's, joined forces to produce in 1687 *The Hind and the Panther transversed to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse*. In imitation of the earlier satire on Dryden, *The Rehearsal*, the skit is in dialogue, and Mr. Bayes is represented as boasting of his "Country Mouse and City Mouse," to Smith and Johnson. The subject was fair game, the method not more cruel than usual, and Prior, who by all accounts had the chief hand in it, seems to have felt a genuine dislike of Dryden's poetry—there is indeed a non-proven story that Dryden taxed them with tears for their ingratitude for past kindness. On the merits of the parody opinions have differed. Perhaps one may say that the verse is poor, but the prose dialogue is shrewd and amusing.

Prior was elected Fellow of the College in 1688 and soon after was employed at Burghley House as tutor of Lord Burghley, the Earl of Exeter's son; he was perhaps reluctantly thinking of taking orders and a living. At any rate in 1688 he wrote a religious ode, in 1690 a paraphrase of Psalm LXXXVIII for the College Chapel; and in earlier years he was writing panegyric poems to Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely, who till 1679 had been Master of St. John's. Early in 1690, however, Prior was out of a job, and apparently living in College, while he appealed for employment. To Sir Fleetwood Shephard he wrote—

"My friend Charles Mountague's preferr'd,
Nor would I have it long observ'd,
That one mouse eats while t'other's starv'd.

These petitions were successful, and in 1690 Prior began his political career as Secretary to the British Embassy at the Hague.

It is evident how well these performances of Prior fit in with the appearance of an imitation of *The Hind and the Panther* on the walls of a College bedroom. Prior himself may have inhabited these rooms in 1688 and 1690, and he or a friend may have spent some leisure hours in enlivening the wall. He was interested in painting, as appears from several poems; in 1713 he designed a medal, and in his *Heads for a Treatise upon Learning* he recommends painting as a suitable hobby or "Secondary Science."² So if he did not

² *Dialogues of the Dead*, ed. A. R. Waller, p. 187. "You should be pretty well versed in some more pleasing, and if I may so express it, some Secondary Science. This you will find convenient; it will take idle hours from your hand when alone Amongst these Arts of a Mechanical Consideration I reckon Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Gardening, &c.

paint himself, he might well enjoy and inspire the pastime of someone else.

Hitherto, the two north pictures have been left out of account. Ape, monkey, and baboon were much the same thing in the fables of the time, but the precise theme of the picture on the left must be left to some better informed inquirer than the present. The nearest resemblance that a hasty search has discovered is the fable in L'Estrange's *Fables of Æsop*, etc., Fable 397 (II. p. 424), where the ape consents to let the mountebank put a silver chain on his neck if he may wear a fine suit of human clothes, and then finds himself a captive. It would not have been unlike Prior to consider taking orders as submitting to the chain for the sake of the provender, and this would agree with the neighbouring picture of the church (?)

did not adopt a profession so alien to his own character.³ On this subject, is it again too fanciful to draw attention to the pert, puckish expression of the monkey, and to compare it with that of Prior, as shown, e.g., in the frontispiece to Mr. Bickley's *Life*?

There is another frontispiece too, which at least suggests the paintings. In 1694 Dryden published the Fourth Part of the *Miscellany Poems* (of himself and others), under the title of *The Annual Miscellany for 1694*, and for this part a frontispiece was provided by Michael Burghers, a Dutch engraver who resided mostly at Oxford and executed second-rate work for the Universities, publishers and others. His plate represents Fame (?) or Poetry (?)

copia (very unlike Dryden's experience); on one side are several amoretto playing with a large violin or kindred instrument; and above, another amoretto blows a trumpet. Now, the grapes and apples of the fruit have a strong resemblance in treatment to those in the wall-painting; the trumpet is identical in shape with that beside the deer, and the violin slants like that in the picture, to which it bears a distinct, though not exact, likeness. These circumstances at least show that c. 1690 is a very possible date for the paintings of K4.

It cannot be denied that the lines of conjecture here put forward are highly speculative. The main argument in their favour is that the proposed identifications and allusions hang together and are consistent with one another; and there is the undoubted fact to go upon that a Johnian Fellow did parody *The Hind and the Panther* and was noted for it. Otherwise, there is no clinching external fact to base the theory on, such as a definite date of the paintings or proof of Prior's living in the rooms would be. In these circumstances the method adopted by classical scholars has been followed. As in the

³Bickley, F. *Life of Matthew Prior*, p. 25.

interpretation of Virgil's eclogue, addressed to Pollio, which has given occasion to such brilliant ingenuity, the small ascertainable fact has been employed to lead to the preliminary identification, and the harmony of the coincidences which result therefrom makes the strength of the case.

VERSES FROM THE RUSSIAN OF N. M. MINSKY.

I.

When on that Day, that dreadful Day,
I hear the voice of Judgment say:
"The story of thy life relate"—
Before beginning to narrate,
I'll whisper, with unsmiling face:
"Great Judge, command, I crave the grace,
These angels to withdraw a space.
'Twould ill become their heavenly ear
My heinous sins and crimes to hear."

II.

While sleeps the grain beneath the snow,
The Earth, until the Spring is nigh,
Knows not the powers that in her lie,
Nor that these powers can life bestow.
And I knew not that, all unseen,
In me lay Beauty's power divine,
Till, modest but austere of mien,
You lifted up your eyes to mine.

III.

There below, through that down-curving gap in the range,
Looms the City afar.
There, beyond the dim patchwork of woodland and grange,
Where the hues of the pastures and fields counterchange,
Vaguely glimmers the City afar.
Something wrapt in thick shade—neither building nor square—
Shows itself through the mist.
Like the numbness that clouds a soul sunk in despair,
Like the faintness that foils what bold dreamers would dare,
O'er the City broods darkling the mist.
Out of life-breath, upstreaming from toilers in pain,
Has the mist-veil been wrought.
Out of dust, smoke, and fog, and the drizzle of rain,
Out of countless hearts' sighings, and cryings in vain,
In the air has the mist-veil been wrought.

'Twixt the turbulent City and me, as I gaze,
 Hangs the veil evermore.
 For its folds neither daybreak nor noontide can raise;
 Temples, prisons, and palaces, blurred by the haze,
 At this distance are blent evermore.
 Yet at times, as the sun sinks, an arrowlike beam
 Cleaves the mist in a flash;
 And before fading out with the twilight's last gleam,
 That far City, as man's ever-menacing dream
 Stands exposed to the sight in a flash.

D.M.

Unreal Properties

I HAVE just begun the study of Law and the first fine careless rapture still inspires me and colours my every thought and action. I am intrigued by the lectures, by the books, by the volumes and volumes of the *Times Law Reports*, but above all by the problems in Real Property. I find there are two estates, Whiteacre and Blackacre, and five persons who might own them, A, B, C, X and Y; there is much scope for the imagination. When I am tired and pessimistic, I think of a very Black-acre and of X, the owner, a grim, hard, bearded man, who does not love Y, his heir, and who is prepared to do anything to prevent Y's succeeding to the estate. Poor Y! He is generally a minor and has not a shadow of a claim, for papa can do exactly what he likes with Blackacre, but I have always to advise Y. Why, I don't know. I am sure he could never afford to pay my fees. The spectre of a tail male looms in the background. X, however, bars the entail, and all is sorrow, wailing, weeping and whatnot amongst the heirs. The phrase tail male amused me at first; the psychological explanation is simple. I was subconsciously reminded of the invocation to elevate a certain equine caudal appendage popularised in one of our modern dance-songs, but the full tragedy of a barred tail male is now borne upon me and I smile no more.

There is the fascinating problem of conveyances. I always thought that X, who owned Blackacre and had an interest in Greenacre, would possess a Rolls-Royce, or at any rate a Ford, but I realised it would be difficult to carry away the land in a car. Williams put me right. A conveyance is not a conveyance; it is a scrap of paper covered with whereases and wherefores and hereinafters, just like a certain memorial we have seen lately on the screens, only it is probably ten times as long, for the Conveyancer charges so much per

word. Just a word about Williams. Don't confuse him with the "Pink Pills for Pale People" man—that is his brother, but I imagine they work in partnership, for Williams the Real Propertyist makes people pale and Williams the chemist makes pills pink. Joshua, the lawyer, missed a great chance of advertising the family wares when he omitted to add a "Pinkacre" to his estates.

I shall tell you a secret for nothing. The great principle in Real Property is, "where there's a will there's a way—for lawyers to make money!" Let me give you an example from the list of legal anecdotes before me—they are called problems in Real Property, but that doesn't matter. X died intestate—that means he thought he was a second Methusaleh and left off till to-morrow what he should have done two days ago—leaving a maiden aunt, three half brothers by different fathers, no issue (unlike a certain paper, which has an issue of 2,000,000 daily) and two widows. You are asked to say what would happen—

- (1) If Blackacre were in China.
- (2) If the Hottentots conquered England.
- (3) If X were an Eastern potentate whose name we will not divulge for political reasons.
- (4) If there was an earthquake and Blackacre disappeared during the night.

Personally I am always impartial and would answer the problem by saying it is a moot point, following upon the judgment of Bosh C.J. *in re* Whatphore [1986. 2 H.L. p. 57.]

There is a lot to be said for the study of law. The books are very thick and look imposing on the shelf, and your friends, looking at them, think you must know an awful lot. You feel very important looking up cases in the Squire Law Library, especially if you wear horn-rimmed spectacles; and the lectures don't begin until 10 a.m.—you have time to eat your breakfast in peace. I could say much more about the law, but I dare not until the Tripos is over; let me conclude by reminding you that even if the "law's a hass," there is always the consolation of the wig and gown—and the guineas!

GAYMAN.

TO AN OLD BLUE COAT

We have been good companions, you and I,
 You that have made me one with sea and sky;
 And now I lay you by, grown old and torn and faded,
 And with you lay myself that through you sang and traded
 With time and fortune, joy, pain and loneliness,
 Burning desire and pain, anguish and disappointment and
 As you alone have secrets of: [such distress

Sweet comradeship and love,
 And distant lands, mountains and rivered plains,
 And snows and winds and the autumnal rains,
 And gentle delicate spring, sweet gathering force,
 And bursting May and summery June in course,
 And wild adventure miraculous and gay.
 How we set out one desperate winter's day
 Fled our loved downlands and the windblown skies,
 And sought for victory and heart's paradise
 In hungry exile, but found defeat and shame
 And thwarted purpose and petty murderous blame.
 And how returning one long summer through
 We knew the heights and depths love leads man to;
 And days of glorious ecstasy unseen
 Of dancing Morrice on the village green;
 Of riding horseback wild through golden seas
 Of English buttercups, of forest trees
 That gave us night time shelter and campfire nights
 That glow in memory still, and strange delights
 Of earth and stars and wind and human men,
 And days with books and thoughts and feverish pen;
 Of footsore days under a gridding sun,
 And sleep and wondrous peace when day was done.
 And underneath of growing surer faith
 Of inner pride and peace and the destined path
 That must be followed bravely till we tread
 To final peace and victory and are dead.

And so I bid you hail and farewell you
 Part of the living death I battle through;
 And with another new-born forward note
 Get me another sky blue lustre coat!

ROLF GARDINER.

Indian Drama.

The Editor, THE EAGLE MAGAZINE.

Sir,—In his lecture on "The Origin of the Tragic Actor" delivered this term in the College Hall, Professor Ridgeway acquainted us with his theory that it lay in the feeling of "awe and worship of the dead." In support of this view, he called in evidence some features of the early history of Drama as he saw it developed in various countries. India was one of these; and while describing the nature of the plays performed at Allahabad, he made a sweeping statement—and it is that statement which has occasioned this letter.

Professor Ridgeway observed that the poor, innocent boys who impersonated the parts of the "dead heroes" Rama and Krishna were always put to death after the performances. Bishop Heber was cited as the authority. The passage in question is this:—"This show is now a very innocent one; but there was a hideous and accursed practice in the 'good old times' before the British police was established, at least if all which the Mussalmans and English say is to be believed, which shows the Hindoo superstition in all its horrors. The poor children who had been thus feasted, honoured, and made to contribute to the popular amusement, were, it is asserted, always poisoned in the sweetmeats given them the last day of the show that it might be said their spirits were absorbed into the deities whom they had represented. Nothing of the sort can now be done." (Bishop Heber's *Indian Journal*, vol. I., page 191.)

On this I wish to make the following remarks:—

(1) Of all the persons who from early times have left their memoirs of their travels through India, Bishop Heber is the only one who talks of this "hideous custom." And what after all is his evidence? He is not himself sure, but only hears it from certain Mussalmans and Englishmen, who certainly in those times at any rate were none too capable or willing to know the real customs and manners of the Hindoos.

(2) I do not for a moment question that Bishop Heber did probably *hear* what he says he did. But he was a missionary, held prejudiced views regarding non-Christians, and though his eyes and ears may have gained impressions of every description, only those of one particular sort could he transmit when he proceeded to write. One of the observations which get reflected in his writings is "the total absence of any popular system of morals" of the Indian people, and his consequently being burdened with the responsibility of giving the people "a better religion."

I myself have never heard of any such superstition ever having existed in notion, much less in practice.

I may also refer the reader to articles in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1916-7, in which Dr. A. B. Keith has challenged Professor Ridgeway's application of his theory to Indian Drama, and I would submit that the weight of facts lies on the side of Dr. Keith. Be that as it may with regard to the wider theory, I am of opinion that Professor Ridgeway should not have made this sweeping statement on the very slender hearsay evidence of Bishop Heber.

Yours faithfully,

G. S. MAHAJANI.

St. John's College,
26th November, 1924.

The Editor of THE EAGLE.

Sir,—Thank you for allowing me to reply to Mr. Mahajani's letter. He takes exception not only to my citation from Bishop Heber's *Journal* but also to my theory of the Origin of Indian Serious Drama, which is part of my general theory of the Origin of Tragedy.

He assails Bishop Heber's statement on the ground that it was only hearsay, but he does not doubt for a moment "that Bishop Heber did probably hear what he said he did," but that it was from prejudiced persons, and that Heber himself was "a missionary and held prejudiced views regarding non-Christians." He says that he himself "has never heard of such superstitions ever having existed in notion, much less in practice." That the notion of human sacrifice existed in ancient India is made clear by the *Aitareya Brahmana*, II., 8 (cf. pp. 299 *sqq.* trans. A.B. Keith, Harvard Or. Series), whilst I have been informed by a distinguished scholar who was an I.C.S. official in Bengal for more than 20 years that there is reason to believe that in remote places children may still be sacrificed.

With regard to Heber's remarks on "the total absence of any popular system of morals," speaking of course from the European standpoint, I would simply cite a statement by the late Dr. W. Crooke, I.C.S., the eminent anthropologist (*Natives of Northern India*, p.19): "The race migrations are all prehistoric and the amalgamation of the race has continued for ages among people to whom moral restraints are irksome and unfamiliar." Crooke was not a missionary.

Mr. Mahajani disputes my views on the origin of Serious Drama, at least for India. Apparently he holds Prof. Keith's

view that Krishna was originally a Vegetation Spirit, and never a real man, a view contrary to the belief of all Hindus except perhaps Mr. Mahajani. I would refer him and your readers to an article in the *Quarterly Review*, 1921, pp. 322-39 (Origin of the Hindu Serious Drama) and especially to pp. 338-9 where I was enabled to print a statement of the Origin of Hindu Serious Drama in Bengal by Rai Sahib Dinesh Chandra Sen, the author of the standard History of Bengali Literature, which is dead against the Vegetation theory of the Origin of Krishna and Indian Drama put forward by Prof Keith, and entirely substantiates my doctrine.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

Flendyshe,
Fen Ditton,
29th November, 1924.

"Luggage in Advance"

"LUGGAGE in advance," yes, there could be no doubt about it, that was what he had said. Altogether that was the strangest part of this strange interview. There he had stood not a moment since, a queer unwholesome little figure, and now as mysteriously as he arrived he had disappeared. He was, at first glance, almost human, and then one marked the long pointed ears, the cloven hoofs in place of feet, and in particular that uncanny fiendish grin into which his furrowed cheeks seemed permanently set. Certainly this visitor from the underworld was anything but attractive. And so my time had come. Somehow, when he told me how they were gloating at the prospect of my early arrival I had been less affected than might be supposed. It had never been my ambition to achieve the distressing perfection necessary for entry into Paradise, and so his news that I was booked for the other place came as no frightful shock. But it was his "and one last point: don't forget your luggage in advance," that left me trembling. As he said it the corners of his mouth seemed to curve still further upwards and almost to join the ends of his slit-like eyes. He leered thus evilly at me for a few seconds, observing the effect of his words, and then in a flash was gone.

The thought of preparing any luggage for this last of all journeys had never for a moment entered my mind. It seemed ridiculous, and yet why not; by all accounts I should be there some considerable time. Of course I must take

something, and from the peculiar glee with which my little fiend had dwelt on the subject it was obvious that I must choose with care. The pressing question was, what? I rushed to my wardrobe, and in frenzied haste, for I knew that time was short, hauled out great bundles of clothing. There always had been a certain carelessness in my treatment of my clothes, but certainly never before had they appeared in such a confused and maddening mess. From all reports the central heating of my future abode was second to none, and feverishly I threw aside anything in the least bit reminiscent of December, until I was left with nothing but a few glad rags of the previous summer. How tawdry and useless they seemed. "Asbestos, asbestos," kept running through my mind, "at any rate it won't burn." I might as well have cried for the moon. The tragedy of the situation! Who could have thought that instead of ordering that new cardigan I should have concentrated on a set of fire-proof underwear and an asbestos (dear old asbestos) suit. A feeling of horrid nausea gripped me. It was too late. I should arrive without anything. They would probably send me back and I should spend a horrid infinitude rushing to and fro, backwards and forwards, an unwanted nameless horror. Was there nothing to be done? Oh, if only something would happen. Too late, time was up and my fate was upon me. Suddenly I saw running along the edge of the wall a chain. "Alarm signal in case of danger—pull the chain." With the madness of despair I tugged savagely at it.

The floor was certainly a hard place on which to wake up, but quite as amazing as my presence there was the firm grip I had of the leg of the chair I reserve for my clothes on going to bed. Anyway, confound these end-of-term celebrations.

A.L.

Review

Egbert—by W. A. Darlington. Herbert Jenkins, 1924

AN unfortunate christened by the name of Egbert (*have* we got one in the College?) seems almost bound to be rather an unpleasant character—parents should really be more careful—and this Egbert fully lives up to his name. A repulsively virtuous child, he inevitably went to Oxford and not to Cambridge, and developed an Oxford manner of the most virulent type. Returning from Oxford and becoming a rising young barrister, he reached the limit of general offensiveness by capturing the affections of the heroine Kathleen

(jolly name Kathleen) and cutting out his really human friend Ted—obviously no one called Ted could be anything but a thoroughly decent sort. Then came retribution. Egbert and Ted unfortunately met in the waiting room of a country station on a wet day, with an hour to pass before their train was due. Ted was tired and irritable, Egbert superior and irritating, inevitably driving any ordinary man to contradict him. Argument somehow strayed to the subject of magic. Ted maintained the possibility of magic and the existence of magicians—so should I against a man like that. "My poor fool," said Egbert, in weary and offensive scorn. "You're hopeless. Magicians—I ask you!" But a silent stranger who had hitherto remained buried in his paper here joined in. "I," he said, "am a magician!" "Indeed!" said Egbert, coldly. The contempt in his *monosyllable* (O! Mr. Darlington: *in* one, *deed* two) would have roused a decently spirited oyster to fury. It certainly galvanised the stranger. He leapt up brandishing his arms. "I tell you, sir, that this gentleman is right in all he says. I am a magician. As for you, sir, you are a conceited young puppy, and you need a lesson. Damn it, sir—be a rhinoceros!" And the wretched Egbert *was*.

Just picture yourself in this awful situation: in the waiting room of a country station, on a wet day, with a friend who has made himself thoroughly offensive and has been turned into a rhinoceros by a magician, and a magician who has very naturally turned *himself* into thin air immediately after his successful performance, and ask yourself what you would do. Being a good sort called Ted, of course you have got to take up your job, however unpleasant, and look after Egbert: if you haven't the luck to be called Ted yourself, think whether anyone you know in College called Ted wouldn't do the same. You would simply *have* to state that Egbert was your pet, and take him home to father's garage. And you'd *have* to tell Kathleen somehow. This would throw you into Kathleen's company a good deal, which would be delightful but a bit embarrassing: and all kinds of difficulties would arise—to be met as they arose, in company with Kathleen. But that is Mr. Darlington's story, and I'm not going to tell it. He can tell it you himself and tell it very well. The magician—a rather incompetent magician as luck would have it, who never quite knew what he was going to turn out—like the College baker—not that he is any magician—the magician, I may say, was found at last and succeeded in restoring Egbert to his normal form. And Ted, I am glad to say, married Kathleen: I couldn't have stood Egbert getting Kathleen. A good tale: but quite, quite different from the *Golden Asse*.

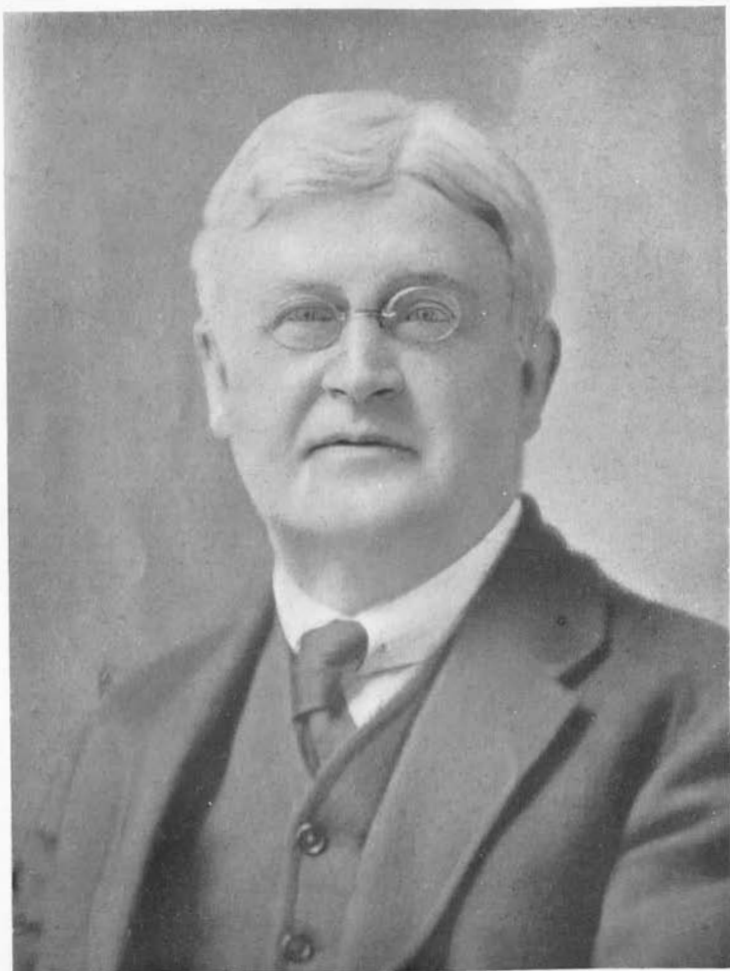
There is clearly an opening for research in connection with these matters: the Strathcona Research Fellow might take it up: or perhaps someone in the Biochemical Labs. would be better. I foresee a whole series of papers: "On the isolation of the active factor, rhinamine, from the liver of a frog killed at midnight on Halloween." "On the relations between rhinamine, hippamine, porcamine, and elephantamine." "Tropamines and Vitamines" (Report 666 of the Medical Research Council). "Temporary Tropisms or Rest Intervals?" (Report 987 of the Industrial Fatigue Research Board). It would be rather jolly to be turned into a doormouse for a while.

Lady Margaret Boat Club

THE first term of our Centenary Year has been one of almost unequalled success. There is no doubt that the general high standard of rowing in the Club at present is due to the labours and enthusiasm of Sir Henry Howard and G. A. D. Tait in the past year. Sound coaching and an inspiring keenness have laid the foundation of good oarsmanship and the all important "racing spirit" is coming. May it develop!

The Coxswainless Fours were rowed on November 5th-8th. Our hopes ran high as we had the same four as last year, and we had gained much experience since then. We beat Pembroke, Christ's and Trinity Hall by 6 secs., 6 secs. and 12 secs. respectively and so reached the final and met Third Trinity. A close race was anticipated as there was only $\frac{1}{8}$ second difference between our times on Friday. On the Saturday there was a slight following wind which detracted from our steadiness, and the superior watermanship of Third told. Third established a lead by Post Corner, which they partially lost in the Plough to regain in Long Reach. We spurted after the Railway Bridge, and went up a little but they got in with 5 secs. to spare in 10 mins. 41 secs. It is worth while noting for future reference that our system of steering was bad. A coxless boat should not rely entirely on a bank-steerer; misunderstandings can, and did, occur. Time and trouble spent on learning the course thoroughly from bank marks would be well repaid. We started a second four, which was very promising, but unfortunately it was broken up by illness and the demands of Trial Eights.

1st IV.		2nd IV.	
bow	G. A. D. Tait (steers)	bow	R. G. Orr (steers).
2	M. F. A. Keen.	2	P. Fletcher.
3	G. L. Elliot-Smith.	3	L. V. Bevan.
stroke	R. B. T. Craggs.	stroke	E. O. Connell.



The Eagle

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The New President

SOME time ago Mr. Sikes gave a Friday night lecture in hall, and the organizers, stirred by a wanton sense of humour, put me up to introduce to a St. John's audience the man who had been Senior Tutor for one or two decades. The Editors of *The Eagle* have positively telegraphed to me to do the same again for our new President.

I suppose it would be most in accordance with the traditions of *The Eagle* if I moulded what I have to say on our obituary pattern and mentioned when he took his first degree, of what parishes he has been vicar, and all about his career. But I daresay the Editors have done all that. I know they can never mention a Johnian without automatically putting the year of the B.A. in brackets after his name. Conversely they never tell you whether he is a bachelor in the more popular and (I think) more relevant sense.

I did not know Mr. Sikes when he was an undergraduate, which has sometimes been counted a fatal bar to really understanding a man. I can however say: *Vergilium videntum*. I was junior to him and sat behind him in what (in better days) was Lecture Room VI. I remember how the late Mr. Haskins seemed to address his remarks to Sikes. Stimulating lectures they were, too, though I have little recollection of any sentence being definitely finished, but vivid memories of many begun over and over again and lavishly punctuated with *erm—nerv—ner*. Haskins had a vigorous mind; and, though the tail end of every year fell away from his lectures, the better men saw the value of what came in those broken sentences. Another reminiscence of that time is of our May examination, held in March in the main, and of one particular afternoon when Dr. Sandys came into the hall and interrupted our work—nominally to say that he would give *exeats* within certain hours, really (I always believed) to share at once with us some news he was just enjoying as examiner. He announced, amid applause, that the Porson Prize was awarded to J. P. M. Blackett, the Browne Medal for a Latin Ode to E. E. Sikes, the Browne

Medal for a Latin Epigram to St. John Basil Aynne Wilson (now Bishop of Bath and Wells). All these men were in the hall writing. I recall Mr. Sikes' Ode; it had a certain indebtedness to Horace, as is sometimes the case with good Alcaires. I do not need to tell Classical men that interest in Latin verse writing has stayed with him through life, nor readers of the *Saturday Westminster* that the initials E.E.S. are associated with that paper's Competitions and with its prizes.

Mr. Sikes took Archæology in the Second Part of the Tripas, went to Greece and grew a beard, which I never saw. He taught for a while at Winchester and came back to St. John's about 1892, if I remember, and then it was I got to know him. We saw a good deal of each other for some years as junior Classical Fellows. We both had a passion for Robert Browning, who was the poet of the elect in those days, as you can see if you will look at the parodies and other verses in the *Granta* of the period. In 1896 I went to Canada and naturally saw less of Mr. Sikes—and heard less, for his letters I have not found to be of the classical type. You would neither say "weighty and terrifying," nor *verbosa et grandis epistola*.

In 1901 I came back to be his colleague, and after twenty-four years of work together I am quite ready to go on. Mr. Sikes (if I may say it) is not flamboyant, but he is a stalwart and loyal colleague, as I have reason to know.

Some of his pupils may not know that he is an author. About twenty years ago the standard edition of the Homeric Hymns in English was published by T. W. Allen, of Queen's College, Oxford, and E. E. Sikes. Higher critics in reviews assigned them their shares in the book, and were wrong, to Mr. Allen's great joy. So I will only say two things of it—first, it is a good piece of work; and, second, the more I read of later volumes produced by Mr. Allen without the aid of Mr. Sikes and by Mr. Sikes without Mr. Allen's co-operation, the more I tend to ascribe the value of that edition to my colleague. Mr. Sikes' book on the Anthropology of the Greeks is made of sense and judgment, and I cannot quite say that of a recent Oxford work on Homer. I rather think that his *Roman Poetry* is the better book. I read it in typescript and again in proof, and either way tends to depress your estimate of a book. I know that from my own books. But both times I read *Roman Poetry* with admiration, with the sense that here was a man who had studied my authors with more alert attention and more judgment than I had and was showing me fresh things on familiar ground. It is learned and good reading, and the English verse translations are delightful. That, of course, recalls one of the points

where I have differed most deeply from Mr. Sikes, which it is due to readers of *The Eagle* to point out firmly if courteously. Mr. Sikes has yielded more than I think just to the present age's passion for resolved feet and extra syllables in English verse. Generally speaking, his instincts are sound and his loyalties to tradition are fundamental; but, I say it with pain, he is, I fear, a reologist, almost post-reo-Georgian, though he repudiates the suggestion that he writes *vers libre*.

I cannot calculate how many generations of Johnians will welcome his election as President. Subtract the date of his B.A. (given by the Editors) from 1925 and add five or six, and you may be roughly near it. He will read Grace with dignity, he will be a most friendly host in the Combination room, and he will never flag in devotion to the College. As long a reign to him as a wicked Royal or Executive Commission will allow!

T.R.G. (B.A. 1891).

Matthew Prior

FEW entries in the College Registers have given rise to more comment than those which relate to Matthew Prior, the poet and diplomatist. These entries are as follows:—

(1) Matthæus Prior, Dorcestr. (altered by a later hand to Middlesexensis) filius Georgii Prior, generosi, natus infra Winburn in prædicto comitatu, atque literis institutus in Schola Westmonasteriensi sub Mro Busby per triennium, admissus est pensionarius ætatis suæ 17, et quod excurrit, tutore et fidejussore ejus Mro Billers, 2 Aprilis 1683.

(2) Ego Matthæus Prior, Dorcestriensis, juratus et admissus sum in discipulum hujus Collegii pro domina Sarah ducissa Somersettensi ex ipsius nominatione die 3^o Aprilis 1683.

(3) Ego Matthæus Prior, Middlesexensis, juratus et admissus sum in perpetuum socium hujus Collegii pro Doctore Keyton decessore Magistro Roper, 3 April 1688.

The first of these, in the Register of Admissions, is in the usual form. It gives the name of the entrant, the name and occupation of his father, his place of birth, school and tutor. There is fair reason for believing that these facts were taken down by the Registrar from the entrant in person; admissions in absence were very rare in early times, requiring special authorization, and this fact was noted. Probably no previous intimation of the details required was given, the entrant being presumed to know what was required. We have occasional examples of want of precise knowledge on the

part of the entrant, *e.g.* : " natus ubi nescit, nisi in comitatu Warwicensi "; " natu Middlesexiensis, de qua parochia nescit "; " natu Lincolnensis, sed in quo oppido nescit." These entries were left as they were taken down, no further effort being made to add to them. The importance of the county of birth lay in the fact that, under the College statutes, there could not be more than two Scholars or two Fellows, having the same county of birth, at any one time. Long after the Admission Register ceased to be kept with the same care as in earlier days, the county of birth was recorded, though other details were omitted.

Matthew Prior then, at his entry, stated that he was born at Wimborne in Dorset, repeating the county at his entry as a Scholar the next day. Then it seems to have been discovered that his county was Middlesex and the admission entry was corrected by some one so far as the county was concerned. At his entry as a Fellow he gave his county as Middlesex. The entries as a Scholar and as a Fellow are in his own handwriting, being in fact subscriptions to an oath required by the College Statutes.

That Prior's family were of Dorsetshire origin seems fairly clear, but the most diligent search in the Parish Registers in and around Wimborne has failed to give any information beyond the fact that there were persons of that name in the district. Arthur Prior, whose will dated 1685 was proved in 1687, left to his " cousin Matthew Prior, now in the University of Cambridge " £100; he also left to the poor of Godmanston, county Dorset, " the parish where I was born," the sum of £5. This seems clearly to connect Matthew Prior with the county of Dorset, and he himself was probably aware of the connexion. Moreover, when Prior had risen in the world and become celebrated there lingered a tradition that his family were Dorset folk.

The following letter, which appeared in *The Times Literary Supplement* of 14th March, 1918, clears the matter up and shows that Prior was born at Westminster, Middlesex:—

Sir,—The mystery in which the birth and baptism of Matthew Prior have hitherto been wrapt should be in part cleared up by the following entry which I find in the registers of St. Margaret's, Westminster:—

" August 2, 1664: Matthew Pryor s. to Geo. by Eliz."

Faithfully yours,

H. F. WESTLAKE.

2, The Cloisters, Westminster Abbey.

There are also interesting points in his admission to his Scholarship. Sarah, Duchess of Somerset, by a deed enrolled in the Exchequer 12th July, 1681, founded Scholarships in the

College, " to be chose out of the free School of Hereford . . . within which choice Somersetshire, Wiltshire and Herefordshire are to be preferred. In default of some of the said School, to be chose out of the three said counties, and not elsewhere, though of any other School." Prior, whether born in Dorset or Middlesex, was thus not eligible, but seems to have got a special nomination from the Duchess herself. Then again he was elected a Fellow on the foundation of Dr. John Keyton. Dr. Keyton was appointed a chorister of Southwell Minster 25th March, 1479; he afterwards became a Canon of Salisbury and Archdeacon of Leicester. By a deed dated 30th November, 1532, he founded Fellowships and Scholarships, the holders of which were to be elected from those who had been choristers at Southwell and in default of such from " such persons as be most singular in manners and learning of what countrey (*i.e.*, county) they be, then abiding in the University." Again the fates were favourable to Prior and Mr. W. A. James, who has been examining the records of the Southwell Chapter, has discovered the two documents which follow:—

I.

In dei nomine Amen Nos Jeremias Cudworth, A.M. Canonicus Residentiarius Collegiate ecclesie beate Marie Virginis de Southwell in comitatu Nott. et Prebendarius prebende de Eaton in eadem ecclesie de et cum expressis assensu et consensu Samuelis Crobrow, S.T.P. et Benjamini Clay, A.M., Canonicorum dicte ecclesie Collegiate et Prebendariorum prebendarum de North Muskham et Sacrista alias Sacriston in eadem ecclesia una nobiscum Capitulariter congregatorum et Capitulum internos facientium, officium siue locum Choriste siue Choristarii in dicta ecclesia Collegiata ad nostram collacionem siue disposicionem Spectantem in Te Matheum Prior, filium Georgii Prior generosi (examinacione sufficiente de meritis tuis prehabita) conferimus Teque in numerum Choristarum siue Choristariorum eiusdem ecclesie cooptamus admittimus et recepimus per presentes (saluo iure cuiuscunque) quamdiu te bene diligenter et laudabiliter in hac parte gesseris et non aliter Tu eris obediens Capitulo huius Collegiate ecclesie ac prepositis siue presidentibus eiusdem in omnibus lictis et honestis mandatis Tu facies sectam chori more Choristarum et iuxta ordinacionem inde factum sub pena discipline et castigacionis per magistrum Choristarum cum deliqueris infligende.

Lecta primo die Februarii 1687.

(Signed) JEREMIAH CUDWORTH, Canon: Resid:

SAM CROBROW, S.T.P.

BEN. CLAY, A.M.

II.

Uniuersis et singulis Christi fidelibus ad quos presentes litere testimoniales peruenerint seu quos infrascripta tangunt seu tangere poterunt quo modolibet in futurum, Capitulus Collegiate ecclesie beate Marie Virginis de Southwell in comitatu Nott. salutem in Domino sempiternam Noueritis quod inter alia acta Capitularia coram nobis Capitulariter in domo nostro Capitulari Southwellie habita facta et expedita quendam Matheum Prior E Collegio Diuini Johannis Euangeliste in uniuersitate cantabrigiensi in Artibus Bacalaureum, filium Georgii Prior generosi, primo die Mensis huius instantis Februarii Anno Domini 1687 in locum et numerum Choristarum siue Choristariorum dicte Collegiate ecclesie admissum fuisse et esse inuenimus in sequuntur uerba uidelicet—In dei etc. (here recite the Instrument verbatim). Que omnia et singula ad petitionem partis dicti Matthei Prior pro ueris ac ita habita gestis factis expeditis exemplificanda fore censuimus et exemplificamus per presentes. In cuius rei testimonium sigillum nostrum ad causas presentibus est appensum Datum secundo die mensis Februarii Anno Domini 1687.

The first of these is a formal appointment of Matthew Prior to be a chorister at Southwell; the second a docket of a document certifying this appointment. The latter was no doubt presented to the College. One or two such certificates of other choristers at Southwell have been preserved in the College; unfortunately that of Matthew Prior has not come down to us. The effect of this appointment to a chorister's place was to give Prior a claim over others to a Keyton Fellowship, which was then one of those known in the College as "appropriated" Fellowships. Presumably some kind of influence was at work. The three Prebendaries who sign were all Cambridgemen; Cudworth, of Christ's, Crobrow, originally of St. John's, migrated to Queens', where he was a Fellow, and Clay was of St. John's. Prior was then 23 years of age and was admitted to his Fellowship two months afterwards. It would be interesting to know whether he acted as a chorister, even for one day. The fact is clear, Prior was one of fortune's favourites; the College appointed him to one of the two "medical Fellowships" which dispensed the holder from the obligation of taking Holy Orders. He so far filled the obligation by being Linacre Lecturer in the College from 5th July, 1706 to 7th July, 1710; when his duty was to lecture on the works of Galen. He remained a Fellow of the College until his death.

R.F.S.

VERSES FROM THE RUSSIAN OF N. M. MINSKY.

IV.

There are not many songs, but one,
One Song, not gay nor webegone,
But from the deep in transport won.
The heart that answers to its tone
Is vowed to sacrifice.

No man its measures could indite;
Ere shone the firmament with light,
Before the Throne it flowed in might.
God heard, and precious in His sight
Grew pain and sacrifice.

The Song fired Love to ecstasy;
God chose the future Earth, to die
Therein, and in Earth's grave to lie,
And looked upon it from on high—
Its Priest and Sacrifice.

The world arose, waked by that Song,
And still arises all day long,
A living fountain, pulsing strong,
Exhaustless, vast, and ever young,
Impelled to sacrifice.

'Tis by that Song my course I guide,
And steer me on Life's seething tide;
I cull the flowers of fancy pied,
Call Death the freedom Life denied,
Intent on sacrifice.

D.M.

Nothing but the Truth

A ray of light—the cold beam from Truth's eye—has at last illumined the gloom of polite hypocrisy which surrounds our daily social intercourse and for the first time in history we are able to present to an eager public the results of the epoch-making researches of the Librarian of St. James' College, Cambridge, among the archives of the Institution of 100% Veracity, founded some few years ago at Buggsville, Pa., by Messrs. Ananias Q. Munchausen and Anionaxander P. Bunk.

It is a national—a world—calamity in that both of these gentlemen have—for reasons beyond their control—had to retire to the well-known health resorts of Dartmoor and Sing-Sing respectively, but in the hope that due homage will be paid by an appreciative posterity we feel in duty bound to offer these tender and wonderfully human extracts from their correspondence to a weary world.

1.—*Letter from a business firm to a rival concern* :—

Dear Sirs,

When our office boy told us that you had offered him a post on your staff we were overjoyed. For quite a long time we have been prepared to offer a handsome bonus to any imbecile capable of taking him off our hands but have not so far had the moral courage to sack him. He is utterly useless in the office, and what time is not occupied in Cross Word Puzzles he spends either in philandering with our few good-looking typists or stealing our pencils and rubbers. In addition to this, he is also addicted to spilling ink over the ledgers and invariably presents an extremely grubby appearance.

We have great pleasure in commending him to you as a most suitable addition to your staff and think that in addition to being a collection of knaves you are also fools to want him.

With every wish for your speedy bankruptcy,

Very thankfully yours,

THE SHODDY STORES, LTD.

2. *Extracts from the diary of our Society Correspondent* :—

Spent Wednesday afternoon at an alleged concert given by the Hon. Mrs. Ruddigore-Brown ostensibly in aid of the Russian Refugees, but actually to score off Lady Cynthia Cattistock, who ran a similar show some few weeks ago and didn't invite Mrs. R.-B. It was quite the worst entertainment of its kind I have ever encountered and the price of the tickets

was exorbitant. Mrs. R.-B. was wearing that old creation of hers which she always produces for these horrible occasions and in spite of "Flaneur" (of the "Evening Times"—owned by the R.B.'s) I'm certain it's not a dazzling new product of Paquin and Worth, but simply an old one altered at least a dozen times by a long-suffering maid. The Grand Duchess Popoff led off with some songs by Russian composers. It seems that she wangled some small part in the Imperial Opera in pre-war days but the Bolsheviks chased her out. I don't blame them. Then Algy Buncomehearst, who thinks he's like Osbert Sitwell, recited some verses dedicated to Mrs. R.-B. and utterly devoid of meaning as far as I could see. Where he came from I don't know, and apart from the fact that in a really civilised country he would have been locked up at once for wearing mauve trousers cut in the Oxford style and 30 ins. round the bottoms of the legs he very badly needed a hair-cut.

The only really good thing we had was some Maud Allanesque dancing from Angelique Desmores, the beautiful young French actress who was "discovered" by R.-B. himself in a remote cabaret in Paris, etc. Actually her name is Lizzie Pickles and she's an unfortunate error dating from R.-B.'s Cambridge days, when she presided behind the counter in a tobacconist's shop and played the ox-eyed (or rather per-oxide) Juno to such good effect that it cost R.-B.'s to settle a nice little breach of promise action out of court. Now she's at him again. Altogether it was a perfectly vile affair and I was very glad when I was able to slip away.

3. *Review of Mr. Lawrence-Hutchinson's new book, "Bats in the Belfry," by our Tame Litterateur.*

I really haven't read more than a chapter or two in this book, but from what I could make out it looks utter piffle. From what I did read the heroine is pretty well sketched, even if it is anatomically rather than in a literary manner, but there is a lot of dud psycho-analytical stuff in it which is obviously only "padding." Not being able to decide about calling it "objective" or "subjective" I tossed up and "objective" won.

[EDITOR.—I'm too lazy to look it up, but I expect he has plagiarized wholesale from Stephen Leacock and O. Henry. Still, I suppose that after asking him for an article we can't very well refuse to print it so put it in above the *nom-de-plume*]

OMEGA.

RENOVATED RHYMES

I.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET :

Little Miss Moppett
 She told him to stoppit
 A-ruffling her nice yellow hair.
 So gay and so feckless
 She made him quite reckless,
 Impassioned and devil-may-care.

Little Miss Moppett
 She told him to hoppit
 Indignantly asked him how dare.
 He groaned and said "quite,"
 She murmured "How trite"
 Now little Miss Moppett, take care !

II.

GEORGY PORGY.

Georgy porgy s'naughty and sly
 Kissed the girls but *they* didn't cry ;
 They smoked his Abdullas,
 Went with him to Fullah's—
 They knew his blarney was all my eye.

III.

JACK AND JILL

Sam and Sue
 Went in a canoe
 To have a picnic tea, Sir.
 But the movements of Sue
 Upset the canoe—
 A punt every time for me, Sir.

F.E.K.

Cambridge through horn-rimmed Spectacles

TO one who approaches Cambridge for the first time, having grown up and spent his undergraduate days in another land, the spot inevitably ~~is~~ encircled by a halo of illusion. Friends of the adventurer may indeed have studied here before, and returned, bearing tales of bumping races on an inconceivably narrow river, of long talks by the fireside prolonged late into the night, and of many other joys and adventures. They tell also of a something called the tutorial system in education, hitherto unknown in America, but creeping into the universities there by slow infiltration. To the listener, Cambridge becomes pictured as a promised land, where dwell beings of another order from those he knows.

The returned traveller tells tales, too, of a sterner character: tales of Progs, scouring the streets at night, accompanied by bulldogs* seeking whom they may devour. The victim may even be so unfortunate as to have fallen into the clutches of these monsters without the magic armour of cap and gown, which allows him to meet them face to face unscathed. But we will not dwell on these horrid visions.

At last comes the time, however, when the student must cross the sea, must go forth to discover for himself what manner of place this Cambridge is. If it be his fortune to see it first during the dreaming quiet of the Long Vacation, wrapped in golden sunlight and faint haze; if he walks among the grassy courts of colleges whose antique charm surpasses all that he has imagined of them, he may well feel that he has reached an enchanted land.

Inevitably, however, term arrives, and some of the enchantment flees. The newcomer must face the necessity of furnishing his rooms; he must buy tables, chairs, desks, and bookcases from dealers who, he knows, will not flinch from making a slight profit on the deal. In Cambridge, as elsewhere, a thousand trifling annoyances rise up to plague him. At times he puts his life in peril. In the midst of a welter of traffic in Trinity Street, which threatens to annihilate him, he must overrule the imperious instinct, implanted in every true American, which impels him to ride his bicycle down the right hand side of the street.

When he surveys the undergraduates around him, he finds them not noticeably wiser or freer than those he knew at home; nor are they as cold and reserved as some reports have made them out to be. In short, he begins to suspect

*I am informed on good authority that these creatures are not to be confounded with the famous British "bulldog breed," so often mentioned in *Punch* and other periodicals.

that undergraduates everywhere are much of a piece. Likewise the famed tutorial system, though clearly good, is not of such revolutionary importance as it had seemed from afar. The inquirer begins to wonder whether systems of education are very vital matters, after all.

