



HENRY JESSEY

IF learning and charity joined to a fervently religious spirit are qualities which merit both admiration and some degree of fame for their possessor, then Henry Jessey deserves a place among the honoured members of his College. Palmer, in his *Non-Conformist's Memorial*, writes of him thus: "That man of God, Mr Jessey, an anti-paedobaptist of long standing; as holy I conceive as any, of good learning, and a very tender conscience; of an healing and uniting spirit—I wish there were more such anti-paedobaptists as he."

The details of Jessey's early life and parentage are not of any great interest, except for the fact that he was entered at St John's College as a Constable Scholar* on 6 November 1622, when he signed himself Henricus Jacie Eboracensis. He had matriculated in the Easter Term of 1619, and followed a course of logic and philosophy. In 1622 he resolved to enter the ministry and was episcopally ordained in 1627. Of his theological training at St John's we can learn something from the remarks of Palmer that he became well versed in the Hebrew tongue and the writings of the Rabbis. He also understood Syriac and Chaldee. While he was at the University he had the misfortune to lose his father, and the result to Jessey was a drastic drop in his income; he had but threepence a day at this time, but managed not only to live upon that sum but also to hire books for his studies.

* The Constable Scholarship held by Jessey was one of four left by the will of Sir Marmaduke Constable. This benefactor left provision for one Fellow and four poor Scholars. The advantage of the bequest was, first, for any members of his own family; secondly, for natives of York County or Diocese; thirdly, for "such as be most able and apt in the University of Cambridge after the discretion of the Master and Fellows". Jessey qualified in the second category.



Photo by Geo. Bushell and Son, Henley-on-Thames

L.M.B.C. THAMES CHALLENGE CUP BOAT AT HENLEY, 1949

The germs of dissent were stirring in his conscience while he was yet at the University, a fact illustrated in the last few pages of his *Exceeding Riches of Grace Advanced*:

Also a young gentleman, being a scholar, of whose deep despairing of ever being saved, and of his strong perswasion that he should be damned, Master Case, Master Whitakers, Master Chr. Love, and the Relator, with many other Preachers and Christians, had notice and sad observation. His father, a gentleman in the countrey, brought him up to London to procure some to speak to him, and to pray for him, having them present with them. This Christian duty was solemnly performed by those before named, and by others, in several solemn daies of Fasting and Prayer. The beginning and chief first moving cause of those so sad perswasions was, because of the Oaths and Subscriptions* imposed by the Governors in the University, which he submitted to (with the multitude that stuck not at them) though he had his conscience warning him; yet thus doubtingly or against his conscience, he yeilded to the Ordinances of his Superiors. But his thus doing, brought great sorrow on his own soule, and on his parents and friends, that sympathized with him. Amongst others, the Relator could more sympathize herein, than many others, in regard himselfe had been much afflicted in spirit, for his University Oaths and Subscriptions: and yet had found that though his sinne abounded therein, (it being done with a staggering, (or worse, with a relucting) conscience) yet the Grace of God had the more abounded, and been magnified towards him, in manifesting that he had forgiven so foul and hainous sins... these sad examples (and many moe of like nature that might be produced) may suffice for a Warning to Heads and Governors in Universities and Corporations; and to all Magistrates, Officers, Masters, Husbands, and Parents, all Superiors whatsoever; to beware of laying on heavie burdens, by Oaths, Subscriptions or Commands, on any persons; whose consciences when they are distressed, they are never able to relieve or release from Hellish continuall feares and torments.

In 1633 Jessey took the living of Aughton, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, but held it only for a year before being deprived for discussing ceremonies and removing a crucifix. After various moves, and a proposal to visit New England, he undertook in the summer of 1637 the charge of a congregation of Separatists assembled at Southwark. This congregation had been originally formed by Henry Jacob who, having suffered a ten years' exile in Holland, returned in 1616

* The Oaths and Subscriptions which caused such pain to the poor young man, and evidently to Jessey himself, would include the Three