Nevertheless, the conviction grows that here at Cambridge is something not often to be found, something worth going far to seek. It is something not to be found in guide-books; it is no piece of information, given in the lectures here and nowhere else, its influence does not permeate the food served in hall. Nevertheless, it is a living thing; and it is so much a part of the life of Cambridge that the settled resident may scarcely perceive its presence. In spite of all drawbacks, it does leave men here freer than they are elsewhere. It encourages toleration and a certain leisureliness, which sheds its influence upon the just and the unjust alike. Here, the wicked—whose spirits are set upon rowing or rugger, whose hearts are filled with vain devices, and whose mouths fill the night with song—may rejoice and flourish like the green bay tree; while the elect, the children of light, whose mission it is to decipher mediæval manuscripts or to explain the airless existence of the flatworm, may pursue their tasks unhindered. I can hear voices crying out against this state of affairs; some exclaiming that the men are going to the dogs as a result of too much leisure, while others protest that between examinations, tutors, supervisors, and other distractions they have no time to think or breathe. Both sets of accusing voices have much to say for themselves; beyond any doubt, Cambridge is full of imperfection. But when these voices have said their say, and the place is once more quiet, I come back to the belief that this life is a good life, that Cambridge gives us much while we are here, and that what it gives we shall not easily lose or soon forget.

J.T.E.

A GIRTONIAN AT OXFORD

This evening she leaves us for Oxford's fair city.
 Very sad!
 Yet it gives me the chance for a humorous ditty:
 So I'm glad.
 Already she's speeding away in the train.
 What a shame!
 The thought was enough to give me a pain.
 When it came.
 Arrived at the station, she'll get an ovation
 ? (Interrogation).
 This fair Cambridge maiden they'll greet with elation
 ! (Exclamation).
 For marm'lade and lost causes the streets she will scour:
 High and Broad.
 I think of her now with my visage grown sour,
 Inside Magd.
 She'll be seen in St. John's, B.N.C., and Christ Church.
 The shoe pinches.
 I've a face that's as long as a rod, pole, or perch:
 198 inches.
 The eve of to-morrow is spent in debate,
 What a bore!
 Even now as this story in verse I relate
 I feel sore.
 Her speech with tremendous applause they will greet,
 If it's made.
 As full of wise saws as an egg is of meat,
 When new laid.
 Part of Sunday once more by the Cam. she will spend
 Not the Isis.
 Sunday evening, thank goodness, will witness the end
 Of the crisis.

U†iV.

Despair

GRIMLY he sat on. Hitherto life had treated him well, had been a bed of roses, a primrose path where the hard stones of reality never butted against the toes of the dallier. But now, for the first time, he was face to face with all the bitterness of defeat. His thoughts flew back to the Bible which a good and loving mother had taught him almost line by line, but he could find there no consolation, no solution to the difficulty. Once or twice he thought of going to the parish priest, but his pride revolted against what seemed to him an act of weakness and self-mistrust. Besides it was now late and the good man would be long abed. No: he must grapple alone with the problem, with never a helping hand or a kindly word of advice to hearten him in his struggle.

Upstairs, he knew, his old mother lay sleeping peacefully. He wondered if she had ever in her young days sat on and on like this far into the night, thinking, thinking, thinking. But no, it was incredible.

Presently the fire went out and the room began to grow cold: but he paid no heed. Oblivious to all bodily discomfort he sat on, his teeth clenched and the grim light of battle in his eyes. Then his thoughts went back to his Bible, and he suffered them to dwell there awhile, battenning on the pastures of Genesis, and drinking at the limpid waters of Exodus. But they brought him no comfort; rather did they increase his agony of mind. Once more he thought of the parish priest, and once more scorned the thought.

At last he could bear it no longer. Springing up, he staggered across the room.

"Merciful heaven!" he cried, "will no one tell me a Biblical place name of seven letters, beginning with N.I.N. and ending with E.H." T.R.O.F.

TO AN ASPIRING POET

I was talking to a friend some little time ago,
Of verse, both light and lofty, true or fictionary.
He said to me: "If you would be a rhymer go
And buy a Shilling Cassell's Rhyming Dictionary."
It seems he longed to write a poem, so for it he
Had bought this little book, and periodically
He needs must counsel take of this authority
And seek the truant syllable methodically.
"But stay," said I, "there's surely an infinity
Of rhymes, the well of harmony unfillable."
So taking up the book I searched, and in it I
Found of the rhymes therein not one trisyllable.
"No, if you stick to this," said I, "You will but be
A doggerel disher-out, of no indetity.
Where, my dear friend, O where would mighty Gilbert be
Had he stuck fast to that? A mere nonentity
Perhaps? But no, he rose above this puny form
Of rhyming; nor sought inspiration through it; he
Could play with rhymes like 'cuneiform' and 'uniform.'
Imitate him and trust your ingenuity."

G.C.A.

Samuel Butler

I.—On a copy of *Erewhon* with MS. additions by Samuel Butler. II.—On the sheep-brand used by Butler at Mesopotamia, N.Z.

IN 1875 someone gave me a copy of the fifth edition of *Erewhon* (1873). This was before I knew Butler. Soon after I made his acquaintance he pasted into the book two leaves of additions in MS. I then lent it to a friend, but forgot to which friend, and consequently could not ask for its return. Afterwards one evening, in my chambers in Holborn, Butler asked to look at *Erewhon*, and I had to confess that I had lost it. He thereupon made me promise never to lend any of his books because he was so liable to want to refer to one or other of them when he was with me. I promised; and, so far as I remember, I have religiously kept that promise.

I said something about this in my *Memoir* of Butler, I. 167-8, but I heard no more of my lost book until it turned up in a sale at Sotheby's on the 28th of October, 1924, and fetched £7, paid by Messrs. Spurr & Swift, 123, Pall Mall, S.W. 1, for their client, Mr. Joseph Halle Schaffner, of Chicago. I communicated with this gentleman, begging him to let me have a copy of the inserted MS. so that I might see whether, in the *Memoir*, I had correctly stated the contents of it. I was astonished and delighted to receive from him in reply a letter of which the following is a copy:—

“Hart, Schaffner & Marx,
Chicago New York

“Mr. Henry Festing Jones Chicago December 6 1924.

“St. John's College
Cambridge, England

“My Dear Mr. Jones:

“Spurr & Swift have forwarded to me your letter of November twenty-second, and I take pleasure in sending to you under separate cover the copy of the book referred to, to be added to the collection of Butler items at St. John's College.

“No one who has enjoyed the hospitality of Cambridge as I did this summer (Trinity and Caius) and has viewed with delight, at least from the outside, the beauties of St. John's can be other than grateful for an opportunity to show his appreciation of all the beauty that St. John's and Cambridge have added to the world. You will not, I trust, feel that I am presumptuous in exceeding your request in this way. It gives me great pleasure to return this book to its proper home and to add in this way my small tribute to Butler's

memory by entrusting the book to the shrine which you have created for him.

“Yours sincerely,

“JOSEPH HALLE SCHAFFNER.”

In due course the book arrived, and I am depositing it at St. John's with the letters and documents relating to its recovery. It was particularly graceful of Mr. Schaffner to think of returning it to me, so that I might have the pleasure of handing it on, and I am happy to be able to take this opportunity of thanking him publicly for his sympathetic and generous action.

When I looked into the volume I found that in writing the passage in the *Memoir* I had forgotten that it contained two MS. additions. The longer one was the one I was thinking of; it is inserted between pp. 98 and 99 as a conclusion to chapter XI, “An Erewhonian Trial,” and is as follows:—

“Other and hardly less extraordinary cases then came on, which I only refrain from describing lest I should try the reader's patience. Thus one poor fellow was indicted for having lost his wife to whom he had been tenderly attached. The defence attempted was that he had never been really fond of her, but it broke down completely, for the neighbours were unanimous in testifying to the affectionate terms on which the couple had lived together; indeed it was all the prisoner could do to avoid bursting into tears as incident after incident came out in evidence against him. The judge told him that nature had evidently [intended] the loss of such a wife to be severely punished, and that the pain which he evidently felt was the natural consequences of his calamity. Whenever nature attached a penalty the previous conduct had been in some way or other immoral, and contrary to her laws; it was necessary therefore that society should mark its sense of the transgression. The prisoner was then ordered to be whipped.

“Another case was that of a youth barely arrived at man's estate, who was accused of having been swindled by some of his nearest relations—among them his own father. The lad, who was undefended, pleaded that he was young, inexperienced, greatly in awe of his father, and wholly without independent professional advice. “Young man,” replied the judge with great severity, “your avowal is the most shameless which I ever listened to. People have no right to be young, inexperienced, greatly in awe of their fathers, wholly without independent professional advice, and to have reversionary interests in nice houses; if young people thus outrage the moral sense of their friends they must expect to suffer for it.” He too was ordered to be whipped, but more severely than the man who had lost his wife.”

“S.B.”

Not only had I forgotten that there were two inserted pieces of MS., but it looks as though I had also forgotten all about the trial of the poor man who had lost his wife; for the purpose of the passage in the *Memoir*, however, it was not necessary to say anything about him, whether I actually had forgotten him or not.

In the MS. Butler wrote "Nature had evidently the loss." The word "evidently" is struck through in pencil and "intended" is substituted, also in pencil; this is either in Butler's handwriting or in mine, I cannot determine which; but I think it is in mine.

If the reader will refer to the opening of chapter XI in any copy of *Erewhon* dated 1901, or later, he will find that, though the wording is altered, this account of the trials of the man who had lost his wife and of the inexperienced youth with a reversionary interest in a nice house is substantially the same. It was Pauli who made Butler cut out the latter from the original *Erewhon*, lest it might offend Canon Butler, for it would have been recognized at Langar as an allusion to the sale of the Whitehall at Shrewsbury; but Butler restored it in the 1901 edition of *Erewhon*, his father being then dead.

The other inserted passage is about the Italian use of the word "disgrazia." It occurs in my recovered copy of *Erewhon* between pp. 92 and 93 as the conclusion of chapter X, "Current Opinions," and is as follows:—

"It is possible to detect some traces of the Erewhonian philosophy even in our own country; thus it is common to hear poor people say they are 'very bad,' meaning that they are ill; or that they have a 'bad' hand or arm if they have hurt one or the other. Examples will occur readily to the reader. Among some foreign nations traces of the Erewhonian manner of looking at things may be seen yet more distinctly. The Mahomedans, for example, send all their female prisoners to hospitals, while the Maories in New Zealand visit any misfortune with a forcible entry into the house of the offender, and the breaking up and burning of all his goods. The Italians go so far as to use the same word for disgrace and misfortune, 'son disgraziato' meaning simply, 'I have been unfortunate.'"

I do not think that Butler cut this second piece of MS. out of the original *Erewhon*; I think rather that it did not occur to him, while writing the book, that it ought to go in; and that when he inserted it in my copy he was regretting that it had not gone in, and intending to include it should a reconsidered version ever be called for. The Italian use of the word "disgrazia" as something to be referred to some day had been in his mind even longer than the Return to Erewhon, for he had first observed it when he was a mere

boy, spending the winter of 1843-4 with his family in Rome and Naples. This is his note:—

"Signora Capocci (I think her name was) who used to teach us Italian at Naples, told us of a poor dear young friend of hers who had a great misfortune. Her words impressed me:

"'Povero disgraziato!' she exclaimed, 'Ha ammazzato il suo zio e la sua zia.' (Poor unfortunate fellow! he has murdered his uncle and his aunt.)"

This is quoted in the *Memoir*, I. 26, and I go on to say that in 1882 he wrote in *Alps and Sanctuaries*: "If an accident does happen they call it a 'disgrazia,' thus confirming the soundness of a philosophy which I put forward in a previous work."

When it came to reconsidering *Erewhon* for the 1901 edition he added near the opening of chapter X, "Current Opinions," the illustration about people speaking of having a "bad" arm or finger, and also Signora Capocci's remark about the youth who had had the misfortune to murder his uncle. And he goes on with another illustration which could not have been included in the original *Erewhon* because the incident did not happen until we had been several times in Sicily. This was about the young coachman, Francesco Corona, who once met us on our arrival at Trapani and, apologizing for not having seen us on our recent visits, gave as his reason that he had had "tre anni di militare e due anni di disgrazia" (three years of military service and two years of misfortune)—the latter two years, as we afterwards learned, having been spent in prison for shooting at his father with intent to kill him.

I agree that the story of the recovery of my lost copy of *Erewhon* ought to have been told in the Shrewsbury Edition of Butler's works in the Introduction to the volume containing *Erewhon*, but that volume had already appeared a year before the book was sold at Sotheby's, so that my reason for not telling it in its right place resembles Butler's for not recording Francesco Corona's remark in the original edition.

II.

I recently received from New Zealand a letter of which the following is a copy:—

"Sale St., Auckland, N.Z.,

"H. Festing Jones, Esq.,

"10 December, 1924.

"120 Maida Vale, W.

"Dear Sir,

"I have long been an admirer of Samuel Butler and have a good collection of his works including early editions of

Erewhon, *Life and Habit*, and *The Fair Haven*. I bought your very interesting *Life of S. B.* about two years ago and was absorbed in reading it. I only regret that you had not more material relating to his life in Canterbury. I recently came across a very rare book—*The Brand Book of Canterbury*, by G. Turner, which gives the brand used by Butler at Mesopotamia. As I do not see any mention of this in your book I think it might interest you to have it.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN KENDERDINE.



"Butler, Samuel. *Mesopotamia, Forks of the Rangitata*.

"Registered 26 November, 1860.

"From :

"Turner, G. *Brand Book for Canterbury; containing a fac-simile of every sheep-brand registered in the Province of Canterbury, with the name of the owner or overseer, title of the run, and situation of the Head Station, &c.*—By G. Turner Registrar of Brands.—Christchurch: Union Printing Office, 1861. 8°, pp. 30."

When I read this it seemed to me possible that in choosing for his brand a representation of a common kitchen candlestick Butler was thinking of a common tallow candle. I supposed that on a sheep-station the tallow would be made of mutton-fat and the wick of sheep's wool. But I have had to give up the wool, at any rate at Mesopotamia, because on looking at the *Memoir*, I. 82, I find that among the "Things for the Dray to bring up" from Christchurch to his run, about 1861, one entry is "Candle wick 20 lbs., £2.0.0." So I suppose they bought ready-made cotton wicks; but that is no reason against their using mutton-fat for the tallow. If we had known of this before the Shrewsbury Edition began to appear someone might have thought of adopting the candlestick as a badge, so that every one of Butler's books might have been issued branded with the same mark as that borne by every one of his sheep. And each book might have carried as a motto these words: "We are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand." This latter suggestion, however, might have been considered irreverent, so it is perhaps as well that it could not be made.

March, 1925.

HENRY FESTING JONES.

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The Centenary of New Court

FROM the heights of my fourth-storey window in New Court I gazed in lazy curiosity at the figure of a man down below, mopping his dewy brow with a handkerchief. He was obviously an American—from his spectacles downwards. He looked up and saw me, and without further warning a weary voice came floating up. "Say, Student, and is this *still* St. John's College." I enlightened him. Nay more, of a sudden I remembered me of the agonies of the sightseer, of my own fretful wanderings abroad, and in the kindness of my heart I invited him up for a sip and a munch.

He knew much more about the college than I did, visitors always do, and he startled me by announcing that this year was the centenary of New Court. He suggested a trip to the library to confirm the statement, and in the "Architectural History of Cambridge" we discovered this passage: "February 25th, 1825: Agreed to apply to Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Browne, and Mr. Rickman to furnish us with plans and estimates of a building to be erected on the north side of the college walks sufficient for the accommodation of scholars and fellows from 100 to 120, and that a plan of the proposed site be furnished to each of them." "Agreed that it be an instruction to the architects to follow as nearly as may be, the style of the present second court, with such improvements as the architect may suggest. And further to consider the most advisable plan of connecting the new building with the third court."

My new found friend left me at about five o'clock, but he had awakened my curiosity, and I re-entered the court across the river with a new interest. I had often heard the intellectuals of Newnham express their abhorrence of this pride of the picture-postcard producer, but I had never realised the gist of their objections. "It looks best in a thick mist." "It is only justified by the view it affords along the

Backs." "It looks like an idiot child, large-headed, untimely born." The real case against it they had failed to discover, but I had stumbled on it in the archives of the college. It was to have resembled the style of second court. It does not.

Messrs. Rickman and Hutchinson, the architects who designed the court, evidently preferred perpendicular Gothic and white brick faced with stone, to the 17th century red-brick style of second court—to the dismay of the present generation. Those of our contemporaries who are artists have aesthetic grounds for their dismay, those who are athletes prefer the easily clambered roofs of second court to the turrets of New Court, though it must be admitted there is a special zest in the arduous conquest of the topmost pinnacle here at 2 a.m., while the unsuspecting porter sleeps below.

The passage of a hundred years has done little to mellow the court, which has remained in appearance as well as in name, the New Court. Old Time has failed to take her to his bosom, and of the attempt of the creeper to clothe the barrenness of at least the eastern wall, there remains nothing but the marks of a tortuous tracery on the stone, a dismal token of its failure. And yet I am attached to my rooms in New Court. The staircase which leads to my abode can at least boast of being one of the lengthiest and most formidable in Cambridge. And what ecstasy to rush down at breakneck speed to the accompaniment of a reverberating clatter. Above all, as I sit perched on my window sill, drinking in the verdant beauty of the Backs, I know there are no rooms in Cambridge that I would sooner call my own.

One more quotation from the College History before I conclude. It concerns that famous structure (the guides will tell you there is another one in Venice) the "Bridge of Sighs." "An ingeniously contrived bridge whose passage is roofed, and enclosed at the sides by open tracery, forms the communication from the outer grounds. By this device the nocturnal enclosure of the students within the walls is preserved without interfering with the free communication between the courts." For a certain pompous naïveté of expression, let me commend to the reader this last sentence.

LOUNAY.

NINE EPIGRAMS.

Stonehenge—

Observatory, altar, temple, tomb,
Erected none knows when by none knows whom,
To serve strange gods or watch familiar stars:
We drive to see you in our motor cars
And bring our picture-postcards back to town
While still the unsleeping stars look coldly down.

On Metaphysicians—

These men will spend their lives, 'tis odd!
Inventing nicknames for their God.

To a Passionate Boy—

So fierce, my boy, so angry hot,
What have they done to thee?
O boy, who knowest women not,
Thou knowest not cruelty.

On a Dead Friendship—

Look yet once more upon him where he lies
So straight and still, never again to rise,
His golden skin, his eyelids and his hair:
He was so fair, this stranger was so fair.

To —

Brother, what can you hope to find
Groping and peering all about
In these long labyrinths of mind?
"Alas, alas, a doorway out!"

Chameleons—

To — AND —

They say that creature takes his hue
From anything he's nearest to:
He's red on red and blue on blue,
And purest green on green. But you
Most curious, we must report
Chameleons of another sort
Who always stubbornly refuse
To match your neighbours' tints, and choose
To be, at whatso'er expense
Of morals, taste, or common sense
Conspicuous by difference.

On an Old Poet in Retirement—

The season wanes : this stout old tree lives on
Burdened with fruit though all his leaves are gone.

In Oxford Street—

These endless forms with faces blank as stone,
Hard to believe that souls distinct they are :
Each with a hue and motion of its own
As has its spectrum every separate star.

At a Sports Meeting—

The pistol goes : now starts the "mimic strife"
One wins. But in the bitter race of life,
Mute on the track there stands a hooded shape
Who shoots each runner ere he breasts the tape.
J. C. SQUIRE.

The Commemoration Sermon

Preached in the College Chapel on May 10th, 1925, by
Dr. TANNER.

"There was a man sent from God whose name was John."—
St. John's Gospel, i. 6.

THE reference is, of course, to St. John the Baptist, who, preaching in the wilderness of Judaea, called upon all men to repent. He was one of those ascetics of whom the East has produced so many, clothed, like Elijah the Tishbite, in raiment of hair, having a leathern girdle about his loins, and practising an abstinence unintelligible and even repulsive to our own generation ; yet none the less the forerunner of a greater than he, who was no ascetic, but came eating and drinking, even with publicans and sinners.

The asceticism of St. John the Baptist has found a place in Christian thought and practice because it witnesses to the fact that the pursuit of pleasure is not the same thing as the search for happiness, and that, if the way of transgressors is hard, the path which leads the children of God to Eternal Life may be harder still. But the importance of the place assigned to the Baptist by the Christian Church is mainly due to his relation to its Founder. This stern, unlovely figure, preaching an unpopular repentance to avert the wrath of an offended Judge, also announced to the world the coming of the Son of Man into His ministry, with its infinitely attractive revelation of the Fatherhood and Love of God.

John, than which man a sadder or a greater
Not till this day has been of woman born,
John, like some iron peak by the Creator
Fired with the red glow of the rushing morn.

This when the sun shall rise and overcome it
Stands in his shining desolate and bare,
Yet not the less the inexorable summit
Flamed him his signal to the happier air.

In striking contrast to St. John the Baptist stands the figure of the beloved disciple whose name the College bears. Both believed that the Kingdom of them, but how differently they conceived it ! The Baptist, himself a reversion to the ancient order of prophets, which in his day had been long extinct, thought of the Kingdom as a revelation of wrath, a judgment by fire, "the flame of a sword that turned every way." The Evangelist against

Divine wrath sets Divine love, for, as someone has said, "Johannine theology culminates in the statement that God is Love." He conceives the Kingdom as a spiritual union of believers with God in Christ, the condition of entrance into it being love, shewing itself in obedience to the Lord's commands. The conception is as mystical as that which underlies the appeal of Philo: "Hasten therefore, O Soul, to become the House of God, an holy temple, fairest dwelling-place."

This much of the contrast between the Baptist and the Evangelist. We may perhaps remind ourselves here that each has his College; and it is interesting to note, in parenthesis, that of the great Duumvirate of the period just before the Civil War of the seventeenth century, who, as we are told by a contemporary writer, "struck a league, like sun and moon, to govern day and night, religion and state," Laud was bred at the College of St. John the Baptist at Oxford and Strafford at the College of St. John the Evangelist at Cambridge.

But what of other men sent from God who bear the name of John?

Among these we give the foremost place, as in private duty bound, to the Lady Margaret's confessor, counsellor, and executor, John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. The fine ascetic face shewn in the Holbein drawing suggests that he was of the type of the Baptist rather than of the Evangelist, and this is borne out by those of his writings which we possess. The longest of his English works is a treatise on the seven penitential psalms, compiled "at the exhortation and stirring" of the Lady Margaret herself, and through it there runs the Baptist's call to repentance as the only way of escape from the impending wrath of God. "What creature can be but sorrowful and feared when he considereth and remembereth the dreadful Majesty of God, how much He hateth sinners, how grievously He beholdeth the sinner with His ireful countenance, ever ready to strike with the sword of His punishment, whose stroke causeth Eternal Death, a wound unable to be cured." Let men therefore "weep and wail . . . with profitable weeping tears wherewith the soul is washed and made clean from sin"; let them avoid "the perverse and unthrifty pleasures of the body"; and they will find that "if all the sins of the world were compared to the mercy of God, they be in comparison no more to it than is a spark of fire in the great sea."

When, like the Baptist, Bishop Fisher lay in prison, with the certainty closing in upon him that in a short time the axe and the block would be his portion, he seems to have passed through the bitter experience of the prophet Elijah in the cave on Horeb. His life, so blameless and beneficent,

appeared to him a miserable failure, and he cried out with Elijah, "I am not better than my fathers." In his famous sermon on the Lady Margaret he enumerates her good deeds: "She that ordained two continual Readers in both the Universities to teach the holy Divinity of Jesu; she that ordained preachers perpetual to publish the doctrine and faith of Christ Jesu; she that builded a College Royal to the honour of the name of Christ Jesu, and left to her executors another to be builded to maintain His faith and doctrine; beside all this, founded in the monastery of Westminster where her body lieth three priests to pray for her perpetually." For these good deeds Fisher himself was largely responsible; but he writes from the Tower to his sister Elizabeth, "Neither building of colleges, nor making of sermons, nor giving of alms" shall be of any avail if we have neglected to prepare for death. "Therefore first and above all things prepare for this, delay not in any wise, for if you do, you shall be deceived as I am now. . . . I thought and said and intended that I would make sure and not be deceived by the sudden coming of death. Yet nevertheless I am now deceived, and am taken sleeping, unprepared, and that when I least weened of his coming; . . . therefore . . . recount yourself as dead," and your soul already "in prison of Purgatory," there to abide.

I have compared Bishop Fisher both to Elijah and to John the Baptist, but the analogy to the latter may be pressed closer still, for a matrimonial question ruined both. His denial of the Royal Supremacy was the immediate cause of Fisher's condemnation, but Henry the Eighth's divorce from Katherine of Aragon lay behind, and the question whether Henry should divorce his brother Arthur's widow was not very different in principle from the marriage of Herod with his brother Philip's wife.

Bishop Fisher lost his life for his opinions; and there are also other Johnians who, inspired by the same spirit, gave up for the truth's sake not life, but houses and lands. The best illustration of this is to be found in the career of another John, but not one whose name occurs in the Catalogue of Benefactors—John Lake, Bishop of Chichester, one of the Seven Bishops who defied James II. As we all know, three out of the famous seven were Johnians:—the fellow-commoner, Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely; the sizar, Thomas White, Bishop of Peterborough; and Lake himself. All three were in revolt against the policy of the Declaration of Indulgence, and took their stand on the side represented by Samuel Wesley, the father of the great John Wesley, who is said to have delivered his soul in a sermon from the text, "Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods,

nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." But when the Revolution was over, and William and Mary were seated on the throne of England, all three declined the oath of allegiance to the new sovereigns on the ground that their consciences were bound by the oath which they had already taken to the exiled James. They were therefore deprived of their bishoprics, and passed into the obscurity often reserved on earth for those who esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.

In the schism of the nonjurors the Church of England suffered a grievous loss. They were all men of high character and a fine delicacy of conscience; and if they had continued to take their part in the guidance and governance of the Church, she might never have sunk into the torpor of the eighteenth century. And of the three which I have mentioned the most interesting personality by far was that of John Lake, for he had in him something of the courage and fire of Fisher. The son of a grocer at Halifax, he entered the College as a sizar in December, 1637, at the age of thirteen. Soon after taking his degree, he was called upon by the Presbyterians then in power to take the Covenant, and on his refusal he, with other Royalists, was imprisoned within the precincts of the College itself. He succeeded in escaping from Cambridge to the King's army at Oxford, and served in it for four years as a volunteer, being at Basing House when it was taken. In 1647 he was ordained by one of the deprived bishops, but he was persecuted with charges of malignancy, and it was not until the Restoration that his constancy received its reward. Then, in his time of prosperity, he shewed the same fine quality which had distinguished him in the evil days. In 1680, as Archdeacon of Cleveland, he followed a greater example, and turned out of York Minster a mob of unruly apprentices who had come there to hold a revel on Shrove Tuesday; and when they threatened him he told them that he had faced death on the field too often to fear what man could do unto him. In 1682 he "sacrificed a rich prebend for a poor bishopric," and became Bishop of Sodor and Man. In 1684 he was translated to Bristol, and during Monmouth's Rebellion he left his Parliamentary duties in London and went to keep order in Bristol City. Translated to Chichester in 1685, he established a weekly communion there and restored the old practice of preaching in the nave of the Cathedral. The Act under which he was required to take the oath of allegiance fixed August 1st, 1689, as the day for the suspension of the nonjurors, and February 1st, 1690, as the day of their deprivation. When summoned to take the oath, we are told that "he considered the day of death and the day of judgment were as certain as the 1st of August and the 1st of

February, and acted accordingly." He lived to be suspended but not to be deprived, for on August 30th, 1689, he died, having shewn by his whole life the truth of his own saying about himself—that "he thanked God he never much knew what fear was, when he was once satisfied of the goodness of his cause." Lake's only considerable work was a life of his College Tutor, another John—Cleveland, the Cavalier poet, who is described by Fuller as "a general artist, pure Latinist, exquisite orator, and eminent poet," and by Lake himself as "the delight and ornament of St. John's Society."

Returning to the Catalogue of Benefactors, we find there a name which suggests to us that the College owes something to Oxford men. John Morton, Cardinal-Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor of England, and also Chancellor of the University of Oxford, "a wise man and an eloquent," with "a vast understanding and a prodigious memory," died in 1500, eleven years before the foundation of the College. He left in his Will money for students at both Universities, and his executors founded four scholarships at St. John's. "These were times," says Baker, "when £120 was sufficient to found a Fellowship . . . and when £6 per annum was enough to maintain a Fellow." Seventy-five years later another Oxford man, John Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich, gave 100 marks to the Library; and nearly a hundred years after that, John Hacket, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, who died in 1670, subscribed to the building of our Library, although himself a Trinity man. In earlier times gifts to learning did not always go by colleges, or even by Universities, and a generous benefactor to Trinity and to the University Library had something to spare for St. John's.

We were setting side by side just now the names of John Fisher and John Lake, associating them both with St. John the Baptist. Let us, in conclusion, place together two other names and associate them with St. John the Evangelist.

In 1631 John Barwick came up from Sedbergh to the College as a sizar, and in 1636 he became a Fellow. Like John Lake, he was a staunch Royalist, and was one of the party which evaded Cromwell's ambush and escorted the College plate to the King. Later on, he conducted the King's cipher correspondence, and in 1650 he found himself in the Tower in consequence, where neither threats of torture nor promises of preferment could prevail on him to betray the King's secrets. When he was first imprisoned he was thought to be a dying man, but by the practice of vegetarianism and total abstinence—he lived, we are told, on herbs and fruit and drank nothing but spring water—his health was completely restored, and he lived to be an admirable Dean, first

of Durham and afterwards of St. Paul's. At the Restoration he exhibited in its most practical form the Evangelist's love of the brethren, and with singular generosity relinquished his right to resume his Fellowship because the intruded Fellow had the character of being "a hopeful young man of learning and probity." At his death in 1664 he bequeathed £300 to the College towards the building of the Third Court.

Nearly two centuries and a half after the death of John Barwick a modern scholar who closely resembled him passed away.

John Mayor came into residence as an undergraduate in October, 1844. As a boy at Shrewsbury he had already read Hooker and Bishop Butler, and knew most of Milton's poetry by heart, Latin as well as English; and as a man his mind became a vast storehouse of knowledge on every kind of subject. Like Barwick, he became a vegetarian in middle life, and he preached that gospel with characteristic enthusiasm, although there were not wanting those who thought that the benefits he ascribed to what Fuller called "a moderate and thrifty diet" should have been more properly assigned to the natural vigour of his constitution.

With Mayor's profound knowledge was associated a wide human sympathy, and it is this that places him among the followers of the Evangelist. We may indeed regard him as fulfilling in his own person the aspiration of our College collect, that "love of the brethren and all sound learning may ever grow and prosper here." He said to every man, like the seer on Patmos, "I, John, who also am your brother." And with learning and brotherliness he combined a charming simplicity of mind and character. We may apply to him the words of Clarendon's epitaph upon another Johnian, Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, who fell at the battle of Newbury in the four and thirtieth year of his age: "The oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence."

Although Mayor had no money to leave the College, we count him among our Benefactors, partly because of the generous gifts of books which he made to the Library during his lifetime, but much more because he left us a fine example of unselfish living and high ideals. The weight of years which he carried did not affect the buoyant youthfulness of his spirit, and he kept to the end the pure heart of a child. Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven.

VERSES FROM THE RUSSIAN OF N. M. MINSKY.

V.

Who once shall choose to bear his Cross,
For ever shall be crucified;
If happiness he find in loss,
In happiness he shall abide.

His virtue counts on no return,
His love, and grief, are joined in one;
Who grieves, with loving grief, shall earn
The dearest bliss that can be won.

His virtue from himself shall spread
To others, and at length to all,
If he the path of love will tread,
Whereto the inner voices call.

But whoso fears to follow this,
Whoso with doubt is harassed still;
Let him fling down his Cross. For bliss
Let him go seeking—where he will!

VI.

He, in his youth, believed in God devoutly;
But, grown to manhood, many books he read,
His Maker spurned, set Reason up instead,
And, prayerless now, confronted Heaven stoutly.

Prayerless, his mother to her grave he bore;
But when his wife fell ill—that was more serious.
Seven days and nights she fevered, grew delirious,
Then, the dread hour of crisis at the door—

The time was deepest night—'twas life or death,
The patient lay unmoving, scarce drew breath;
He fell prone suddenly, as when a child,
Calling on Heaven, with tears and sobs of grief.
And Heaven heard his cries, and hearing smiled
At man's belief, and at his unbelief.

VII.

My nights without sleep, and my passion unanswered,
 Have worn out my brain, till it reels with the stress.
 By day I wait nightfall, by night long for daylight,
 And alway I pine for thy loving caress.

Thou comest, with light jesting pity, to greet me,
 Too brief to bring joy is the touch of thy palm ;
 For *my* heart is burning with fever, sore stricken,
 But *thy* heart is whole, and thy glances are calm.

I loved, before thee, for a boast, or a ballad,
 Now love holds me meshed in Fate's web, like a fly.
 With thee Earth is shrunken, without thee 'tis desert ;
 Yet while thou art living, I never can die.

D.M.

Shades and the Man

NOT ghosts, I am no spiritualist ; not shadows, I love the light ; but lamp-shades, as supplied by Messrs. Mat--ew or by the college authorities when they furnish rooms so magnificently for the incoming tenant. In my old rooms—they were that gambler's paradise, a valuation set—there was an old table, " Genuine Cromwellian, sir, you can see 'is hiniatials hon the fore-leg," a sofa largely kept together by string and tacks, an excellent coal scuttle, and a lamp shade. The shade had been green but a half-watt globe (strictly verboten) had tinged the inside brown, while years of exposure to the Cambridge climate had changed the bright green to a dull yellow in those patches where the moths had missed their meat. If the bedmaker had told me that the shade was genuinely Cromwellian I would have believed her, but her black-bag mind did not rise to such heights. I never changed it ; I did not buy a new one ; the sanctity of usage and antiquity prevented any such sacrilegious act. So for two years it was cursed by my friends but respected by myself. The man with insight would not have condemned me for keeping that shade, he would have recognised my love of old-established things and my distaste of the new-fangled toys of undergraduate life. The new tenant has probably thrown it away, I have not enquired, for I bade it a tender farewell last year and Time, the great healer, has softened the wrench of parting. I would be foolish to re-open an old wound. In short, that shade became part of me.

Following upon my own particular experience, I generalise and say the shade reflects the man. Pass through the courts at midnight and notice the varied colours which twinkle through the windows on every side. There is the pink shade of the æsthete, with a yellow and black dragon rampant. (I know you have seen coloured dragons passant elsewhere and at other times—but I am a teetotaller). The æsthete affects an exotic shade, far different from the virgin light of the poverty stricken puritan whose slogan is " down with the artificialities of life, abolish all frippery," especially lamp shades. His is the cold gleam of the bare globe, for it makes the clock and the C.I.C.C.U. card stand out more grimly on the mantlepiece. The studious man, he is not always a puritan, uses a white lamp shade, whereby the print is clearer and the light more concentrated on the book, while the athlete, as a relief from the green of the field, hangs from his ceiling a multi-coloured shade, generally underhung with black blobs (which look rather like rugger balls). There are a few of the colossal overdraped shades—six of 'em to a billiard

table—left in the college, but these are merely a survival, and only the man with the mid-Victorian mind allows them to remain in his rooms. Like the landladies' large blue vases they should be given to the FitzWilliam Museum as relics of the mediocre old times. The artist, who loves beauty sufficiently well to get his hair cut frequently, buys a small delicately coloured shade; such a shade softens the harsh outlines of the room and goes well with old sherry or cognac.

There are many other shades, just as there are many other types of men, but I have neither the time nor the patience to run through them. If you take my advice you will stick to the shade you find in your rooms, and if it reflects qualities you like, claim it as your own. If, on the other hand, it typifies a class you loathe, you can always blame the previous occupier and speak of him with pity, to your friends.

GAYMAN.

Camping on the Continent

IT may not be everyone's good fortune to go to Corinth to-day any more than in Horace's time, but it is certainly many people's fortune to go to Switzerland. The number of tourists there now is reckoned to be four times as great as in pre-war days; and one is astonished at the number of one's friends and acquaintances who are taking their holidays abroad this year. So any attempt to describe one's own experiences there may seem somewhat superfluous; yet a slightly different aspect is acquired when on a cycling tour, as contrasted with the more usual means of travel.

I started for Paris with a Cambridge friend, each of us taking as little luggage as possible—a rucksack, a bicycle, and our camping equipment in pannier bags. We arrived about midnight and spent a day and a half sight-seeing, with the proverbial speed of the American tourist—a service at Notre Dame, a visit to Versailles, up the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, and most of the famous buildings of the city. Yes, even the Louvre, sacrilege though it might seem to attempt such a visit in our limited time. One might add, in accordance with what seems a prevalent fashion in modern journalism, "What struck me most in Paris" was the speed of the traffic and the shrillness of the taxi hooters—unless indeed it was an umbrella with a rather sharp handle in a crowded tram!

We then started on our cycling, leaving the city with few regrets, owing to its traffic, the condition of some of the

roads, and the slight trouble which we experienced in trying to remember the Continental rules of the road. To detail our route across France would be tedious, the roads shaded by long rows of trees, broken by stretches where the scorching sun poured down on us, and by villages with their cobbled streets. At night we camped at one time by a stream, at another in the forest, now by lake, canal or river, now in fields bordering the road. We kept for the most part to the main Paris-Geneva road, through Fontainebleau, Tonnerre, past Alesia, where Cæsar met one of the great crises of his military career, and near a ruined castle converted into a farm, to Dijon. After Champagnole we had a stiff climb up, the road winding through pine forests, while the fact that we were getting further south was illustrated by the appearance of draught-oxen and cattle-bells. The climb over the Juras was rewarded by the magnificent scenery, while the gradients were well engineered and at the top a fine level stretch, high above the valley, gave us the best piece of riding we had had. Then suddenly a wonderful panoramic view of the Lake of Geneva burst upon us, while beyond were the Alps. One's first sight of these mountains is necessarily impressive, though one may not clothe one's thoughts as did Ruskin when first he saw them—"Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round Heaven, the walls of sacred Death." A magnificent run down past Gex followed, where we camped by a stream in which we did some washing; in the cool of the Sunday evening we went to the village church, clad in pyjama jackets, for our washing operations had been extensive. Then through Geneva, past which we struck perhaps our ideal camping site, under a cherry tree in an orchard of which we were given free run; here we met a farmer and his wife who had once been to England, to two towns only, Brighton and Birmingham! That night we had rain for the first time, and found that an ice-axe can be used for plain earth as well as snow, namely for digging a trench. Having cycled along the lake through Lausanne, Vevey, and Montreux, we got our worst site, hardly sleeping at all owing to the mosquitoes. Hence sadder and wiser men we rode on up the Rhone valley through Sion, a picturesque town, especially in the evening light, with its two commanding hills each capped by a castle, giving the whole a mediæval aspect. At Visp we left our bicycles and walked up the beautiful valley to Zermatt, where we joined a party and spent a wonderful fortnight climbing. We could try, like Keats,

To sit upon an Alp, as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.

Yet the need to get down before the snow melts prevents much dreaming, and after many hours' exertion one is apt to be only too conscious of one's humanity. But the effect of the sunrise on the snowclad heights and even the picturesque start by moon and lantern light are not easily to be forgotten.

After leaving Zermatt we cycled on to the Rhone Glacier, and then up over the Furka Pass, though perhaps for the latter part, "walked" would be a more correct term. Then we reached the Tell country, a district which one can easily imagine that hero haunting, untroubled by any doubts which scholars may throw on his historicity. This was followed by a hurried climb up the Rigi, reaching the Kulm two and a half hours after leaving Vitznau, followed by an equally hurried descent, which enabled us to catch a boat to Lucerne. From there we cycled on to Zurich, where four hundred years ago Zwingli heralded in the Reformation. Next to the Falls of the Rhine and Schaffhausen; in the cathedral there is still preserved the bell with its famous inscription "Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango" ("I summon the living, I mourn the dead, I shatter the lightning"), which is said to have inspired Schiller's "Song of the Bell," and the Prologue of Longfellow's "Golden Legend," though the scene of the latter is laid at Strasbourg Cathedral.

Our last stage took us through Basle, then along the Rhine to Strasbourg and thence to Metz, where we visited the tenth cathedral of our tour. Here, owing to rain and wind, we abandoned our cycling. Then came Ostend and the crossing (and certain lines of Rupert Brooke are very haunting on a rough passage), and at last not sea, the passionate desire of Xenophon's troops, but land—"England's green and pleasant land."

H. H. SCULLARD.

A Lapse Leacockian

BY an unfortunate accident our Boxing Correspondent was recently sent to report a meeting of the Neophysical Society, which took the form of a debate between Prof. Tinribs and Prof. Dogbody on the motion "When there is dissipativity stability must be secular."† The following is the result:—

"The contest between Alf Tinribs and Bill Dogbody for the F.R.S. belt took place last night at Cambridge. Tinribs weighed in as M.A., but Dogbody had the slight superiority of Ph.D. Both men opened cautiously, but Dogbody soon attempted to accelerate the pace and repeatedly had Tinribs guessing with his variables. In the second round Dogbody

adopted trigonometrical methods and attempted to "tan" his opponent who, however, slipped in a neat differential equation which floored Dogbody as the bell went. In the third round both men were cautioned, Dogbody for his use of logs and Tinribs for employing Greek pi as his weapon, but Dogbody caught the latter with a lovely electric shell which, travelling at a high speed along an elliptical path, earthed Tinribs parabolically and made him take the count. Interviewed after the contest, Dogbody said he could easily demonstrate by means of elliptic functions how he had won, but we had for reasons of time to take our leave to hear Tinribs' views. The latter said that he would give the matter his attention when he had worked out the orbits of the curious meteors which were flying about the room, but it was utterly ridiculous to say that Dogbody had won since on the basis of the theory of probability he had shewn that he (Tinribs) must win in the 273rd round. Altogether an interesting contest."

OMEGA.

†We may have got this wrong; but see Lamb: *Hydrodynamics*, p. 297.

On Safari in Tanganyika Territory

(The author recently had to safari 269 miles in 12 days up the coast of Tanganyika Territory in order to catch his boat at Dar-es-Salam).

TINGALING - A - LING - A - LING - A - LINGLING !!!
A hand hastily shoots out from beneath the mosquito net and silence reigns again for a few minutes. The white man beneath his blankets dozes on awhile, but his "boy," who has also heard the alarm clock, rises, and with the help of a little dry grass and some careful blowing soon has the remains of one of last night's camp fires blazing again and the kettle singing. It's just 3.0 a.m. Huddled forms in circles round the smouldering fires stir uneasily as the headman goes round prodding them with his stick, bidding them get up and prepare for the early start. Soon vague forms move hither and thither in the faint moonlight, and little groups of men can be made out finishing up the remains of last night's supper, while others tie together the deck-chairs, table and other camp paraphernalia, which comprise their loads.

Meanwhile the "boy" has taken his master a steaming cup of tea, which with a few bananas is his only food before

the day's march begins. The camp bed is now hurriedly folded up and put in its case, the porters line up each with his load ready, while the headman checks them, and as soon as he reports "all correct" the white man blows his whistle and the line moves off in single file into the darkness.

After a hasty look round with a lamp to satisfy himself that nothing has been left behind, the white man himself moves off, closely followed by his gun-bearer and "boy," and soon overtakes and passes the foremost of the porters, taking the lead, while the head-man brings up the rear, to speed up any stragglers.

The path is through bush country, and on either side the breaking of a twig or a rustle in the leaves now and again betrays the hasty departure of some startled creature of the wilds. It is still too dark however for any chance of a shot, so no notice is taken and the line files on.

As the dawn begins to break the white man pushes ahead followed only by his gun-bearer, for in the early light there may be a chance of a snap shot at some buck or wild pig as it crosses the path or stands in some little glade bordering on the pathway; but the chances are small, for the bush is very thick and the animals wary.

By 8 o'clock the sun is beginning to get hot and the men must be tired, so, finding some suitable spot, the white man halts, and soon the porters arrive, and thankfully put down their loads for a rest. The boy at once puts the kettle on to boil for tea, unlocks the chop box, has the load which consists of the camp table and chair untied, and soon a light breakfast is ready for the "Bwana." Meanwhile some of the men, having produced some native tobacco from apparently nowhere, are making a crude form of cigarette, using the leaves of certain trees in place of paper, and soon all are smoking, for the cigarettes are shared, each man, in a group of four or five, having a few puffs at the same cigarette which is passed from one to the other.

After a leisurely breakfast and pipe, the chop box, table and chair are returned to the porters to tie up again, and the signal is given for the men to start off once more. The white man is now wearing his sun helmet, which during the early hours of the morning was carried for him by his "boy"; and the rate of marching decreases in proportion to the increase of temperature.

By 11.0 a.m. the porters are thoroughly tired and their joy is great when the little native village, which is to be the day's camping place, is eventually reached. Acting on information sent to him by special runner the previous day, the head of the village has run up a rough grass "banda" or rest-house for the use of the white man and in this the camp

bed, table and chairs are soon set up. The "boy" brings a kettle of hot water and puts a basin in readiness for his master, who proceeds to wash, shave, put on fresh cool clothes, and make himself generally comfortable for the day. While lunch is being got ready the porters are given their daily food allowance in small cash, and soon all are busy bargaining with the villagers for maize-meal, millet, rice, manioc and any other foodstuffs which chance to be in season.

Lunch is a very light meal owing to the heat, and after it, the white man retires to the shelter of his mosquito-net, to rest, read, smoke—and possibly snooze—in peace, undisturbed by the hordes of flies which abound in every native village. About four o'clock he probably gets up and dons once again his old clothes and shooting boots and puttees; then while his "boy" gets a cup of tea ready, he dispenses such medicines as iodoform, epsom salts, quinine and sulphur ointment to the crowd of villagers who have gathered round knowing that their only chance of obtaining these medicines—which are so much more effective than their native cures—is during such occasional visits of travelling white men.

Having finished with medicines, and drunk his tea, the white man sets out, accompanied by some native hunter from the village to act as guide, to look for game in the vicinity. The native hunter usually knows all the favourite haunts of buck in the district, and with luck the party should return with fresh meat by sunset, at 6.15. The "boy" takes possession of the best parts to cook them for his master's supper, the local hunter and guide gets a leg in return for his services and the rest of the meat is divided amongst the porters; any surplus being given to the village head-man to distribute to his own men. While supper is cooking the white man has another wash and changes into pyjamas and mosquito boots. Thus garbed he partakes of his meal by the light of a "Dietz lantern" while around about—but not too near—can be seen silhouetted against the fire-light, groups of men chattering eagerly as they cook and eat their only real meal of the whole day. The "Bwana's" supper menu is usually something like this:—bush-buck soup, liver and kidneys and mashed manioc (an excellent substitute for potato), followed by pancakes with sugar and limes complete, and probably dessert in the form of bananas or paw-paw. When this is over the "Bwana" smokes his final pipe as he writes up the day's events in his diary; while the "boy" puts the final touches to his master's room; folds up the clothes, rolls the puttees, and cleans the boots ready for next morning.

The groups round the fires have finished their meal and have settled down, huddled up in circles round the flickering firelight; a dull murmur comes from where the head-man and

the "boy" are sitting eating their own meal before they too turn in; in the distance can be heard the weird cry of the hyena, or the yapping of a jackal; overhead the stars are shining brightly, while every now and then a little bat flits past, seizing in its flight some insect attracted by the light of the lamp. The diary has been written up, it is 8.30 p.m., and another early start is to be made to-morrow; so having set the alarm clock for 3.0 a.m. and turned the lamp down, but not out, the white man slips beneath his mosquito net and into bed, to dream of England and its comforts, till he is rudely wakened once again to the insistent tune of, Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-linging !!!

L.S.B.L.

Johnian Society

THE Second Annual Meeting and Dinner was held at the King Edward VII Rooms, Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, on Tuesday, July 7th, 1925. The President of the Society, Admiral Sir Wilmot H. Fawkes, was in the chair. The Annual Meeting preceded the Dinner and the Master was elected President for the ensuing year. It was decided to increase the number of the Committee by one, and to do this, only one member retired, while two were elected. Mr. B. W. F. Armitage retired, and Mr. E. E. Raven and Mr. P. Houghton Brown were elected.

The Toast of the College was proposed by Sir Duncan Kerly, K.C., and responded to by the Master. Mr. P. J. Hibbert, the Senior Rowing Blue of the College, having rowed in the Boats of 1874 and 1875, proposed the toast of the Lady Margaret Boat Club on its centenary. The Junior Rowing Blue of the College, Mr. G. Elliot-Smith, First Boat Captain, replied.

The First Boat were the guests of the Society and had brought with them the Ladies' Plate, which reposed in the middle of their table.

Other toasts were the President-Elect, proposed by the President of the Society, the retiring President, proposed by Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., and the Honorary Secretary.

Sir Edward Marshall Hall then presented the Golf Challenge Cup which he had given to the Society to the winner, Mr. W. I. Harding. Mr. J. L. Bryan, back from Australia, was also called upon for a speech.

The following were present :—

1866 G. E. Cruickshank.

1869. Rev. A. W. Callis.

P. J. Hibbert.

1871. Rev. E. C. Peake.

Rev. W. A. Tute.

Sir Robert F. Scott.

The Eagle

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Sedbergh School

1525—1925

DR. RALPH TATHAM, Master of St. John's College, was once asked why Sedbergh was ever selected as a place for a school. He replied: "Propter extremam loci barbariem." It was indeed "in a very poor and barbarous country where the folk are rough and nature is wild" that Roger Lupton founded his school four hundred years ago. Lupton besides holding many high offices in the Church was Provost of Eton and Clerk of the Hannaper in Chancery. He was one of Eton's most progressive Provosts and enjoyed the favour of both Henry VII and Henry VIII. In the midst of all his work for Eton, he did not forget the needs of his native place. Following a practice of the time, he founded a Chantry to hold masses for his soul, and, associated with the Chantry, a school for the boys of the district, the Chantry Priest being the Master. In his sound and practical manner he endowed it well and safely. Being a friend of the Lady Margaret and of John Fisher, who at that time were busy seeking influence and endowments for their new college at Cambridge, he endowed two fellowships and eight scholarships at St. John's for pupils of his school at Sedbergh. In his formal foundation deed he bound Sedbergh to St. John's in a similar manner to the connection of Eton and King's College and Winchester and New College. St. John's was to have the appointment of the priest and schoolmaster; the Master or his deputy was to hold visitorial privileges and to appoint the Lupton scholars. This close association between the College and the school lasted for three hundred and fifty years and an intimate connexion is still maintained.

Few schools have had such a chequered history as Sedbergh. Close on the birth of the school came in 1545 the Chantries Act, confiscating all Chantries and their endowments to the Crown. Repeated efforts by St. John's only delayed the sale of Lupton's endowments till 1549, when they were definitely confiscated. The end seemed at hand, but Dr. Lever,

the Master of St. John's, pleaded earnestly and courageously for the school in a sermon before King Edward VI at Paul's Cross. The School was re-founded by a Royal Commission in 1551, leaving it still in the hands of St. John's; though with only a quarter of its original income. For the next hundred years the School enjoyed great prosperity. It acquired a high reputation for scholarship and was supported by all the great families of the North—the Lowthers, the Otways, the Stackhouses, the Aglionbys, the Flemings, the Barwicks, the Ambroses, the Bellinghams. Hence it is not surprising to find that the School was strongly Royalist and suffered materially from its loyalty to the King, not least in the acquisition of a Puritan hypocrite, Richard Jackson, as Master. This gentleman, who was later dismissed by a commission, was "a constant haunter of ale-houses, frequently intoxicated with immoderate drinking"; he shut up the school, discharged the usher and generally behaved in a scandalous manner. The next Master, another Puritan, continued his predecessor's tradition by being prosecuted at Appleby "for beating Mrs. Sibella Lowther." We can only hope it was done in one of those fits of "righteous indignation" common to his sect! With the end of the Commonwealth came a period of renewed progress under the great Posthumous Wharton, who raised the social and intellectual level of the School to its former position. There was another break in the prosperity of the School in 1742, due to the then Master, Mr. Broxholme, who, safe in his freehold of the Mastership, neglected his duties and spent the endowments. He was followed by Dr. Bateman, during whose tenure John Dawson, the great mathematician, taught at Sedbergh, and helped to turn out three Senior and seventeen other Wranglers. (Most of these were Johnian's). Then came another decline under two neglectful and eccentric Masters, till in 1819 not one boarder was left! St. John's now sent one of its most distinguished scholars, Henry Wilkinson, who "put the School on its feet" again. For a short time after his death, the poet Hartley Coleridge, a confirmed drunkard, but a charming and scholarly gentleman, was in charge of the School. An extraordinarily high standard of scholarship was attained under Evans who, in less than twenty years, and in a school of about seventy boys, produced twenty-three Wranglers and sixteen first-class Classics.

The difficulties of being controlled by the far off St. John's, and of the freehold appointment for life of the Mastership of the School, had often been felt. They finally came to a head in the years 1865—1875, when the Rev. H. G. Day, the Master, was, after much difficulty, persuaded to retire on a pension and the School was reconstituted. It was re-

constructed on more modern lines; the freehold and the absolute control of St. John's were abolished, and the Rev. F. Heppenstall was appointed Headmaster. Since then, the history of the School has been one of steady progress. Mr. Heppenstall's successor, Henry Hart, the first lay Headmaster, introduced a new spirit and founded a new tradition. Under him Sedbergh regained its old position as the greatest school in the North. He gave Sedbergh an individuality. He realised the advantages of its position and used them to help him in forming the character of the School.

There can be few other schools in whose character environment has played such a great part. Sedbergh lies in one of the most hilly and severely weathered parts of England. The sternness and beauty of the scenery and climate have a great effect on the School. To quote from Mr. G. G. Coulton's "Henry Hart"—"No Master, I think, who has ever taught at Sedbergh has failed to respond, in one way or another, to that peculiar genius of the place. And few boys but have been consciously affected by it." There is an indefinable atmosphere that distinguishes it. Hart encouraged the School to take advantage of the fells by which it is surrounded and throughout the year and in all weathers the boys are sent over the hills. When a man has been used to going always over the hill tops, instead of along the valleys, it makes a great difference in him. He is less cramped by convention, has a clearer and broader view, and is much fitter in every way. Hart also introduced the new motto, "Dura virum nutrix," and it is peculiarly appropriate.

Sedbergh has always sent her best scholars to St. John's, and many of the most distinguished Sedbergians are also Johnians. The Barwick brothers, John, the Dean of St. Paul's, and Peter, the prominent supporter of Harvey, who were both fellows; William Craven, Master of the College and Vice-Chancellor in 1790; Prof. Sir Isaac Pennington, Fellow and benefactor, and John Hymers, F.R.S., the famous Tutor, are among the many. As Dr. Whitaker the historian wrote, about 1800, "By a member in St. John's College, Cambridge, Sedbergh can scarcely be visited without an affectionate remembrance of its connexion with that venerable foundation. The School of this place in the patronage of that Society, and further connected with it by proprietary foundation has long flourished and produced many sound and excellent scholars . . . Still I would, for the sake of the College, and for that of the living and of the dead, which this seminary has sent forth to adorn both that and other Colleges, be glad to hail this place as classic ground."

E.S.H.

SONNET UPON A TIMID LOVER.

For I shall never name her, whom I love,
 She is too far above me. Night and day
 Her face is with me. And when e'er I move
 Or shut mine eyes upon it, turn away
 Despairing, still her image will pursue.
 To tell her were to lose my doubtful pain,
 Dispel my present ignorance, and, through
 The certain knowledge of her heart, to gain
 Assurance that she recognised my ill.
 Yet that which prompts me also holds me back—
 Her love, which all my wishes could fulfil
 I might offend—'twere misery to lack.
 Bewildered in this labyrinth, I doubt,
 That love, who drove me in, shall guide me out.
 C.O.B.

MR. BALDWIN'S CAR ACCIDENT.

Consul heri noster curru prævectus, habenis
 Flectere non poterat nec retinebat equos.
 Decidit ex curru. Si sic facit omnia, plebem
 Hanc effrenatam quo regat imperio?
 E.C.W.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Ἦσθα φίλη πάντεσσιν, ἀποφθιμένην τε πολίται,
 ὦ βασίλεια γύνῃ, πάντες ὀδυρόμεθα.
 οὐκ ἐπιτυμβιδίου δεῖ σήματος ἐξόχου ἄλλων.
 ἐν κραδίῳς ἔχομεν μνήμᾳ σὸν ἀθάνατον.
 E.C.W.

Going Down

An extract from a letter to a friend written a day after the end of Full Term.

. I was able, yesterday, to watch with detachment and equanimity the exits of my friends. If I were to think a little harder than I am doing at present, I might write an interesting psychological treatise on the complexes, reflexes, and other revelations of human nature involved in going down. But that would bore you.

I have two friends, A and B. Having surrounded myself with an atmosphere of the aforesaid equanimity I strolled into A's room twenty minutes before his train left. I found him in a vortex of trunks, suit-cases, clothes, books, and papers. His hair was ruffled. He had no collar or tie on, and was wrestling with a trunk that would not shut. I helped him shut it, and then retired to his window seat. I felt it politic to let him hold the threads of the conversation—of course none of them could be tied together. He spoke in snatches between frantic searches for articles to be packed. This sort of thing: "'Scuse me, old man. Just going down. How the — Hell do you fold a tail coat? I don't know where these books are going—nor these shoes. Good book this. Ever read it? No? You should—curse these shoes! I'll have to leave them. Be an angel and send them on. You know my address." This last remark from the bedroom, whence he soon emerged respectably clothed. A sponge, a tooth brush, and a razor were thrown into the bulging case. A cheque book, gloves, a bunch of keys, were gathered promiscuously into a pocket; a scribbled message and a Treasury note for his bedder were flung on the table; the porter came for the trunk. My friend kicked over the litter of rubbish on the floor, pushed the golf clubs into my hands, crammed on his hat, and bolted to the Porter's Lodge, where he hailed a stray taxi, seized the clubs and with a final "Cheerio! Good Vac." was gone.

A little later I drifted into B's room. It was half-an-hour before his train left. His room was tidy. He was toasting a crummet comfortably by the fire. His hat, coat, suit case and gloves were neatly arranged on the table. "Have some tea?" he said. "I've another quarter-of-an-hour yet." So I sat down and asked him why his bookshelves were empty. "I put my books away yesterday," he said. "I generally do when I go down. Otherwise they get dusty. Talking of books, have you read this?" He got up and undid his suit case, revealing clothes neatly folded and packed, and a

new novel. We talked quietly of books for ten minutes; then he put on his coat, his hat and his gloves, walked evenly to the lodge, tipped the porter as if he had come especially for that purpose, and drove off, unruffled, in a taxi he had ordered the day before. Oh well, I expect they both got home all right. I haven't decided yet how to take my exit. I think a compromise

A.L.McM.

COFFEE.

(With Apologies to Miss Sitwell.)

Black or white?
If white, like a log.
If black, not a wink,
But on the oscillating brink
Of drums carked by the drooling night.
It's so suburban.

X.Y.Z.

EPITAPH.

Science was my branch of Learning,
Little use to me in earning
Bread, or running in life's race;
I left my mark for all discerning—
G.B.—over the fire-place.

G.B.

Across the Apennines—Perugia to Urbino

URBINO, the birthplace and early home of Raphael, with the mighty Palace of Duke Frederic of Montefeltro, is off all ordinary routes even in these days of all-pervading motor-cars. It had been my desire for many years to reach it, but hitherto all attempts had failed. There is indeed a railway; but it starts from Fabriano on the line between Ancona and Foligno, which is not often taken by the English traveller, and the trains, which run once or twice only in the day at most inconvenient times, take some four or five hours on the way. Even when the station at Urbino is reached, there remains a steep pull of some two miles to be achieved before the city gates are entered. The Italian tourist agencies can give no help at all. Enquiry at their large office at Bologna two years ago brought the reply that the route by Fabriano was the only possible one. The officials there knew nothing of other routes (I know now that an *autobus* runs twice daily between Urbino and Pesaro on the Adriatic shore), and their knowledge seems to be always limited to the *Orario Generale*, that most valuable publication which is open to every one to consult.

Thus thwarted more than once in my efforts to reach Urbino I found myself this September, 1925, at Perugia, and I began to wonder how Raphael more than 400 years ago found his way across the central chain of the Apennines from his mountain home to enter the studio of his master Pietro Vannucci (*Il Perugino*) in that peerless city. Enquiry at the local agencies met with the same answer as before. "You must go to Foligno, and then take train to Fabriano and so by railway to Urbino," a truly circuitous and wearisome journey. A suggestion that there might be an *autobus*, as indeed stated in the *Orario*, met with a shrug of shoulders. So being alone and unincumbered, with no money to spend on motor-cars, I chose my own route.

Leaving Perugia, in the afternoon, by the electric railway which follows the Tiber to its source, I came for a night to Città di Castello, and in the morning on to San Sepolcro, each of these ancient cities girded with medieval walls and full of interest and beauty. The *Orario* showed that there is a daily *autobus*

Urbino at 16.30. What indeed could be more simple? But experience has shown that once you get off the State Railways, even the impeccable *Orario* can be fallible.

San Sepolcro was reached at 10 a.m., leaving three hours to see the town. At the station was an ancient porter from the Albergo Fiorentino. "Yes, the *autobus* to Urbino goes daily

from opposite the hotel; but at 12 'precisamente,' not 13. The smiling landlady at the hotel confirmed the story. "The Signore would eat at 11.15, and then he would be in good time." She pointed below the window to the side street from which the vehicle would start. "Yes, the porter would take a place for the Signore. But it was not necessary: probably he would be the only passenger." The town was hastily seen, the meal was punctually served and eaten. Mid-day came by all the clocks. The landlady looked from the window and expressed surprise and concern that the auto was not there. A quarter past 12 came: still no sign. There was a small agency office close by. Enquiry there brought civil replies betraying ignorance of the ways of the *auto*, but concurring in the assurance that it runs daily and starts at 12. "Perhaps it would be best to go to the Piazza Centrale." So thither with the porter I went. No sign of anything anywhere: the emptiness and silence of an Italian noon. But investigation of a garage in a side street discovered an *autobus* with the encouraging superscription "San Sepolcro-Urbino." "When would it start?" "Ora" (at once). So I made as though to climb in. "Oh, no. This is not going. There is 'un'altra macchina' which has already started. Go back to the hotel." Back with all speed we went to find nothing as before. But suddenly a loud horn-hoot and behold a veritable *Deus ex machina*! A light four-seater car drives rapidly up with two irresponsible-looking youths on the front seat and a small boy behind. "Are you for Urbino?" "Yes." "Then get in at once." We were off in a moment, and, once outside the town-gates, went like the wind. Three minutes took us over the four kilometres to San Giustino, which had taken the train 15 minutes to do two hours before. On the way, as best I can, in the rush of air I pay my 27 lire to the little boy who gives me a ticket for Urbino. "Should we go in this car all the way?" "No, we shall find the *Autobus*!" "Where?" "Chi sà?" At San Giustino in the little Piazza a small group awaits our coming. A middle-aged and middle-class and middle-sized woman with two small boys, a larger woman (a *contadina*) and a big, fat, jolly priest. All have bundles and all have huge umbrellas, but all are eventually packed with their belongings into the small four-seater car. Then off again like the wind! This time up hill along a truly marvellous road. Serpentine twists and hairpin bends: up the side of one valley, then over its shoulder into another: then back again. All the time the upper basin of the Tiber, lying out in its girdle of hills, with white roads and towns and villages shining among the vineyards and tobacco fields, a real *conca d'oro*, spreads wider and wider beneath and behind us. Up we go at headlong speed right

from San Sepolcro, to

into the mountains, happily meeting nothing. Vegetation grows sparse: barren hillsides with stunted scrub surround us, and soon we reach a notch in the ridge at the top, the "Bocca Trabaria." We have left behind the Tiber, bearing his tribute to the Mediterranean, and soon we are racing down along a stream which will flow to the Adriatic. Half way down, the old *contadina* discovers that she ought to have got out on the other side of the Pass. The pace has been such that she did not realise where she was. What is she to do? Get out by the next road-side house and wait for the return *auto* to take her back. This she does, and down we go to the first village, where we pull up short to find a lumbering *autobus* waiting our coming, while our own little lightning car turns round and returns to San Sepolcro. Just over half-an-hour has passed since I was despairing in San Sepolcro, and we have come over the high Pass (1,044 metres) and have done 37 kilometres, some 18 miles, on our way.

The change to the *autobus* is very marked, but not altogether distasteful in the absence of equipment for open-air motoring and with rain evidently imminent. We lumber on with full complement of passengers down the valley. What is this stream? The Meta. This rouses little interest, till a side valley opens and we are joined by another stream. What is this? The Auro, and the joint streams become the Metauro, a name to thrill the memory. Far down, before this little stream reaches the sea, was fought the battle of the Metaurus. *Testis Metaurum Flumen et Hasdrubal devinctus.*

Now it looks as if the journey to Urbino would be successfully achieved. But there are still to be further hitches. At a point in the road we stop to take up an additional passenger, a man of weight, and we are already really full. The engine refuses to start again, and we sit chafing and chaffing while driver and conductor vainly try to coax the engine into motion. It really looks after twenty minutes as if we shall not get off again. But suddenly comes an encouraging jerk and we are off.

Then we get to Urbania, the chief township of this upper valley, a dull one devoid of interest. There the guide-book states we shall turn to the left and mount over the ridge to drop into the next parallel valley beyond which lies Urbino. But no. Here is a direction board pointing to Urbino and we deliberately ignore it and go on lumbering down the valley towards Fermignano. An appeal to fellow travellers brings assurance that it is all right and that we are only making a *giro*, and so we go down and round the hill and then up another valley. At length at a turn in the road behold Urbino throned far above, set bright and glittering against a background

of black thundercloud. There is still more than half-an-hour of steady grind up hill with incredible twists and turns in the mounting road. At length in a torrent of rain with roaring thunder and flashing lightning we roll under the huge sub-structures of the Ducal Palace into the Central Piazza, and I have reached Urbino.

H.W.S.

Mystic Rites in New Court

AMONG many cults and sects in this community, there is one which boasts an exceptionally large number of regular and enthusiastic members, who worship every morning at their temple. Clad in entirely inadequate attire, often of weird and wonderful hues, the devotees gather from all parts at an early hour and perform the same mystic rites. Passing through four doors they at length reach the innermost shrine from which hot vapours arise continually: here each undergoes the process of purification at the marble altar, and then basks in the effluent rays from the golden visage above him, the while he lifts his voice in pæans of praise to heights never attained elsewhere. "I want to be happy," selections from Wagner, Bach's Fugues, Gilbert and Sullivan, with inharmonic variations, all these and many chants composed spontaneously mingle with one another in free counterpoint, all joining at intervals in "Drink to me only," and other invocations. Some enquire of their fellow-worshippers as to the extent of their recuperation from the rejoicings of the previous night; some study the mosaic with which the walls of the shrine are inlaid; some plan out their occupations, and all at last emerge, strengthened for the day's labour, so making room for further votaries. When the next generation enquires what is our most vivid recollection of Cambridge, one may be sentimental about the beauty of the Back's, another may be the opposite about the College Halls, but the memory that I shall retain above all others is the glory of the College Shower Baths in the mornings.

P.E.V.

To lectures Phyllis used to ride.
I was her escort ; side by side
We travelled in the morning.

But now she comes those two long miles
Inside a bus ; and no more smiles
At me, who sit here sighing.

In deep despair my wits I rack,
So may I get my Phyllis back !
(My plan is worth the trying).

* * *

Dressing to-day as the conductor
I'll make a sly move, and abduct her,
And then there'll be no mourning.

C.O.B.

"Nemo me impune lacessit"

I HAD always thought barbers to be harmless people whose one failing was that they exacted 6d. more than their lawful fee from their customers. By birth I am Scots, but like most Scotsmen I came to England, and here I found that barbers were a different race of men. In appearance they are similar to Scots barbers. They wear their hair as long, their white coats as dirty, and carry the same battery of combs, clippers and scissors in their breast-pockets. But they talk about your hair! The Scots barber talks about everything and anything, but never about your hair. The Englishman comments on its thickness, or he fears that you are rapidly growing bald. One congratulates you upon your natural wave, another upon the sleeky straightness of your locks.

The very first time that I went into an English hair-dresser's, I became aware that I had stepped into an atmosphere of mystery and sanctity. It was not only the fragrance of hair-wash and perfumes, the click and snip of scissors, or the murmur of disjointed conversation. There was something greater, nobler, than this. I was still trying to define this atmosphere, when the proprietor—a

gross, square-jawed man—appeared and led me to a marble-walled cell. At first I noticed nothing strange about the proceedings. I was placed upon the chair of torture, gagged and bound in the usual way, and asked the usual questions. For a few moments a respectful silence reigned, broken only by the snip of scissors. At length, plucking up courage, I timidly enquired whether the hair-dresser thought Tottenham Hotspur would head the League this year?

"Is this water on your hair, sir?" he demanded in reply.

"Er—no," I faltered. "It's rain. I've been out all afternoon."

A second later I could have bitten off my tongue. Now the ogre began to speak.

For five minutes I listened to a tirade against those who went about without hats, and upon the injurious effects of water on the hair, the whole being punctuated by digs and slashes from his scissors and scraping tears from his comb.

"What do you usually put on your hair, sir?" came the next question.

"Savranola cream," I ventured, fearfully.

My fears were not ungrounded.

"Awful stuff. Gum and water; that's all it is. Make you bald before you're twenty-five. Just illustrates my point about water. Water ruins your 'air. And gum—nasty, sticky muck. Now what you want, sir, is some of our own special lotion. It is composed," the barber went on, quoting parrot-like presumably from the label on the lotion bottle, "of a careful blend of choice scents, oils and herbs, dissolved in pure alcohol. We send it to customers all over the world. With your permission, sir, I will put a little on your hair."

Too cowed to refuse, I watched him put handful after handful on my hair, and then plaster it down, till it looked like a sheet of golden ice. Then at last I was ungagged. I seized a towel and wiped the blood and sweat from my brow. The ogre re-appeared with a clothes-brush, with which he soiled the neck and shoulders of my jacket. He then politely asked me for a shilling in payment. I carefully counted out ten pennies and four half-pennies and tendered them to my torturer. He gaped like a fish, and the pile of coins toppled from his shaking hand to the floor. I left him picking them up.

* * *

But my attack was not really driven home till six weeks later, when, with my hair reaching almost to my shoulders, I entered the shop and asked for some curling-tongs.

J.P.

TABLOID TRAGEDY.

I.	2.
Undergrad. ;	Proctor ;
Bas de soie ;	Caught ;
11 p.m. ;	Pleadings ;
Fille de joie.	Naught.
3.	4.
One	'Grad. sent
Fifteen	Down ;
Before	Process. through
Dean.	Town.
5.	
Sail for	
Fiji.	
*	
R.I.P.	

Review

"A Bibliography of the writings of Samuel Butler, and of writings about him." By A. J. Hoppé. Bookman. Limited Edition. 21/- (with eight facsimiles).

SAMUEL BUTLER in his life was constantly certain of achieving fame after death and longed for it, though he knew that he would hate the critics who would praise him. Mr. Hoppé confesses in the preface to some trepidation whether Butler might not hate his bibliographer as much as his critics, but on the whole I think he need have no fear. He has done well to put on record a lot of facts about Butler's books and has published some material which had not before been published, including a set of letters from Butler to the Rev. F. G. Fleay.

These letters relate chiefly to the "Fair Haven." In them Butler outlines his changing plans for doing good by this book. If only he could get religious people to read it seriously he was sure the world would be bettered. With

this purpose he published the book under a pseudonym at first, but though he got one review in a theological journal, his purpose was unachieved.

Butler left so many comments on his own works and had so many unfortunate adventures in publishing that Mr. Hoppé has compiled a pleasant and readable bibliography without adding many comments of his own. In this he shows great tact, for though the Master is dead, there is enough life still in the Note Books to bite off the head of a rash disciple.

G.B.

L.M.B.C.

President—The Master.
First Boat Captain—L. V. Bevan.
Second Boat Captain—J. C. H. Booth.
Additional Captain—M. F. A. Keen.
Junior Treasurer—R. L. C. Footitt.
Hon. Secretary—I. Stuart.

THIS term has indeed been an auspicious beginning of the second century of the existence of the Club, and the high hopes with which we began it have so far been amply justified. The first event of the term was the Dinner given by the Master and Fellows of the College in celebration of our Centenary. An account of it will be found elsewhere in THE EAGLE, but it may be said here that it was a great success and not only a very pleasant but also a very inspiring function. The thanks of all members of the L.M.B.C., past and present, are due to the authorities for marking the occasion in so fitting a manner. Many distinguished members of the Club were present, but there were also some who were not, among whom, most unfortunately, was G. A. D. Tait, to whose untiring energy two years ago the revival of Lady Margaret rowing is very largely due. Happily G. L. Elliot-Smith, with whose captaincy, the first century of our history closed, was able to come down to Cambridge again before going abroad.

We started practice for the Light Fours as soon as term began, and for the first few days had the river to ourselves, but once more we were doomed to defeat at the hands of Third Trinity, who, as last year, came on in the most amazing way in the week before the races. In the first round we drew Pembroke, and beat them fairly easily although we did not row very well. On Thursday we beat Queens', who had beaten Emmanuel, and we went much better. In the semi-final, against First Trinity, we were perhaps too confident, and



WILLIAM BATESON.

The Eagle

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In Memoriam

WILLIAM BATESON 1861—1926

WE regret to record the death of WILLIAM BATESON, one of the greatest of English biologists and a pioneer of research in heredity, which took place at Merton, on February 8th, at the age of 64, after a short illness.

The son of the Rev. W. H. Bateson, D.D., Master of the College from 1857 to 1881, he was born at Whitby on August 8th, 1861, and was sent to Rugby School. In due course he gained a scholarship at the College. He took a first class in the Natural Sciences Tripos of 1882, together with Dr. J. G. Adami, Sir S. F. Harmer, Dr. Henry Head, Sir Arthur Shipley, and Sir R. Threlfall. In 1883 he was in the first class in Part II. and was elected to a Fellowship.

In 1896 Bateson married Beatrice, daughter of the late Arthur Durham, senior surgeon to Guy's Hospital. His wife survives him with one son now in residence in the College. Another son was lost in the war. Bateson left Cambridge in 1910 to become Director of the John Innes Horticultural Institution at Merton, and in the same year he was elected a member of the Athenæum Club under Rule II, and an Honorary Fellow of the College.

We print below the account of his scientific work and influence that appeared in *The Times* of February 9th. This is followed by two records of impressions of Bateson and his life at Cambridge, contributed by members of the College.

* * *

He was attracted to the study of embryology, to which the teaching of Francis Balfour had recently given a strong stimulus, proceeding to America to investigate the development

of the worm-like and enigmatical *Balanoglossus*. His researches resulted in one of the most striking pieces of embryological work yet achieved, and he was able to demonstrate that on the accepted canons of morphology this lowly animal was a connection of the vertebrata. But it was in evolution and its methods that his interest lay, and he felt that the key to this must be sought in the study of variation. So he turned his back on morphology, with its discussions on the variations that might occur, and set himself the task of finding out what variations actually did occur. Wherever he heard of cases of interest he set out to investigate them, and in this way he travelled widely over Europe, and penetrated into Asia as far as Turkestan. He ransacked the field, the museum, and the library, and the results are to be found in his "Materials for the Study of Variation," published in 1894.

It is now generally admitted that this book, with its masterly introduction, forms a landmark in biological thought, but at the time it attracted more hostile critics than converts owing to the rise of the biometrical school of evolutionists. The idea of discontinuity in variation was Bateson's great contribution in this book. Nature proceeds by jumps. To the biometricians this view was abhorrent, for the application of their method depended in their view upon the conception of living things evolving through a continuous series of minute and almost imperceptible changes. It was a period of conflict, and the ability with which Bateson defended his case was beginning to attract to him the allegiance of some of the younger naturalists, whose imagination had been stirred by his teaching.

Meanwhile, he had begun to attack the problem of heredity by the method of direct experiment, so that when Mendel's famous paper was unearthed in 1900 he was in a position to appreciate its deep significance. Indeed, it may be not unfairly said that, had that discovery been delayed a few years, the world would now be speaking of Bateson's law instead of Mendel's, for the experiments he had planned and was carrying out must inevitably have disclosed that scheme of heredity which Mendel first pointed out. However that may be, Bateson intuitively recognised Mendel's greatness, and threw himself whole-heartedly into the work of vindicating him and of extending his discovery. Busy years of work followed, in his garden at Grantchester and in the Botanic Garden at Cambridge, where he had gathered round him an enthusiastic little band of younger workers. Among the professional biologists, Mendelism was at first received with indifference or with scepticism.

At the Cambridge meeting of the British Association in 1904 came the inevitable clash, when Bateson, as President of the Zoological Section, delivered a stirring challenge to the most crowded audience of the meeting. At the close of the debate which followed it was clear that Mendel had been fully vindicated. During the years that followed the garden of Grantchester became the world centre for genetical work and thought, attracting visitors from all over the world. In 1908 appeared Bateson's classic book on Mendel's "Principles of Heredity," and in the same year he was elected into the chair of biology at Cambridge, which had been established in recognition of his services to science. He did not, however, retain it long, for in 1910, he accepted the responsibility of director of the newly founded John Innes Horticultural Institution at Merton, in Surrey. Here, with resources more ample than Cambridge could provide, he was able to exercise to the full his great gift of inspiring younger workers. When he went there, everything was to be done; before his life work was cut short he had already made the institution the finest thing of its kind in the world. Of the seed which he sowed some fruits have been garnered, but the full harvest is yet to come.

Of such honours as come to scientific men, Bateson had his share; by the Royal Society he was awarded the Darwin medal in 1904, and a Royal Medal in 1920; he received honorary degrees and was an honorary member of many learned societies abroad. He was also an elected Trustee of the British Museum. Still, it is not by such things that he can, or should, be measured. He achieved much, for it was he who pointed out the weakness of the methods of morphology in attempting to solve the great problem of evolution, and insisted that the more fruitful way lay in the study of variation, and it was he again who made the biologist study heredity by the method of experiment. By his vision he espied new paths to knowledge, and by his forceful example he set the lesser men on the way of good work. The great problem of species which was always in his mind is not yet solved, but towards its solution his contribution has been as great as any man's, and in the absolute honesty and fearlessness of his spirit he has bequeathed to those who come after that great legacy which only the great can transmit.

* * *

It must have been in the Michaelmas Term of 1879, when I became conscious of the presence in College of a large and rather untidy undergraduate, who was pointed out to

me as the son of our honoured Master Dr. Bateson. I did not at once get to know this youth, but I was from the first attracted by his appearance, even in his bodily movements unconventional. He seemed a sort of living protest against the "average" quality of his contemporaries. Acquaintance soon confirmed the suggestions of his outer bearing, and I found myself in touch with a man of frank independence in thought word and deed. It was (and is) delightful to feel as an elder the stimulating influence of a younger man. That he would make for himself a great place somewhere in the scientific world was a belief that I shared with many others.

The details of his career must be set out by someone more competent to record them. My task is rather to give some notion of a personality strongly marked and consistent from first to last. It did not take long to discover that his eye was always on the main issue as he saw it at a given moment. Minor issues and incidental hindrances he treated with indifference or scorn, whether he met them in the course of his researches or in the narrow sphere of College official life. Instances of this attitude occur to me while I write, but I will not waste space on them. One characteristic fact was that he took the Littlego too lightly, and did not pass it at his first trial. I think it was the Mathematical "Extra-Subjects" in which he failed on that occasion. For the Classics he had no small liking, probably because he was convinced of, and never lost, the importance of form.

In course of time he became involved in controversies on points of natural history. He discovered that eminent persons were writing smoothly on certain subjects without thorough verification of significant details. Now corruption of scientific integrity was a misdemeanour that aroused in him the intensity of righteous indignation, and the blows he dealt were vigorous. Now and then he would come round to my rooms bringing the draft of his last article for me to read. He wanted to satisfy himself that the argument was clear not only to men of science but to the vulgar. In this capacity I was perhaps even useful, and certainly I gained much amusement. It was interesting to learn that (for instance) a specimen in a museum had been classified as A, and used accordingly in solemn inference, while it had really been B all the time. But it was also a shock—could it be that in the sacred circles of Science mistakes were still being made, not much less pitiful than those due to slovenly research in the literary schools? Alas, so it seemed to be. I was a close spectator of scientific duels, watching a champion as jealous of scientific honour, as determined to insist on thoroughness and candour, as Bentley was when he battered the erring Boyle.

Nor was Bateson other than himself in the humbler range of College affairs. Always keeping the end in view, he made, as a rule, short work of obstacles. As Junior Bursar, I had some experience of his effective thrust. I had reasons for declining to ignore formal difficulties, but in the end I had to move on. In the depressing period to which I refer, College officers had great excuse for timidity, but the Bateson touch was very seldom ineffective. Truth is, he had grasped with unacademic firmness the fact that situations occur in which the prompt exercise of crude authority offers the only real solution of a difficulty. He even took responsibility on occasion without formal authority; and rightly so, at least in the instances I can remember.

His expedition to Central Asia in 1886 was undertaken under the conviction that he must break away and make if possible a new start. The favour of the Russian Government had to be secured. Among the steps that had to be taken, presentation at the English Court was necessary. It was a strange thing to find him ordering a Court suit and going through formalities quite out of his line; but nothing was allowed to stand in the way of his main object. And so the journey was carried out, with no lack of curious adventures in which his bold spirit revelled. Since those days he has been a notable figure, a leader of the most independent section of biologists.

The virtual break-up of the British Association meeting in Australia (of which he was President) owing to the Great War, was a cruel disappointment. After some exciting experiences he reached home, only to pass through a time of suffering and sorrow. But he stuck to his work, and more and more became interested in the problems of heredity as affecting the human race. While viewing contemporary politics with excusable disgust, this bent brought him into touch with considerations of an unavoidably political character. As a biologist, he could not accept current notions of "equality," to which his scientific inquiries gave the lie. Therefore he appeared as a champion of aristocracy, in short, a disbeliever in institutions and movements tending to hinder the dominance of superior breeds. Closely connected with this line of thought was his deep interest in the American Population Problem, which visits to the United States had made very real to him. One curious result of his studies was that he was disposed to regard Democracy rather than Socialism as the true enemy of rational progress. This view he set forth in one of his addresses.

I omit a number of anecdotes illustrative of his general attitude towards public affairs and the good of mankind. Suffice it that no disagreement on this or that particular

point of policy has left me in any doubt as to the sincere independence and grand capacities of William Bateson.

* * *

The occasion on which I first heard the name of William Bateson gave me a conception of the man that was to be confirmed by future acquaintance.

Our undergraduate life was stirred, one day, by a portent. We passed through the front gate of the College on our way to laboratories and all was as usual. But on our return, to our dismay and confusion, there stood before us, firmly rooted in the pavement, close to the gateway and affronting its mellow time-stained purple brickwork, a flaunting vermillion pillar-box of the royal mail. Its insolent stance was, however, fated to be of short duration. Before our emotions had taken final form, it was removed as suddenly as it had come, and the brickwork glowed softly, as of old. Eagerly we asked to whom did we owe this deliverance: soon there percolated down to us from higher strata of College life the name of Bateson. Clearly a man of action as well as a man of taste! Round the name thus impressed upon us, legends soon accumulated; that his views on evolution were heterodox; that he disapproved of attempts to reconcile science with religion; that he had shot a man on his Eastern scientific travels; that he had been the proud owner of a bulldog and then given him away to a porter at Waterloo Station. Clearly a man of more heroic mould than we expected to find among the dons of our College! A few years later I came to know the actual William Bateson, and was nowise disappointed.

Bateson's position and influence as a biologist are well set out in the obituary notice which appeared in *The Times* of February 9 and is reprinted above. Some more intimate impressions of his striking personality may not be out of place in *The Eagle*.

He was essentially a man of intuitions and convictions. The intuition of some scientific men runs sympathetically with the working of the natural universe, and they contribute to knowledge leading ideas which experiments hasten to verify. Others only arrive by plodding, strenuous analysis of phenomena until the unity within them is laid bare, free of the diversities which obscured it. Bateson was of the former gifted type, and his enthusiasms were for clear-cut new ideas. In his scientific work, as in all things that really counted with him, he was filled with a very intense earnestness. Working rapidly but thoroughly through the evidence on complex

problems, he could arrive at firm conviction of where the truth lay. Such a conviction would fill his vision, and all his intense vitality be concentrated at the centre of what he saw. He was impatient of expositions which involve elaborate quantitative treatment and then still leave residual suspense accounts. His outlook on human activities other than scientific investigation was from the same standpoint. In lighter vein he would argue that actions at law should not be determined by an elaborate apparatus of cited cases and by interpretations of the ambiguous wording of statutes, but should be settled out of hand, "by the common sense of the moment." When proposals were brought up for parliamentary legislation for the control of matrimony along lines suggested by eugenic considerations he delivered the dictum that "Marriages made at Westminster would be no more successful than those made in Heaven."

Bateson was a born leader. He loved to lead a cause and win, and was at his best in attracting young men to the good scientific causes he had at heart. Never for half-measures or compromises, it sometimes happened that when he was up against men of older generations, whose views were inflexible, he could make no progress, but only camp over against them in stubborn opposition. This is a situation that does not make for personal happiness in a scientific community, and Bateson certainly sacrificed something for his faiths. The world's recognition of his scientific distinction was wide and real, yet some of the formal signs of recognition in this country, that might have been bestowed earlier upon a more complacent nature than his, had not fallen to his lot when he died.

The nature of his experimental scientific work at Cambridge left him seasons of leisure for living, apart from working, and into this living he threw great energy. Indeed, I never found him in a state of restful indolence except once and that was abroad with his wife in Paris, where he was content to stroll the streets, drift in and out of museums and examine the shops of dealers in antiques for possible treasures. For idle small talk he had generally little use, though an argument roused him, but chess, whist or bridge, would keep him contented for hours. In the less strenuous College life of a quarter of a century ago he was the mainstay of the whist-table in the combination room, and we all admitted that no one possessed a more magnetic persuasive power to bring us to the table and keep us there when we felt drawn to do other things.

Another activity of his early leisure time was the search for works of art at bargain prices. In those days he used to bicycle to inspect any promising sale within reach of Cambridge and also studied the catalogues of London sales and dealers. There is no doubt that he had a remarkable *flair* for artistic

merit even in arts which with he was not very familiar. As a collector he never let a chance slip away by any delay or indecision. He was very successful as a collector of drawings by old masters, then for a time he took up Japanese prints and later he gathered objects from many fields of arts and crafts. He acquired a fine Chinese painting before the western world had fully awakened to the profound quality of the artists of that early civilisation.

Collecting must have been a very early activity in his life, for he told the story of how, when a small boy, he made prolonged inspection of the humbler contents of a Cambridge curiosity dealer's shop and finally decided to purchase a Roman coin for twopence, and how this conclusion of the matter drew from the proprietor the crushing utterance: "Sir, I do not thank you for your custom." From this small beginning his collection steadily progressed, and some of his choicer things have found a resting place now in the British Museum, of which he had been an elected Trustee for some years.

Bateson's artistic receptivity was not limited to those arts which claim to be styled the Fine Arts, but it carried him to connoisseurship in those lesser arts of civilisation whose cultural appeal to the human soul is through the palate.

In some ways, his was an impatient spirit and could not, in all things, keep the common touch. This failure, at its lowest level, was voiced by his confession "Before a barmaid I am dumb"; while, on an academic plane, he admitted that he found difficulty, when he was College Steward, in keeping in touch with the undergraduates' "dinner committee" and their discussion of dietary details. As it was one of the duties of the Steward to consider all their suggestions, he ended by selecting the most congenial spirit amongst them to act alone as a go-between.

Bateson was a forceful writer and often poured out his single-minded wrath on his opponents in the biological controversies round the laws of heredity or in academic flysheets on "Compulsory Greek" or "Degrees for Women" or other matters of some importance in their day. His vigour was schooled into a fine literary form bright with wit and happily-turned phrases: he could write tenderly when he chose.

The war was a terrible strain upon him. He had been in close personal relations with scientific colleagues in both France and Germany; and science was to him a higher intercourse that transcended nationality. The declaration of war not only broke most distressingly into the middle of his scientific activity as President of the British Association at the meeting in Australia in August, 1914, but was a real shock to the convictions of his intellect. Later it was to bring a

shock to his heart also. Only in quite recent years had he recovered something of his former buoyancy. Just before his death he was happily engaged in making plans for a successful meeting of the Botanical Section of the British Association at Oxford this summer. He was gratified at having been elected president of that section, although his early training in biology had only been on the zoological side.

The great decision, in his scientific career, that Bateson was called upon to make was in 1910, when he was invited to the John Innes Horticultural Institution at Merton. It did not then look as if Cambridge would provide him with endowment and facilities for pressing forward his genetical work, and so he decided, on scientific considerations, that he must accept the offer. The great work that he started there needs no record here. But Merton is an inaccessible spot and I think he did not foresee the loss of easy contact with his colleagues and with successive generations of young enthusiasts that the move from Cambridge would entail.

The loss that Cambridge science and Cambridge life was to suffer when his dominating figure had taken itself away was, however, only too clearly foreseen, with deep regret, by all his friends in College and University.

REVOLT.

Through the grey banks of rain the mountains loom,
 Storm swept and strangely tall.
 The bare lashed trees yield bending to the wind,
 Mad sweeping clouds crown all.

Wind and the rain receive me as I go,
 Greeting me strong and kind.
 Where they will lead me they alone may know
 And I alone shall find.

R.S.

THREE EPITAPHS.

On a Dead Child.

Spoiler of all his parents' hopes and fears
 Death, was it fair that thou
 Flushed with the triumphs of ten thousand years
 Should slay an infant now?

A Merry Fellow.

A cheerful thought carve in this place
 And yet my last, alack!
 Men only look upon Death's face
 Nor stay to see his back.

The Last Laugh.

I fooled you, Death, through life, for lo
 My hundredth year is past,
 And now I want to die, and so
 I fool you at the last.

A.M.

The Fo'c'sle

NO one had given Adams any orders, and so he wandered down the service passage hoping that something would turn up. At the stern was a group of meek little stewards dressed, as he was, in dungarees. Adams joined the line, took the bag of an old lady as she came on the Loat, and went off behind another steward, who seemed to know where to take the passengers. Down they went till the cabin was reached. The lady dipped deep in her bag and inquired: "Young man, are we going to have a good passage?" "Oh, we always do at this time of the year," replied Adams, reassuringly, and avoiding further conversation, he pocketed his gains and hurried off for further booty.

Someone said that an officer wanted him, so Adams climbed the stairs to the main deck and set out on a tour of the ship. Suddenly there was a bellow:

"Hi, are you the new hand?"

"Sure," replied Adams.

"Is your name Jim?"

Again "Sure," and from that time Jim he was.

"Well, you are in the port watch." And Jim, greatly illuminated by this information, began to help with the chains covered in the thick black mud of the Hudson which drew the anchor from the river's bed. The sirens blew and the ship trembled. The liner began to back out of dock. The misty line of Manhattan skyscrapers faded from sight and Jim went below, thoroughly tired, to get his share of Irish stew and apple sago.

That evening Adams was told he was to be bridgeman. In the dark his mate explained to him, in a subdued whisper, the mysteries of the bridge—the big brass navy telephones connecting with the lookouts, the control for the water-tight doors, the engine-room telegraphs, the binnacle over the cabin. Soon he understood and his mate went below. It was a clear starlit night, with the liner steaming steadily through the dark sea. There was the quartermaster on his platform at the wheel, reading the dimly-lit compasses. On either side of the cabin were the officers of the watch pacing up and down. At the masthead and in the bows were the lookouts. Everyone else was quiet.

The seamen are the aristocrats of the ship. Somewhere in the depths lurk the engineers, an unholy mixture of oil, ruffians and officers. In the stern are the stewards, servile and petty. But the seamen live close to the surface and their work is healthy and above board. They wield the holystone and scourge the decks, paint the ship and supply the watch.

What could be pleasanter than sitting in the officers' pantry drinking tea with the quartermaster, listening to his plans for the future of his children, and watching the officers fill their hot-water bottles. A great race are the quartermasters, with a quiet smile and a temper which the most tempestuous officer cannot ruffle. They have not the political instinct which makes a man a union agitator or bos'n's mate. They do their jobs conscientiously and reprove the novice for over-zeal.

Adams' cabin had four other occupants. Wilson was a politically-minded Catholic Highlander, with a passionate devotion to justice. He wanted a referendum to see whether Scotland should continue its ignominious junction with its effete neighbour. He wanted a referendum to see whether the monarchy should continue or a republic be declared. Richardson was a Glasgow man, who made up for his diminutive size by the fixed conception that he was not afraid of anyone anywhere. Brown, the third member, had been for a while to college in Scotland, and he was invaluable in solving the perplexities of the cabin, as he had done Einstein in college maths. He had, however, advanced the opinion that a seaman could live on £4 a month and henceforward his views were not considered of much value. The fourth member was a blue-eyed Irishman, who had come on board at New York, grumbling faintly about the difficulty of getting work in the United States. He drew everyone's attention by his immaculate equipment.

The second night Adams was lying in his berth listening to Wilson explaining the treachery of England. Wilson had reached the Treaty of Limerick and Adams was wondering vaguely what the Treaty was about, when a seaman sitting in the cabin began to jeer. After a while the seaman admitted that he had been in the Black and Tans. At this the Irishman, who had been getting restive, leapt from his bunk. "If I had my way I would string every king up to a lamp-post. Who sunk the *Lusitania*? The English, in order to bring America into the war. Who poured paraffin over Irish women and then set fire to their clothes? The English! I've seen them. I've seen them." And then, with flaming eyes, he held forth on gaol and the war. Suddenly he flung back his head and shouted: "I am in the Sinn Féin army. I do not care who knows." Wilson changed the topic of conversation.

Soon Adams had fallen into the routine. He learnt to polish the brass without upsetting the oil on the deck. He learnt to paint overhead without getting his hair unduly white. He learnt to restrain any exuberance he might feel when awakening officers. Excitement was still to be found,

however, in the incidents of ship life. A school of porpoises would be passed or a thick fog would envelop the boat, hiding even the bows. The captain would run short of ink or a passenger would die. A Sunday Service would be taken or a French boat would pass. There was still the joy of being told to "Ask the yeoman for some jet for cutting-in," and of disappearing downstairs to have it interpreted. Once a thoughtful officer concocted a message for Adams to take to some one at the dance on the after deck. It happened that this officer was dancing. So Adams waited.

One day Adams returned to the cabin to meet the remark, "You will admit that a quantitative difference eventually becomes a qualitative difference." The cabin had received a new addition, a small inoffensive, collarless civilian, who had hidden himself on the boat. He had arranged with his wife, who was travelling as a passenger, to supply him with food. The stowaway was immediately unpopular. His words were long, his quotations numerous and his stature diminutive. One evening, after about seven days, nine or ten people were sitting in the cabin discussing the usual subjects from Don Juan to the consistency of Evolution and the Bible. The cabin was small and several pipes were making the atmosphere dim. Everyone was a little tired by this, and the boat was rolling in a heavy swell, so that the ports were closed. Someone remarked that the Americans did not believe in Evolution. The Irishman woke up suddenly, and said: "I won't let anyone say a word against America. My passport is wrong. I am an American." Richardson promptly challenged him to produce in America so fine a football side as Greenock United. There was a pause. Wilson and Adams were moving in to hold the combatants when the stowaway jumped up. "Why should people fight all day because they happen to be born Scotch or English or American? Everyone should be international. As Turgeneff says, we are all Hamlets or else Don Quixotes."

Immediately the riot ceased. Both sides turned on the stowaway and he retired to outer darkness. Later the stowaway announced that he was Thomas Fullerton, one of the secretaries of the Workers' Communist League of America. On deck he would pace up and down nursing the baby and expounding the materialistic theory of History to anyone who would care to hear him lecture.

Eventually the liner reached the mouth of the Clyde and, with the aid of tugs, began to ascend the river. It was so narrow that it seemed as if the 19,000 ton liner were floating through the fields. Everyone was on duty hour after hour—sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. The pilot, with a cigar stuck at an angle in the corner of his mouth, rushed from end

to end of the bridge as the tugs oozed the ship round the bends in the river. The engine-room telegraphs were ringing ceaselessly. The captain and chief officer were shouting to the pilot, the telephones were buzzing with news from the tugs. Night fell and still the slow progress continued. On either side were gaunt black shipyards, brilliantly lit. The dock was reached, the *California* turned with only 30 feet to spare. On the bank crowds of little boys ran along singing :—

“ California, here I come
Way back where I started from.”

That evening the strike was declared.

CIGARETTE SMOKE.

A wisp of grey or blue—
As sudden as a woman's smile,
As quickly past :
Feminine too,
Since, soothing for a while,
It cannot last.

The smoke ascending from the glowing tip
A smile upon the full-red ruby lip.

C.O.B.

There is a sea called life—
And on its surface ripples faintly show,
Quiver a moment, break, and die away
Leaving the water still.
But in the depths that no eye sees,
And no line fathoms—
No calm, no silence.
Currents underneath race with untiring strength
An aimless unseen course upon no goal :
Wearing no rough rocks smooth
There in the deep—
Yet near the shore the shallow lapping of the slower stream
Round the small pebbles to a gentler shape.
We see the unwearied movement of the waves about
ourselves ;
We heed not all the mightier eddies of the main.

C.O.B.

“ Redeo ad mundi novitatem et mollia terræ Arva.”

I know a meadow
Where green grasses grow,
And a bank where a fellow
May see the flowers blow.

Softly I lie,
My face to the sky,
And list to the kic
Lowing near-by.

The peewits, they scream ;
The butterflies gleam ;
The whispering stream
Set me to dream.

But up on the road
Hark to the fun
Of children who run
To their abode,
Their lessons all done.

With a far-away roar
Comes the hum of a mower
Cutting the corn
Since early morn.
And see ! the sun,
His fall begun,
Over the thorn
Sinks lower and lower.

In the meadow I lie,
Where grasses are green,
And hear the birds cry
And know what they mean.

I feel the warm sun,
And see the grain won,
And smell the sweet flowers
For many sweet hours.

Then I rise and go home
To write it in rhyme
Against the cold time
When January's come.

W.H.S.

The Re-arrangement

THIS is only a love story but be not disappointed: it is a sweet tale and tells of the love of Marco Maledetto for the beautiful Gloria McBean, and how, after many difficulties and anxieties, it was crowned with felicity through the agency of Otto Hardenstein.

Marco and his Gloria lived in New York. Marco, like his name, was Italian. Gloria may have followed the suggestion of her's and been Scotch but, rather strangely, she did not seem to press this claim: she guessed New York was good enough for her, anyhow. Marco tried to write opera, and visited Gloria regularly every Sunday morning when he asked her to marry him. Every Sunday evening he returned home disappointed. "I'll say we don't hitch till you connect with the Metropolitan," said Gloria. This was the state of affairs then when our story opens and as the curtain rises, so to speak, Marco is discovered sitting at a rickety table writing his fifth unsuccessful opera: not that it is in his opinion his fifth unsuccessful opera, he is rather counting on its being his first successful one. One glance over his shoulder however will settle that little point. A word of explanation is necessary first.

Marco has come to the big moment in his opera. The hero is about to step forward, sing some rather beautiful lines of recitative and then launch out into the great tenor aria of the opera. Naturally the hero is called Marco, and more naturally the lovely subject of the serenade, Gloria. This at any rate is Marco's idea; now let us consider his masterpiece.

Scene: The garden of an ancient castle, with one lighted window casting a ray across the sward. Enter Marco. He walks down the path of light with eyes rapt and bent upon the window. He sings:—

Oh whence this feeling,
So softly now revealing
The love within me waking
All peace and joy forsaking (*Sob*)
All peace and joy forsaking.

Vagamente con molto sentimento—

Gloria! Star of my life so gently beaming
Of love, of thee, of love and thee I'm dreaming.
Gloria! Ah hear ah hear thy lover's sighing
I for thy sake, ah coldest heart, am dying
I for thy sake, ah coldest heart, am dying.

And there let us leave him till we meet him again three months later. He is sitting on the edge of a very hard chair with a rather dull expression on his face, while a large man with

an enormous cigar swiftly revolving from side to side of his mouth, is cheerfully engaged in tearing his opera to pieces, and breaking his heart at the same time. "Huh!" says the big man, "You can write a tune, but that's just as far as you go. Your plot is punk, and your words would give a tree-frog sea-sickness. Whatcha write it for, anyhow?"

Marco caught the MSS. tossed scornfully back to him, politely began to answer the big man's last question, saw that he was not listening, and departed slowly from the room. On leaving the office, not looking where he was going, he walked straight into Otto Hardenstein, the idol of Tin Can Alley.

Otto was a man of few words. "Huh," said he, and awaited an explanation. It came with a rush; Marco was Italian and at that moment speech seemed somewhat indicated. Otto grasped a few hints of the situation from the flood of words, jerked his thumb in the direction of a café, and they went in. "Let's see," said Otto Hardenstein, holding out his hand for the score. Marco opened it carefully at his precious aria and passed it across the table. There was silence for half an hour. Then Otto produced paper and began to write. Another half hour and he looked up. "I re-arranged your song," said he. "I kept your tune most places, but I borrowed some music from a stiff called Wagner. He won't object though, being dead." With this unusually long speech he passed the following effort across the table:—

I got a heartache, can you tell me why?

I can't forget no matter how I try.

And I can't sleep

And so I lie and weep

And if you listen you'll hear me cry:

My Gloria!

You're like a star whose gentle beam

Shines on my spirit's troubled dream (*Appropriate*

And all my sighing *music here*)

And all my crying

Must show you, honey, how I'm near to dying

Dying just for you.

(*Double time, boys.*)

My Gloria!

You're like a great big star in heaven above that gently

By morn, by noon, by eve, by night of you I'm always dreaming *beaming*

And all my sighing (Can you hear it, too?)

And all my crying (Can you beat it? No!)

Must surely testify to you I'm booked express for dying—
Post mortem explanations all for you.

In a month New York, man, woman and child, were singing *Gloria*, humming *Gloria*, dancing to *Gloria*, and London and Paris followed shortly afterwards. Marco made a small fortune, and, though he had hardly "connected with the Metropolitan," Gloria married him. Otto Hardenstein would not accept a cent. : "I guess the song was yours!" said he, "I only re-arranged it."

A.M.

TO CORINNA

(Who hasn't written for weeks).

Corinna dear, could I believe
That some chance word of mine
Had caused your loveliness to grieve
In silence, for a sign,
I'd be content, and soon atone
For such a mild offence;
But I, alas! have wiser grown
And fear—Indifference.

J.E.S.

THE PRISON CLOCKS

Its never quiet at night,
"Tick tock, tick tock."
I'll torture you till light,"
Says every clock.

The pendulum swings on,
So slow, so sure.
It comes and it is gone;
Death's overture.

Time bears all things away
Save memory,
But only bitter they
That stay with me.

And was I happy once?
"Sun between showers:
All life is sad," announce
The passing hours.

"Death come to me," I cry.
"Soon, soon," time mocks.
"Not yet, not yet," reply
The ticking clocks.

E.S.H.

A Dinner in Vienna

If you are an "Engländer" in Vienna, dinner with a higher middle class family, for instance that of a professor at the University, will be a most amusing affair, even though the table manners of the Austrians often seem rather repulsive. At about 1.30 p.m. you have the meal of the day, since you are certain to be going to an opera or concert in the evening; these always last from 7 or some earlier hour till 10, so you only have time for, say, a ham roll or a sausage with gravy on a paper tray, and a glass of beer during the intervals.

The Viennese are always most polite, so that on entering the dining room one exchanges "Grüss Gott" with every member of the family. You then gravely say "Mahlzeit" (a shortened form of "God bless your meal times"), and in the best circles you shake hands on getting up, repeating this formula. Even in a restaurant you stop in the middle of a mouthful to say "Mahlzeit" when anyone, whom you may never have seen before, gets up from or sits down at your table.

The actual dinner is similar to an English one: Austria has no sea coasts, so that fish is a rarity. The meat calls itself "bullock's flesh" usually, though one may also have "swines', calves' or sheep's flesh." You are supposed to eat a large number of different vegetables, for instance, lettuce, with plenty of sugar, beetroot and beans are a favourite combination; macaroni is much more popular than potatoes. The puddings have unpronounceable local names, and are chiefly made out of very stodgy suet and coarse flour, the name of which translated into English is "gravel" or "grit."

You must not mind when the mother uses her well-licked soup-spoon to help the vegetables, or when the father offers you a toothpick after the meal. But it is the children who provide the chief excitement of the meal. To start with, the mother and father only have one glass between them and the dear little boy, Georg (pronounced Gay-org) keeps on trying to get a drink out of it, too. Then when possible he seizes the sugar bowl, which is on the table, so that you may have a plentiful supply with your lettuce, and licks all round the edge of it. When not actually eating, the mother and father spend the whole time in telling Georg to hurry up. "Iss Georg," reiterates mother, shoving an extra spoonful of vegetables, with her own spoon, into Georg's already filled mouth, till the poor boy nearly chokes. In spite of all this you can be sure he will never have had enough, but would, if allowed, lick his or your plate; after finishing his soup, he pours the last drop from his

plate into his spoon, which is laid on the table so that he can use both hands for the important process. If the pudding takes the form of pancakes, his "portion," as the Viennese always call it, is cut into strips for him and unrolled, and Georg then eats a strip upwards, like a bird with a worm. If father or mother get at all annoyed with him, he rushes round from his place and tries to kiss them with his mouth full of food; in fact, in his excesses of affection he is sometimes rather liable to kiss me and drink out of my glass, too. All this time I am trying to improve my German conversation by talking learnedly about Austrian politics and music.

It is rather disconcerting to think that a Viennese staying with a Cambridge don's family might, no doubt, observe many things quite as queer to him as all this appeared to me.

P.E.V.

LE BULLE DOGGE SANS MERCI

"O what can ail thee, Undergrad,
Alone and palely reeling home?
The flicks were shut at half-past ten,
And no birds roam.

"O what can ail thee, Undergrad,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
Thy college gate has long been shut,
And the clock's struck one.

"I see a cap upon thy brow
With anguish moist and much askew;
And on thy back a tattered gown
Is split in two."

"I met a laddie on the Backs,
Full muscular—a hairy child,
His stride was long, his foot was swift,
And his eyes looked riled.

"I threw a pebble at his head,
And old tins too, and fragrant earth,
He looked at me as he did loath,
And showed no mirth.

"I fled him on a racing car,
But he pursued me all night long,
For sideways would I swerve, but he
Went never wrong.

"He caught me up in Market Street,
With panting wild and dripping brow,
And sure with language strong he said:
'I have thee now.'

"He took me to the Proctor grim,
And there I wept and sighed—too late;
And there he shut his wide, wide hand
On six and eight.

"And when he'd gone I fell asleep,
And there I dreamed—Ah! woe betide!
The hottest dream I ever dream'd
On Peas hill side.

"I saw the Newnham rowing eight
And coaches, he-males were they all;
Who cried: 'Le Bulle Dogge sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

"I saw their sweet lips in the gloam
With torrid carmine painted bright,
And I awoke and found me here
In the cold moonlight.

"And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely reeling home,
Though the flicks were shut at half-past ten,
And no birds roam."

Reviews

Calverley on Browning

A GOOD many readers of *The Eagle* will have read a good deal, nay, some of them all, of *The Ring and the Book*; but few of them can know Browning's great poem with the loving and appreciative thoroughness of which Mr. P. L. Babington gives evidence in the little book he has just published: *Browning and Calverley, or Poem and Parody* (London: John Castle, 1925). It is a pretty booklet; its whole get-up, binding, paper, print, margin and sober decoration will appeal to the bibliophile. But it has, like not

all booklets, something worth reading inside. Mr. Babington has reprinted Calverley's parody, *The Cock and the Bull*, with the lines and phrases parodied from *The Ring and the Book* on the opposite page. He claims, and pretty well proves, that Calverley must have had a minute acquaintance with the model he girded at, an acquaintance only to be explained by enjoyment of its merits. This is propounded in the charming preface, which makes us regret that Mr. Babington has not published more, of his own prose, not Calverley nor another. His thesis, with his evidence, does seem undeniable, but yet, when we come to the close of Calverley's Browningsque lines, there does peep out something this side of admiration, *surgit amari aliquid*, in their excellent mimicry :

"Excuse me, Sir, I think I'm going mad.

You see the trick on't though, and can yourself

Continue the discourse *ad libitum*.

It takes up about eighty thousand lines,

A thing imagination boggles at."

However, we too have read Browning when "the hunters were up in America," and gloomy indeed is the prophet for whom his admirers must always keep a straight face.

PREPARATION—by H. R. D. May (Selwyn & Blount).

Mr. May's book is very readable, but rather lacking in both force and originality. We never get the impression that he is "getting something off his chest." There seems to be little inspiration or purpose in the novel. We have the ever-patient Henry as the dutiful son, the unselfish brother, the hard-working barrister, the reserved lover, the tireless private soldier, and, finally, as the perfect company officer. In spite of his great and consistent virtue Henry keeps our interest and sympathy throughout; he is almost unbelievable but nevertheless very lovable. Mr. May's characters are so definite that they are unconvincing. In their descriptions there is little subtlety; we know all about them immediately they appear. The parts describing the life of an infantry company on the Western Front are the best. Here, again, we are never struck and seldom is our imagination stirred, but the pictures are ably and consistently drawn. The end is deplorably weak. Henry, whom we believed killed in the massacre of his company, is resurrected. "Henry and Stella were married in the spring . . . And now he is as busy as ever he was. Stella, his children, the other members of his family, his practise at the Bar, a score of interests, absorb his waiting hours." Anticlimax!

E.S.H.

The Eagle

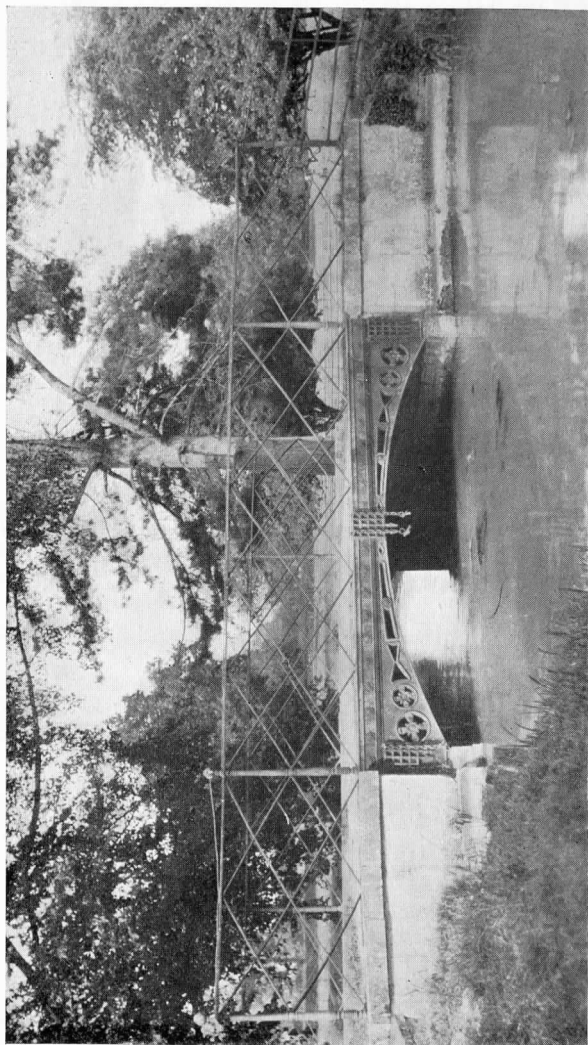
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The Iron Bridge at Quay Hall



BEFORE the artificial cut which we call the river at the backs of the Colleges was made, perhaps as long ago as the thirteenth century, the intersecting streams which brought the waters of the upper river past the west side of Cambridge converted that region into a swamp in flood times. Among these streams, now reduced to mere ditches, that which flows along the east side of The Wilderness has a good claim to be regarded as part of the ancient Cam, as we may see in the map drawn by the Master of Jesus to illustrate his paper "The Dual Origin of the Town of Cambridge" (Cambridge Antiquarian Society, Quarto Publication, 1908). This vestige of the old river is crossed by the Iron Bridge in the Broad Walk. Till the middle of the nineteenth century a second iron bridge led over the then open Bin Brook at a point quite near the gate on Queens Road. The course of the Brook is shown in plan 20 in Willis and Clark's "Architectural History" as following, in a somewhat sinuous manner, the north side of the Broad Walk to near the present Iron Bridge and then turning north to join the ditch mentioned above. Its present course in a culvert is straighter, across the Orchard to the small arch we see facing the western front of the New Court. The culverting appears to have been carried out about 1854. On this the iron bridge near the "Field Gate" was not required and it passed into the hands of Mr. Clement Francis



THE IRON BRIDGE AT GUY HALL.

of Quy Hall. The illustration is a photograph made last summer, with the kind assistance of Mr. T. Musgrave Francis, of our old bridge as it now crosses one of the branches of Quy Water in the grounds of the Hall. It will be noticed that it is in excellent preservation, and is apparently identical in design and size with our surviving Iron Bridge. The exact year of the closing in of the Bin Brook seems impossible to obtain, for the Master tells me that search in the Muniment Room and the Bursary has failed to reveal entries of the change and of the transfer of the bridge. The Bursar's books were not kept so fully seventy years ago as to-day, and Willis and Clark, in their account of the Gardens (Vol. II, pp. 234-38, 322-24), do not mention the Iron Bridges. The late President recollected walking over the second bridge to reach the Field Gate.

H.H.B.

IN THE DEAD OF WINTER.

Afar the inky river scrawls
Its monstrous pothooks on the snows,
While through the misty cloudland scuds
The raucous convoy of the crows.

The huddling sheep look nipt and shrunk
As from some ague in the air,
The blear-eyed sun blinks through the fog
As with a dotard's watery stare.

The oaks are bare, save on yon bough
Squats hedgehog-like a mistletoe,
The pasture's threadbare quilt peeps through
The ragged coverlet of snow.

Winter's dead hand is everywhere,
The mute birds have no heart to sing ;
Yet through the far woods faintly gleams
The purple promise of the Spring.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

An Indian Administrator

THERE is so little that is permanent in an Oriental city, so much in ruins, that the impression that everything is being allowed to fall to pieces can easily be taken for granted and cease to be surprising. But there is one thing that is impressive and awe inspiring, and that is the sight of European ruins in the middle of the litter of decaying native architecture. The Mount Pleasant Castle of the rich Indian merchant, with its flights of white steps, its ornate colonnades, and outpost squad of small statuettes in painful attitudes, is expected to decay in a few years. It is only meant to give a theatrical effect ; and its existence could hardly be tolerated, if its life exceeded the span allotted to any form of tinsel and gilt ornamentation. But the European with his ideas of permanence and solidity can never bring himself to build shabbily even in Oriental surroundings. India is one vast collection of deserted cities, but the European is the last man in the world to learn the lesson, and give up the impossible struggle against fate. Everything seems to start decaying within a generation.

The Town of Surat is an excellent example of this. Not so much because it is full of old European buildings, but because its spirit died years ago, and all the life went out of the place. Yet at the time when Europe first began to find its way into India in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Surat, situated nine miles up the Tapti, and 180 miles north of Bombay, was the chief port on the western coast of India. For purposes of trade, it had an advantage over Goa, the Portuguese capital, in being within the confines of the dominant Mohammedan power. It had in this golden age of its history a cosmopolitan population numbering about as many as Elizabethan Bristol or Norwich, and, of course, far greater wealth ; though, as is the rule in the East, this was all buried in the ground as a foundation of gold to a city of poor and squalid appearance. Owing to geographically simple trade routes (I cannot call them roads), Surat remained for two centuries the gateway from Persia and the West, as it apparently had been at the arrival of the immigrant Parsis, about 1000 A.D. Its prosperity tempted the Mogul Emperors to appoint a governor and customs officials, and to hire the services of a Turkish engineer to build them a fort in the city. There was one other factor which added very materially to the prosperity of the place, and that was the assurance of an adequate water supply. The story is an illuminating one. In the sixteenth century there lived in Surat a merchant

named Gopi and a man of rare genius. A genius so rare in fact that I am personally tempted to ascribe his inspiration to a sudden stroke of illness, or a careless vow to a Goddess. This man built, with great piety and at his own expense, a great tank, that the city might always be provided with water. And he further built a smaller tank outside, to prevent it being silted up with mud. For two hundred years this tank supplied all the city with water ; but at length even the great tank becoming silted up, it was abandoned. And all Surat has waited since that day for God to send another man to restore her her water.

If Surat was a rich city, it was certainly situated in a rich and populous province, the province of Gujerat. The men of this low-lying plain are for the most part frail and delicate, usually very small but exceedingly refined in appearance. By a system of an equal division of inheritance all property seems to be in the hands of very small holders. It was into one of these families that Mr. Gandhi was born. In point of fact the land was too rich ; for the patience and long suffering to be seen on the face of a typical Gujerati is, perhaps, the mark of centuries of robbery and oppression at the hands of his neighbours. To the sturdier but poorer Maratha of the hill country to the south, round Poona, Gujerat was the "milch cow" of the Deccan. It was the land placed by Providence on the edge of the Deccan as an everlasting source of booty and field for devastation.

To imagine what this country was like before the arrival of the English, it is necessary to recall the story of Shivaji. There are few striking figures in Indian history for the last three hundred years, but Shivaji is certainly one of them. He was a Maratha chief, a robber, a man of cunning, and a constant thorn in the side of the Mohammedan Government. His authority was based entirely upon a bold and successful defiance of the Moslem forces sent against him : his government rested on no principle but the power of seizing for his own purposes the revenues which were owing to the Mogul Emperors, and his success in the seventeenth century marks the beginning of the important Maratha movement of the eighteenth. Unless one remembers that he stands for the great reaction against the Mohammedan Empire, which might, had the European never intervened, have ultimately reconquered India, it is difficult to understand modern correspondence in the Indian press as to his character. He is perhaps the "King Arthur" of the Deccan ; but, unfortunately, less than three centuries have passed since the historical Shivaji lived ; and the legendary man has not had time to become the hero he ought to be by being freed from the fetters of historical fact. His greatest exploit, his meeting with Afzul

Khan, is a well-known tale. Irritated by the growing insolence of his depredations, the Emperor sent a large army under his general, Afzul Khan, to subdue him once and for all. As on previous occasions, Shivaji was not to be tempted to fight an open battle, but withdrew into the security of his hill forts : and when the proud and careless Mussulman had been lured up to the very threshold of his strongest fortress, he pretended to submit by arranging a personal conference outside the walls on some level ground. Since the Imperial army had no artillery, such action ought to have seemed suspicious, although Indian defence under Indian commanders is not often protracted even behind walls. Pratabgurh, which is the name of this fortress, is a hill of rock of impregnable natural strength. On the top of this Shivaji had strengthened with great skill the old fortifications of a large camp. The walls even on the more precipitous sides stand to-day about forty feet high. Every advantage was taken of the formation of the ground ; and sally ports were built at all angles, with a subtlety unknown to our Mediæval ancestors. It commanded all the country round, though it is not the highest peak, and, looking down 3,000 feet to the sea 30 miles away, dominated the old trade route from Bombay and the Konkan to the Deccan. To-day, with its fortifications still in perfect preservation, it is the most impressive object in an Olympic scenery, as impressive as the Alps.

After a long and painful interview with his mother, so the story runs, Shivaji went out as appointed to meet the Moslem general. Each commander was to be accompanied by a single attendant armed with a sword, but was himself to be unarmed. Shivaji being a very small man, it seemed that treachery on his part was impossible. He had, however, posted troops in the undergrowth on either side of the meeting-place, and concealed a dagger in his clothes, and the deadly tiger claws on his left hand. Shivaji, after a few words with the general, thrust the claws into his bowels, and quickly despatched the agonised man with his dagger ; then turning on the other Mohammedan who was fighting with his servant, killed him as well ; and when the Imperial troops came up to the rescue they were caught in the ambushade. It was for this piece of treachery that Shivaji gained his great name as a popular hero ; and to celebrate the event a new tower, placed as a barbican to protect the main gate, was erected with the dead man's skull under the foundation stone. This made the fort even stronger, and it is interesting to read in the *Gazetteer* that this place was made over to the English in 1818 " by arrangement "—a matter not of fighting but money.

Shivaji paid two visits to Surat. In the first he was partially successful. The Mohammedan governor shut himself

up safe in his fort, and the French attempted to buy Shivaji off. But the English and Dutch by a successful resistance were able to defend a certain part of the town. Before he returned a second time (and it is well to remember that the distance he would have to go from Pratabgurh to Surat would be about the same as from Cambridge to the Scottish Border), the city had been protected with a double wall and rampart.

This, put into a few words, was the state of Gujerat before the English came to govern as well as to trade. There was little or no security, and men lived and made money at their own risk. But on the other hand, it was the golden age of Surat. English and Dutch factory governors disputed with each other for places of precedence in ceremonial processions. European merchants wore native clothes, until they took the fatal step of bringing out their womenfolk with them, when Surat became renowned for its European tailoring. These factory men traded almost entirely on their own ; but while receiving modest salaries in two figures, dined like lords once a day in an open-air courtyard, well rather than wisely. In fact, they were not afraid of dying there, and erected mausoleums over their graves in the Mohammedan style, as big as a college gate tower.

To-day everything is changed. For economic reasons the old Surat is dead, and it has but the ghost of its former greatness. Its population has halved itself twice in a century ; its gardens are dried up ; the European element has shrunk to a handful of missionaries ; a Parsi doctor lives in the once overcrowded English factory.

The ruler of this town and of an area as large as an English county is now not a governor surrounded with oriental pomp and splendour, but an Englishman living in a bungalow a mile outside the town. This is the Collector. Imagine him, a quiet spectacled Scot, and a bachelor, always looking ill from heat and overwork, in every way a timid man with a far from overbearing personality. If ever a man has done so, this man lives in and for his work. He is cut off from society and from friends. With the exception of a few policemen in subordinate grades, he is the only Englishman among the officials of the district. Even the district judge is a Mohammedan. It is a position of vast responsibility, and therefore of infinite possibility. In the first place, as the only European in the district, everything down to the minutest detail must be at his finger tips. Indians as a rule make good and painstaking officials, but may be hampered by the social difficulties of their position, and often lack initiative force. They cannot always be trusted to act well in unforeseen circumstances and in matters of unexplained detail. " Better do nothing than something that may be wrong " is the attitude.

It is very natural, but it shelves all responsibility on to the man on top. In the second place, government in a backward province means far more than in a politically self-conscious community. Private enterprise being usually at zero, everything depends on government assistance. There are no effective pieces of local government machinery. All roads, except in a few large cities, drainage, sanitation, encroachments, land disputes and often personal quarrels come under the eye of government. And apart from what a Collector carries out under general government schemes, there is far more that he has to do solely on his own authority.

The Collector passes most of his day working in his bungalow, surrounded by papers and files. During the heat of the day, he will probably motor into the town and carry out some business in his office in the old fort, perhaps appeals from the decision of the Registrar or questions of public building. The evening is the time for the inspection of any public work that is in progress. It is a curious sight to see the Collector driving round in his own car, saluted with a political bugle salute as he passes the lines of the single native company now in Surat. In the month of marriages, which corresponds to our February or March, progress of any kind is difficult. The Hindus halve the width of the street by putting down bowls of holy water outside their doorsteps. To the Mohammedan ghari driver this presents no difficulty. He sees nothing; but yet the near-side wheel of his carriage will run straight over the line of pots with amazing accuracy. In the off season he will often keep his "eye in" when he has to go up the Collector's drive, with a little practice on his flower-pots. Often central streets are blocked for a week at a time by some marriage table spread in the centre of the street, and traffic has to find its way round impossible corners blocked with all the animals of a farmyard. Even then one is liable to be held up by some procession led by an unfortunate bride or bridegroom rocked in its nurse's arms, or held on to a horse fast asleep, or thrown into the back of a decorated motor.

Apart from his annual holiday at a European station, the Collector's great joy is his district. Once out of the town, he is only pursued by the most urgent part of his correspondence. He sets off in a car followed by his kitchen, wardrobe and household staff, and lives either in tents or in forest bungalows. Driving is a matter of great skill. The road is only partially metalled, and where a bridge has broken down, the dry nullah has to be crossed where possible.

It was one of these expeditions that I was fortunate enough to be able to follow. The destination was an old fortified town called Mandwi, about thirty miles further up the river, which has now shrunk back considerably from its old walls.

It is situated in wide forests of small timber, growing round low foothills. The place seems to be a plague spot for malaria, and the *Gazetteer* records how the original Englishmen who went to survey it about 1880 all died off within a few months. For all that, the people are lively and possessed with a considerable sense of humour; and the town itself is the most Gilbertian community I have ever seen. As a relic of the few years when it played at being a municipality on European lines, it has a full complement of drains and ditches. These are never used. Every twenty yards there is a lamp post made out of a beam in the shape of a cow's hind leg. These are never lit. At the main corner lolls a policeman in all his glory, usually as drunk as a lord, and only held in a position of sobriety while the Collector goes by.

The forest bungalow was built in a perfect position above the river, overlooking the ferry-crossing, where the women hit their washing on rocks; for every day is washing day in the East, even if the size of one's wardrobe forces one to do it naked, and there is no soap. Naturally we thirsted for a bathe. "The water is not good, it will give you the 'itch'" said one of the local secretaries. We did bathe and did not get the "itch." But next day we were told that the crocodile in that part of the stream had not had a buffalo calf for some time. The chief work of the moment was the war against the mosquito. This meant, first, the draining of all hollows likely to hold stagnant water where the insects breed; and secondly, the clearing away of undergrowth round the town, where they live. For this purpose we took long walks into the surrounding country accompanied by the head man and elders of the particular village. The cotton crop was also examined; and application for further grants of land looked into. We took one long expedition to a very distant settlement inhabited by men of one of the most backward tribes in all India. The case in point was a simple one. The wretched people had been turned off their land by a Brahmin landowner. In debt for generations, they had failed to satisfy his demands with the results of their work, most of which would naturally find its way into his pocket. He had evicted them twice and forced them to work new land, which he would in good time occupy as well. The knowledge of these tactics is not confined to India. The Philippines under American administration show results of even more iniquitous landlordism. The Brahmin was doing his best to explain that he wished to introduce what he called scientific cultivation. In point of fact the ground was scratched down to a depth of three inches, and it looked improbable that a crop of anything would grow there. Yet it seemed doubtful whether men so dominated by superstition and native liquor could ever learn an

independent economy. Though well built, they were the most wretched beings I have ever seen ; and are examples of the helpless children to be found in many parts of India who depend entirely upon the government official for protection and support. Occasionally, however, as I found at a small Durbar that the Collector held some days later, they produce a man of real genius. One had appeared the year before. He had thrown himself and all his tribe into a trance, in which they saw visions commanding them to give up eating meat and drinking intoxicating liquors, and to work harder and more thriftily. The idea spread like an infection at the usual religious speed, with the unfortunate result that they gave away or killed all the goats and fowls that had provided a large part of their subsistence. In consequence almost all had returned to the old ways of misery and despair, and only one old head man remained faithful to this strange doctrine of economic hope, to be rewarded by the Collector Sahib with a scarf of honour.

Drink in fact was at the root of most of the trouble. Owing to the abundance of the Toddy Palm in this part, public houses could be found everywhere with cheap and almost inexhaustible supplies. A man would swarm up a palm, spike it with a knife, and let the sap drain into a skin. In a few hours it would be full, and in a few more it would be ready to serve as a sickly milky-looking drink, but as potent as a whisky and soda. The revenue is for the most part taken on this drink in this neighbourhood, by the registration of each tree. It tends to discourage the lower strata of the society from indulging in a "blind" on account of the added expense, and provides as well a fruitful source of taxation.

Mandwi, however, is a gay town. It is said that in the rains even the monkeys come in and help the fun by sitting on the tops of the houses on each side of the street and throwing tiles at each other, just to prevent the roofs from becoming too watertight. I had the pleasure of seeing the place during the first nights of the festival of Holi. This is in most parts a somewhat obscene function, and takes place at the full moon in an Indian month corresponding to March. But in Mandwi it was little more than an oriental "rigger-night." The year before, the Collector had been pelted by the maidens of the village with mud not of the cleanest kind, both verbal and material. Being a reasonable man he took it in the proper spirit. This time we went round just after sundown when the bonfires had been lit right in the middle of the street, making it difficult to get by even on foot. In one group a patriarchal-looking Brahmin was preaching a sermon to the unmarried women of the village, who were squatting round him in a circle, dressed in their most gorgeous saris. In another,

all who had been married in the previous year were dancing round a blazing pole as high as a lamp post. Here we were greeted with embarrassing cheers, and made to sit down and watch in the seats of honour. A young clerk pressed a grimy piece of cocoanut into my hand and began to explain the details of the function. They then tapped us for a handsome subscription towards expenses, and cheered us off.

It is indeed a curious life. For all its solitude and the dullness of routine, it is remarkable. In spite of similarities to be found in the early Roman Empire, the position is unique in history. Certainly in itself it is very modern. It was only after the Mutiny that English officials in India became fully conscious of their responsibilities. It was only then that the administration was freed from the interests of trade, and made dependent upon nothing but moral principles. Yet in reality the death of the Company was only the outward sign. For many generations Europeans such as John Nicholson had lived and died in India to be worshipped both living and dead as gods. The worship one could admittedly spare ; but it does at least prove the soundness of that curious connection which in this age can exist between Eastern and Western man. The story is indeed a common one ; it has never become a common-place. It is told in every number of "Blackwood's" ; and told well. The high-mindedness often shown on both sides is so impressive, that one is in danger of forgetting that there are other good things that come out of the East, and that there are exceptions. Yet the European as a Christian and the Englishman as a gentleman receives an unexpected, and often unmerited, respect as such. It is easy to overrate the idea ; but important to recognise it as a fact.

But though the English administrator in India will live on for generations, yet the times are gradually changing, and the golden age of his glory is in the present. It is an age which is doing much for backward races ; doing it consciously, and doing it well. It is an age which will be remembered for this reason, and spoken of both in the dry pages of the chronicler, and at the picturesque gatherings of squatting half-clothed Orientals, in a tone of awe and romance. Both by the heat of the study fire, and by the cool of the village well will tales be told of its men. At least for some it is an age of chivalry.

M. J. H.

SONNET

As I lie waiting in the Vale of Sleep
 My faithful servitors around me throng.
 Some, decked in tinkling bells, by merry song
 And pleasant fancy, from all sorrow keep
 My weary soul. While little dark-eyed maids
 With wind-blown hair, and laughing red-cheeked boys
 Dance round and sing of Youth and all its joys,
 And call to life all childhood's long-dead shades.

But these are not my chiefer slaves, for soon
 The keepers of my Sacred Thoughts, clad all
 In gold, approach, and, 'neath a silver moon,
 They place me in a ship of dreams, and call
 My Fairy Queen, and seat her by my side,
 And watch us drift away upon the tide.

R.P.

"Nach Venedig!"

THOSE willing to perspire in a good cause should take a cycle tour, during the summer vacation, on the Continent. Many were the times we fought our way to the temporary bliss of a French Café, a German Gasthaus or an Italian lower-class Albergo, where with the keen appetites which only the true cyclist or roamer knows, we drank our beer and ate our bread in the charming atmosphere which attends the wanderer abroad. To go into details would be tedious to any but those who took part in the tour.

The route to Venice was by way of Reims, Verdun, Metz, the Vosges, the Black Forest, Konstantz, Tyrol, Innsbruck and the Dolomites, the whole of the distance being covered in twenty days—only two nights being spent under a roof, the remainder in a tent. Without the latter, much of the enjoyment would have been lost. Interested villagers, with their unbelief in these mad Englishmen, who were foolishly trying to cycle to Venice, always gathered round to watch the tent erected, so that they could tell how many it would hold, or discuss the best and most interesting route for our next day. Then the candles, our only illuminant, which amused them intensely, drew the village maidens, their curiosity overcoming their timidity. Morning light brought the solemn ritual of breakfast preparations, and ablutions in a mountain stream or under the village pump.

However, all was not easy, the climb of the Arlberg, the Dolomitan Passes, or putting up the tent in tremendous thunderstorms, and mosquitos, all had to be taken as they came.

The incidents of interest other than the wonderful scenery and cathedrals were mostly connected with food, although the charming French peasant, his more stolid German neighbour, and the undefinable Italian, all added their share. We certainly had most fun with the cheese we bought. Experiment revealed the fact that it was best to remove the rind as far as possible, when the remainder, kept at the tent mouth, would repel all dangerous visitors. Concerning jams, we had one type in Italy which was certainly a compound of turnips, sugar, and a brown colouring matter. It had the consistency of glue, and was sold by weight, wrapped in paper, and so occupied any spare room of the "kit."

As for victuals, the most varied types were sampled from time to time, but by far the best was Munich beer. It would be foolish to talk about it, since it has world-wide fame.

Concerning our return to Munich from Venice, a word might be said of Feri Rehak—a Slav—whose curious ambition it was to “globe trot” visiting all towns of more than 5,000 inhabitants in Europe, on “Donkey, horse, camel, motor-car, aeroplane, dog-chaise, snow-shoe, canoe, or any other method of locomotion.” A curiosity he was, revelling in his attainments, among them being a personal interview with Mussolini and the Ex-Kaiser.

A word may be said for the cheapness of such a holiday, the delightful freedom, and the trifling benefits of good exercise, hospitality and the sleep of the just at the end of the day.

F.O.

THE USES OF VICE-VERSITY

(Being the result of a little quiet meditation on last term's debates at Oxford and Cambridge.)

Though Oxford Woman is no more defied,
But capped and gowned,
The Union at Oxford must decide
Her colleges be levelled to the ground!
Most disillusioned Oxford,
Her colleges be levelled to the ground!

Though Cambridge Woman is denied degrees,
And far removed,
The Union at Cambridge now decrees
That woman is a thing to be approved.
Most inexperienced Cambridge,
That woman is a thing to be approved

R.S.

Est ! Est ! Est !

THE little town of Montefiascone does not lay itself out for the accommodation of tourists. It is perched picturesquely on the top of a hill ; it possesses a sixteenth century Duomo octagonal in plan and, as the guide-book says, “stupendo per grandiosità e armonico effetto” ; and the church of St. Flavian just outside the gate, consisting of two churches, one on top of the other, is interesting from an architectural point of view. Also the view of the Lake of Bolsena, a mile or so to the north, which one suddenly gets through an arch as one climbs the *via Trento*, is simply magnificent. But there isn't very much in the way of an inn. There is the *Albergo Italia* in the main square, to be sure, but it's the kind of inn that has the somewhat mysterious words “appena discreto” attached to it in the *Guida*. And so there was nothing surprising in the fact that four Americans just descended from a Rolls-Royce could hardly believe that this was the place where they were to have their lunch. Baedeker and the more up-to-date work of Mr. Muirhead were hastily consulted, but the fact remained that this was the best inn that the place could offer. The next town was miles away and they were hungry, so in they went, rather annoyed at their chauffeur for having let them down like this.

Their arrival had caused a certain commotion in the inn itself ; it's not every day that a Rolls-Royce pulls up in the square of Montefiascone. The *Italia* possesses one large public room, dark and gloomy and none too clean ; at one end is a sort of dais on which, at separate tables, four men were just finishing their lunch. Down below is the bar, and here the only occupants were the daughter of the house, busy at her embroidery, the village idiot who was addressing to her an impassioned appeal of which she took not the slightest notice, and the waiter, manipulating the coffee machine. Suddenly there were excited shouts from the kitchen regions behind ; the waiter dashed to the door, shouting to the girl to look after the *espresso* of the *signori*, and ushered in our Americans.

They were decidedly difficult, these Americans, especially their womenfolk. They sent away an excellent *zuppa* untasted, refused the *bollito di manzo*, and demanded an *omelette* —“uovo ! omelette !” “How far is it to Rome ? Are the roads decent ?” And when the waiter approached with a fiasco of white wine they refused even this : “No *vino ! Acqua !* er, *acqua minerale !*” The waiter looked hurt ; it was the last straw. Suddenly the Americans became aware that one of the lunchers had left his seat, had approached their table and was addressing them :

"You will forgive my butting in like this, but I really think you ought to try the wine of this town, if only for its associations. You see, there's a story connected with it. There was in the fifteenth century a Bishop of Augsburg named John Fugger. In those days, of course, Bishops didn't worry about their dioceses and this particular man spent his time travelling on his mule among the hill-towns of Italy. Being fond of his creature comforts his custom was to send his servant a day ahead of him to seek out the best inn, try the wine, and if it passed muster scrawl a tick, 'est,' upon the door. Then the Bishop, arriving the next day, would see the tick and enter in with confidence. Well, it came to pass that the servant arrived one day at the little town of Montefiascone, so pleasantly situated overlooking the Lake of Bolsena. He entered the Albergo Italia, and sat down to a bottle of wine. It was a white wine, delicately perfumed, rather like a muscat; anyhow it was up to standard and the servant got up without hesitation, inscribed his 'est' upon the door, returned and ordered another bottle. It *was* good wine, so good that he felt impelled to depart from his usual practice and write another 'est' upon the door. This done, he ordered a third bottle. But it really was a magnificent wine and so, draining his last glass, he added a third 'est' to the other two, and went to bed. Next morning he proceeded on his way towards Viterbo.

"Later in the day the Bishop arrived. He was a bit puzzled to see three 'ests' upon the door but, reasoning with justice that where there are three 'ests' there must be one 'est' he went in and ordered a bottle of wine with some confidence. And then he realised at once why it was that his servant had put 'est, est, est' upon the door; he ordered a second bottle, and a third, and a fourth . . . and died of a surfeit.

"The servant, halting at Rome, soon perceived that his master was not following in his footsteps; he retraced his path and found John Fugger lying dead in the pleasant little town of Montefiascone. Sorrowfully, for he was a good master, the man buried him in the church of St. Flavian just outside the gate and placed the following inscription on his tombstone—you may see it yourselves—

'Est, Est, Est, propter nimium est hic Joannes de Foucris dominus meus mortuus est.'

"And the wine of this town is called 'Est-est' to this day. But it's not so good now.

"That's all. You really should try the wine. Good-bye!"

And he was gone.



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THE traveller who wishes to see Switzerland at its best should choose a year when Easter is early and arrive towards the end of April. By that time spring-cleaning will be past, the honeymooners will be in their nests debating whether life is worth living and the natives will be celebrating local festivals—Sechseläuten, the Fritschizug or the Camélienfest.

Between Easter and Whitsuntide much domestic legislation is enacted. In small cantons there is no representative government; the whole body of voters meets for one Sunday afternoon and in that time completes the year's legislation. These cantonal *comitia* attract visitors from distant lands such as Persia, Siam, and Central American Republics, where revolutions at the week-end replace the cup-tie.

To see democracy in its simplest form one must go to Altdorf, where, on the first Sunday of May, the Urner Landsgemeinde meets in a meadow at Bötzingen. The scene recalls the overture to *Tell*, snow-capped heights with glacier-streams cascading down forested slopes, brown kine knee-deep in hemlock and buttercups, ready to migrate to the Alpine pastures, and quince-trees in blossom that throw a silver veil over red-tiled barns. These attractions are lost on the hawker who hurries to Bötzingen with a barrow laden with oranges, gingerbread and bananas, for there is no place of refreshment near the scene of assembly and therefore no inducement to hold all-night sittings.

In ancient days, when the Emperor went to Rome, the men

of Uri met him at Flüelen and escorted him to the gates of the Eternal City. In 1512 Julius II recognised the service by the gift of a banner which is still carried on supreme occasions. The place of assembly is of ancient date. Josias Sümmler, in 1645, described it as then hallowed by tradition. To the east lies the Schächental, whose inhabitants assert, like the folk of Yetholm, that they have never owed allegiance to anyone. To the north lie the Rütli-wiese and the Tellsplatte, hallowed spots of Swiss independence. And far to the south is Andermatt and the Urserental, that for long had a form of Home Rule. The cantonal colours of black and gold lend themselves to imitation by a dandelion and a black coat. But each valley has its distinctive dress: the Schächentaler wear sleeved waistcoats, the Reussler wear the prototype of "Oxford bags," the Urschner affect woollen jerseys and the men of the lake-side wear on their coats lapels embroidered by affectionate fingers.

In recent years the management of the St Gotthard Railway has built workshops in Uri, and the railwaymen have disturbed rural inertia. One of the retiring Ständeräte had been incautious of speech and his election was opposed last year. A battle of wits ensued, and the local printer had to buy more leaded type.

In the early morning of the fateful day, special prayers were said at high mass in the capital. At eleven o'clock the Landamman and beadles assembled at the Rathaus to form a procession. In front went the band, followed by a military escort guarding the cantonal banner which was entrusted to two Tellen clad in uniform suggesting the local soccer club and bearing Harsthörner (fasces) of horn and gold. The cantonal officials followed in carriages. A flippant observer might think their silk hats and black gloves a bequest of President Krüger. On the box of each carriage sat a beadle in cantonal uniform. To the beadles is entrusted the duty of counting votes on a show of hands, and if they cannot agree a poll is necessary.

Parliament met in a wooden amphitheatre surrounding a turf plot on which were placed two chairs and a table at

which the cantonal secretary sat guarding the book of the Statutes and the Cantonal Seal. Against fasces, whilst the cantonal colours covered the piled drums.

The proceedings opened with the King's Speech delivered by the retiring chief magistrate, which ended with a eulogy of departed citizens. Thereupon the company rose and stood uncovered for the space of five Paternosters and five Ave Marias. It must be noted that when the chief magistrate entered, no one uncovered, for they were all co-equal sovereigns. At one time voters came wearing swords as emblems of sovereignty and means of voting, but the sword has been replaced by the umbrella—a better defence against rain and a more dangerous weapon in peaceful moments.

One wonders whether Milton saw a Landsgemeinde meeting and tried to describe a vote by show of sword when he wrote:

He spake: and to confirm his words outflow
Millions of flaming swords drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim.

It is usual for the Landamman and his Statthalter to change offices yearly, but a sign of coming events was a departure from this custom. The new Landamman was chosen and at once sworn in with upraised hand. Then the hustings opened. Rude though dress and delivery might be there was a simple dignity that marked the proceedings, and the new Landamman conducted the meeting with great skill and conspicuous fairness. Demosthenes and Cleon got respectful audience, but they failed to convince the meeting. Three times a show of hands was demanded, and three times the beadles declared the result indecisive. So a poll was necessary, an event, which rumour said, had not happened since 1888.

The amphitheatre was cleared of voters and all entrances but two were blocked by the military. Through the two open doors the voters passed in to be counted by the Landsräte. As the benches refilled, those in the top seats began to clamber down outside and mingle with the crowd again. So parliamentary practice is not an absolute crudity in Uri.

A. J. P.

THE SILENT DON

WHAT meditation fills this noble head?
 What problem knits this brow of classic height?
 What deep, Platonic thoughts are they that shed
 Through these unseeing eyes their airy light?
 This mouth so firmly shut, is it because
 The mind within has now transcended speech,
 And ponders wordless, sempiternal laws
 Far, far beyond our puny mortal reach?
 This solemn step and mortuary mien,
 This walking trance, is this indeed the sign
 Of one who on Parnassus' height has been
 In converse with the gods, like them, divine?
 Who'er he is, whate'er he ponders, I
 Wish that my greeting might have some reply.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

I WATCHED a great processional of souls
 Go winding down the avenue of night,
 A listless crowd impelled to unsought goals
 They plodded by beneath the gusty light.
 Old men time-wearied, young men spirit-bent,
 Grey women gaily hideous with paint,
 Girls seamed with sadness through their merriment,
 And thousands more, uncomprehending, faint,
 Their vague white faces vaguely touched with pain.
 Of all these one will haunt me till the end:
 A blind old beggar tapping with his cane;
 The tired voice; hands which groped as for a friend
 In that self-darkness where no friends are met.
 I let him pass, and I shall not forget.

W. B. W.



A CLIMBING PARTY



A MOUNTAIN CAMP

THE CAMBRIDGE EXPEDITION TO EAST GREENLAND

THE Cambridge Expedition to East Greenland in 1926 consisted of a party of eight Cambridge men in the chartered Norwegian ship *Heimland*, 65 tons net. The ship sailed from Aberdeen at the end of June, making Jan Mayen Island five days later. The unusually short space of three days was sufficient to navigate the ice-pack brought down by the Polar Current: this year favourable winds and abnormally good weather made the passage of the ice a comparatively simple matter. The East Greenland coast was reached on July 11th in the neighbourhood of Pendulum and Sabine Islands ($74^{\circ} 30' \text{ N. Lat.}$).

About ten days were spent on Sabine Island in order to determine gravity by means of the Seconds Pendulum. The observatory consisted of two tents, each with a floor space 7 ft. \times 7 ft. The actual observing took six days, and was favoured by an almost continuous coastal fog which kept the temperature uniform. The longitude of Sabine Island was also taken, and is of importance inasmuch as claims are made that the whole mass of Greenland has drifted west since the longitude of Sabine Island was first determined by Captain Clavering in 1823.

The remainder of the month of July was spent in the neighbourhood of Clavering Island and Loch Fyne, a region only once previously visited, in 1823. The area was carefully mapped, and many fresh discoveries made, including a large new inlet, provisionally named Granta Fjord. Numerous remains, pointing to former inhabitation by Eskimo, were found, such as tent-rings, fox-traps, graves and winter houses of stones. Many of the latter were excavated, and implements found, mainly spear-heads of bone, stone arrow-heads, and harpoons. Children's toys, and human figures carved in wood were also collected. The finds indicate a people that has *never* had any contact with Europeans, and must have died not more than 100 years ago: this disappearance of a

people so peculiarly suited to the Polar environment was probably due to migration or failure of food supply, brought about, possibly, by climatic changes.

Taking a southerly route from Clavering Island, the expedition reached Franz Josef Fjord. This fjord, over 100 miles in length, was discovered by Lieut. Payer, the Austrian, in 1870. With Professor Copeland, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, he climbed Payer Peak and sighted Petermann Peak many miles to the west. The Cambridge party were anxious to make an attempt on Petermann Peak, and made a long reconnaissance, but the main peak was too far distant with our limited time, many mountains and glaciers intervening. Its height was found to be just over 10,000 ft., but it is only one of many high peaks in a great mountain area. The mountaineers of the party had to be content, therefore, with climbing somewhat lower peaks (7000-8000 ft.) round the head of the great fjord. The scenery of this region is quite exceptional and may ever be regarded as unsurpassed. Icebergs crowd the waters of the fjord, but it is only rarely that glaciers reach the sea margin: little snow appears to fall, and the snow-line is in general as high as 4000-5000 ft. Vegetation is not unabundant and gives pasturage to many herds of Musk Oxen—the rarest of the large European mammals. The Musk Ox is closely allied to the sheep, the only resemblance to an ox being its size. It is essentially a climbing animal, and appears only to thrive in regions of intense dryness, such as Franz Josef Fjord.

On leaving the fjord the expedition resumed the mapping of the outer coast and extended the charting southwards to 72° N. Lat. This region—Geographical Society's Island and Traill Island—has never been visited since sighted from forty miles out at sea by the Whitby whaler, *William Scoresby*, in 1822. That the Cambridge party reached the coast was a stroke of good fortune, which can hardly be repeated. In all, the expedition explored over 200 miles of new coast, discovering many new fjords and islands. The course was set homeward in the last week of August, and Aberdeen reached on September 8th.

J. M. W.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLLEGE

THOMAS' schemes are all very well, but he is too fond of getting me to help with them. He is always rigging up some kind of apparatus worthy of Heath Robinson—which never works; for instance, at his prep. school he tried to make a steam-engine with a cocoa tin for a boiler and a cardboard cylinder. I will say for him that he is just as happy whether his models work or not, so that when this failed he soon turned on to an organ with paper pipes, which achieved a moderate degree of success. One of his latest efforts is a set of organ pedals which he has attached to the keys of his unfortunate piano by strings and wires: if you kick at these ramshackle pieces of wood he calls pedals a string breaks; he then mends it, and after considerable rattlings and creakings shows you that the pedal will play a piano note if treated kindly.

But of course his talents find their chief scope in photography: he showed me once with pride a photograph of one of his indulgent sisters with three arms and, apparently, a beard, being not at all disconcerted with his having taken two photos on the same plate. I am glad to say that he has found out by now that he cannot make cameras, but yesterday afternoon he dragged me in to see his wonderful plan for taking a self-photograph. A tripod with the camera was tied to a chair with string (Thomas' chief standby), the chair was tied to a door-handle with rope, a piece of string led from the camera shutter to a hook screwed into the floor, and from there, by means of various old ropes and wires knotted together, to a second hook beneath the piano pedals. He proposed to photograph himself at his piano by pulling the string with his foot; so after much focussing, and tying of knots, etc., he attached the string to his shoelace, seated himself in position and carefully lifted his foot and pulled—till his shoelace broke. At last, however, he got the shutter to pull open; after several seconds' exposure it did not close owing to the strain, so he hastily kicked off his shoe and rushed over to

the camera to shut it. He appeared quite satisfied that the photo would turn out well in spite of his movements in front of the camera.

I went in to-day to get him to come for a walk, but found him engaged in the important process of developing his plates. He was delighted to see me, as he wanted someone to help him: the hypo was to be made up in his kettle and the developer in a spare milk-jug. I enquired if he was going to develop in his porridge plate, but, apparently, he had got one old dish, and his bedder's basin was to be used for fixing in. While he was thus engaged, I innocently tried to pick out "Valencia" on his piano, whereupon two pianos, two gramophones, bagpipes and a penny whistle opened fire in neighbouring rooms in retaliation. Trinity Choir also started to practise an anthem just across the lane, as Thomas keeps over the secret passage leading to the bowels of the kitchens. He then called me in to block up the window of his gyp-room with gowns; the cracks beneath the door were to be stopped up with his pillows, and I suggested that he should hang his square over the keyhole. Thomas' gown is far from opaque, but I dare say he imagines that any light it lets through will be black, and so will not affect the plates. He made room for his dishes among the tea-things and gas-ring, and then turned out his lamp, and started to chase my luminous wrist watch, thinking it was a crack through which light was coming. When I had satisfied him by taking it off, he found that he had left the plates outside, so the pillows had to be removed and the whole thing started again. At last the developing began, the red light was turned up, and Thomas counted the seconds feverishly till the image should appear: at sixty seconds he began to get rather worried, and at ninety suddenly discovered that he had used his milk instead of the developer, so the plate had to be washed in his water-can before starting again. Of course, while doing this, he dropped it and had to spend a minute fishing for it at the bottom of the can. Having found it, the developing really got going, and he called me in great excitement to see the negative appearing: our heads bumped violently together—Thomas'

head is harder than mine—Trinity Choir sang "Amen" for at least the hundredth time. I enquired how much longer we had to stay here being suffocated by the fumes from his lamp; he told me only six minutes, as the developer was rather cold, and he was rather annoyed when I asked if I might smoke. However, he at least soon became quite happy discoursing on his plans for making a gramophone, using a cigar box as his soundbox, and making a motor out of a lead weight on a string. Even six minutes comes to an end sometime, so he put the plate in the hypo, and opened up the window and poured his developer out before starting on the next one. We had "black game" in Hall next night, so I strongly suspect that it was on its way to the kitchen at that moment beneath us. He had just started to develop the next plate when there were thumps outside, and Thomas' bedder shoved open the door and peered in, which rather did for that negative—the Trinity Choir struck up a *Te Deum, fortissimo*. Luckily it was the last plate, so we examined the negative of the wonderful self-photograph: this showed a rather blurred Thomas with at least six legs, just as if he was pedalling at high speed.

Meanwhile, his bedder washed up his plates in hot hypo, while Thomas, completely satisfied with his success, turned his versatile energies to his gramophone plans. I am afraid he is incurable.

P. E. V.

THE FELLOWS' FEAST

By an UNDERGRADUATE indeed, in whom there is no HALL

FELLOWS are, I do not doubt,
Extremely worthy creatures;
Useful men to have about,
Men who can be pointed out
To visitors who love to rout
In old archaic features.

We do not mind them in the least
 Until they have a Fellows' Feast, . . .
Until the Fellows' Feast.

The Fellows' Feast! The Fellows' Feast!
 North or South, or West or East,
 Was there ever such a crime
 In the chronicles of Time?
 O, the cruel horrid wrong!
 The college boys, four hundred strong,
 Now are banished, one and all,
 From their well-belovèd Hall,
 From the Hall where, day by day,
 Their Spartan fare they put away,
 Because the Fellows (O, the beasts!)
 Must tend their Fellowships with Feasts.

O, horrid wrong! O, dreadful deed!
 E'en now the Fellows feast and feed.
 I hear the sound of Fellows' jaws
 Champing behind the fast-closed doors.
 I hear the strident raucous notes
 Of wine in academic throats.
 I hear the talk. And this, 'tis plain,
 Is not in academic vein.

The mighty Fellows, one and all,
 So occupied within the Hall,
 Give not a thought, nor host nor guest,
 For those that they have dispossessed,—
 Those helpless youths, four hundred strong,
 To whom they do this bitter wrong,
 Whom fifty Fellows, in their pride,
 Have turned this dinner-time outside,
 Who wander still with hungry thoughts,
 Annoyed and hall-less through the courts,
 And curse and imprecation bellow
 Upon the very name of Fellow.

Fellows are, we do not doubt,
 Extremely worthy creatures;
 Useful men to have about,
 Men who may be pointed out
 To visitors who love to rout
 In old archaic features.
 We like them well. . . until the beasts
 Inflict us with their Fellows' Feast.

R. S.

EAGLE INTERVIEWS

PROFESSOR J. M. CREED

I HAVE always had the greatest admiration for the newspaper interviewer. He treads a path far more difficult than that of the reporter, whose only task is the collecting and collating of factual evidence, or of the writer of obituary notices, who indeed is free to say what he pleases on his subject, sure in the knowledge that his victim can take no action against him. Your interviewer, however, must not only face the object of his attention, which for one of humble disposition is embarrassing enough, but also must wring blood from an often unwilling stone. His imagination must be strictly subordinated, a repression which may have the direst results, and he is unable either to express, with the brief period of contact allowed him, his subject's real opinions or to put forward his own, under cover of a more august name.

So it was with no small trepidation that I approached the portal which protected Professor Creed from the outside world. Armed with a trusted colleague and an American accent I demanded audience, hoping that the majesty of my note-book might carry the bluff through.

Remarking that he considered *crème brûlée* as his favourite sweet and that he was inordinately fond of the music of Händel, although not an enthusiast of Samuel Butler, whom he considered a warped character, the Professor waved us to our respective seats. A faint smell of sulphur which per-

meated the room as he uttered so heretical a remark not fifty feet from Butler's abode as an undergraduate, was quickly removed on his assurance, in answer to my question, that he considered the disappearance of bowler hats largely due to the popularity of the automobile. Now completely put at our ease we managed to extract a few details of a biographical nature.

He was born on Oct. 14th, 1889, in the town of Leicester. He chose the town in preference to the country, as he was no hunting man, and who shall say that his judgment was not sound in selecting as birthplace the site of an abbey connected with the name of Cardinal Wolsey. His first years, we gather, were uneventful and were filled with the acquirement of culture and learning, more particularly in this University at Gonville and Caius College. Not content with what England had to offer he proceeded to Germany, and tales are still told in Göttingen of his prowess. There he first learnt the art of drinking beer, an accomplishment which he has never lost. His mug, standing a head taller than its neighbours, is still preserved amongst the treasures of the Ratskeller, flanked by those of Heine and of Bismarck.

Returning in 1913 to his native land, he was ordained, and was appointed to a curacy in Bradford. He was elected a Fellow of Gonville and Caius in 1914, and was for a while one of the chaplains to the military hospital in Cambridge. From 1917 he served as Chaplain to the Forces in France, and returned to Cambridge as Dean of St John's in 1919. It is needless to relate his further career till his election to the Ely Professorship of Divinity in November last. He is now to be seen perambulating a Norman drawing-room, warming his hands at a fifteenth-century fireplace beneath the shadow of Ely Cathedral.

At this point my notes become obscure. There is a reference to birds' nests, which apparently does not point to any ornithological or roof-climbing propensities, but which, I read, when coupled with a later note, that he is a near relation of the Irishman who was always an enemy of the Government, as being a reference to the Chinese situation.

When asked what object he thought might best be removed from the College, he refused to say, but volunteered the remark that he preferred plus fours to flannel trousers, and either to the bagpipes. Needless to say he is bored by the Movies, but is an industrious reader of Jane Austen. A weakness for the eighteenth-century novelists, Fielding in particular, was also revealed. Otherwise we gathered that, with the exception of the works of Thomas Hardy, and the *Old Wives' Tale*, although he might borrow the moderns he was certain to return them. Again at our ease, we found that tennis, architecture, travel and golf are his recreations, and Matthew's Café his favourite restaurant.

Unable to elicit further information of a more compromising nature we respectfully withdrew, closing the door softly behind us.

His cigarettes are those of a connoisseur.

PASSER MORTUUS

PROPE flumen in arbore parvula avis
 Canit, "Heu! miserum miserum!"
 Ego, "Talia qua ratione canis,
 'Eheu! miserum miserum'?"
 Rogo, "Dic, furibunda doles animo?
 Male vermiculos geris in stomacho?"
 Capite ille suo abnuvit exiguo,
 "Eheu! miserum miserum!"

Ferit in foliis residens gremium,
 Gemit, "Heu! miserum miserum!"
 Sudore rigante supercilium,
 "Eheu! miserum miserum!"
 Suspiria magnaue murmura dat
 Et in aequora se fera praecipitat:
 Sibi fata dedit, sed in alta volat
 Sonus, "Heu! miserum miserum!"

Certo scio nomina, nec dubito,
 Mea non "miserum miserum!"
 Certum est violatus amore fero
 Gemit, "Heu! miserum miserum!"
 Ita frigida si maneat animo,
 Simili, neque causa latebit, ego
 Fato moriar, neque forte dabo
 Vocem, "Miserum miserum!"

E. C. W.

CALIFORNIA

MONDAY was the day of the Annual Clearance Sale at Bullock's. The employees had been warned to come early, and at eight o'clock they were already running upstairs and crowding into the main hall for a monster enthusiasm-raising P. Rade. To-day they were going to make a new record.

Ten years ago Mr Bullock had opened his modest dry-goods store on Broadway Hill and Seventh Street. That was yesterday. To-day Bullocks owned nearly a block with three ten-storied buildings covering over 700,000 square feet. And to-morrow? who could say? Bullocks already had offshoots in Paris and Vienna and Tokio. The worthy Hale director addressed the meeting in confident mood. For the firm he saw unending expansion; for the assistants new automobiles and better bungalows, the reward of faithful service. And the employees shared their director's enthusiasm. Loudly they sang "Yes! we'll rally round the flag, boys; we'll rally round again," and they inspected with relish the dresses and underclothes which were passed round to show what excellent quality the firm supplied. An illustration was shown in which the director burst his braces in ringing the bell of Success by hitting the nob of Sales with the hammer of Strenuous Labour. Everyone cheered, and after singing a final "Columbia! Gem of the Ocean," the assistants raced back to their departments chattering brightly with their pockets full of pamphlets—

"Do NOT say 'Reduced To-day' when it is not reduced," "Do NOT say 'It is all wool' when it is a mixture of wool and cotton," "Do not use a lip-stick in business hours—it is bad taste," "Be courteous to your customer," "Develop Personality in Salesmanship," "Remember the Bullock Ideal."

The struggle at the sale continued for ten hours with a half-hour break while the employees followed a tail into a "Good Eats" automatic cafeteria. Each followed the Bullock Ideal in his own way. Cheerful, flustered, impatient, methodical, each in his way dealt with the seething, bustling crowds that streamed down the alleyways, fingering everything and enquiring about everything. Pushing through the crowd to the checking and wrapping-up desk, pacifying irate customers, making up elaborate sales checks with numbers and duplicates, the time soon passed. The last straggling customer was induced to leave; the shop was cleared and prepared for the morning and the employees clocked out.

What a mixture is this Los Angeles! 500,000 in 1915, 1,000,000 in 1925. Here are stalwart Norwegian sailors from the port of San Pedro and scowling Mexican labourers from the ranches, thick-lipped negro waggon-drivers and Philippinoes trying their fortune. Here come disgruntled foreigners and sleek young American hopefuls wanting to make money quickly. On First Street are the pool rooms of the Chinese, as strong as they were in San Francisco before the fire. And here on the outskirts of the city are lines and lines of bungalows and shaved palm-trees, the fulfilled ambitions of retired farmers from the Dakotas who have come to end their lives in the sun of Southern California, and retired storekeepers from Idaho.

How desolate is this humming city! The long streets have nothing to relieve their endless monotony, but an occasional expensive terra-cotta office building whose only claim to distinction is its size. The city has no centre; its little river is inconspicuous; and even such small hills as exist have become featureless, with undistinguished buildings and tunnels designed to facilitate business by keeping traffic as much as possible on one level. Here are chiropractors and latter-day

saints. Here is Groumont's million-dollar cinema, where the whole orchestra plays on a lift to save its members the trouble of retiring. Here Aimée McPherson holds crowded revivals continuously, though almost every paper on the Pacific shore has exposed her. Here dwells the violence of Upton Sinclair and the genius of Professor Millikan. Everywhere is excitement, hope, unrest, experiment—a hectic search for the new and the distinctive. One cannot even cross the road in Los Angeles without police permission. And through everything is a bubbling, thoughtless, self-confident enthusiasm. This "celluloid city," this Marseilles without the sea coast, this twentieth-century Chicago—this is "The City of our Lady the Queen of the Angels."

And yet how wonderful is it that all these people should be here at all! When Dana sailed the Californian coast in his schooner in the 'forties Los Angeles was a little Spanish village unworthy of notice. Even now the landscape looks empty where the hand of man has not changed it. The mountains are bare and the scorched plains are bare. They are broken only by dazzling white concrete roads and gaunt black oil derricks, realtors' plots laid out to attract the growing population and gardens watered from hundreds of miles away—the other side of the mountain. Few are the pines and century plants which grew here before there was a city. Now all the roads are flanked with palms from Arabia and palms from the Canaries, delicate blue-flowered pepper trees and spreading cedars of Lebanon.

It is all open and all artificial—often the conscious striving after uniqueness of Holywood, the oft-described, with its Chinese palaces and Egyptian temples. And yet such things needs must be in a new country. Away from the harsh bungalows of the suburbs are the beautiful Spanish houses of Pasadena with enclosed courtyards and bright red roofs and gardens, cool beneath the summer sun. Up into the valleys run the fruit farms with stoves to keep the trees warm in case of frost, and oranges hanging on the trees nearly the whole year round. There is the desolate eucalyptus, with its awkward hanging leaves, its many-coloured bole and its

flowers orange, carmine and magenta. And there are the mountains where it is possible to sit in the warm clear moonlight and listen to the orchestra playing Massenet beneath.

D. S. H.

"WHATCHER"

An entirely new song—TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

OF all the salutations that delight the human race,
From the formal "How d'ye do?" to osculation of
the face,

The suburban "Cheeriho," or the colonial "Pleased to
meetcher";

The strong and silent palm, or diplomatic change of feature,
There's nothing half so eloquent can charm a British ear;
There's nothing that so savours of the British mug of beer
As the raucous rousing greeting of an Englishman's "What
cheer!"

But there are times and places when I'm apt to cut up rough—
When a mouldy fellow breaks my back and hails me "What-
cha, tough!"

A reading-room may be a place where 'tis both right and
fitting

For gentlemen with greasy throats to ease their springs with
spitting.

But in the early morning "moderation" is my motto;
When skimming through the *Morning Post* I do like "voce
sotto."

I love my tasty College Hall, as every Johnian must.
I love to stamp upon the boards, and fling the sportive crust;
But a "whatcheration" chorus!—Come, sir, do you think
it right?

(A noise one hears in any case in Court all day and night.)
Hall is a place for genial talk not cheap and heedless gushing:
Punctilious greeting of such kind oft leaves its victim
blushing.

But for songs of health and lung-power there's a proper
paradise.

What were the baths put up for but vocal exercise?

Come, try a song yourself, sir, come, ease the cold shower's
shiver:

There's nothing quite so spiriting and helpful for the liver.

Come, join our "brighter bath club" and raise the loud
refrain,

To the harmony of hissing taps, the gurgling of the drain:—

There's nothing half so potent can split a bather's ear,

There's nothing that so banishes the sum of last night's beer,
As the raucous, rousing greeting of a

What-What-What-What-Cheer!

M. J. H.

CATS AND DOGS

TO be forced to quote Herodotus in full is a melancholy sign of the degeneration of classical learning in this University; yet it is not to prove change that I quote him, but to prove similarity. He tells us that the inhabitants of Egypt deified cats and dogs and held them sacred: "In whatever house a cat dies of a natural death" are his words, "all the family shave their eyebrows, but if a dog dies, they shave the whole body and the head. All cats that die are carried to certain sacred houses, where, being first embalmed, they are buried in the city of Bubastis; and all persons bury their dogs in sacred vaults in their own city."

The picturesque ceremonies have gone. To-day, the only reminder of an erstwhile pet is a stone in the back garden whereon is tersely engraved:

TIM

Aged 14

For in this unromantic age we have abandoned all ceremonies save those of the Roman Church and the Boy Scouts, but our cats and dogs we have not abandoned; from Manx to Alsatian they are still our faithful Penates, and still ideally

fill their position, for who is not satisfied with a god that can be led on a chain and called to heel? Still more, who is not satisfied with a religion whose commandments—in deference to the peculiar egotism of the British temperament—invert the usual precedence of the Divinity over Man, and proclaim "Love me, love my dog"?

It is, then, no more than we should expect that cat and dog have become among the commonest words in our language: children are taught to revere them from their first spelling lesson, while every passing shower will produce a reference to the divinities. From a literature full of references to cats and dogs I choose a few lines from one of the many adulatory hymns to the feline deity:

*Cats cannot fly,
Nor can they die,
But they can sing
Like anything.*

What they say is true. It is also true that cats can spit, emit sparks if rubbed the wrong way, and see in the dark; more remarkable than these, they always drop on their paws. At Kilkenny, too, they are apparently gifted with the curious ability to eat each other up—right up, I mean; but for myself, I believe the story to be untrue.

The word cat indicates the female of the species, dog the male; yet, by a curious paradox, it is women who are cats and men who go to the dogs.

But enough of light chatter. I seek to show the conservatism of religion, for though moons may wax and wane, and men may come and go, the gods keep still their accustomed places. The Bonzo and Felix (or whatever be their names) that we know are as superstitious but albeit as divine as the mummied cats and as Horus of five hundred years before Herodotus.

R. H. B.

TO A POSEUR

YOU wrapped the tattered remnants of your pride
 About you like the Purple and defied
 The world with pretty mock-heroics. We
 Smiled at that hard-achieved fatuity.

NOON

AT noon he left us for an hour or two,
 And called "Goodnight!" then laughed at what he'd said.
 We still are waiting, for the word was true:
 His noon gleamed on the margin of the dead.

A TWELVE

IT chanced that
 Within the hollow of her gracious hand;
 I prayed to her to strike a little late:
 "Oh, right you are!" (I knew she'd understand).

VIOLETS

AN old man selling violets in the rain;
 A tired old man, for whom the flaunting grace
 Of such cheap wares is mockery of pain
 (Spring in his hand, and winter in his face)...

W. B. W.

SAMUEL BUTLER'S
SHEEP-BRAND

IN *The Eagle* for April 1925 (Vol. XLIV, No. 194) there appeared an article by me about Butler's sheep-brand at Mesopotamia, N.Z. The article reproduced a letter from Mr Kenderdine of Auckland telling me that he had recently

come across a rare book, *The Brand Book of Canterbury*, from which it appears that Butler used as a brand for his sheep a silhouette of a common kitchen candlestick. I sent a copy of this article to Mr L. G. D. Acland, who is interested in Butler and his life in the colony, and have received two letters from him, copies of which follow:

Cecil Peak Station,
 Lake Wakatipu,
 New Zealand.

December 6th, 1925.

DEAR MR FESTING JONES,

I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter about my article on Mesopotamia, also for the copies of your articles in *The Eagle*, which interested me greatly.

I am shearing at my Otago Run just now and have not a copy of my "Press" Run notes here. I forget if I said that after Butler sold Mesopotamia, the brand was changed to a diamond, I think by the Campbells.

The old brands (iron, with which the brand is impressed on the sheep) were still at Mesopotamia in McMillan's time. Next time I see the present owners I will try to get them to send you one for the St John's Collection, if they haven't already done so.

I daresay the last time they were used was in 1898 when I bought some sheep from McMillan and drove them right through his Run into the Mackenzie country. He lent me the old candlestick brand and I marked mine so that I could tell any stragglers from his own sheep.

I am sorry your illustrator didn't make a better job of it. He evidently hasn't done much sheep-branding himself!

It was the custom on stations to make candles out of mutton fat. The wicks were stretched in the moulds first and then the hot fat poured in. Very smelly and beastly they were. When candles ran out in camp they used a "slush lamp"—as you describe. A tin, half full of earth to stop it cracking, was filled with mutton fat, and a wick of wool or a piece of rag stuck in it.

When I have finished my Canterbury Run notes, I intend to publish them in book-form. I shall certainly send you a copy a
 Cambridge.

Again thanking you.

Yours sincerely,

L. G. D. ACLAND.

Cecil Peak Station,
Lake Wakatipu,
New Zealand.

Sept. 23rd, 1926.

DEAR MR JONES,

I was at Mesopotamia the other day and told the manager that I remembered some of Butler's old brands lying about the yards. He told me I could have them if I could find them, which I did, and am sending you one home and keeping the other myself as a memento.

I think there is no doubt about their being the actual irons Butler used. They were always said to be so, and the station brand was changed soon after he sold the place. They are slightly differently made to present-day brands.

In an article of yours, which you sent me, you spoke of putting the brand on Butler's books.

In Butler's shepherding days, I think sheep were only branded in red or black, but several colours are used now—including yellow—so if you go on with your plan, gold would be in quite good taste. However, if it matches the binding you choose, I think, either red or black would be better. You will, of course, have to reduce the size, but you should be careful to keep it to scale. I have traced out a copy to shew you how the brand looks on a sheep, but you could see better by dipping the face of the brand very lightly into paint and pressing it on to a piece of sacking.

You will be sorry to hear that the old cob hut has fallen down. I just got under the roof by going on hands and knees. The whole place is very much overgrown now with trees. A young friend of mine, who drove me up there (you can take a car up the south side of the Rangitata now), wrote a description of the place for the "Sun," which I am sending you.

I have not my books here, but I think in your introduction to Butler's Note-books, you speak of a number of notes on sheep-farming, which he left. I have for many years collected the history of the Canterbury Runs, and wonder whether you or the St John's College people would allow me to have these copied. I should not, of course, publish any extracts from them without permission.

By the way, Professor Wall of Canterbury College tells me that he is writing a short biography of J. D. Enys—a N.Z. friend of Butler's. The connection is rather remote, but if you would care for a copy when it comes out, for your library, I will send you one.

With kind regards,

Yours very truly,

L. G. D. ACLAND.

Since receiving Mr Acland's second letter the sheep-brand has arrived and I am now sending it accompanied by the originals of his two letters to St John's College, in the hope that it will be found of interest by all who visit the Butler Collection there. It will be noticed that there is still a little sheep's wool adhering to the handle. My notion of putting a representation of the candlestick on the volumes of the Shrewsbury Edition of *Butler's Complete Works* was not intended to be taken seriously; besides which, as I said in *The Eagle* article, it could not have been adopted, because we did not know of the brand until it was already too late to use it for the books. The old cob hut means Butler's hut at Mesopotamia, which was blown down in a storm during the summer of 1925; a representation of it occurs in the *Memoir* and again in Vol. xvi of the Shrewsbury Butler (*Erewhon Revisited*). As to Butler's "Notes on Sheep-farming," I had to tell Mr Acland that they are not really numerous, and that I reproduced all that seemed to me worth publishing in the *Note-Books* (1912).

HENRY FESTING JONES.

February, 1927.

COLLEGE NEWS

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

President: THE MASTER. *Permanent Treasurer:* MR E. CUNNINGHAM. *First Boat Captain:* G. M. SIMMONS. *Hon. Secretary:* R. A. SYMONDS. *Second Boat Captain:* G. I. B. DICK. *Additional Captain:* L. V. BEVAN. *Junior Treasurer:* R. H. BAINES.

OUR three fresh Trial Caps, together with L. V. Bevan, were all brought up early this term by the C.U.B.C., but the last named was the only one chosen for the 'Varsity boat. May we congratulate him on rowing for the second time in the same place.



Frosch im Laub und Grill im Gras,
Verfluchte Dilettanten!
Fliegenschmuck und Mückennas,
Ihr seid doch Musikanten!
Faust, Part 1.

When the Singers had made their ascension
I feel it my duty to mention,
In a curious pose
He beat time with his toes
And they paid not the slightest attention.

THE EAGLE

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No. 200

EDITORIAL

THE advance of years, happily, has not so crumbling an effect upon a person or upon a magazine as it has upon a building. As I write, my tower sways in the wind and I have only to look out of my window to see the tarpaulin and scaffolding camouflage that hides the Library. I look into Second Court and see more scaffolding. But although the College is trembling about us, the *Eagle* is still in its prime, and one permanent advertisement on the Hall lantern has received a new coat of gilt. This term the *Eagle* is two hundred numbers old.

Two hundred numbers represent a very fair amount of graduate and undergraduate effort. This year it has been decided to produce only two numbers each year. The production of the October Term number must have been one of the more obvious of the mysteries of the craft and we can hardly shed a tear at its demise. But under the enthusiastic influence of one of our Editors, who has just returned from America, the literary content of two numbers will be greater than that of three under the old régime.

We have to congratulate one of our Editors, Mr Dymond, on becoming engaged. Although, as far as we know, the *Eagle* has hitherto been a bachelor paper for bachelors, and we are not advocating marriage for all our Editors and readers, yet we feel that the enlivening influence of a married Editor will make the *Eagle* better than ever.

FOOTSTEPS

Steps

pass my door: all day all night
while I
am dead within my sepulchre of mind
or leapingly alive in sleep;
the blind
door sees not knows not
feels not what goes by
under the gaze of Nothing
with its eye
of emptiness—Nothing which
peers behind
around the footsteps till
they are confined
in a contracting hole of space
and die.
But still they come in slow succession:
sound
like weeping
like futility
like laughter
sound which is always passing
sound which
wanesc
meaningless while I listen—I
space-bound
also,
inside the door
knowing that... after
that step the gaze
of emptiness
returns.

SUNSET

At evening earth's far beauty dies
Behind the poplars' lofty lances,
And through the sunlight-haunted skies
The shadow of the years advances.

ALCESTIS

The sound of your sad voice is twilight rain
that wakes a singing on the hills of pain.

I AND MYSELF

I am content to stroke a star's white hair
and feel the day-blue emptiness of air,
to touch the rain, to see the slanting knife
of sunlight hanging between day and night.
—You do not do or be; you only write
a sonnet, and mistake your words for life.

NIGHT FOG

Vague figures looming through the mist
and vague lights swinging;
I and the dark in lonely tryst,
with churchbells ringing.

W. B. W.

ALL ABROAD

THE DAMAGED WARRIOR, whom we shall sometimes call D.W., the Neophyte, who may be cited as N. and the Padre, otherwise P., were shipmates on a five-ton cutter of the usual "Broad" type, named *Norman*. The Padre joined the others at a certain bridge—somewhere in Norfolk—a mighty long way from the nearest station—with a heavy bag—after a tedious journey—by the last train. The Neophyte, who had evidently carefully calculated the probabilities in the way of baggage, had timed his movements not to be too soon and congratulated himself that the distance for him to carry the bag was thereby considerably reduced. The Damaged Warrior meantime had on the *Primus* an appetising supper of steak and kidney pie. With the characteristic guilelessness of his profession the Padre swallowed his share of the pie together with the tacit assumption that the luscious dish had been made, as well as cooked, on board; he had not seen the tin! He knows better now, but still can commend the pie. What joy after a long day of travel to lie at ease and enjoy a post-prandial pipe, whilst others wash up the dishes! One needs to camp out on boat or otherwise to learn what must be one of the greatest trials of our domestic staff—one of the causes of the servant problem without a doubt. Fancy having to spend one's life in washing up! I know a man who worked his passage home from South Africa as a washer up of dishes! I am not now surprised that he has found all work distasteful ever since. But with three on board and only room for two to work, it is generally possible to shirk the job one does not like by feigning sleep, or some other ruse.

But we must start upon our voyage; no loafing by a bank for the *Norman*; our three mariners were out to sail the Broad. They looked with scornful eyes on the party who, unable to sail their yacht, relied on being towed by their dingy with an auxiliary motor, and when that broke down, had to tie up to the bank, till it could be laboriously rowed

some miles to a repairing shop. After the early morning dip, D. W., N. and P. discuss their scrambled eggs. P. in absent-mindedness forgot the washing up, but did not neglect his morning shave. The sails are hoisted. The ignoble quant secures an offing and they are under weigh; appropriate phrase when one's anchor is a kitchen weight! A dead, dead beat, with "luffy" breeze and adverse current. "Broad" sailing is full of charm to those who love the handling of the tiller and the sheets. About—about—from bank to bank, using every inch of water-way and dodging the craft running down the wind, knowing that nothing matters much, with bank so close to hand and quant to shove you off in case of need. Not so full of excitement as sailing in a stiff breeze on the open sea, but with more variety and more frequent change. A half-hour's beat and then romping "full and by" round the next bend—then, with a jibe which sends the kettle flying across the well, sweeping down the next reach at a bold ten knots. Even a lover of the sea may sometimes find the widespread waste of rolling waves a trifle monotonous, as he thrashes over them on one course for many hours; but what a variety of scenery there is on the Norfolk rivers; the old windmills—the quaint wherries—slow perhaps, but so dependable and efficient for their work; the pretty riverside villages with their bright gardens; the patient people who are content to fish by the hour from bank or punt without any apparent result; the different types of holiday makers in craft ranging from wherries or big "liners" to little sailing canoes; the beautiful church towers speaking of faith and peace; and along the banks the sedge and water-lilies; the cattle and horses squelching amid the bogs. Amid such quiet, peaceful surroundings it is hard to remember the stern realities of war, except when one sees the scar of battle on the Damaged Warrior's head and notes the sentries posted on the bridges, many of which are mined.

After some two hours' sailing from Acle Bridge the *Norman* glides past the little bungalows and boathouses of Potter Heigham and brings up alongside the bridge for lunch and a stretch ashore. Meals under weigh are voted a

nuisance so why not tie up and have them peacefully when time is no object? The Padre is told that there are no more kidneys on board, so he cannot have the pie he was looking forward to, but tongue and salad, with bottled fruit, make a very appetising spread, and a little stroll ashore enables him to dodge the washing up. The kitchen weight is then hove on board once more. The quant is got out to pole the craft through the two bridges with the mast laid flat. After an uneventful sail they reach the entrance of a dyke leading to Horsey Mere. Here a mild disaster overtakes the craft; she gets weeded at the entrance to the dyke; the knotted mass of weed defies the most scientific application of the quant and a deadlock ensues, until, with noble presence of mind, the Padre mans the dingy and tows her off. Fortunately the wind is favourable, as the dyke is too narrow for tacking. After gliding through water-lilies for half a mile, D. W. had an inspiration to try a photograph from the bank. He landed and had his shot whilst the *Norman* glided on. It did not seem worth while to wait, as the progress was at not more than three knots speed, but plaintive cries from behind the fringe of reeds, with the sound of squelching steps, made a halt necessary to take him on board again, as he found the going decidedly soft. After a mile or so of dyke the evening twilight found the *Norman* emerging into the beautiful expanse of Horsey Mere, the extreme north-eastern water of Broadland.

A remoter spot could not well be found; no human habitation in sight but a little farm standing on an oasis in the marsh; the foreground all round the broad a thick bank of reeds; in the distance the sand-dunes which mark the sea coast. The map showed that tucked away in one corner was a creek where one could land, but how much better to lie at anchor (or weight) in the open Broad free from the flies which infest the reeds. So out dinghy and row ashore. Here civilization obtrudes itself in the shape of a high road and a Mere Keeper, who demands a landing fee and says that no one may anchor on the broad, as it is all preserved. We must bring the *Norman* into the creek and moor her there. The toll has to be paid at a cottage on the way to the village. Here purchases of

bread, black currants and honey are made, the last named coming from the "Reverend," who evidently knows his business as an apiarist (if that is the right word).

After a quiet, though rather fly-bitten night in the creek, D. W. and P. tramp in the early morning to the sea, about one and a half miles away and enjoy a dip with only sea birds as spectators, and they feel quite heroic when they notice on their way back that several boards warn visitors that bathing is dangerous! N. has prepared meantime an ample breakfast and about 9 a.m., with a very gentle air dead aft, the Mere is crossed and the *Norman* glides once more through the water-lilies along the dyke, then, giving the bank of weeds a wide berth, she bears to the right into Hickling Sound and Broad. The wind has now freshened into a stiffish breeze and time forbids the desire to explore the channel that leads to Hickling, so they turn to beat back through the Sound. A sudden puff makes her heel over almost to the gunwale and cabin table, doors, and the only two towels slide off and have to be retrieved by D. W. with the unfortunate loss of one of the towels.

With varying wind, at one time beating, at another quanting, Potter Heigham is again reached about one o'clock. Starting off about two, a fair passage brings the *Norman* to the river Ant; that day, with failing breeze, to be specially commended to the sluggard. In convenient time for tea a resting place is found close to the hideous girder bridge at Ludham. Then about sunset, with practically no wind, a tortuous course lies ahead towards Barton Broad. Darker and darker it grows. A match dropped over the bow and timed astern, shows two miles an hour as the highest speed recorded. Cheerful parties of the shopman-on-holiday class are passed, tied up for the night, who move D. W. to quote from an aristocratic acquaintance of his, who, being reduced on one occasion to travelling steerage, was heard to remark "I'm not a snob, but I do not like the lower classes." Two wherries are met, being poled down the river with sails up. One wonders how many miles the crews will have walked along the decks before reaching the "Dog" at Ludham, also how many pints they would consider they had earned after their toil.

The slowest of creeps at last brings the *Norman* into Barton Broad, where there is only navigable water in certain channels. It is too dark to find the marks, so the weight is cast and the boat rigged for the night. Then it rained; not only hard on deck, but even through the cabin top. P. reclined with pipe and book till after the other two were asleep and then found that a rivulet was quickly forming where his head would rest. There was nothing for it but the cabin deck—a rather hard couch, but not enough to daunt a good sleeper and an old campaigner. On the two previous nights D. W., who occupied a cross berth, had brought down his elbow at frequent intervals on P.'s head. To-night it was quite pathetic to find that in the middle of the night, finding his usual objective absent, he carefully felt his way to the head and found it, to his joy, just within his reach! 5.30 a.m. was deemed a good hour for starting. There may be mooring fees on Barton Broad—others can say, but the toll-taker, if there were one, was not early enough afloat to catch the *Norman* that day. A delightful early morning sail brought the voyagers, at a still early hour, past Sutton Broad (mostly reeds) to the little town of Stalham (or is it a village?)—a dead end to the Broads—a jumping off place for the civilization of the outer world. Here, after breakfast, the *Norman* turned back to navigate the Ant once more, whilst the Padre, with much reluctance, doffed his disreputable flannels, once more donned the collar and sought the railway station, to take up the burdens of life again. His readers are probably thankful that his yarn is spun, but he hopes that they have not been so bored that they will not go some day and experience for themselves the restful joy of the Norfolk water-ways.

H. E. H. C.

EAGLETS

SITTING down to write these topical notes for the two hundredth number of the *Eagle*, and, having just partaken of jugged hare in Hall, our thoughts are naturally attuned to Antiquity, a fitting and eminently appropriate spirit in which to write.

And yet we are suddenly recalled from these dull dark days by the thought that our Dons are renewing their youth. In fact several of them have appeared in the official uniform of the golfer, and the rest of the Colleges are talking enviously of "those young Dons at John's." In fact one of our most respected Dons, sensing the prevailing fashion in an admirable manner, has removed a beard which threatened to remove him to Olympian heights, and returned into our midst again.

We would send up a prayer to the powers that be on the subject of Gramophones. Granted that they may be a nuisance, but surely a badly-played Saxophone is infinitely worse, to say nothing of a badly-played piano. No insinuations meant. The Dons, of course, play superbly, but there are others. If we must have nuisance, may not the humble gramophone contribute its very modest share.

The rumour that Messrs Bryant and May have been endeavouring to buy the College for the wealth of timber contained in Third Court has been indignantly denied.

Owing to the exit from College of several second year men the Boat-Club Common-room has again become the Reading-room, which they share with that rapidly-increasing body the College Chess Club. Club-motto, "Blinds down and Bishops up!"

At least our Freshmen are ambitious. One of them when, in answer to his question of the nature of the Hawks Club, he was told that it was a club for the best athletes in the 'Varsity, was heard to murmur "Oh, good!"

It is rumoured that a light-car race is to take place in the near future. So far there have only been two entrants, both Austin 7's, one from the Rugger and one from the Hockey Club. We believe the Rugby and Hockey gentleman with the Morris-Cowley is scared by the fact that the College motor lawn-mower is understood to be on the point of being entered. Anyhow he has not come forward.

It might be suggested that the Liberal Land Policy should be used with reference to the College Kitchen Garden that it might produce food instead of flowers.

A prominent Rugger man and complete teetotaler has not only two bottles of wine, but a decanter on his sideboard. *Facilis descensus Averno*, or, Englished for those who have not received the benefits of a classical education, "It's not good enough!"

O THAT WAY MADNESS LIES

HE was tall, he was wild,
Hair unkempt, like a child,
And we met on the Bridge of Sighs.
Where he stumbled along
With a snatch of a song
Sung in queer inarticulate cries.

"Ah-ha" quoth I "So!
A strayed reveller?" ho,
My quotation—from Arnold—was vain.
For no words of this kind
Fly the lips of the wined,
So I listened intently again.

Then the cries of before
Now emerged as a roar,

Which confirmed all my deadliest fears.
For this comical fellow
Emitted a bellow
"I'll be Don in a thousand years."

"I've worked out my plan
I'm a hard-working man.
By avoiding all coffees and beers
And the Vic. too, my friend
In the end, in the end,
I'll be Don in a thousand years."

By this time the scene
Was graced by the Dean,
Two Tutors, two Porters and me,
And the rest of the College
All eager for knowledge
Of just what this commotion might be.

Till at last, growing calmer,
And led off by Palmer,
He departed, but still to our ears
Through the courts came the same
Old maniacal claim,
"I'll be Don in a thousand years."

A. M.

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS

No man can tell
Where happiness doth dwell:
It is not to be seen by human eye,
But roams along invisibly,
And ever mocks with silent laughter
Him that strives to follow after.

Waste not your days
In unavailing chase
Such not that unsubstantial airy sprite
Not claim all fortune as thy right,
But know that happiness most oft draws nigh
To him that is content to pass it by. Ó ΚΥΚΝΟC

UNINTELLIGENCE TESTS

*With APOLOGIES to those who DEVISE and those who
ANSWER INTELLIGENCE TESTS.*

I. MENTAL ARITHMETIC TEST.

1. Major Seagrave's car does 204 miles an hour: how long would he take to drive from Cambridge Station to the Union, a distance of $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles?

2. The top floor windows of A New Court are H feet above the level of the river: if a piece of coal, mass M , dropped out of one of them acquires a velocity V while falling with an acceleration G due to gravity, what would be the fate of a $H.M.V.$ Gramophone in a punt directly below?

3. An undergraduate bought 50 cigars for 5s.: what would happen if he started to smoke one in Hall?

II. GENERAL KNOWLEDGE TEST. *Underline the correct word of the four in each sentence:*

1. A stevedore has two, four, six, eight legs.
2. A Stradivarius is a kind of vermicelli, violoncello, vernacular, verisimilitude.
3. The Plymouth Rock is a kind of religion, sweetmeat, hen, granite.
4. The cow is a herbaceous, herbivorous, odoriferous, heterogamous animal.

III. PROVERBS TEST. *Write down the English equivalent of the following Tierra del Fuegan proverbs:*

1. A burnt camel spoils the moss.
2. A handsome cat counts its eggs in time.

IV. INSTRUCTIONS TEST. *Carry out the following instructions:*

1. If an Ortona Omnibus could drive through Senate House Passage in 10 seconds, draw a picture of the Vice-Chancellor's expression when thus rudely interrupted in his daily game of marbles on the Senate House steps; if the combined weight of the proctors and bulldogs could prevent its doing so, stand on your head before the examiner counts ten.

2. If ontogeny invariably ingeminates phylogeny, circumscribe one of the subjoined words that gives the location of OURCQ, if not underscore the word that locates the MANDIBLE.

ENGLAND, FOOT, UTAH, FACE, PERU, ARM, INDIA.

V. CIPHER TEST. *Translate the following hieroglyphics which were found in the tomb of Tutankhamen:*

MEVJHJH FOJESACROF REHTJAEW

ALLEGRO IN AULA

This is the Hall:
P'raps you recall
Twasn't like this at the time of the Ball.

When we came back
After the vac.—
Someone had been and removed all the black.

Walls glimmered white;
Ceiling was bright;
Queer-looking beasts were revealed to our sight.

Then your eyes go
Straying, and lo!
What can have happened to Wordsworth and Co.?

Caught at their games,
Out of their frames,
Some in their haste have mistaken their names.

Lost in their dream,
Most of them seem
Not quite at ease in this new-fangled scheme.

Sometimes I fall
Thinking in Hall
What Lady Margaret makes of it all.

R. B.

THE BRIGHTER COLLEGE MOVEMENT

I PAID off my taxi and had a quick one at the cocktail bar which once used to be the bicycle shed. I remember thinking how impressive Mr Collins looked as a mixer. I then descended the escalator and took a tube to New Court and ascended to my rooms in the lift. A switch on the wireless made my lecturer imagine I was taking him in. Poor fool, so I was. A towel in the receiver soon puts an end to "Er Er Gentlemen last time I was saying er er I think we had better deal with that next time as I see it is close to the hour." I rang the bell and a tray arrived through the hatchway with lunch. After it I went into my bathroom to change, went to the entrance and caught the private car to the Sports Ground, where I spent a quarter of an hour doing the most violent exercises conceivable so as to get in all the exercise the body needs to enable it to enjoy meals. On returning to the College I had a Turkish bath and massage and put in a little work afterwards preparing my "cribs." I then went down to hall. The band which was training for the Oxford match was crooning soft jazzy stuff, but I thought the 20th saxophonist, who was obviously unfit, seemed a trifle out of tune. But the Dons all looked very impressive in their uniforms, which consisted of cloth looking like books with print all over, and caps with the words "Tutor," "Supervisor," "Lecturer," "Dean," "Reader" neatly emblazoned on the top, and one especially like an electric sign in Piccadilly bursting out intermittently PROG in big red and green letters, like a lighthouse. I settled down to dinner. My companions were well chosen and knew all the most fetching stories, and the wise waiter was a real artist. I went to the lounge afterwards and digested my dinner at ease reclining on a sofa. And then I summoned a College rickshaw, worked by robots, and went to the ball room. The girls were stimulatingly beautiful, fresh imported from America, and I put in some good work on my Wolf Jump, Duck Walk and Louisville. I also put in some good

stuff at the Bar. I was removed by a College Porter and put to bed late in the evening. I am told this is about the only function of a College Porter which has survived from the Post War Epoch.

* * * * *

No, I did not wake up then. I am not going to pretend I have been dreaming, nor have I been reading H. G. Wells' *Jules Verne*, or been to *Metropolis*. But I have just paid my first visit to the Festival Theatre and...well, I have been thinking of modernity.

G. N. A.

OUR REALLY GREAT MEN

ROBERT LESLIE HOWLAND

WHEN I called yesterday at Mr Howland's sumptuous apartments in Chapel Court, he was still asleep, or so I surmised from the uneaten breakfast dish (kedgeree) upon the table, and the snoring (off) rattling, from time to time, the windows. However, hardly had I time to cast a glance round and pocket a few dozen teaspoons, before the inner door was flung open, and, wreathed in smiles and a dressing gown, the Great Man appeared.

"Good morning," he said to me, just as any other man would. I gave him my hand, which he mangled cordially, and slapping me on the back in his jovial manner, threw me heavily to the ground. "Yes," he said, "twenty-two and a half, come Michaelmas, and still fit as a fiddle, thanks to B. & T." (advt.).

When I came to myself, I was sitting on the edge of a magnificent sofa, while Mr Howland was playing me a gramoph— [shh! ED.].

Little by little, I persuaded him to tell me the story of his life. (Or most of it. It is the *Really* Great Men who are the most discreet. Mr Howland has to be.)

He was born, so he told me, at Watford, a charming old world village near the metropolis, whose other distinction is an excellent brewery. At birth, I have it upon unimpeachable



Robert Leslie Howland.

authority, he was of perfectly normal size, and nothing remarkable happened until 1913, when he visited the United States (thus anticipating the Prince of Wales by nearly twelve years). In 1914, prohibition having become an imminent certainty, he returned home, and in 1915 entered Shrewsbury School. Here he played in the Soccer and Cricket XI, won the High Jump (this is true) and Putting the Weight (once on crutches), and was one of the best Fives players the School has produced. He was a House monitor and a praepostor, and for many years read novels at the back of the Sixth Form Room. His Library Subscription having expired, he turned his attention to work, and, as a result, found himself landed with the Senior Classical Scholarship at St John's College, Cambridge.

In October, 1924, he arrived in Cambridge. The porters saw him go by, but said nothing. His bedmaker said no more than usual. No comment was passed over the Port in the Combination Room, and few indeed realised that in the College of the Blessed Evangelist, a new era had begun.

In his first term Mr Howland played Rugger for the College Second XV, won the Weight in the Freshers' Sports, and joined the Union. In his second term he won an Athletic half-Blue and joined the Hawks. In his third term he received his College Cricket Colours, in his fourth College Soccer Colours, and in his fifth an Athletic full-Blue. Lastly, in his eighth term he won his College Hockey half-Colours, of which he is exceedingly proud.

His Weight Putting is prodigious. He has twice won the Weight against Oxford, twice putt the thing for England, and has already broken the Cambridge Undergraduate Record. The Inter-'Varsity Record is due to be broken next March. He may be seen any afternoon at Fenner's, the hero of ambitious freshmen, the cynosure of feminine eyes; as a journalist once described him, "A gigantic frame of rolling muscle."

In spite of all this athletic glory, Mr Howland has not neglected the more serious side of his personality. Indeed, he is quite a literary man. He was for a year Sports Editor of the *Granta*, when his skill in rehabilitating the grammar of Distinguished Athletes was quite phenomenal. He daily reads

his *Sporting Times* and took a first class in the first part of the Classical Tripos. In fact, after weight-putting, the thing he most believes in is Plato.

It is also said that he once won a substantial prize for reading the lessons in the College Chapel.

I asked Mr Howland whether it was true he was engaged. The Great Man blushed silently. Looking at the charming collection of photographs on the mantelpiece, I understood that it was true. Even a Great Weight-putter, I reflected, has his human side.

This impression was confirmed when I discovered that in 1925, Mr Howland won the Hawksley Burbury Prize for Greek Iambics.

Mr Howland is six feet two inches high and about three feet broad in one place or another. His weight is confidential, but is quite a lot. He has charming curly hair, and a merry twinkle in his frank, boyish eyes. He has no parlour tricks, but is quite good in a smoking room.

He is, as everyone knows, a teetotaler. Many years ago he was persuaded to try a little beer. "No," he said with a quivering voice, as he finished the seventeenth bottle, "frankly, no," and nowadays he may be heard each day at the Sports Table ordering his sarsaparilla cordial or— [Hey, cut the heavy sarcasm. ED.]

"What," I asked him, "is your greatest ambition?" "To putt forty-five feet" he replied, softly. "And when that has been achieved?" "Forty-six feet." I was overcome. Forty-six feet sounds such a long way to me.

"However," said our hero at this stage, "Now I must be off." He leapt with comparative agility to his feet. Two pictures fell to the ground, and Chapel Court rocked dangerously. "Good-bye," he said to me, "Good-bye." I gave him my left hand this time, I want the other for writing. "So sorry you can't stop" he added, in that tactful gentlemanly way of his.

And a few seconds later I found myself outside the door, happy and confident that for ten minutes at least I had been in the presence of a Really Great Man.

"Yes," I reflected, "it was the Athletic correspondent of the *Times* who really said the last word about Robert Leslie Howland." "Mr Howland," he once wrote, in a phrase that will live for ever for its classic simplicity, "Mr Howland is big."

And I entirely agree with him.

R. S.

THOMAS CHATTERTON

(1752-1770)

NO story this of laughter, all of tears
 Faults there were plenty, but the faults of youth,
 Pride, and self-confidence that scoffed at fears,
 A boyish cunning mocking world-old Truth.
 What was the country-town to him! He fixed
 His eager eyes on conquests greater far.
 He came, and with the struggling thousands mixed,
 And joined with them in too unequal war.
 He fought, none braver, through the long hot days
 Of that unending Summer, when the sun
 Seemed to look down and laugh, with scornful gaze,
 On one so young, so foolish, so foredone.
 Only the moon from out the cool night sky
 Watched him with infinite grief, but watched him die.

A. M.

LINES COMPOSED BY THE FIRST MAN, ON FINDING HE COULD JUMP, BUT NOT FLY

With apologies to RONALD KNOX

There once was a man who said "See,"
 "At last I've found out that I be"
 A creature that's bound
 To return to the ground,
 In fact not a fly, but a flea.

Ó KÝKNOC

ON A CERTAIN COLLEGE MEETING

For thou art so possessed with murderous hate
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnets*.

SONG

To the Tune of My name is John Wellington Wells

My name is one known to St John's,
 I'm a leader of catgut and bronze,
 To Contraltos, Sopranos,
 And organs, and pianos
 I'm *artis origo et fons*.

And, if settings you want *à la mode*,
 For your ballad or sonnet or ode,
 Just call upon me
 At a five-o'clock tea
 Up at Number four, Huntingdon Road.
 I've a first-rate assortment of music
 For testing a tentative voice
 With tunes that will make very few sick
 And give every singer a choice.
 Of Purcell I've many a copy,
 And to sing him if anyone dare,
 He mustn't be sloppy, a singer that's sloppy
 Is one that I cannot abear.

If you don't modulate
 Just when I nod you'll hate
 Me, for *prestissimo*
 I'll sing *fortissimo*,
 Not *rallentando*,
 Always *sforzando*,
 Showing you modally
 What you did jodelly—what you did jodelly.

I've got scores of Spontini and
 Spohr, Cherubini and
 Mozart (a bigger row),
 Quartets and Figaro,
 Smyth (you can bet on her),
 Dvorák and Smetana,
 Howells and Carr and all,
 Bliss and Stravinsky and Ravel and Arundell. Oh!

I conduct the Cums'
 's drums
 And regulate the basses,
 Direct the mass
 Of brass
 And see they keep their places.
 I fill the choir
 With fire
 And show each girl the note she
 Desires to chant
 She can't:
 It's not marked *colla voce*.

Now a digression,
 Sing with expression,
 This now is what I call
 Quite patriotic,
 This must be gracious,
 That should be spacious,
 Sing it with clarity,
 Not with barbarity—not with barbarity.
 If it won't trouble you,
 I know V.-W.,
 Holst and Sibelius,
 Nikisch and Delius,
 Sammons and Kiddle and
 Rosing and Liddle and
 Queer Malipiero, but
 Squire I won't speak to, Puccini, or Clara Butt. Oh!

D. D. A.

POLITICAL BRIDGE— THE MISSING CLUB

POLITICAL BRIDGE is a game that every Freshman must play, whatever his views on gambling and charity sweepstakes. He stands to lose five "bob," and has a chance of winning a great political prize; but what? I give you three, four, no a hundred guesses, what it is without looking at the last paragraph. I am the first to discover the amazing truth: Aristotle never dreamt of it. Let me explain.

Never a financier of large means, the local charities have rarely sent me solicitations or representatives to collect my signature. But now, within three days, three men have come knocking at my door to obtain my political allegiance and the sum of five shillings. This is the kind of interest in my moral welfare I can appreciate. With a couple of half-crowns I am keeping them breathless with anxiety, and the labour of climbing three pair of stairs. For this sum I can enter upon a career of political fame, display my powers of oratory, and get into practice generally against the time when His Majesty may call upon me to form a Ministry. But this is not all.

The first to relieve my solitude was an odd little man who seemed extremely glad to see me.—(I was flattered.)

He said—"Do you realise that there are more Conservatives in Newnham than in this College?" I confessed I had little interest in Newnham—at any rate not in the Conservative abstract.

He said—"Last year we had more members than any other College."

I said—"Well then, I suppose not everyone can be sure of getting on to the Committee or becoming a College Representative."

He said—"Well, no, not quite everyone."

The Club, it seems, has an annual dinner, so we left it at that; and he said he would see me later.—(I was extremely flattered.)

The next day in came another strange man who said he was a Liberal. I was interested: I had heard of the species, and

put on my horn-rimmed spectacles at once. His account of the party was most attractive. He said that all the great men of the day were Liberals, and rattled off a score of names, though I could'n't tell for certain from his pronunciation which of these was his own. They were the most talented flock of political shepherds in the world, and included the best brains in both the Conservative and Liberal parties. But when I enquired about the sheep, he said there wer'n't any just at the moment. So I decided to leave it at that, as a seat on the Committee would be so unoriginal: just like being a Major-General in Prince Giglio's army or a sergeant in the O.T.C. Apparently the Club has luncheon once a month!

But owing to the fact that the laws of heredity have gone to pieces since the reign of Gilbert and Sullivan, and cross-breeding no longer produces either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative, I had another visitor, the reversion to type—a Socialist. He was in "mufti," and had not troubled to put on his magnificent uniform of boots, belt, and flying collar, so I removed my "square" and met him informally. He had a difficult name which I can't pronounce.—Apparently some people can't.

"The Labour Club," he explained, "is the most active organization in the 'Varsity. Periodically, for the benefit of the egg and cat market, we announce the forthcoming visit of Mr Cook or Mr Oswald Moseley, and get into touch with our Whitechapel branch for details for a short epitaph on public manners, which we send in to the local press. Last term we gave our first May-Week Ball. It was an excellent half-crown's worth, as the Gramophone was very powerful. Of course it was a fancy dress show, so we all felt quite at home. We take particular pains to get our speeches reported in full in the Sunday papers, emphasizing the degeneration of the modern Undergraduate who drinks gin out of a teapot. The Club drinks tea once a week."

I have now waited a full week to see if any other political society would come and offer me breakfast every day in full term. I have been disappointed, although there is a Mis-

sionary Association which nearly approaches this ideal. But then of course it is confined to Sundays. Till this political society sends me its representative, I am, dear Sir, afraid that sheer hunger will make me a Socialist, unless the Conservative dinner is a peculiarly good one.

And what are politics? You've guessed it? Marvellous! Why, dinner, lunch and tea, but no breakfast. Thanks to the Missing Club, my hand is ruined.

AND so farewell! but not in sorrow part,
 For so, our old time friendships having stood
 The test of time, we shall the more at heart
 Feel joyful at reunion, than we should
 If we had been around the selfsame fold.
 As distance cannot part our thoughts, it seems
 They thus may roam together as of old
 Down dim imagination's vale of dreams
 Where fancy breaks through earthly forms, and flies
 Abroad upon the mist of the hereafter;
 And far and near, though faint, 'neath windy skies
 Shall swell the merry echos of our laughter.

So day on day we pass from strength to strength
 In joyous sport, and when, come sun or rain
 Brief Time has run his course, we shall at length
 Return, and like old times we'll meet again.

D. H.

CONVERTING GEORGE TO AMERICAN FOOTBALL

I TOOK a deep and indignant puff at my pipe, and looked at George. George, as usual, remained serenely unconvinced. "I still don't see that there's anything in the game at all" was his only observation. Now George is the most conservative man in the College, so I was not unduly perturbed, but resolved to try the gentle art of persuasion

with one on whom no mere statement could have the slightest effect. I therefore provided him with a fill of Craven, a match, and an extra cushion, and proceeded with my Quixotic talk.

"The game itself, George," said I, "I will not stress unduly. It is different from our rugger, naturally, because it is a development of our older game, through several generations, to suit the different ideas and theories of another nation. It is a game in which strength, generalship, and teamwork count more than speed and individual brilliance. It is a game which takes considerably longer to appreciate than rugger, but a game which, when grasped completely, probably offers more opportunity for appreciation of remarkably clever manœuvres in which every one of a team of eleven men takes part. In other words, George, I don't prefer the game myself to rugger, but see absolutely no reason why Americans should not."

"And," I added hastily, "the only occasions on which you have seen the game was when Mr Harold Lloyd or Mr Richard Dix scored carefully prearranged touch-downs at the Vic." George, who had opened his mouth, closed it grimly, and I went on:

"No, George, it is the spectacle and the pageantry of the big games which make American football so remarkably thrilling. It starts with the morning rush from New York—cars pouring down the Boston Post Road, Lincolns, Pierce-Arrows, Packards, Rolls-Royces flying down a road four car-widths across, all bound for New Haven. All west-bound traffic side-tracked. No speed-limit, and officers on Harley-Davidsons speeding up the hindmost. Average forty-five, maximum seventy-five, eating up the distance in an hour and a half. Lunch and out to the field with the blue flag of Yale on one side, and that of their opponents on the other flying over a crowd of seventy-five thousand people—a sea of moving colour, around the green grass of the field, while far above an aeroplane soars and scrawls its mercenary messages across the blue New England sky.

"Then a roar from the whole vast crowd as the teams take the field. No delay, no photographs. An immediate kick-off,

and then four quarters of concentrated battle. The system of substitutions may not agree with the English conception of the game, but it does speed it up considerably. Attacks of every sort are developed by the enemy only to be broken up and hurled back by the solid blue line. A forward pass is hurled like a bullet for thirty yards, caught over his shoulder by the right end, and, to the accompaniment of a tremendous roar of applause, Yale takes the lead." "I think I'd rather like to see one game," said George.

"End of the second quarter and half-time, with Yale leading by 7-0—six for the touch-down and one for the kick, and while the teams rest we let off steam by singing some of the finest tunes in the world—American football songs have a swing about them, which is absolutely unbeatable." "I don't think I should like that," said George, "too emotional"—George, I may say, is a Lowland Scot.

"Emotional hell!" said I, "its perfectly natural. Don't the Welsh do it with complete success?"

"Second half begins with an enemy half-back corkscrewing his way through the side for a seventy-yard run, and a touch-down. Yale tackling excellent, but in every case interference by the other side holds it up for just that fraction of a second, which lets the half-back through. Kick again successful, as usual, since all kicks after touch-downs are from straight in front. Score 7-7, and the game became desperately exciting. Play after play is tried by both sides, some successfully, some defeated, but neither can cross the line.

"End of third quarter, and the two tired teams rest preparatory to the last effort. Evening coming on, so much more quickly than over here, and just turning chilly, blue twilight slowly spreading over the field.

"And then almost at once the start of the final quarter. Whirlwind football, one line crashing into the other, and the ends and half-backs twisting their way through for gain after gain, but no sign of a touch-down. One minute to play and a drop-goal bounces back from the enemies' upright. Yale makes a tremendous effort but the defence is like a solid wall. Time, and a draw, but a great and memorable game.

"Evening over the field, air hazy and mist-dim, crowd thronging out of the many exits: undergraduates, old graduates, girls, George, some of the loveliest girls in the whole world...."

But George was asleep.

A. M.

BOWDLERISATIONS

The President, Ernest E. Sikes

Performs what ever he likes.

He climbs into College

To seek abstruse knowledge;

Just think if he fell on the spikes.

A classical preacher T. R.

Was of orators public the star.

When his thoughts were not dwellin'

On old Troy and Helen

They travelled to new Troy in Pa.

A genial tutor named Martin

Excelled in whate'er he took part in;

It was not for the fun

Of getting it done,

But because 'twas a thing there's an art in.

Our diaconal loss Mr Creed

Has done a remarkable deed;

He's decided to fenidict

At the call of St Benedict,

And now boasts of his Morris' speed.

An earnest petrologist, Harker

Had no use at all for a larker;

He said "This Magazine

Is the worst that I've seen

And the outlook grows darker and darker."

A Celto-Roumanian, Evans,

Was always at sixes and sevens;

"Now it's port for bridge parties

And beer for the hearties,

But Tuika's my drink for elevens."

REVIEW

SAMUEL BUTLER AND HIS FAMILY RELATIONS.

By MRS R. S. GARNETT. (Dent, 1926. 10s. 6d. net.)

We welcome this book as throwing real light, even if it be not very shining light, upon one of the most famous of modern Johnians. I remember once hearing an elderly lady say, with some disdain, "Everybody could write one good novel, if they chose to tell their own love affairs; but they don't"; that is, the thing was not done in her circle. She was doubtless prone to overvalue those reticences which go far to distinguish a man from a dog. Butler, in the opinion of a good many not otherwise prejudiced folk, undervalued them. He had a right to analyse himself unmercifully; but he should have cultivated more sympathy in the analysis of his family. Those who feel that there must have been another side to *The Way of all Flesh*, and that a brother or a sister or a father might have made a very different story out of those same family materials, will find some corroboration of their suspicions in Mrs Garnett's volume, with its hitherto unpublished material.

We cannot do better than to take a whole letter which Mrs Garnett prints from the family papers: it is from Butler *père* to his wife (p. 156).

"My dearest,

Thank you for your last with Sam's enclosed. His life sounds all delightful, but one does not see any aim or object. I fear his becoming some dissenting minister—not with my consent. I never thought he was idle. What I thought, and still think, is that he is desultory and speculative. And that the life he leads tends to nothing. I don't want to make him a schoolmaster any more than I want to make him a clergyman, but he does not strike me as filling any place, and he is of an age to be doing so. He talks of writing; but it requires more than his powers to do this. He has not that in him that will be read. He is too bumptious and not sufficiently practical. I don't want to save my allowance, I only

want to drive him to some course. He talks of commencing something more definite in October, but gives no notion—has apparently no notion what it is. He is reading with young men; takes up notions as young men do; consults nobody and then sees his view in all he looks at. That is the evil I think he is getting where he is. And at college he's a greater man than he would be elsewhere. I had the enclosed this morning from him direct. I will copy my answer as far as I have time. You'll see how very unpractical it is. I don't doubt his desire to do right but think he has no distinct views of what that is."

Here is a father who does not thoroughly understand his son, of course; but if it be demanded of us that we shall thoroughly understand everything of primary importance, which of us shall escape whipping? The son, at that time, did not understand himself; and many readers will agree with Mrs Garnett's temperate comments (p. 168): "Had it been Butler's intention to draw the portrait of his relatives, his scrupulous fairness would have insisted on another side, which indeed I believe he would have confessed himself incapable of seeing. 'I am not the man,' he would have said, 'to paint my father's portrait.' To render very vividly and faithfully the impression his father made on him—to create a type out of his experiences and knowledge of his father—was a somewhat different matter; utterly different, as long as the manuscript remained locked up in his own desk, and no mortal eye or tongue was able to identify Theobald Pontifex with Canon Thomas Butler."

G. G. COULTON.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHESTERTON ROAD,
near CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Sir,

I wonder if the enclosed quotation is generally known; and if not, is it of any use for insertion in *The Eagle*? I do not think the gentleman would have been so pleased with the members of the College if it had led to his transplantation to a neighbouring village.

Yours truly,

The Editor, *The Eagle*.

...yet was not knowledge fullie confirmed in hir Monarchie amongst vs, till that most famous and fortunate Nurse of all learning, Saint *Iohns* in *Cambridge*, that at that time was an Vniuersitie within it selfe; shining as far above all other Houses, Halls, and Hospitalls whatsoever, that no Colledge in the Towne, was able to compare with the tythe of her Students; hauing (as I haue hearde graue men of credite report) more candles light in it, euerie Winter Morning before fowre of the clocke, than the fowre of clocke bell gave stroakes; till Shee (I saie) as a pittying Mother, put too her helping hande, and sent from her pittying wombe, sufficient Schollers, both to support her owne weale, as also to supplie all other inferiour foundations defects, and namelie that royall erection of *Trinitie Colledge*, which the Vniuersitie Orator, in an Epistle to the Duke of *Somerset*, aptlie tearmed *Colona diducta*, from the Suburbs of *Saint Iohns*.

From Thomas Nash's preface to Robert Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589.

THE COLLEGE CONCERT

To the Editor of *The Eagle*.

Sir,

I attended the College Concert this past May Week taking with me four rather musical friends, and of the two surprises which my guests and I received, the omission of the National Anthem at the conclusion of the evening's programme was the greatest. Although the musical value of our National Hymn may be deprecated, the fact that it was expected by the bulk of the audience (evidently composed almost entirely of unorthodox musicians!) was evidenced by their behaviour when the accompanist left the dais after the last chorus of *Viva laeta*. It appears to me to be a great pity if, at such a gathering as our College Concert, the usual recognition that Britain is still a democratic monarchy is to be omitted.

I enclose my card and beg to remain, Sir,

A CONSERVATIVE OLD EAGLE.

CAMBRIDGE,
20th June, 1927.

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The PIG: the pig: PIG!

WHEN I was a boy I was deeply interested in Pigs, with that shy but tenacious interest of which only boys are capable. Pigs were wonderful things to look at; so fat and ugly, so devoted to their food, so noisy, so stupid, so dirty. As we did not keep pigs ourselves my wonder was not exhausted by familiarity; only one of our friends kept pigs, so that of these animals I was a *rarus cultor et infrequens*. When I was taken to see these neighbours I would spend hours loafing around the sty in an elaborately casual manner—for I did not wish to be laughed at for being so much interested in what others took so lightly. I think now that I admired the Pig—and I do not suppose that this admiration was peculiar to myself; did not you, Sir, admire the Pig?—because the Pig does supremely well and continuously what the Boy does imperfectly and rarely, under all sorts of difficulties; the Pig is the incarnation of the Boy's ideal. Not, perhaps, that the Boy wants to eat like that and to live for eating, but that he thinks it magnificent that the Pig should. Moreover, the Pig is kept for those purposes and is encouraged to do those things which are discouraged in boys; they eat themselves to bursting, go dirty, and make awful noises, and the more they do it the more they are admired by grown-ups, who do not like these same things in Boys, for they hardly notice you even if you stand on your head and they positively dislike your noises.

I used therefore to find out as much as I could about pigs, not by reading books or by inviting lecturettes on the subject, for that is not the boy's way, but by asking sudden and indirect questions and by fitting in the answers to the results of quiet observation: an admirable method if the

answers are trustworthy, but unfortunately it was usually my father who gave them. Now my father was an inveterate joker, to whom a request for information was always a direct challenge, and he would say anything. He did not subscribe to the orthodox view that it is a mistake to deceive a child, and I must say, that looking back upon my own experience I think he was right. Once, for instance, I asked him about telegraph-wires, what was the meaning of those short patches which occur at intervals in a wire where it becomes black and much fatter? He happened to be conversing with another man, and told me with oracular solemnity that they were birds' nests, and I, being only four or five years old, believed him. After all, birds did sit about on telegraph-wires; why then should they not live there altogether? I dismissed the subject from my mind. When, much later, it recurred to me, I realised that I had never seen a bird coming out of or going into any of these nests; then it struck me that the thing was impossible, birds being much fatter than these swollen pieces of wire. I was now past the stage when I could believe in a miraculous nocturnal shrinkage of birds, and on asking someone else what the things were I learnt that they were simply the joinings of two lengths of wire. I had learnt a valuable lesson, to use my own reason and judgment, and not to believe everything that was told me, especially by my father. It was an admirable theory on which my father worked—if indeed he was working on a theory and was not simply indulging his genius for giving ridiculous answers.

It was the same with Pigs. In my admiration for their voracity I once asked my father if Pigs ate *everything*. "Yes," he said, "everything except bread and indiarubber." This was a very remarkable revelation, making this voracity much more striking by these strange limitations. Unlimited appetite was a physical wonder, but the two exceptions of bread and indiarubber introduced something of a spiritual mystery. The exceptions, moreover, were so diverse. It was sensible of the Pig to reject indiarubber, which notoriously defies mastication, and this proof of wisdom in the supernatural eater was of great interest. But that they should not eat bread, that

eminently edible material which even cats and the fowl of the air condescended to eat, this removed the Pig once more into the regions of mystery and made him again something apart from other animals. To be sure I had never seen horses and cows eat bread, but then, these sedate eaters confessedly lived upon grass and laid no claim to be omnivorous. This strange antipathy of the Pig to bread, contrasted with his most reasonable attitude to indiarubber, was to me more significant of the incomprehensible mystery of the Chinese than the permanence of the stars or the discovery that my father too had a father. I secretly sympathised with the Pig, and thought him a very brave and lordly being.

I had not discovered the inimitable hand of my father in this bread-and-indiarubber theory before I was introduced to a still more miraculous belief, nothing less than that Pigs can see the wind. The mystery of the Pig was developing rapidly, and this time it was no mere private mystery, inherited by me alone from my father, for it was vouched for by several solemn witnesses quite innocent of my father's perversions. Or I should say rather that solemn witnesses attested that "they do say so": I have never met anyone who believed it himself, only those who knew that others believe it. My researches have always been baffled by that impressive "They *do* say so." Consequently when the bread and indiarubber went the same way as the birds' nests the mystery of the Pig remained, firmly resting on this strange rustic doctrine that the animal can see the wind.

It is a strange doctrine to have crept into even so shadowy an existence as this, for if any animal can see the invisible (which does not seem likely) one would expect it to be the proverbial lynx, or the clear-eyed horse, or the cat which can see in the dark. The Pig's eyes are small and puffed up, suggesting myopia rather than supernatural vision. Nor does the general behaviour of the Pig support the idea, for the unanimous testimony of the pig-keepers I have consulted is that the Pig behaves towards the wind just as other animals do. I could understand the attribution of this miraculous power *per contrarium* to the mole; still more to the bat; since

this curious animal is not only nearly blind but (as they say) also emits a cry too high-pitched for the human ear to catch. But no: mankind, feeling that the Pig was already a mysterious creature, chose him for this impossible honour.

I can adduce another proof of this feeling about the Pig. One of the English school of Philosophical Poets proposes to discuss, among such ordinary and sane subjects as Kings, ships, cabbages, sealing-wax and shoes, the apparently absurd thesis "whether pigs have wings." You will observe that the poet, like my rural friends, takes no responsibility for the idea, and, like them, he half gives to the Pig an impossible attribute. It is not necessary to suppose that Mr Carroll thought that Pigs really have wings: probably his argument with himself was something like this: "To the casual observer it would seem that Pigs have no wings, and cannot fly, but since man can never fully understand these mysterious animals, the question is worth serious attention."

It is clear therefore that the Pig is recognised as a mysterious beast which is not what it seems, being possessed of faculties higher than those of other created beings; not an obviously mysterious animal like the cat, who walks abroad with the aloof superiority of the detective in a story, but an animal which seems to be the very essence of animalism, which yet secretly laughs "Ha! ha!" in his sty because he can see the invisible. My father therefore was on sure ground when he propounded his strange indiarubber theory; indeed he was probably expressing some profound human instinct which has come down to us from the remotest ages, possibly the same instinct which makes some of the Eastern races averse from devouring the flesh of the Pig.

But there is another side to the picture. The admirable Pig, regarded as a thing of awe, continually worshipped on our morning altars, is a bye-word among the nations for gluttony and filth. "As happy as a pig in muck" we say in the honest language of my county. He has become too a term of mere general abuse, with no reference to any one of his magnificent habits. We may cite *Punch*:

"And what did *you* say, Mrs 'Arris?"

"Ho! *I* kep' my dignity. 'Pig!' says I, and swep' out."

Indeed our common speech is continually calling upon the Pig for unseemly metaphors and similes. The French Pig is in an even worse plight, while in German the poor animal seems to be positively obscene.

At present I am concerned merely with pointing out this contrast, but certain similar contradictions may be quoted in conclusion. The Ancient Greeks worshipped with the greatest austerity Aphrodite Durania and with the greatest licence Aphrodite Pandemos. Our brave and noble patron-saint, George, is worshipped as a Saint in Greece, but on one day of the year, I am told, drunken honours are paid him as Drunken St George. It is a deep-seated human instinct to allow room for reviling what we revere, as Roman generals at their triumphs were followed by a crowd of soldiery jeering indecently. Perhaps therefore we have here traces of a double cult of the Pig: of the Pig Holy and Mysterious, the gifted Seer, the so strangely qualified Pantophagite, of Pig the support of man, Pig the delight of the epicure, the succulent Pig of the poets and essayists; and on the other hand of the Pig beastly, the Pig unclean, the Pig obscene—in short of the Pig that is simply a pig. And when the Pig becomes the pig it is time to stop talking of him.

H. D. F. K.

AFRICAN SONNETS

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

As some unremembered Vesta of the hills
 Who saw her people go to return no more
 And watched the beating heart of fire that fills
 Her brazier darken and sift to the ash-strewn floor,
 Turned from her city and passed in lonely pride
 To seek the shade of Phoebus, and of Pan
 Still piping his unheard melodies beside
 Dark Acheron to gods forgotten of man;

So now the old year gathers a train of stars
 About her, and stooping to kiss the weary head
 Of Atlas with his coronal of scars,
 She passes to seek the rivers of the dead
 And wander with ghosts of gods on whose dead shrine
 She has poured libations of her purple wine.

TIMGAD

The sighing of Penates for their dead
 (Small gods still grieving for forgotten men)
 Moans in the ruin as the ancient red
 Of sunset splashes on the hills again;
 A greater spirit on the Capitol
 Broods in the silence of eternal pain
 Above his city, while ephemeral
 Blue incense-smoke is rising from the plain.
 The gods are heedless of the offerings
 Which Earth still lays upon their ancient shrine
 For they remember, and remembrance brings
 Slow pain to minds forecursed to be divine.
 The dead they mourn have left for their despair
 A single broken word: Feliciter.

BISKRA

Here Epicurus Tribune of the State
 Sat dreaming as the day streamed quietly
 Westward to light Elysium and the sea
 That thunders through the Herculean Gate;
 Here as the twilight narrowed and the great
 Walled mountains gathered in immensity
 He mused, hearing a hidden melody,
 And gazed upon the calm blue veil of fate.
 A velvet bat came quivering and went
 Dusk-winged, while Epicurus dreamed of home
 And saw Soracte in the white-haired height
 Of Atlas; then he woke to Earth's lament
 Crooned for her children, the cold gods and Rome...
 A sigh, as evening opened into night. W. B. W.

EAGLETS

THE DEAN, who as some already know to their cost has recently become a Proctor, was nearly the subject of a "touching" case the other day. Accompanied by several undergraduates in normal attire (without cap and gown) he was approached by a Buller who on recognising him, made off quickly. Being out unofficially he did not give chase. We think the other Proctor should have been cognisant of the old Cambridge custom "Let the Blind lead the Blind."

Highland Sports are all the "rage" just now, several people having given an excellent demonstration the other day of tossing the Caber. Some person had unfortunately removed the notice "Please keep off the grass" and our doughty exponents are now trying to "break a gate."

One of our best known athletes has had his hair waved recently. Most athletes little realise what an enormous difference a good streamline will make by cutting out 'air resistance.

Mr John Leatham is now Secretary of the Union, though his politics I understand are far from Unionist. But still *omnia vincit labor*. Talking of the Union by the way Mr Foot is back from his debating tour in the States where his "dry" humour went down very well. The immigration officials nearly spoilt the romance of hundreds of "peppy" girls by thinking he had *Foots Mouth Disease*.

The railings on the W. side of the Chapel Tower have disappeared. Although they were taken as trophies, many have imagined that roof climbers are giving place to cat burglars.

Why are all the Dons late
 When they come into Hall?
 Well they do have to wait
 Till a quarter past eight,

By no subtle tricks
Can they get to the "flicks."
That's why they are late
When they come into Hall.

The introduction of an Edible luncheon in Hall last term has given several gentlemen a chance of displaying their marksmanship under our Eagle eye. As the menu said, "Bread and Brawn."

Our ex-Dean has sold his car to his successor. "The Dean's car is dead, Long live the dean's car," though our automobile expert doubts if it will.

Dean's Car. This result shows the efficacy of the advertisement columns of such a widely read public organ as the *Eagle*. Since the publicity given to the striking sartorial note set last term by our well-known *arbiter elegantiarum* some more + 4's (alleged) have graced our dons.

A ground record was made at Fenners by R. L. Howland, our 16 stone weight putter, as a result of which the pit is to be lengthened. One can imagine the Groundsman wishing that these athletes would not throw their weight about so much.

TO A LINGUIST

I MET a man who knew the Latin tongue,
The Coptic, French, Assyrian and the Greek.
I was impressed by him for I was young,
But now I know that animals can speak.

R. H. B.

INCUNABULUM

LIFE is an old book wherein must be read
by each at night
in brief match-light
a word or two before he goes to bed.

FINIS

IF time were dying and the earth were broken
Into a thousand fragments while the sound
Of thunder echoed on the writhing ground;
If through the night of chaos there were spoken
The word of doom, I still would not forget
My one last after-dinner cigarette.

W. B. W.

AMERICAN DANCING

"MARJORY," I said, "you do want to smoke a cigarette, don't you?" "Well, perhaps just one," replied Marjory, falling into the trap I had carefully laid for her. "In that case," I resumed triumphantly, "we shall leave this unnaturally crowded floor, and seek a secluded corner, where I shall unburden myself of my celebrated dissertation on American dancing. I'm afraid you've sold your freedom to me for a cigarette, Marjory; it generally takes a full half-hour."

"I don't expect it will be quite as bad as all that," said Marjory, sitting down, and accepting the fatal cigarette. "Begin," she commanded. So I began.

"Dancing in America is ruled by the great and glorious cut-in system, whereby a touch of the elbow, and the magic formula 'May I cut in, please?' enables you to dance with any girl you know on the floor just whenever you feel you want to dance with her."

"What if she doesn't want to dance with you?" suggested Marjory, with her usual acumen going straight to the heart of the matter.

"Oh she doesn't mind much, because you're sure to be relieved pretty soon, and anyway it's no worse than a duty-dance over here, and doesn't take half as long. A really popular girl has a wonderful time: her partners arrive in a steady stream, and thus provide her with a quite delightful sense of variety, while if she is tired, or wants to talk to any

of them, she can always suggest sitting out, since Rule I of the game is that you can't be cut in on while sitting-out."

"Attractive girls generally have a good time anywhere," said the practical Marjory, "what about the unattractive ones?"

"Epigram for epigram," I replied, "unattractive ones generally have a bad time anywhere; at least where dancing is concerned. But here, unfortunately, I can't give the excuse I gave to your last devastating criticism. Over here an unattractive girl only has one dance with a man, while there she may be with him for any length of time, if no one cuts in. I've been three quarters of an hour with the same girl once." I recollected sadly "At the end of that time the wells of conversation were completely dry. I remember looking straight in front of me with a tense strained expression, while my partner was almost in tears. But of course one can generally attract the attention of some friend on the side-lines, so to speak, though the atmosphere isn't exactly healthy if one is caught in the act. I have heard of one unfortunate who, after an hour and a half of complete inseparability, circled mournfully round the room fluttering over his partner's left shoulder. Whether some gallant brought himself to relieve him the story does not go on to relate."

"But as a matter of fact these occasions are not frequent. Most girls have men looking after them, who will see to it that they have a sufficient number of partners, while the hosts and hostesses will always break up one of these unhappy combinations, if they should happen to notice it."

"Are there any more rules?" asked Marjory.

"Rule II is that you can't cut in back on the man who has cut in on you. That sounds a little complicated, but what I mean is that if I and another man want to dance with the same girl, and he interrupts my dance, and carries her triumphantly away, I can't go back and reclaim her. What I can do, however, is to seek out a friend who can and will cut in on the other fellow, and I, of course, am then at perfect liberty to cut in on my friend."

"But the great advantage of the cut-in system is that it saves the host and hostess endless trouble. It's such a smooth-working machine: the guests do all the introducing for themselves, and a girl need never sit out unless she wants to do so. Also she is always provided with a partner, because Rule III and last is that no man can ever leave his partner on any pretext whatever, unless cut in upon. That is why youthful Englishmen wonder at the steely glint that comes into the eyes of their fair American partners, when they mumble 'Thanks very much,' and push off at the end of the girls' first dances on this side."

"Well, there it is," I concluded, "it's all great fun and I hope you'll try it some day. But I do hope I haven't bored you; you've been wonderfully patient."

Marjory tried hard to look like a martyr, and failed miserably. Martyrs, I believe, looked grim, and Marjory simply can't look grim. But she could do one thing the martyr couldn't do. She could escape. "Yale Blues," said Marjory, head on one side, "Let's go and dance." We went and danced.

A. M.

OUR REALLY GREAT MEN

R. A. SYMONDS

THE true picture of Mr Symonds is that of him standing in the shallows of a trout stream, wearing a disreputable hat, which he sometimes wears at Cambridge, and a cheerful grin of abandoned sensuality. There may possibly be a beer-bottle lying on the bank or sticking out of his pocket. There may, too, be a creel over his shoulder, but as he is a confirmed pessimist I should think this unlikely. To Cambridge he is a different man, with most of the characteristics of an old Bedfordian; and some of their graces and accomplishments too.

Mr Symonds was born in Bedford, in September, 1906 and he spent his extreme youth, as is the immemorial custom of Rowing Blues, in falling out of his pram into the river. At

the tender age of five he was winning races in hand-paddled boats in the children's boating pond. Two years later he entered Bedford School. It must have been somewhere about this time that he became Rex to all and sundry. He journeyed rapidly through the School till, at 15, he occupied a modest position in the VIth and, he tells me, in the School Orchestra. In the Summer, 1924, he first came into the School VIII and began to lay the foundations of that gallery of pots that stands in his rooms. Next year he won more pots and again rowed in the VIII.

Mr Symonds came up in the following October. He rowed in Trials throughout the Term and was eventually "bow" in "B" VIII, the VIII, he says, that would have won, had not ice prevented the race. Apart from rowing he began to lead the virtuous path of all good freshers; though, there was that time—but that, as Kipling would say, is another story. Unfortunately, he and his landlady did not agree. They were both moral non-conformists, but of different sects, and this appears to have been the root of the trouble. After the incident of the beer and the window, diplomatic relations were strained. The upshot of the matter was, that half-way through the Lent Term, Mr Symonds came into College, since when everyone has known him by bruit, at least. He signalled his appearance in College by baptising the Head Porter in a curious and unprecedented fashion. Both parties love telling this story.

During the General Strike Mr Symonds became a stevedore at Dover, and here he began to acquire a reputation for classical tags, which effectually pulled him through the Classical Tripos in 1926. But he was not so interested in his work that he did not row bow in the Head of the River May Boat and in the finals of the Grand and the Wyfolds at Henley.

Since October, 1926, a casual observer might think that Mr Symonds had been sitting in the window-seat of his rooms in Second Court. But in the interval he has succeeded in cracking a rib and, a year later, in winning the Colquhoun Sculls and rowing "7" in the winning Trial VIII. The

C.U.B.C. did their best to make up the VIII against Oxford without him, but found he was indispensable and called him in to row "7" half-way through training. In getting his Blue he follows in the footsteps of his father and uncles and keeps intact the sequence of Lady Margaret Blues since the War. All the world knows the story of the race and the high standard of the crew.

Meeting Mr Symonds in the Court one would hardly take him for a rowing man. A rowing man conjures up pictures of a man with the strength of a bull and the grace of a Zulu. It can hardly be said that Mr Symonds has either of these qualities; though his feet are large and inclined to be flat. He is a good six feet in height but weighs a paltry 11½ stone. However, as the Press has justly remarked, he "is stronger than he looks." His outlook on life is classical and he holds aesthetic views on such base material things as food and wine, but his taste in beer is not all it should be. He frequents the Reading Room, the length and breadth of the Courts and the bottom-shelf in the right-hand cupboard of the mahogany "what-not" in his rooms. His recreations are fishing, Mozart and the study of contemporary literature. It is also true that he is doing the Second Part of the Law Tripos. It can honestly be said that he has but two failings—he reads the *Daily Mail* and is a confirmed misogynist.

SUNSET ON THE HUNTINGDON ROAD

WESTWARD a sea of light is flooding in,
Through meadowland and wood, while far away
The sky hangs dimly blue, and fields begin
To glow with melting glory of the day;
And joy of earth is blessed by heaven's gold,
Which peacefully comes peeping through the shades
Of moving mist bands, floating fold on fold
Between the trees, until the twilight glades

Recede in ever changing hues, half hid
 From view. While from the pool of light the farmstead
 Rises black, as some dark pyramid
 Of ancient cult rears heavenwards its head
 From desert sands, remoulded by the breeze
 Since morning. While on distant Coton hill
 Thin lines of fire from pole to pole among the trees,
 Run streaking northwards on the crest, until
 The woods arrest the spark, and southwards there,
 The glint of wires is lost between the lanes
 Of twilit trees, and dances in the glare
 Of shining ploughlands wet with recent rains.
 It fades! and see, how like a spreading fan
 The dusk expands beneath the purple skies,
 For fear the blinding glory should bewilder man,
 And hide the peacefulness of God, which lies
 Far back, beyond the splendour of the hour
 Betwixt the time of light and dark. And then,
 Sometimes there comes the slow descending shower,
 Awakening at length in mortal men
 The frame's immortal soul and quiet rest
 Forbidden by the day, comes with the night—
 When daylight cloaked and booted walks to the west,
 And having climbed the ridge, passes from sight.

D. H.

DEAN v. HERRING

IN the Chapel Court of Divinity College an indictment for riotous behaviour had been found against Rowe Herring, undergraduate *in statu infantis*, who had been convicted and sentenced thereon.

At the trial the prisoner stated that he had been playing a gramophone in his rooms. Nose, a porter, had requested him to desist. He politely declined and Dean, who had sent the Porter, took an action against him.

In his summing up the Chancellor of Vice said, "Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard both sides of this case, that

of Dean who as his name suggests, is a person of sober and decent, not to say reverent demeanour, and Herring, who appears to me a frivolous young undergraduate with few claims to the sympathy of a respectable body of men such as you are supposed to be. This young man is accused of the serious crime of riotous behaviour by playing a gramophone. Now riotous behaviour is the crime of acting in any way such as a healthy young man might wish to act and which is prohibited by the ordinances of a band of bearded and venerable old men whose aloofness from mundane considerations and total unworldliness has so well fitted them for this task of legislation. In face of these decrees this man in a spirit of reckless defiance has indulged himself in this gross and vicious form of crime. I think we might have dismissed his defence as frivolous had it not been for one plea. He says he is a music lover who cannot give his soul food without music. What his soul is I cannot say. Professor Bones, Regius Professor of Anatomy, does not know of the existence of such a thing, while exhaustive examination has shown that it has never been referred to before in these courts save in the expression 'free to call one's soul one's own' which seeing that the soul does not exist, is as much freedom as we can permit. Defendant has further stated that he has muffled the sound in every way possible. Surely, Gentlemen, that argues a guilty conscience, a *mens rea*, a lack of the courage of his convictions. You have heard the evidence of Dr Uke Lid, the mathematical Don who confessed that by listening at the keyhole he had heard sounds which convinced him that someone must be enjoying himself, and that in consequence the Doctor had been disturbed for days. Undergraduates must realise that Dons must not be disturbed in their enjoyment of sullen moroseness by such disquieting suspicions. All this part of the defence, Gentlemen, I think you may dismiss as frivolous. But the sorry defendant has aggravated his offence by claiming that the University is a place where a man is supposed to have leisure and freedom to develop his tastes and talents. I can scarcely find words to describe such an outrageous definition. Does the defendant

realise that he may have neither leisure nor liberty. You have heard him, Gentlemen, say in answer to the question 'What did he think was the purpose of University examinations?' that it was to provide the examiners with an outlet for their spite and an excuse for earning their living. He went on to say that public schoolboys regarded the University as a place where, as Lord Cherryhinton said 'Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.' The sooner it is realised that an undergraduate is not a free agent, but is subject to all the restrictions that the combined ingenuity of the Police Force, the College authorities, and the Senate can devise for him, the better it will be for all concerned. But for the ill-timed levity of the defendant generations of young men might have entered the University each year in the fond and innocent belief that they were free to act as they pleased, and gone down with these fine pristine conceptions unshattered, even if a little shaken. But the law is the law, and as Lord Spudd said '*ἂ γέγραφα γέγραφα*, many things are to happen before others begin,' and it is my painful duty to pronounce that there is no liberty whatsoever in this University."

The Court then adjourned.

REGINA REDIVIVA

I WAS the consort of a mighty king;
 I sat beside him on an equal throne;
 My royalty's estate and his were one—
 He would not I was less in anything.
 I loved him only, truly; and did bring
 Children to birth for him; mine was his son.
 I helped him ever to maintain his own;
 I grudged him not his subjects' worshipping.
 His least request I waited—and fulfilled;
 Whither he went I followed; where he stayed
 I stayed; I never spoke him wrathfully,
 Nor ever showed my lord a wife self-willed.
 To him unending praise by men is paid;
 My name men know not: who should honour me?

L. R. F. E.

JOHN FISHER

"IN one word he was the best friend since the foundress and greatest patron the college ever had to this day": and Baker might have added that, but for the persuasions and exertions of John Fisher, St John's College would never have been founded, or, when founded, have come to maturity. "The College was first undertaken by his advice, was endowed by his bounty or interest, preserved from ruin by his care, grew up and flourished under his countenance and protection and was at last perfected by his conduct!" For Fisher was both powerful and benevolent. Born in 1459, he was educated at Rochester and then at Michaelhouse, Cambridge—now merged in Trinity—where he became a fellow. In 1494 he was appointed Senior Proctor, an office which carried with it occasional attendance at court at that time. As a result he became confessor to Lady Margaret. When, on his election as Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1501, he found academic learning in a decayed or decaying state, he set himself to remedy it by gaining the interest of wealthy patrons: which resulted in the foundation of the Lady Margaret professorship, of a preachership for the surrounding country, and of Christ's College. Three years later, in 1508, Christ's being well established, Fisher managed to deter the lady who had "thirty kings and queens allied to her within the fourth degree of blood or affinity" from her design of bestowing the rest of her property on Westminster Abbey, and prevailed with her to found another college instead. She immediately died, appointing Fisher as one of the executors of her will.

Then followed three years of struggling on his part to get anything done. The hospital of St John, which he proposed to dissolve and transform, died hard. The three remaining brethren who were "very dissolute and prodigal in their expenses, not in charity and hospitality, but in excess and riot, in gratifying their own sinful lusts" had pawned their plate and mortgaged their lands. But they were supported by the visitor, the Bishop of Ely, who had a fellow-feeling

for corruption. Fisher, armed with a thunderous bull from Julius II, prevailed with Henry VIII to licence the dissolution, and armed with both he subdued the bishop. A year or so later, on April 9th, 1511, the charter formally establishing the new College was sealed, and a Master and three fellows appointed to superintend the conversion.

The charter did, in fact, make provision for fifty scholars and fellows, but contained no mention of Lady Margaret's bequests, amounting to some £400 annually. Henry VIII was perhaps loth to part with his inheritance: for in spite of a successful suit carried by Fisher before Warham, the King, urged on by Wolsey, managed to give nothing away. The executors found themselves so "straitly handled" that they were forced to "let go the lands." Instead, Fisher, by continued application, got a licence to suppress "an old decayed Maison-Dieu" at Ospringe in his diocese of Rochester, and to endow the College with its lands: and this, together with the mortgaged hospital property and the plate redeemed by Fisher, was all the endowment it had at first.

Meanwhile, the College buildings had been begun with money paid by the king, and, when the new Master had got rid of the old one—an obstinate man who stuck to his claims—by buying him off with 100 marks, it was ready for its statutes. In 1516 Fisher drew them up, making them almost identical with those he had given to Christ's. But in spite of all the College remained very poor, so that Fisher again benefited it by acquiring two nunneries—each apparently containing three confessedly "incontinent persons"—and adding them to the College's endowments. It is interesting to note that Wolsey, on this occasion [1524] was far more eager to suppress than Fisher: and so far from opposing, urged him to proceed, "with celerity and diligence, all delays utterly set apart." This about doubled the revenues of the College, so that an augmented code of statutes was drawn up by Fisher, incorporating various foundations of his own—fellowships, scholarships and readerships. At the same time he made provision for a chapel to contain his own tomb, an addition to the existing buildings.

But all these activities on behalf of the College occupied only a part of his time. Bishop of Rochester since 1504 and Chancellor of the University for life, he was active in both capacities. He wrote various answers to Luther and other reformers, all tending to that same conservatism which appeared in his statutes; but he was mainly responsible for starting the study of Greek in Cambridge by inviting Erasmus to lecture; he even started learning it himself—at sixty. Politically he was remarkable for his strenuous opposition to Wolsey's proposals with regard to clerical taxation. But he continued high in the royal favour until the beginning of Henry's divorce proceedings against Catherine, whose confessor now he was. Even in 1530 he found time to produce another and larger code of statutes, based on various others, especially that of Wolsey for Christ Church, Oxford. But that was the last service he could render to St John's. For his opposition to the king, begun by his attachment to Catherine, was continued by his refusal to recognise Henry's ecclesiastical changes. He would not take the oath of supremacy, and so was imprisoned with More: and with More he was beheaded, on June 22nd 1535, at the age of 76. The last straw, in Henry's eyes, was that this obstinate old man should have been created a Cardinal while he denied his allegiance to modern conditions.

Fisher had many admirers; More's praise of him is too well known to need repetition, while the imperial ambassador called him "the paragon of all Christian prelates." But it is from St John's College that most acknowledgment must come. He was accused in his lifetime by one of the fellows of usurping what was the foundress' due, when the University and the two Colleges he was so instrumental in founding had decreed his remembrance in their prayers. But so far from claiming what might almost be his right, at least in regard to St John's, he wrote deferring the honour to Lady Margaret, who had provided the money. That he had a particular regard for St John's is shown both by his lasting care for it in his lifetime and by the provisions of his will. Besides various lands to support the fellowships which he founded, he

left to the College all his moveables—especially his library “which was so replenished and with such kind of books, as it was thought the like was not to be found again in the possession of any one man in Christendom.” This, having been seized and dispersed by the royal agents on his first arrest in 1534, naturally did not come to the College. His very name was omitted when his statutes were revised by a royal commission in 1545: and his chapel had the arms erased after the visit of a royal agent in 1540; which cost the College twelvecence. As for his tomb, its stones remained in a heap, for he himself was buried in the Tower, and they fell to pieces from exposure in the winter of 1773-4. So that his fall left him with scarcely any memorial in the College which was peculiarly his creation.

But there is one memorial, perhaps the best of all, which remains in the treasury—a letter written to him by the whole College in 1534. After saying how sorry they are at his imprisonment and the failure of his efforts on behalf of the Church, they go on: “we must confess that we owe to you our livelihood, our teaching and whatever good things we have or know. . . . Whatever is ours, use it we beg of you, as if it were your own. Whatever we have or shall have is yours; we all are and shall be wholly yours. You are our glory and our guide, you are the head of our body, so that, of necessity, whatever evils touch you, the pain of them will be borne by our members.” It is a tribute to the society of St John’s that they dared to address such words to a political offender of Fisher’s standing, especially at the period of his deepest disgrace. But it seems to show that at least in the eyes of contemporaries Fisher was credited with a far larger share in the work of founding the College than is usually allowed him in the College histories.

W. GATTY

CORRESPONDENCE

An answer to A CONSERVATIVE OLD EAGLE

Sir,

A correspondent in your last issue expressed surprise at the omission of the National Anthem at the May Week Concert; though he omitted to tell us if his four “rather musical” friends shared his pain and disappointment. Perhaps they gave him the second or unnamed surprise of the two which he mentions in his letter.

Probably the bulk of the audience *did* expect the National Anthem [though many of them must have been relieved at such a merciful omission]; but why, sir, should a recognition of “democratic monarchy” be reserved for a musical entertainment whose audience is probably sufficiently intelligent to understand fully the nature of our constitution [though probably half of it has lost all faith in democracy and the other half has ceased to believe in monarchy]?

Surely it is those who do not go to concerts who need the educative effects of the National Hymn? Let us sing it in trams and ’buses, on the football-field and in the public house; let us sing it in the bath, but, at least, do not let us reveal its paucity of tune and poetry by contrast with the excellent programme provided by DR ROTHAM.

For our part we are not helped to a recognition of the democratic character of our monarchy by a song which does not contain a single democratic sentiment.

We enclose our cards, and beg to remain, Sir,

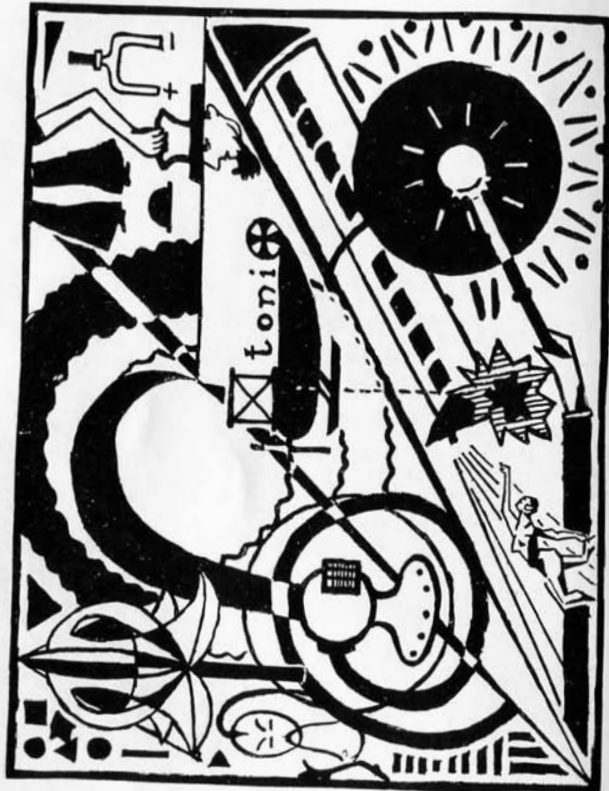
TWO JOHN’S SWANS
(who are a tough proposition).

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J. Brearley.

“gray” matter

The DARK AFFAIR of SECOND COURT

THE crepuscular shadows were descending upon the roofs of the Second Court as with a glad cry the students rushed from the class rooms where the sombre professors had caused them to apply themselves to their studies all the day. It was the hour of rejoicing. Many ran to the Café Matthew to consume a vermouth before the evening meal, others to their lodgements, where, with a brief word to the concierge concerning the day's studies or perhaps the Baconandeggs of the morning, they fled to their attics to deck themselves for the pleasures of the evening. Others more sober pondered on the last discourse at which they had assisted, or discussed among themselves the propositions of the professors.

Sudden the obscuring night rent herself with a cry — Aid me—One beats me—Aid me. A heavy body falls to the ground. And then silence. Fear grips the heart of all and they turn to the darkened doorway from which issued the lugubrious noise.

It is the Professor A—— who comes to die—came a cry. One has burst to him the head. Let the gendarmes approach themselves.

That evening round the top table the theories the most diverse spread themselves. — It is a crime passionate — said one to his neighbour — I know it that a she-student loves him and can write no more notes. But his myopic eyes were blind and she has killed him to detach the incubus.

— It is that his opinions were contrary to the general sense of the students — cried another. — He maintained that the Fall

of Rome was occasioned by the introduction of the phonograph. The noise engendered drowned the approach of the Barbarians and all was lost before the guard awoke from their stupefaction.

— It is well maintained — rejoined a third — but I know it that he himself loved the sound and would stand by the hour in the Courts, listening to the strains which issued from every window. It was done by a guardian of the Peace scholastic. The Professor A — was a reactionary plotting to restore the liberty individual at the expense of the common good.

— I have it as a fact — came from a fourth — that once before his life had been attempted. His servant relates that he has received letters of threat for that he wore the trousers Plus Four while discoursing on ancient greek sculpture.

— It is the vengeance of God — exclaimed another. — He proposed the Demolition of the Second Court to make space for a Bigger and Better Building.

— He knew not the works of Purcell and the Elizabethans.

— He drank no wine, and excluded himself from the company of students.

— Surely, it is the vengeance of God — cried they all.

The great detective was baffled. One had established that at the hour of the calamity none were on the staircase, nor in any of the chambers adjoining. For all were at their appointed conferences, and there is no student so impolite as to precede his venerable professors from the Hall. Moreover, why was it that the Unfortunate was found dead on that particular entrance where no business led him, as his own apartment was in a distant part of the College? The great detective was an anticlerical and could not admit of the Divine Intervention which all the College were now united in agreeing to. He would prefer to attribute the calamity to an agency diabolic. But what for then the crime? It was indeed a problem, and after satisfying himself that the Police were in a similar state of uncertainty, he retired himself to his estate to think.

But as one knows that the mountain gives birth to a mouse,

so by the general Reversibility of Things must the mouse occasionally engender the mountain. So was the solution found.

Three weeks later, as that part of the College was being pulled down in order to be rebuilt, a strange mewing was heard in a dark closet behind the staircase. The chief workman, having an instinct that this noise was of importance the most grave, hastily caused to come the Authorities. Remaining still in doubt, it was the great detective himself whom they called.

— It is the product of the imagination — he cried. — No criminal remains mewing for three weeks on the site of his crime. It is impossible, it is unheard of.

All were standing around. Some shook their heads in agreement. Others crossed themselves as a renewed paroxysm of mewing rent the air.

A student sprang forward.

— It is the cat — he cried — the cat that the unjust Steward has driven forth, that she may not establish herself in the cream jar, and who has taken refuge in the closet.

— Stand back — cried the great detective — who, leaping forward, precipitated himself upon the student. But it was too late. A groan, and the detective held a corpse to him. All removed their caps. A Tutor sprang to toll the Bell. It was a melancholy spectacle. The mewing of the exiled cat and the Young Life so valiantly flung away.

All were affected, but hardly had the multitude recovered from their consternation when the great detective sprang to the Eldest of the Professors and gripping the arm with a vice of steel posed his question.

— Did the Professor A — love the cats?

There was a silence.

A silence where all held the breath.

A silence in which one could hear a pin to drop. The youngest professor stooped to pick it up.

The spell was Broken.

— Yes — came huskily the response — yes, he loved the cats. Even on the morning of his death he accused the cruel

Steward of casting a Baleful glare on a family of kittens gambling round the Refrigerator.

— All is clear — cried the detective. — The Professor died even as this young man died, seeking to comfort the weary and oppressed. I see it. He leaves his class, pondering on the beauties of Attic Sculpture. A sound of complaint reaches his ears. It is a cat, but courage, help is at hand. I flee to succour. So rushes the Professor to the staircase. It is dark. He beats him the head on the wall. And dies. All is simple.

The great detective taps on the shoulder the Eldest Professor, who is stupefied with amazement.

— It is over — he says — my fee?

The Eldest Professor searches in his pockets. A morsel of Paper passes.

The great detective takes his leave and departs to his estate, thinking.

A silence falls on the crowd. The mystery is solved. But at what a cost. All brood with melancholy upon the affair.

But near the staircase there is a stir. All stand back. The Steward and the Officer of Buildings are revealed. The Steward is clasping a cat to his bosom, the Officer of Buildings is holding a lamp.

— The cat shall live on the best that I have — says the Steward.

— There shall be more light on the staircases — says the Officer of Buildings.

E. G. D.

COMMENTS

IF, as men say, in the latter life our acts
 Rise up and judge us, done-by-as-we-did,
 It is a monstrous dispensation
 And ill beseems a sometime cosmic world,
 That Davy, in the utmost gloom of Hell,
 Should walk securely with a Davy lamp
 While Bunsen,—no less worthy—there's the rub—
 Should writhe in torment on a Bunsen burner!

GAUDEAT IGITUR

Give me a fulcrum and I will move the world...

ARCHIMEDES

LET him have his fulcrum then,
 And let him move the world.
 Heave it up from its solid base
 And trundle it off down the streets of space
 Like an urchin with his hoop
 Trot-ting trun-dling along behind
 (The dotard and his schoolboy mind!)
 If it falls he can hardly stoop
 To start it up again...still
 Let him trundle it on through space
 At his steady lumbering beevisish pace
 With sandals loosely flapping on
 The fundamental carapace
 (Bang flap bang flap bang flap bang flop).

Let him have his fulcrum then, and we shall see how a philosopher enjoys himself.

H. S.

SAN MARINO

THE ancient Via Aemilia runs on its way through Parma, Reggio, Bologna. Faenza brings it to that point of great strategic importance opposite Ravenna which in other days one had to negotiate if one wished to attack Rome. Julius Caesar had to go along the narrow piece of flat country lying between the Apennines and the Adriatic just here. The Rubicon may have been either one of the present Uso or Fiumicino rivers. After crossing them the Via Aemilia leads over the Marecchia by the Ponte Tiberio, dilapidated but still Roman, into Rimini. It passes out through the Arco d'Augusto, also dilapidated Roman, though topped with Ghibelline battlements, and proceeds to Ancona.



If however you are travelling in these parts, Rimini is a very good point to leave the road and turn into Umbria.

From any first or second floor window you can see the nearer hills looking fresh and inviting after the arid coastal marshlands. One of the nearest, seeming to have castles on it, makes you decide to take the road passing by it to the next stop, San Marino. When we were at Rimini we were three: B. had been made ill by unsuitable food or something else, and was thought unfit to walk the 15 miles. A. and I, having left him to come by the bus to San Marino, set out with enough time in hand for us all to arrive much at the same time.

We went by the Porta Montanara, leaving the Marecchia and Garibaldi's country on our right. The walk was uninteresting until a double zig-zag brought us up into a village piazza with a good trattoria. Being asked for passports as soon as served with beer, made us realise we had entered the 32 square miles of city-state still existing from mediaeval times.

As we went up the roll of the country we now could see that spur we had expected to pass. This rock which, thus, must itself be San Marino's centre, seemed to stick out of the rising country like the broken stem of a champagne glass inverted on a table. As we walked up and across, so to speak, the bowl of the glass, we thought few people must go up the spiky stem except on special occasions. Here on this undulating plain the country was open except for a few small trees in which peacocks were beginning to roost. Our road, very white now in the evening, was going up in big soft curves, across which we often took short cuts. At one of these field tracks we met a peasant who for the rest of the way led us where the road was best, and where a field track was shorter. He spoke with us a little, but was mostly silent. We walked along with him in quiet, always up, through the brief Italian twilight, still, but full of distant sounds. Soon we entered the Borgo Maggiore, where our peasant bowed and said we must go up the Monte Titano to find an albergo, and so we followed steps and lanes and corners 700 feet up this stem,

leaving the dark undefined country spread out below. One felt as if high up above an infinitely deep well. The bus, which roared by along the road as we climbed the last steep cut, seemed to bring up the world of the plain into our quite separate world. Indeed we were almost surprised, when we came out at last on a level way resembling the Pincio, to find B. waiting in the slight mist near a lamp.

The bus was obliged to put down its passengers here, outside the city walls, because inside was nothing but narrow ways of impossible gradient as stepped streets, piling up to the summit of the Rocca. As soon as we were through the gate we seemed to turn upwards as well as to the right or left. After being temporarily lost we came out at the lowest corner of the small Piazza Titana, which has buildings so high that we felt as though ourselves at a great depth. Its dominating feature—the Albergo Titano—was clean and simple and gave us good food. As we usually kept Baedeker and his dates for shaving time in the morning, we walked about that evening with only a very vague idea of San Marino. You might imagine so tortuous an habitation to be for the greater part mediaeval. Certainly the Gothic Palazzo del Governo seemed by electric light to be reputable. We had not realised that the streets were lit by electricity until they were switched into darkness and people laughed as if at a theatre. Yellow stone houses, that Gothic Palazzo del Governo, the silhouette of castles seen from below, the stone-paved crooked streets of this remote fastness: they must have lived on from before the Renaissance, untouched. And yet there was this suggestion of the electrically lit playhouse! The truth is that, although there was a convent here in 885 and San Marino received papal recognition of its independence in 1631, the state seems to have had its boom in the nineteenth century. That plausible government-house was only built in 1894! In 1876 San Marino created an Englishwoman Duchess of Acqua Viva. The cathedral is dull 1830 classic. In 1849 the state's neutrality saved Garibaldi from the Austrians. It was the only Italian state respected by Napoleon. The state seems then to have worked up and realised in the nineteenth century

conditions suitable to the fourteenth. But in spite of the fact that two of its three castle crests are preposterous cardboard inventions, San Marino is more than amusing, and has more to give than cancelled issues of postage stamps. The view from the precipitous Rocca is clear to the Adriatic 15 miles away. And when we left soon after four one morning by the gentler inland slope we forgot the imitations and saw only the picturesque groups, quiet, grey above the slope to the tawny plain. As the Umbrian sun came up, the Rocca stayed visible far beyond Macerata, a flat cool silhouette.

P. S.

A HATE POEM

“**M**USIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.”
My ears, too, when the dance is done,
Vibrate with the saxophone.
And while with jazz my senses thicken
Coty and central-heating sicken.
Ah! rose-leaves, were the rose not dead,
Would sweetly lull my singing head.
My thoughts, fair partner, when you're gone,
No paper could be printed on.

ALTITUDE and APPLES

IF I could climb atop some giddy Alp,
Scarring with iron-shod feet its snowy scalp,
Armed with the fruit of thought—old Adam's bane—
To learn wherein we are naked once again;
If I stood gazing (though to heaven as near
As might be) I would feel no faithless fear,
Eating with fruit of earth a bold no-care,
Gazing down through the smokeless mountain air,
O what a place to fashion solid schemes,
And separate the possible from dreams!

As I munched calmly, and far from me hurled
Each browning core, one problem of the world
Would, every moment, stripped of riddling, stand
Resolved; and as below on every hand
Pure white reflects no image to the eyes,
Climb sky-ward who would clear philosophize.
What pose to frame debates and lasting songs,
Or vent upon the breeze your burning wrongs!
Muse, too, upon the turnings of the spheres
And shout your clarion challenge down the years!
Peace for the world, what life awaits the dead,
What god or man bids thunder overhead,
And lesser things of politics, or art,
Religion, war, the troubles of the heart,
The claims cathedrals exercise o'er chapels—
Who would these find, seek altitude and apples!

VERS LIBRE

ALL the grey vapours, brooding clouds
From all earth's darkest corners
Are come together, drifted, driven,
Into one smooth, unoutlined coverlet
Still as the downs at night,
O'er the face of heaven;
And warm with coming rain
That hangs arrested in mid-air;
Stirred by some wanton wander-breeze the leaves
Autumn-browed tremble,
And quiver, and often lightly fall.
The door stands wide, unpassed.
Yet be not lost in dreaming,
But scale yon spire with upward roving eye,
Till, ever mounting higher,
It lances the livid sky.
Lo, 'twas with no misty matter swollen,
But even, liquid light;
That, now slowly spreading, slowly suffusing all,

Opaquely bright, struggles awhile with grey,
Struggles, and wins—and wins its downward way.

Quicker the sunbeams beat
Across the doorway strike inviting
To bathe our sleepy selves.

The morning's laughed at last!

L. R. F. E.

PRESS POSTERS

OF all the absurdities committed by the daily press few can rival the distortions of the English language that appear on the average poster. Doubtless the limited space and the psychological factors that underlie advertisement make the production of grammatical announcements somewhat difficult, though the twopenny papers usually succeed with distressingly dull and uninspiring results.

We are wholly inured to the grammatical perversions of

TILDEN	or	BLIND SCHOOL
SENSATION		FIRE RESCUES,

but what would the conventionally illiterate foreigner understand by

LONDON GASSED		LORD BYNG
COUPLE MYSTERY	and	UPROAR IN
		COMMONS.

Might he not imagine the noble lord entering the House in an intoxicated condition, throwing inkpots at Mr Maxton and pulling the Speaker's nose? Again, on seeing

RAILWAY FARE
CUTS SURPRISE,

he might well ask how one cuts a surprise.

But the most egregious examples appear when the press

is exploiting some murder, divorce or other stunt. In August of last year, one day all the evening papers announced

MISSING
RECTOR
MYSTERY.

Next morning we saw

MISSING RECTOR
MYSTERY DEEPENS.

On the third day:

MISSING RECTOR
SURPRISE TURN,

as though the unfortunate man was performing at the music halls. By now the public was thoroughly worked up, and journealese reached its highest flights with

RECTOR
OCEAN
CLUE.

I forget the chain of posters concerning the man who achieved immortality by stating "I done it, I cut her up," but perhaps the best poster of any that I have noticed was

TRUNK
ALLEGED
CONFESSION.

Picture the maligned trunk in the witness-box protesting with gory tears that it had not said a word about its grisly contents.

Finally one gets occasional examples of unconscious humour, as when the following *Daily Mail* posters appeared side by side:

CAESAR'S INVASION
OF BRITAIN. BY
A—W—.

DAILY MAIL
FREE
INSURANCE.

The connection is obvious, I offer it free to George Morrow for one of his lesser-known incidents of history.

P. E. V.

ON A MARCH DAY WHEN THERE WAS NO WIND

I LOVE the quietness' peace,
The sun on trees,
The curving furrow's darknesses,
The warmth of the land,
The sweet incalming air
That bathes the purple depths
Of last year's winter wood,
The soft inviting charm
Of fields and sky.

P. S.

To MY BEDDER ON BEING CALLED SLIGHTLY LATE

I SAID, "Call me at eight."
Now I can't keep a niner.
Well, p'rhaps it was Fate.
I said, "Call me at eight."
But of course she was late.
...After all, bed's diviner.
I said, "Call me at eight."
Now I *shan't* keep a niner.

A SIMPLE STORY (and quite true at that)

ONCE upon a time there was a young gentleman called S. T. Nosgam who went up to a great University for the first time Well he said this is not a bad place at all and I think I shall get on very nicely Well this young gentleman bought a cap and a gown and settled down very nicely at the great University but he found he had to walk a long way every morning to get to his lessons and a long way back to have his lunch Bless me he said I shall spend all

my money in shoe-leather I must buy a bicycle So he bought a bicycle. Then somebody told him a sad story about a man who rode away on other people's bicycles and left them behind hedges Bless me he said I shall have to get a lock and chain So he got a lock and chain and every time he got off his bicycle he put the lock and chain on it.

Well there was another man called Mr Draynot and one day he left his gown in a place called the Union on a peg And when he came back his gown was gone So he asked the porter where his gown was and the porter said Oh you shouldn't have left it there somebody's borrowed it and you had better buy a new one And he wanted his dinner so he did because he had to wear it at dinner. When he told Mr Nosgam Mr Nosgam said Bless me I call that stealing don't you? Well after this he heard about lots of other things being borrowed. One young gentleman lost his lamp and his pump and another lost his square and another lost his bicycle and another lost his mackintosh just when he wanted to go out in the rain.

Then one night Mr Nosgam went to get his mortar-board out of the cloakroom at his college and it wasn't there Oh dear he said it was there before dinner and now I shall be caught by the Proctors So he borrowed one from a porter and the porter said Now mind you bring it back And he said he would So he had to get a new mortar-board.

Another day he left his bicycle outside while he had his dinner but somebody else didn't. So he asked a policeman if he knew where it was and the policeman told him it might be at the station So he went to the police station and saw a detective with a sharp nose who had found thirty bicycles that night without owners. But his wasn't there.

But next night he looked at all the bicycles outside his college but he couldn't see his and then he saw one which looked like his but the lamp and its bracket were gone and a special thing to keep the basket off the brakes had been torn off and it was chained up by another lock Bless me he said that looks like mine so he took it to the porter and he said Are you sure its yours? so he said Well let's see if it's

got my number on And it did have his number on so he waited for the man to come but he didn't come so they broke off the chain and he took the bicycle away.

And when he got home his landlady said Well I call that stealing that's coming it a bit too much that is There are them Proctors going about catching men without caps and smoking and not doing no harm to no one at all Well I think they would do lots better if they had a look into all this borrowing as they calls it I calls it downright stealing anyway an errand boy would get sent to Borstal for it I know One law for the rich and another for the poor that's what it is. Bless me said Mr Nosgam I think you're right.

Well, next night he went into the Union with another man and the other man left his gown on a peg for a minute and when he came back his gown was gone.

T. S. M.

THE FOUR JUST MEN

TUT! TUT!

B^{EN} Is the mildest of men;
His hair isn't grey.
There's really nothing more to say.

Claude
Is never floored.
His stories aren't very sermony
Except of course his Works Councils in Germany.

Wordie
Is very sturdy.
He fought with the Dean
For suggesting that an eightsome in the Market
Place was really rather obscene.

Charles
Seldom snarls.
He ought to be taught
Not to greet Freshmen operatically in the court.

Baa, baa, Ifor, have you any beer?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, come in here;
Some for the pupils and some for the crew,
But none for the visitor that's not got a Blue.

Shore, Shore's the Junior,
Puts up a roof and takes down a door;
The door stays up, the roof gets worsen,
And Shore remains the Junior Bursar.

O Raven turn thy Eagle eye
From this dark child of sin.
O Porter ope the Gate that I
May unobserved creep in.

THE LAST ATHLETE

PORRIDGE saucapan in hand, steaming unheeded, the Captain of Swimming read once more the undeserved threat. His face flushed with mingled shame and indignation as he realised the futility of his efforts to satisfy the intolerant aesthetes of the Samuel Butler Society. With a few hasty strokes of his powder puff he regained his normal composure of appearance, but beneath the carefully tended surface conflicting emotions counterthrobbed.

He remembered how in his first year this terrible Society's peaceful penetration had begun to make itself felt in every phase of college life. The Boat Club had yielded even before his arrival; down in the boathouse, instead of discussing sliding seats, they now talked of Oscar Wilde and his technique: it was whispered that the Captain himself had a Cézanne in his bedroom. The Hockey Club had consented to receive Miss Gertrude Stein as a guest at their annual dinner; the Chaplain, once well known as the author of "Lawn Tennis" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, had preached a sermon on the pietism in *Jew Süß*; the athletic table in Hall was now the rallying point of advanced journalism in Cambridge. Adolescent sonatas crowded the obituaries into the obscure back pages of *The Eagle*.

The Samuel Butler Society was now all-powerful; the J. C. Squire Society, founded as a last attempt at resistance, had attracted scarcely six members; and its organ, the *John's Mercury*, had been suppressed by the Master on account of its dangerously reactionary tendencies.

The Captain of Swimming himself, in his second year, had not been surprised when the apotheosis of Dr Roothoven released the full flood of decadence. The new Choir-master began at once to instil his ideas of Rhythm and Production into a receptive Choir; at last the Kitchen was induced to supply faded lilies weekly at a small charge.

At the beginning of his second year he had been forced to yield: he would not risk the fate of the Captain of Football, who had been thrown into the river for daring to prefer Landseer to Leonardo; while the Secretary had only escaped a like punishment by reason of his quizzing glasses. He had done his best; his sad hair and green neckcloth had become a familiar sight among the drooping willows; Friday night Conservatism had yielded to voluptuous Amami; and his attendance at the Heretics had become Girtonically regular. With discarded John Oxenham he asked, "What more could a little chap do?" Why shouldn't he be allowed his photographs of swimming teams, or to practice at the Leys School baths? Why shouldn't he read the *Boy's Own Annual*?

And now he had discovered that he could not deceive them; they knew that at bottom he was an athlete. The Secretary's note was sympathetic but firm. He would not do...

...at least he would change his shirt. At the bottom of the drawer he found a Hawks' tie and put it on: from a long unused trunk he took his brother's Amal. blazer: from habit his hand fingered the hair brush, but he withdrew it. He returned to his fire and sat by it, waiting.

INTRODUCING GERTRUDE

THE other day, Gaul, who is a B.A., and will be an M.A. before very long, came up to me in the court and asked me if I would mind looking after Gertrude while he was away. Apparently he was going over to Oxford for a week or so to stay with a friend of his, who is a don there; he couldn't very well take her with him, and there was nowhere at all for her to go. She's been living with him for some months now, and they seem to get on very well together. He hasn't got a bit tired of her and was very loth to part from her, even for a little while. I thought probably she'd hate coming to my rooms, and I wasn't at all sure whether I could look after her properly. I mean, I haven't had any experience of this sort of thing at all. But, as Gaul is my supervisor (I never can make up my mind whether I ought to call him "Sir" or not; I mean he's not quite a don, what do you think about it?). Well, I thought I'd better agree, so I said "Righto, Sir—Gaul," and he brought her up later in the day to my rooms. Mrs Iddings, my bedmaker, didn't like it a bit to begin with. In fact, she took a kind of instinctive dislike to Gertrude from the moment she set eyes on her, and, of course, she hated the idea of extra work. Not that Gertrude isn't awfully accommodating, I will say that for her. She causes ever so much less bother than I had expected, but, naturally, there is that little more to do, and as she herself says (Mrs Iddings, I mean) "Hit's the last straw, sir, wot spoils the broth for a 'aporth o' tar." At first she wanted to tell the Porter and get him to turn Gertrude out (I 'as me duty, sir, I 'as, to the Collige, and me twenty years as near as a whistle 'elp and bedmaker on this staircase as ever is. One hexpec's these kind of goin's on from B.A.'s and the like. As I allus says to Mrs Pipkin, the older they gets, the wuss they are. But you, sir, you 'as seemed a nice quiet gennelman these past twelve-month..."). However, I managed to persuade her that there was no need to inform the authorities of my escapade, if indeed it is an escapade, and so Mrs Iddings has settled down into a grim and cloudy sullenness that will

lighten only as the prospect of a Christmas offering of goodwill draws nearer.

But I set out to tell you about Gertrude, not Mrs Iddings, though one of these days I'd like to tell you some more about that masterly woman. She is a beautifully coloured creature (this is Gertrude I am speaking of now) with a slim lithe body and a wonderful faculty of effortless movement which is most attractive. She looks her best, I always think, when the electric light's on, and it shows up the lovely tints of her stomach. I did tell you, didn't I, right at the beginning, that Gertrude was a goldfish? Well, anyway I meant to. Quite a cheap goldfish too. I think Gaul got her from the café, the one where the hearty woman talks to you about rowing, even if you hate the game, no, sport, well, whatever it is, as I do, though I can never pluck up courage to tell her so. He only bought one, though I think he wants to have some more and breed them later, only he will probably have to get the consent of the College Council to do that.

Really, of course, Gertrude would be more at home in a woman's college. You see she never stops chewing and her gills go on and on wobbling and wobbling and sometimes she stops to yawn, but that is all. What I mean is that that is just typical of what they do at all women's colleges, chew incessantly, that is "masticate without digestion or assimilation"—their learning, anyway, I don't know about their food, but if its anything like our Hall—. Another thing that Gertrude does, seems to me to have a wider application too; she swims round and round all day, and never stops, so symbolising the movement without progress, which makes up so great a part of University life, don't you think? I don't think Gertrude ever goes to sleep; I've never seen her, though I've watched hard. One night I got out of bed at three in the morning, I think it was three, but it might have been four, and crept into my sitting-room to see if she was asleep; but no, there she was, going round and round and round in the dark.

She's an aloof young woman, too. Sometimes I flick my finger against the side of the bowl, but she takes no notice,

and you feel rather flat, just as when you smile at the girl in the black hat who has been coming to the same lectures as you for three years, and she gives you a frigid look. Sometimes I reach a finger inside her bowl and give her a playful poke in her back. I suppose it's rather mean, it frightens the poor girl dreadfully for a minute, she leaps in the air, or rather, in the water, and then, recovering her dignity, sinks to the bottom of the bowl and glowers at me with a mingled look of contempt and righteous wrath which reminds me of Mrs Iddings on one of her bad days.

She is a very quiet goldfish as a rule, and doesn't disturb me at all. But sometimes when she's racing herself particularly hard round the bowl she corners a little too quickly, and splashes some water on the table-cloth. But that's quite an exceptional occurrence. She's not often as skittish as that. I don't see how she can be light-hearted all by herself, really. It must be a bit hard having no one of your own kith or kin, so to speak, about.

What's worrying me rather at the moment is what goldfish eat. I suppose they must find microbes in the water or something, so I change it pretty often so that Gertrude can have a good selection to choose from. I seem to remember that Gaul used to feed her with bits of "Ryvita," which is very nourishing (please don't think this is an advertisement, because personally I loathe the stuff), but I can't be sure and I don't want to upset her. I've written to him to find out, but he's not replied yet. I expect Oxford "audit" has been too strong for him. I think, if you'll excuse me, I'll go and change the water now, so that Gertrude can chew a new cud for the night.

ALPHA.

WENTWORTH PLACE

As one who lingers on a sunlit hill
 To draw the late warm rays of afternoon
 Around him, lest the quiet dusk should still
 Within his summer brain the sounds of June,
 I dreamed, enchanted in this little room,
 Of larks upblown, of earth grown warm with morning,
 Bees in drowsy plunder on a bloom,
 And water moving with a kind of scorning
 Voiced against the river stones. But I
 When at the pinnacle of triumphing
 Remembered, and I felt the summer die
 Along my blood, like birds that wheel and wing
 Away. And night fell down upon the fen.
 And hollow was the heart I turned to men.

The MAN WITH A POLE—4 P.M.

THE lamplighter moved down Histon Road
 Touching his fire along the way
 Until the beaded starlight glowed
 Distinctly against the waning day.

Beside the road where gravestones moulder,
 Stark and weird in the murky sun,
 He raised his pole above his shoulder.
 I wonder why he lit that one?

R. G. E.

THE ANGEL THAT TROUBLES
MY SLUMBERSSCENE: *My rooms in Fourth Court.*TIME: *Six o'clock of a winter's morning in full term.*

IN my bedroom I lie placid, sleeping off the effects of
 A Fall into Temptation the night before, alone contri-
 buting nothing to the crescendo of sound around me,
 which vaguely impresses its distinctive parts upon me. The
 cumulative effect of its almost identical repetition for two
 years enables me to describe it with fair accuracy. Outside,
 on the table in my sitting-room, is a scrawled note: "Please
 call me at 7.30 and order breakfast for two at 9" (optimisti-
 cally, I had hoped to get a bath in before the rush). There
 begins a symphony of sound which can only be called Im-
 pressionistic. Afar the morning milk can be heard arriving,
 not unmusically. A Ford van rattles up with solid provisions,
 reverses immediately beneath my window most hideously
 and rattles off. A regiment of heavy dragoons begins to
 mount the staircase outside, causing the windows to shiver
 and the whole baronial building to tremble. (I must really
 see the Junior Bursar soon.) The regiment continues to
 ascend and descend at boomed commands from below, and
 between each ascent and descent there is a noise like a
 hundredweight of coals being unloaded (later investigation
 proves that this analysis was correct), until presumably half
 a ton has been delivered. A further motif is provided by
 rubbish being shot every few minutes into the bins below,
 and the doors slammed as per instructions.

Simultaneously with these disturbances the Angel (née
 Mrs Bagworthy) has entered, and been busying herself in my
 sitting-room. First she launches a violent and unprovoked
 assault on the grate. Then a sound like a stage rough sea
 indicates the brushing of
 will eventually settle again whence it was raised, penetrates to
 my bedroom, causing me to cough restlessly in my sleep. Then
 a series of short, sharp bursts like Lewis-gun fire implies the

vigorous application of a brush to the skirting. Finally a sound of the "demande et réponse" variety means the application of the O-Cedar mop to the linoleum. Meanwhile four more assorted vans of varying tonnage have rattled up, reversed, and clattered away, the coal-cart has rumbled out again to be replaced by the laundry pantechnicon. It is not seven o'clock. A lull ensues during which half a dozen chapel bells plaintively summon the faithful to prayer. Every fifteen minutes a dozen clocks chime with poor synchronism. My sleep becomes more peaceful. I dream pleasantly.... Suddenly there are three sharp bangs like rifle-shots on my door (two years' experience has taught the Angel to use the back of a brush).

THE ANGEL (*without*): It's 'alf parst sevin, SIR!

MYSELF (*fretfully*): Awright, thank-you.

[I struggle up and look at my watch. It is not half past seven; it never is. It is only twenty past. And anyway there won't be a rush on the baths until a quarter to eight. I drowse again...

my hockey-stick, I suspect.]

THE ANGEL: NINE O'CLOCK, SIR!

MYSELF: Awright! (the full truth suddenly dawning on me) Nine o'clock! GOOD GOD! [I look at my watch. It is ten past. But the Angel always breaks it gently. I leap out of bed and into my sitting-room. On the table the breakfast which came at a quarter to nine, no doubt, is congealing rapidly. In the armchair John H——, who has come thro' the raw morning from Chesterton, is depressedly reading last night's evening paper. He has been compelled against his principles to take a before-breakfast cigarette. He looks at me with the mild surprise and reproach usual on these occasions. He knows me by now. It is a good thing it isn't my hearty friend Geoffrey. Glowing with radiant health from an icy shower, he would have dragged me roughly out of bed. John is patient.]

But I wish he would have the sense to put the kettle on.

LANCÉ.

(*With apologies, for the title only, to Mr Thornton Wilder, and to the Angel for the reflections on the performance of what is, after all, only her duty.*)

THE OCEAN MONARCH

THE brass medal here described and illustrated was found in the summer of 1926, on the arch which connects the College Library and the west block of the Third Court. By permission of the Council of the Society for Nautical Research, the following account of the medal is reprinted from the Society's journal, *The Mariner's Mirror*, vol. XIII, 1927, p. 93:

THE OCEAN MONARCH, 1848

A few weeks ago there was found on a ledge, 30 feet above the ground and without any standing means of access, in one of the courts of a Cambridge college, an oval brass plaque, $2\frac{3}{4}$ by 2 inches. This plaque is quite thin, is bordered with a loop design, and is inscribed as follows: (Obverse) "The Massachusetts | Humane Society | to Wm E. Baalham | Officer of Ship | New World | (Reverse) who by his | gallant efforts | was successful in | rescuing many | persons from the ship | Ocean Monarch | burnt at sea | Aug. 24th 1848." The *Ocean Monarch* was built by Donald McKay in the same year for Enoch Train's Line of Boston Packets, and was on her first return passage to Boston when the catastrophe occurred. *The Times* of August 28th and 29th, and *The Illustrated London News* of August 26th and September 2nd contain accounts of the disaster. The fire broke out a few hours after the ship sailed from Liverpool, and was supposed to be caused by the carelessness of one of the 395 passengers, mostly emigrants, on board. The loss of life was about 170. The survivors were rescued by the *Queen of the Ocean*, a yacht owned by Mr Littledale, Commodore of the R. Mersey Y.C., the Brazilian paddle-frigate *Afonso*, in which the Prince de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale were cruising, and the *New World*, a packet ship, built by Donald McKay in 1846. A seaman of this ship, Frederick Jerome (or Jervyn), a native of Portsmouth, England, is recorded as having displayed conspicuous bravery in effecting the final rescues from the burning ship, and as being received by the Prince de Joinville and subsequently rewarded by the British Government. There is no mention of any other member of the *New World's* crew. Probably the officer Baalham went in charge of one of her boats. The plaque is pierced at the top, which suggests it was for personal wear, and its being inscribed on both sides forbids its having been attached to a more massive



presentation. But it seems somewhat unlikely that this thin plate would be the only recognition of the services in question. The inscription is in script with the exception of the first "the" and "to," which are B.L. The letter "l" is not treated uniformly, so it is doubtful whether the officer's name is "Baalham" or "Baatham." There is no explanation as to how the plaque came to be in its curious position, but its comparative brightness suggests that it has not been there very long. It may have been picked up as a curiosity and eventually have fallen from a window on to the ledge.

Since the above note was published, some more information has come to hand. I am indebted to Mr George F. Dow, of Salem, Mass., who is well known as an authority on the evolution of United States shipping, for calling my attention to M. A. De Wolfe Howe's *The Humane Society of Massachusetts, an Historical Review, 1785-1916*, published at Boston in 1918. The Massachusetts Society is the oldest devoted to life-saving in the United States, and in 1807 established the first lifeboat on the American coasts. In addition to other forms of reward, it gives gold, silver, and brass medals for life-saving work at sea, and the several examples of these illustrated in De Wolfe's history show that the plaque presented to Wm E. Baalham is one of the brass series of these "medals." Mr Dow has kindly made an enquiry for me, and writes that there is no hope of any records of the Massachusetts Society surviving in addition to those published by De Wolfe. The officer's name may be taken as "Baalham" and not "Baatham": the former is an East Anglian and apparently a Suffolk name in particular. Search through printed lists of surnames on gravestones in that county (*East Anglian Notes and Queries*, vi, 1896) and through a county directory reveals Baalham, Balaam, and Ballam: one of these forms was common in Great and Little Livermere during the last century. A John Baalham was parish clerk of Polstead, which became famous in 1828 as the scene of the "Red Barn Murder," interest in which has recently revived in its centenary year. In 1381 one Robert Beylham was acquitted by the Cambridge

justices on a charge of "rising against the Prior of Barnwell" (*East Anglian Notes and Queries*, vi, p. 137). Baylham (Beleham in Domesday Book; Beylham, etc., later) is a village not far from Ipswich (v. Skeat, *Place-Names of Suffolk*, p. 49), so probably the surname is a place-name. It is possible enough that Baalham of the *New World* was of an East Anglian family, but though many copies of *The Mariner's Mirror* go to the United States, no claim to the medal has so far been made by a descendant. Possibly this note in *The Eagle* may throw light on how the medal came to the College and into so curious a position.

H. H. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Sir,

I venture to think that the following extract from a recent municipal by-law passed by the city fathers of the town of Abilene, Texas, may not be without interest to your many readers. The extract appeared in the Miscellany column of the *Manchester Guardian* of October 2nd, and Abilene, it is to be noted, possesses a University and is, we are told, a proud centre of intellectual life.

It shall be unlawful for any person to idle and loiter on any street, thoroughfare, sidewalk, alley, or in any store, theatre, moving picture show, or business house, or in the entrance or doorway of any such place within the corporate limits of the city of Abilene, Texas, for the purpose of plying the avocation of flirt or masher. The words "flirt" and "masher," as herein used, shall be construed as synonymous terms, and shall have a meaning consistent with the ordinary acceptance of these terms, and shall include any person who by word, sign, gesture, wink, facial expression, or look shall seek to attract the attention or form the acquaintance of any person of the opposite sex (other than a friend or acquaintance) for the purpose of making a mash or flirting.

This is comprehensive enough, but the male offender is dealt with very specifically as follows:

It shall be unlawful for any male person in the city of Abilene, Texas, to stare at, or make what is commonly called goo-goo eyes

at, or in any other manner look at, or make remarks to or concerning, or cough or whistle at, or do any other act to attract the attention of any woman or female person (*a precious distinction!*) upon, or travelling along, any sidewalks, streets, or public ways of the city of Abilene, Texas, or in automobiles on the streets or public ways of the city of Abilene, Texas. A fine not to exceed \$200 may be assessed against any persons found guilty of violating the ordinance.

Whatever our views may be about the advisability of such legislation, we cannot but admire the frank publication of all the various punishable offences. I venture to suggest, Sir, that it is high time that the Proctors and Pro-Proctors of this University (those troublesome gentlemen, doomed for a certain term to walk the night) publish, and cause to be posted on the screens of every college, a full list of such offences with corresponding fines, to which they might add more prosaic local touches, e.g.

To lack of gown 6s. 8d.

Ditto, with intoxication ... 13s. 4d.

and so on. Never let it be said that this Cambridge of ours lags behind Abilene, Texas, in straight dealing.

I beg leave, Sir, to subscribe myself

Your humble servant,

A. C. P.

Sir,

May I draw your attention to an insulting reference to this worthy periodical in no less a tome than the catalogue of the library of the British Museum? Here, under the heading Period....Pub....Cambridge, one finds

"The Eaglet. A Magazine supported by Members of St John's College."

I ask you, Sir, can this be allowed to stay unchallenged? and remain

Yours truly,

ONE OF YOUR OUTRAGED SUPPORTERS.

Dear Sir,

In turning out an old portfolio yesterday, I came upon the enclosed. It may interest you and possibly your readers.

I was one of the originators of the idea, and wrote the introductory paper in the first number. There were three editors of the first number: a fellow, J. B. Mayo; a bachelor, W. H. Barlow (afterwards Dean of Peterborough); and I, the undergraduate editor, who did most of the work.

Few Magazines have lived for 70 years.

Very truly yours,

JAMES M. WILSON.

THE EAGLE

It is proposed to establish a Periodical with the above title, for the admission of Articles to be written by Members of St John's College exclusively.

The promoters of the Periodical believe that there are many who will be glad of an opportunity to improve themselves in English Composition, and at the same time to test the soundness of their own speculations, by offering them to the criticism of others. Nor are they entirely without hopes of benefiting the wider circle of their readers: equals may gather hints from equals, and it is possible that those of larger experience and more prolonged study may welcome this means of helping others along the path of knowledge.

The Articles admitted will relate to subjects of general interest, avoiding, as far as may be, religious and political controversy, and the technicalities of Mathematics and Classics.

As there is no intention of assuming the office of public instructor for a Periodical which must depend upon Undergraduates for its chief support, it has been thought advisable that it should be printed in the first instance for Subscribers only.

The Subscription will not exceed 7s. 6d. for the three Numbers, which it is intended to issue in the course of the year.

Among the present Subscribers are the Master, the President, the Tutors, the Deans, and a large body of the Fellows, Bachelors, and Undergraduates.

It is respectfully requested that those who are disposed to become Subscribers, or to contribute Articles for "The Eagle," will communicate before the end of the month with the Secretary, Mr W. H. BARLOW, B.A., St John's College.

February 23, 1858.



THE EAGLE

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NOVEMBER

THE wind-grieved poplars trace against the sky
Their sad grey pattern as the shivering wind
Weaves through their sequin-spangled branches sere
Whispers of fear that shuddering sigh,
As breeze-bowed from their tall tops falls
A dirge for the dying year.

Along the river's deep sedge-winding edge
The willow's tresses drip sad drops that weep
Into the water olive-grey and clear;
Their green-gold-dappled dresses dredge
The depths reflective, rustling as they sigh
A dirge for the dying year.

Under the stone-old bridge the river flows,
Heedless as fluxive Time across the line
Dividing Past from Future. E'en the drear
Winds blowing presage future snows.
Alone the river's murmuring does not chant
A dirge for the dying year.

F. W.

HEREDITY

How sad the plight of modern man,
 Crossed with how many a tribe and clan!
 The kinks of many an ancient brain,
 Hints of a possible simian strain,
 To-day still ruled by yesterday
 And ages further still away.
 The Saxon sways my thoughts; the Celt
 Has credit for whate'er I've felt;
 The Eighteenth Century holds the scales;
 But Prehistoric Man prevails.
 The ape and tiger do not die;
 They live a great deal more than I.
 No! when I feel my Ego most,
 They say 'tis some resurgent ghost,
 Whose native taint is potent still
 In his descendant's blood for ill.
 —Strange that so little place should be
 Among my ancestors for ME!

O genus infelix, antiquo sanguine natum!
 Tot sunt in nobis semina mixta virum.
 Mens veterum perversa movet, mens cruda priorum;
 Simiaque in proavis fertur habere locum.
 Praeteritis servimus eris; hodiernaque cedunt
 Hesternis; generi sic dominantur avi.
 Si ratio vincit, ratio sata Saxone vincit;
 Si furimus, pulsat Celtica corda furor.
 Judicium exercet si forte humanior aetas,
 Vis tamen in nobis barbara major erit.
 Simia non moritur, non tigris; bestia vivit,
 Non ego; sed vitae plus tenuere ferae.
 Vitae si videor mihi conscius arbiter ipse,
 Tum quoque, sic dicunt, umbra resurgit avi;
 Umbra resurgit avi; labes in sanguine manat;
 Fata quis elabi possit avita nepos?
 Sic dicunt, miranda quidem; majoribus illis
 Sit locus; at rogitō, cur mihi nullus erit?

T. R. G.

SONNET

WHEN all my victories are worn away
 And passionless and desolate you find me,
 Weary in the snare of time, a prey
 For time's last thrust, my weapons lost behind me,
 Bring no bladed word to make me rise
 For battle with the world that bore me down.
 But let a quiet deepen in your eyes
 And our unworded silence be the crown
 Of glories gone. And may no memory
 Renew the love we shared one time together;
 Let it be forgotten utterly.
 But say some usual word about the weather,
 Carelessly. And when my life is done
 Say only, if you come, "He loved the sun."

R. G. E.

THINKING

OFTEN when the sky grows cold
 With sunset's ending,
 Breathless will the air become,
 As if it waited for a new alarm.
 And I have seen the day go down
 With rough torn clouds
 And flying tufts of mist
 All golden from the unseen light,
 And jagged streaks of grey
 That suddenly cease movement,
 When the fire is faded,
 Lying calmly o'er the steely rustling sea;
 And only when the waves bring in
 A quiet forgiving breeze
 That tidies up the scattered field,
 In night's supreme beloved relief
 Will they renew their march.

P. S.

MOUNT CABURN

THE Stone-Man came, and stood on this wind-swept hill
 And looked out on the Weald,
 Fearing the infinite forests, and the chill
 Marsh levels of fen and field;
 He dug his ditches and kept his scanty sheep
 Where the topmost crest lies bare;
 And only the grass-grown rings around the steep
 Show now where his homesteads were.
 The Saxon on the hill-top scanned the plain
 Where the Stone-Man had stood,
 Measuring river and meadow and river again,
 And knew that it was good.
 He built his wattled barns among the trees
 And sowed his fields of corn,
 And left the hill to the larks and the lone sea-breeze
 And the footsteps of the dawn.
 And no one walks here now with the friendly clouds
 As they come trooping by,
 Or cares if the small mist blows from sea, and shrouds
 The downs and noonday sky;
 No voice is heard, nor any sound at all
 But the sighing of the wind
 And the distant lowing of cattle, and the call
 Of cocks that crow at Glynde.

K. H. J.

ON CLIMBING

A DIALOGUE

*With apologies to the FESTIVAL THEATRE and its recent
 production of "The Pleasure Garden."*

- A. "Are you alone?" was the question.
 B. "Quite," was the answer.
 A. "And have you been alone all day?"
 B. "Quite."

- A. "This evening—you will be with your friends?"
 B. "No!"
 A. "And what have you done to-day, what will you do this evening?"
 B. "Think!"
 A. "And have your friends understood, will they understand?"
 B. "They have great joy in it: some of them understand."
 A. "Spinoza says that a true idea is something different from its ideal."
 B. "I remember."
 A. "Did Spinoza believe that it was so?"
 B. "I cannot decide."
 A. "I too would consider what he believed: but I have not thought as you. Tell me."
 B. "I could not presume to tell the mind of Spinoza, who is dead: but I will tell you what it is they understand."
 A. "Your friends?"
 B. "Yes! For to-day they are there and it is alive."
 A. "It is alive? Tell me."
 B. "The days since they set out from home are enough to have brought them to the beginning place of their adventure. This morning many hours before dawn they arose from the mountain-hut they slept in. They reached it by a mule track yesterday. To-day they began to climb where there was no path. When they began they carried lanterns to plant their steps in the dark. While they could not see they only felt the mystery above and around and below their tiny ridge. If they heard waters rushing or listened to the air among the mountains, they were quiet. Their bodies in the cold morning only wished to work in silence, with no anxious questioning or search, or thought. Do you understand?"
 A. "I do."
 B. "You understand that quiet, that content. It is not often for us in a day."
 A. "You have made me understand."
 B. "Your body and my body cannot follow them through

- the strength of their day. We cannot be there in the release of the splendour of their absolutely unsullied dawn."
 A. "We understand its magnificence."
 B. "We cannot follow them in their great spirit and strength in hand when they begin the broad day. We understand their firmness."
 A. "And when they have reached the summit?"
 B. "Oh! it is too difficult: they will understand what we will never know."
 A. "Can we not learn what they will understand?"
 B. "I dare not speak of the sublime which will come to them. I dare not speak of their spirits' independence. To see so much, and be so much part of it and in it, and not to know the coldness of separation."
 A. "The coldness of separation."
 B. "Yes! To escape, as we do when we think, not only from being out of relation with life——"
 A. "But what also?"
 B. "They will turn to each other's face, and they will see there an answer, and they will not be alone in their terrible joy."
 A. "And so they are greater."

TRIPOS LURE

[How the Greek Verse Composition paper appears, when one is first confronted with it at 9 a.m.]

- EUDOXIA. You have me all: but I in thrice do mourn
 Nor shall not, yet through having understood
 How foul a thing it is that fearing thus
 What then I feared not, yet am fearful now,
 Which was not neither could be by thyself
 Abetted aided and assisted yet forlorn
 Except that having once though sore perplexed
 Resolved to choose yet one nor then repine,

Or do the deed and hence live purposeless
 From that unutterable purpose whence
 I should not want to see what yet remain'd;
 Or else if I should set, which God forbid,
 That what I did, through having yet to do, above
 The rest, would henceforth strive in vain
 Invulnerable, yet with torment undefiled
 Prick me with scorn and circumstance desire.

CHORUS. To us, unless we err, thou seemest blind.

SWINBURNE, *Syncope*.

B. O'C.

PATIENCE

IF you want a receipt for that popular mystery
 Known to the world as a man of St John's,
 Take ev'ry art, ev'ry science and history,
 Jumble 'em up as they jumble the dons.
 The wisdom of Sikes, who is known as the President—
 Genius of Larmor, who can even speak Erse—
 The birthday of Stevens, the senior resident—
 Sternness of Harker, who's apt to be terse—
 The genial Charlesworth, and Previté with a car—
 Aptness of Shore, when he's up on the roof—
 Glover, when talking of old or new Ithaca—
 Mixtures of Palmer, who's rather aloof—
 The faith of a Creed on the island of Hereward—
 White's mathematics, and Yule of a merry word—
 Coulton, the bane of both Belloc and Chesterton—
 Silent Dirac, who goes up in his best to town—
 Bartlett and Banister, all in a row—
 Blackman and Benians and Claude Guillebaud!
 Take of these elements all that is fusible.
 Melt 'em all down in a pipkin or crucible.
 Set 'em to simmer and take off the scum,
 And a man of St John's is the residuum!

If you want to be smiled on by kind Lady Margaret,
 Cultivate Brindley and sail on the seas.
 Evans's grace, if you wine and you lager it,
 Mixes with wireless as championed by Lees.
 The taste of a Cunningham, quite gastronomic—
 Raven, who's doing his best as a Dean—
 Jeffreys, who's known for his fame astronomical—
 Picture of Engledow, coaxing a bean—
 The manners of Rolleston, the Royal Physician—
 Verve of a Rootham, the greatest musician—
 Foxwell and Dymond and Rapson Sanscritical—
 Wordie and Prior, by no means eremitical—
 Winfield and Howard and several more,
 Briggs and the Chaplain to make up the score.

If you want a receipt for the state called pupillary,
 Think of the junior members of Hall.
 Here are the people you may find auxiliary.
 Add 'em all up, no omissions at all.
 The fervour of Banks, who is just like a rowing man,—
 Baines, who succumbs to a glassful alone—
 Serious Leatham, who's only a knowing man—
 Charm of a Tooth, who's contention's bone—
 The virtue of Yates on a point fumigatory—
 Passion of Barber, who's so anti-Yateory—
 Suave Sanger-Davies, who's friends with the organist—
 Med'cine of Schwab, who is not a misogynist—
 Carris the Hercules, Tanner the pure—
 Virtue of Berry O.K. de la Tour.

SOME CAMBRIDGE TYPES

[The following definitions are suggested for the edification of sociologists. (N.B. It is the exception that proves the rule.)]

An Undergraduate: A schoolboy who lives on delusions, chief of which is that he is at last free from the reins of authority and that his main object in life is to demonstrate it.

A Conservative: The proud possessor of a certain tie, obtained by signifying with a subscription his refusal or his inability to think out any social questions.

A Scientist: One who has reduced the art of stamping at lectures to a science.

An Economist: One who economizes in his lectures.

A Musician: Through assuming the pose that he dislikes any music which is popular he comes to believe it, and therefore plagues his neighbours at the most inopportune hours with hideous and monotonous concatenations of noises.

An Aesthete: One who associates only with other members of his mutual admiration societies, and cultivates his feminine characteristics in order to satisfy his craving for the notice of outsiders, the more disparaging the better.

A Rowing Man: One who shirks or ignores the responsibilities of his individuality by segregating with other members of his extrovert species, and declaims to the world at large the superiority of his herd to all others.

A Sportsman: One who defies authority and social convention with impunity.

P. E. V.

AN AFTERNOON IN THE LIFE OF A DON

SPRING...AND DR WELLESLEY

ARTHUR JOHN WELLESLEY, M.A., SC.D., went down the steps out of the stone archway with its great folding doors, down on to the gravelled pathway and there stood still. Why he did not know. As a rule he plunged straight across the broad stretch of grass in front of him, unseeing, deep in his thoughts, absorbed in the contemplation of this or that problem which was awaiting his attention at the Science Schools. The old habit he had formed when a demonstrator of rambling slowly along the Backs on a roundabout way to the laboratories had clung to him through the years, though he now went faster and faster along the well-known paths, never looking to right or left of him, uncon-

scious if the trees were bare or in leaf, and the grass spring green or autumn brown. Perhaps it was the high colouring of the afternoon which had struck him, or the unusually vivid contrast between the cool dimness of the cloisters and the dazzling brightness of the Backs. Or perhaps it was the heavy fragrance of the lilac and the wallflowers that had caught his nostrils.... He felt a novel reluctance to go on. Things seemed in some mysterious way different to-day, to take on a new and yet an old meaning and reality which he had long forgotten. He sniffed eagerly at the scent-laden air, and let his eyes wander over the familiar scene, the half-hidden bridge to the left that Wren had built, the tennis-courts in front of him, sprinkled already with white and moving figures, the mass of trees flanking the Fellows' garden in the distance, and the gleam of the river as it curved. He wanted to sit down on the grass and lie back, and let his eyes grow leaden with sun, as he had done in distant days in the cornfields of his native Essex. "Fool," he said to himself, "to let the spring catch you as it might some lorn and callow youth. You at your age, forty-three and a responsible member of the Regent House, to want to lie down on the grass and kick your heels in the air like a child. And you have always deplored the youthful mannerisms of the Junior Tutor. To let tears come into your eyes at sight of a view you've known for twenty years!" But perhaps it was the glare of the sunlight that had troubled his eyes. The close work he had had to do must have been a strain on them. Probably he needed glasses—another sign of old age creeping on. He would have them tested again. He shrugged his shoulders and plodded on over the turf. To the right of him he could hear, beyond the avenue of beeches and the road, the click of bat on ball. Yes. The College were playing the Cryptics. He prided himself on keeping up to date with College activities. He approved of games and liked the easy camaraderie they bred, the more because he had never mastered it. He was himself a dud at all games, except swimming, and he still found himself ill at ease with any but his own scientists. Occasionally he had the First Boat

"to Port," but it was always an awkward time, and both parties were glad when it was over.

As he came to the winding path that followed the river his eye caught sight of a figure on a bicycle coming rapidly towards him. No bicycle could ever be large enough for Bolton, a fellow-collegian and his colleague in the Chemistry School. His long gaunt figure hung loosely like a scarecrow over the saddle, his tall grey head was bare to the wind, and a long black despatch-case flapped from the handlebars. He gesticulated wildly at Wellesley and very nearly fell off his mount in a totally unnecessary attempt to attract his attention. But Bolton was like that. He could not talk without his hands. Once when he broke his wrist skating he was practically dumb for a month. "My dear man," he began from ten yards off in that high-pitched scolding voice that went so ill with his great frame, "I've caught Duplessay on the hip. My reply to his article in the last *Science Quarterly* must disarm him. It looks even better in print than when I wrote it. Here, take it and read it for yourself," and he thrust the bulky periodical into the younger man's hands and was off and away, pedalling furiously, before Wellesley could open his mouth. But that again was typical of Bolton. He did not ask that you should talk to him. He looked merely for an intelligent listener. But his passion for written and, if possible, public controversy on obscure and minute points of limited scientific interest was an international byword. It was the breath of life to him. It kept him young and energetic. Yet there had seemed something different about him to-day, Wellesley thought. Was it just his quickened imagination or had there been a sparkle in his eye besides the light of battle? Was it possible that Bolton even, at fifty and more, was feeling the call of the spring?...

He tried hard to shake off his mood when he got back to the laboratory at last, but somehow the long squat room with its shining glass and steel, its piping, its dirty "stink" cupboards, and its masses of inchoate apparatus piled here and there, distracted and annoyed him. When he looked out of the window he saw the sun shining not on the green of leaves

or grass, but on a bright and bare zinc roof, while only a tiny patch of sky escaped from the towering pile of brick all round. He found himself hating the ugliness of science, its noises and smells and messiness. Why must the scientist always be condemned to great ugly barrack-like buildings without any pretensions to line or form? Even his own little sanctum, where he came at last restlessly to throw himself in a chair, seemed cramped and hot and higgledy-piggledy....

There was really nothing definite for him to do that afternoon. The rooms were deserted for the term was nearly over. Many of his men were "down" already, or busy entertaining their May-Week visitors. As a rule he was perfectly happy pottering about, but to-day the scent of the lilac was with him still and he could feel the sun on his hair. His thoughts went back to the cornfields and orchards of his youth. There was one orchard at Wethersfield that would be a cloud of rose-pink bloom now. Rose-pink, rose-pink... God, what a word! And what an ass he was. Before he knew where he was he would be making poetry about the spring. But... rose-pink... Twenty years ago it might have reminded him of a woman's ribbons, those fluttering useless strands that would sometimes escape from their hiding, and cause him a mild thrill. But now he was dead and unresponsive to any woman's glances. Even Nina Oldcastle, the plump and much sought after "belle" of his third-year classes, confessed herself baffled by him. He did not approve of the modern girl. In his shy way he believed that woman was meant to be a mystery to man and the post-war flapper with her bare arms and thinly-clad figure distressed him. He had had an embarrassed moment a year ago when on the river in his canoe—for this was the only exercise he took—he had suddenly rounded a bend high up near Byron's Pool, and had come across three girls bathing. They were stark naked, but he was much more ashamed than they. They had laughed and waved, and one it had seemed to him had beckoned. But he had swung round and paddled away very fast, clipping the paddle in and out of the water at a furious rate, his face hot and his hands damp with sweat....

He was interrupted in his musings by a soft knock on the door of his cubby-hole, and his assistant, Miss Cleethorpes, came in. "It is four o'clock, Dr Wellesley, shall I make the tea?" she enquired in her prim way. He nodded and bent over the papers which had been lying neglected before him. But try as he would he could not bring himself to concentrate, and he found his thoughts flying off at a tangent again. What a funny little creature this assistant of his was. She had been with him and Bolton for seven or eight years now; and he had a high opinion of her as a practical and useful scientist who had enabled him to bring to a successful conclusion more than one of the research experiments which had made his name. Bolton on the other hand thought her clumsy, and often complained of the unkind fate that had saddled them with a woman about the place. What was her history? Ah! yes; he remembered now—a commonplace, sad, little story; sudden misfortunes at home in her second year at the University had prevented her from proceeding to what would undoubtedly have been an excellent degree, and she had been taken on at the laboratories in a position of confidential assistant, which had been more or less created for her. Wellesley had never thought of her as a human being; even though for some time past she had been in the habit of making him tea in the afternoons, their conversation on such occasions was invariably confined to matters of "shop." Eight years had broken down none of the barriers of reserve on either side.

But this afternoon, in his strange elated mood, he found himself looking at her, appraising her, wanting to talk to her on a thousand subjects that came crowding into his mind, wanting to find out if she had any interests outside the laboratory. Was she really dowdy and plain? Subconsciously comparing her with the girls who came to his classes he found much that pleased him. True her clothes were old and worn (how much did they give her a year?), and her hair seemed terribly straight. But her face was small and delicately proportioned, even though it was hidden by an ugly pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. (How could he get her to take her

spectacles off so that he could see properly the colour of her eyes?) As she moved silently, and unconscious of his scrutiny, about the little room, he noted with approval her brown brogues were rubber-soled, and there were no silly French heels to make a clatter on the stone floors and staircases. As she bent over the gas-ring, the heat gently flushed her face, which ordinarily was very pale... He fell to watching her deft hands moving among the crockery, and to wondering how he could break the silence. After a moment or two he spoke, "Do you find those glasses of yours comfortable, Miss Cleethorpes? My eyes have been troubling me lately, and I am thinking I shall have to take to glasses, for working at any rate." She whipped them off and passed them to him. "No, they are extraordinarily light and comfortable too." (How easily his ruse had succeeded. He felt pleased. And how much nicer she looked too without them. Her eyes *were* light blue after all.) The ice once broken they went on to talk freely of other things with an altogether unfamiliar friendliness, and all the time Wellesley's mind toyed with a variety of pleasant possibilities. He felt an absurd desire to move his hand a few inches further along the table as they sat drinking tea, and place it on hers. He began to wonder if her trim figure would not look well in one of those tight sleeveless frocks his women students were in the habit of wearing at this time of the year. Perhaps he might take her on the river, when term was over, and they would not have to run the gauntlet of a hundred eyes. Heavens! What an utter fool he was, and yet somehow he didn't care. His heart was throbbing adventurously, his skin was tingling, his brain seemed strangely alert, and he seemed to see a responsive sparkle in her eyes, a nervous excitement in her movements... When she had cleared away the tea-things, she did not go out at once as was her wont, but stood hesitating a moment, and then came slowly to his desk. "I think I ought to tell you, Dr Wellesley, that I shall be leaving the laboratory in a very short while..." Leaving, what did she mean? Leaving *now, now* when he was on the threshold of a discovery more precious than any he had made hitherto? Mentally he put

out a finger and shattered at a run the row of card-houses he had built up in the last half hour. Back he came into the old world with a crash, and the room seemed suddenly stuffy, and the walls to crowd in on him and crush him. But why, why, why? Then in a flash he had it, it was Cross from Oxford who was always enticing away his best men; Cross had offered her a job, a better job there. Well, they would make her stay; he would have her salary raised, doubled if necessary; she was worth it.... With an effort he pulled himself together and enquired in tones that seemed to him at once shaky and brusque, "But this is most sudden and surprising, may I ask what you're going to do?" Again she hesitated before replying, and then she looked up and he could see her eyes were dancing, "Yesterday Professor Bolton asked me to be his wife. He says I am too clumsy here, and that a woman's place is in the home." And she laughed quietly. "We are to be married in August. I shall be awfully sorry to leave the laboratory, but I expect you too will really be glad to get rid of me." Without waiting for the stammered words of congratulation which he forced to his lips, she went to the door in her familiar mouse-like way and was gone. Mechanically, Dr Wellesley picked up the *Science Quarterly* and turned to Professor Bolton's latest article....

K. A.

VAN GOGH

"VOICI déjà trente ans et tout est dit" ought to be the motto of anyone who attempts to write on the subject of Vincent Van Gogh. For he died, in 1890, at the age of thirty-seven, known to a few people as a lunatic who happened to paint and since then has been the subject [or object] of much literature which has converted him into a painter who had the misfortune to be a lunatic as well. And whereas he showed throughout his life lunatic tendencies, it was only during the last ten years of it that he painted. It was his intensity, his belief in things, which

made possible his pictures, in spite of faults of technique which he never managed to overcome, at least to his own satisfaction, though he studied patiently long and hard. It is the most surprising thing about him that he should have been labelled a Post-Impressionist, been hailed as a leader [after his death], and been copied, indeed be still copied, when all the time his own life was a struggle between what he felt within and what his hands would not express properly. He was his own hardest taskmaster always: and it was only by moments that he forgot to be painstaking and really had his fling, with no self-criticism and no regrets. But in these moments he produced his loveliest pictures.

Born in 1853, he was the son of a Dutch Calvinist minister and a semi-peasant: few of his ancestors had any distinction, and, of his nearer relations, one uncle only, who had founded a picture-dealing business at the Hague, showed any. Of his six brothers and sisters [he was the eldest] one was stillborn, one Theo, and the rest nonentities. Theo's claim to fame rests on the fact that he paid for his brother all his life, was good and docile and a friend to him, and died within six months of him: which provides good sentimental material for the biographers. Vincent drew a cat in childhood and modelled a clay elephant: he was alternately sent to and taken away from school by his "fond parents": and at the age of sixteen started in his uncle's business of picture-dealing—with Goupil's in London. This went on for six years—then followed a period of no fixed activity. Goupil's dismissed him because he found picture-dealing a dirty business, and had taken to religion in order to counteract the effects of it, and in 1878 he tried to put his religious feeling into practice by becoming a missionary to the mining district in the south of Belgium. After three years of disillusion and semi-starvation, he left the district, this time with painting, not religion, as his consolation. For the next five years he lived a nomad life in Holland and Belgium, disagreeing with his parents in the home and his teachers in various art-schools, and in 1886 he suddenly moved to Paris, where brother Theo worked in Goupil's. As he had already been paying for

Vincent to live in Holland, it did not make much difference if he paid for him in his own flat: so for two years Vincent, who had arrived having "heard of the Impressionists," but knowing "nothing about them," absorbed revolutionary artistic theory. He came full of ambition to paint a quintessence of peasantry, or of hapless fisherman's-wifery *à la* Israels, with a duel palette and a restricted technique: he left in 1890 with a new vision of the paintableness of anything and everything, a lightened palette and a more assured technique: and he went from the grey northern skies of Brabant and Paris, to the blazing sun at Arles. Here he was seized with frenzy, painted a picture every two hours sometimes, and eventually broke down. His reason gave way under the pressure of arguments with Gauguin which Gauguin always won. He was a Frenchman and therefore intellectually organized, in violent contrast to the romantic, uncontrolled Van Gogh: and by saving his own throat from Van Gogh's razor he drove him to cut off his own ear. This made Van Gogh famous in Arles, but the curiosity of crowds did not help him to recover his balance. So he went to a lunatic asylum at Saint-Remy, where he alternately painted wildly and had fits which laid him out for months. And in 1890, Theo, paying the piper still, had him brought nearer Paris. Here he tried to enforce an opinion upon his doctor with a pistol and so resigned himself to his own hopelessness by shooting himself, and even so he did it so badly that he took "an unconscionable long time a-dying."

Quite apart from the fact that no picture of his sold during his lifetime, he found himself a failure in everything. He had something in him which made it impossible for him not to get across with people. It was not that he saw or thought or felt so differently from them: only that he did it so much more intensely. It was always a question of neck or nothing, with religion among the miners, with walking, with teaching himself drawing, with appreciation, with painting. A tree was a living thing, so was a table-cloth: and being a living thing it was never the same twice. That accounts for his painting the same subjects several times over—the sunflowers,

for instance, or the Arles postman. And he was never concerned with how or why he painted. All the talk about deliberate distortion and form and balance and the rest he failed to understand. He saw the world as vivid, as living, and set himself to represent it so: and if it turns out that his representation is, for the spectators of his pictures, interpretation, that is far more the spectators' business than Van Gogh's. He had the "infinite capacity for taking pains" which some suppose to be indispensable for the production of works of art; but, what is much more important, he was attempting to give an ordinary value to everyday objects, to make them real in an ordinary sense, not to give them formal significance or pattern. His pictures are those of the "natural man"—to whom everything is important in itself. That the flat blue southern sky and the raging southern sun and the tempestuous southern cypress trees seemed to him of greater importance than all other things is easily explicable in a southern climate: and he saw it with northern eyes. But he painted boots and crayfish and faces with almost as intense an interest, along with streets and oranges. He believed in everything but himself, and it was this combination of the importance of outside as compared with inside himself which brought him at once to that amazing vividness and reality of his pictures, as of his religious effort, and to suicide. "The world was too much with him."

H. G.

MIXED MYSTERIES

With apologies to MR EDGAR WALLACE and others

I. THE DOPER

DETECTIVE-OFFICER CUSTARD, of the C. O. D. (Criminal Obstruction Department) was nonplussed. For over a year he had been trying to lay his hands on the author of the countless dastardly outrages daily committed all over the country. Obviously, they were the work of the same arch-fiend. In every case the victim was doped, though with different stuff each time.

Time and again had D.-O. Custard all but grasped him. As often had the mysterious criminal slipped from his clutches like an eel. Each time Custard swore a fouler oath than before, and each time he put a penny in the missionary-box. He was a conscientious man.

Now, he sat in his office at the Yard groping in his pocket for a penny. Suddenly, the door opened. In came an Ortona driver, sadly under the influence of alcohol. He reeled towards the inner office, went in, and shut the door behind him.

D.-O. Custard looked puzzled and stopped groping.

"Who the Hades is that? Go in and take his finger prints."

Constable McMullins sprang to obey. At that moment the door of the office re-opened violently, to the detriment of Constable McMullins' nose. It was not the intoxicated driver. It was the Proctor, calm and unconcerned, who came out and left the office without speaking.

"WHO THE HADES WAS THAT?" roared D.-O. Custard, when he found his voice.

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," said Constable McMullins, rubbing his nose, "perhaps he'll come back again."

"I'll clap him in gaol if he does!"

"By the way, sir," said the Constable, "you have forgotten to put that penny in the box. And it's twopence now."

D.-O. Custard glared, but fished for the coins. His hand was poised over the box. Simultaneously, both doors opened.

From the inner office came his fascinating daughter, Brenda. From the street young Derrick Featherstonehaugh, the Chief Commissioner's son. Boy and girl looked at each other.

"Darling!"

"Darling!"

They clinched by Detective-Officer Custard's desk....

"Time!" said Constable McMullins, looking at his watch.

"What does this mean?" asked Custard, getting up.

"We have solved the mystery," said Derrick and Brenda both together.

"You've found the Doper?"

"There is no Doper," said Derrick.

"Then what the devil——?"

"Threepence, sir," said the constable.

Derrick and Brenda explained, chanting in turn.

"Somebody's..."

"...been putting..."

"...alcohol..."

"...in the British Man's Beer!" concluded Derrick.

"Well, I'm——!" gasped Custard, and put fourpence in the box.

"Shall I go round to the greengrocer, sir?" asked the constable.

"The greengrocer? What the——what for?"

"To say no gooseberries are wanted to-day."

Derrick and Brenda watched them depart.

II. WHO AM I?

I cannot stand this suspense any longer. There is a horrible mystery surrounding my origin. I have often asked my mother to disclose the secret, however awful. She has always put me off. If I importune her, she promises me that I shall know when I am older. It is useless to protest that I am already old enough. God knows, at forty life has few secrets for me! But she merely says, "You are not old enough to hear it. When you are older you shall know all." And our friends are equally reticent about my birth. Ever since I was a child I have never been able to understand why others should celebrate their birthdays with feasting and mirth, while I—my birth is hushed in secrecy as a hideous thing. No one has even told me when my birthday is.

But I shall find out the truth. Suspense has made me desperate. I have stolen the keys to the safe where my father keeps his documents. To-night I shall know all....

...I have stolen my father's secret papers. I have seen my birth-certificate. Now I know the dreadful truth. I can go to my grave with an easy mind...when I am old enough.

I was born on February 29th.

III. A FACE IN THE CROWD

I had never seen him before. I don't suppose I shall ever see him again.

I was walking down K.P. to my work one morning. The street was crowded with people similarly engaged. Then he distinguished himself from the hurrying passers-by and accosted me.

"Pardon me," he said, gripping my hand and wringing it warmly until I winced. I have never felt such a grip in all my life since.

"Pardon me," he said, "but this is a great moment."

I agreed that it was big; simply tremendous. It struck me that his face was unfamiliar. I said so.

"No, I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before. Here's my card."

He handed me the slip of ivory vellum. Mechanically I put it in my pocket without looking at it.

"You know, it *is* a pleasure," he went on.

"What?" I asked, taken off my guard.

"Why, meeting you."

I could think of nothing to reply.

"Well, so long. Here's to our next encounter." Then he disappeared into the crowd.

When I got home I put my hand in my pocket and felt the card he had given me, which I had completely forgotten. I took it out and gazed at it.

It was perfectly blank.

I have never seen him again. Probably I never shall. He was just a face in the crowd.

LANCE.

A COMMISSION

Extract from the

PRECIS of the proceedings of the Commission (1929) for enquiring into the Causes of, and the Justification for, the continued existence of ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, Cambridge.

At 2.30 p.m. on April 20th, 1929, the Commission assembled for the final meeting—Lord Boanerges taking the Chair.

His Lordship, summing up the results of previous meetings, reminded the Commissioners that it was their duty to decide whether the Foundation under consideration was contributing to the public good proportionally to the extent of its revenues. While all must regret the passing away of ancient and famous institutions, it were ill advised to allow sentiment to sway the judgment of reason. The Law of Growth, declared his Lordship, was the Law of Life—the grandest of human conceptions was liable to fail to adapt itself to changes which a wise man must accept, even if he deplored them. "Our little systems," he said, quoting a recent Laureate, "our little systems have their day, they have their day and cease to be."

His Lordship recalled how a number of the Commissioners, disguised as artisans, had been present in the College during a recent period of extensive repair; also how, with the assistance of the Dean, large parties of their agents had been introduced into the College as boys from the Mission. As a result of scrupulously careful observations—many hundred-weights of notes and diagrams had already been presented to the Commission—the principal activities of the members of the College had been ascertained.

In general, life appeared not to centre in those institutions where it might be most expected. Although there existed a commodious dining-hall the undergraduates seemed to prefer to dine in restaurants in the town; an expensively equipped library attracted few students; and the handsome chapel was almost deserted. Immediately adjoining the Hall, however, was a space known as the "Screens"; here, for a few minutes

each day, the undergraduates would gather to discuss their affairs. This, it was to be supposed, was the *fons et origo* of College activity.

Members of the College could be divided into a number of fairly well differentiated classes, which seemed to maintain very little intercommunication. These classes corresponded in a curious way with the intellectual or athletic activities of their members; but it was not clear whether the undergraduate determined the course of his career with reference to the class to which he temperamentally inclined or *vice-versa*. Most noticeable was the Boat Club. (Here, on the motion of the Dean of Barnwell, the Commission adjourned for dinner, a written memorandum on the Boat Club being supplied to each member.)

At 8.45 p.m. the Commission reassembled, and Lord Boanerges resumed his summary. It would not be necessary to refer again to the Boat Club, he said, except to remark, in fairness to the College, that the danger was recognised and checked. These people were carefully separated from their fellows at meal times; a house had been provided for them near the river; while in the critical early and late spring periods they were wisely urged to go to bed early, and to observe certain self-restraints.

Attention must be drawn to another group of similar appearance which had caused considerable perplexity to the Ethnographical Committee, until it was realised that it consisted indeed of two separate branches. On the one hand an Aesculapian sect was distinguished, and organically related to these, if biologically more advanced, was another type of inmate: for whereas the former applied their medical science to anecdotal *grivoiserie*, the latter were taken out to the meadows to satisfy their characteristic virility with round games—their favourite pastimes being Hockey, Football and Cricket (a form of Rounders). In common with the Boat Club this group could be picked out by their use of the cry "Whatcher!"

Radically different from these were two further groups. The so-called theological society consisted largely of ordi-

nands and other atavistic cases, and the Commission might leave it at that.

The Nashe Society, on the other hand, was not so lightly to be dismissed. As a body it stimulated itself with punch into the appreciation of Beauty and Abstract Rhythmical Flow. Individually its members were still more peculiar; two of these, for instance, shocked their more sensitive brothers by their artistic poster designs; another, more pallid if more virtuous, surrounded by his admiring circle

Like Cato gives his little Senate laws,
And sits attentive to his own applause.

A section quite different from any other consisted of those species devoted to music in one or other form. There was firstly a society formed to demonstrate that the most involved masterpieces of the great composers could be played (or sung) with little capability and no practice. Secondly, in connexion with the College chapel, was a number of hired persons of various ages, whose exercises in that edifice the rest of the College appeared reluctant to disturb. It was noteworthy, in parenthesis, that whereas their efforts were approved of, nay paid for, the production of music by more efficient and up-to-date devices, such as the gramophone, was forbidden.

To turn to a peculiar survival from the days of the Hospital of Saint John, it had been noticed that a number of deserving old men, about fifty in all, was supported by the College, being fed daily upon a substantial quantity of wholesome food. They were occasionally permitted to address imaginary audiences in large empty rooms, though why or when was not known. One of the more active of these had been heard carolling Gilbert and Sullivan in the baths, an institution where his colleagues were rarely noticed.

To this dismal catalogue, continued his Lordship, must however be added one asset. In the garden stood an Abyssinian Sponge tree, to punch which afforded endless delight to the more sane members of the College. This feature was undoubtedly worthy of preservation, and should, he thought, be moved to the Embankment Gardens. The rest of the property should be handed over to the Cambridge Borough

Council for conversion into a tea-garden, which would be much appreciated by sightseers visiting the neighbouring university.

The amendment proposed by Major I-n H-y B—th, that the Abyssinian tree be made into sponges for the use of clean-limbed Britishers, having been rejected, the Commission unanimously accepted Lord Boanerges' proposals.

CORRESPONDENCE

FIRST COURT,
ST JOHN'S COLLEGE

Sir,

The recent successful repair of the College Library, and the equally striking restorations of some of the more vulnerable parts of the Chapel, inevitably draw attention to a task which has awaited completion for nearly one hundred and sixty years. In 1772 the ingenious Mr Essex finished his renovation of the south side of the First Court, this being the initial stage of an intended adaptation of the whole court from the original Early Tudor style to the more urbane Classical model.

But since then the virtue of the nineteenth century supplanted the virtuosity of the eighteenth, and the corresponding change in academic taste introduced yet another style in the Chapel of Sir G. Gilbert Scott—"intended," as the Guide Book says, "to be that prevalent in England in 1280." This Gothic irruption undoubtedly complicates any attempt at fulfilling the original design of Mr Essex, or even to secure some degree of uniformity.

It may be taken as axiomatic that the four sides of the court should present to the eye a general similarity of style; three courses, short of total demolition, are thus possible.

Firstly: to accept the principle of Gilbert Scott, that work lingering from before the Gothic Revival should only serve as foundation for Romantic exuberance; and to follow the example of the Fellows of Sidney Sussex, who in 1831 com-

missioned Mr Jeffrey Wyatt to improve and decorate the buildings of Ralph Symons, to whom Saint John's owes its second court. This plan would have the advantage of affording Mr Tapper, P.R.I.B.A., an opportunity to elaborate his chaste designs in pasteboard; but it cannot be denied that the Chapel itself, which would be the inspiration of the renovated court, is as impermanent as if it really dated from the thirteenth century; and its final subsidence could not but weaken the newly acquired unity—for the present policy of replacing the pieces as they fall off can only give a temporary stability to a rapidly decrepitating structure.

Secondly: to follow Mr Essex's plan to its logical conclusion, adapting the east and west sides of the court, and the Chapel, if still extant. While the Tudor elements are easily effaced (even the Great Gate presenting no insuperable difficulties), it is to be feared that the manner of 1280 would prove less amenable. By no reconstruction could the figures of several College worthies which now adorn the buttresses support a classical entablature. The method used with some success at Trinity Hall for producing a more or less classical appearance is perhaps inapplicable to so large a building as the Chapel; possibly a compromise might be effected in the manner of the Chapel of Peterhouse.

The third possible course should be mentioned for the sake of completeness; namely, to remove Mr Essex's work, disclosing those large portions of the original Tudor work which remain beneath, and to restore it as far as possible to its former condition. On the present Chapel's collapse, some building more in harmony with the rest of the court could be either constructed or purchased.

Yours etc.,

ALPHA and OMEGA.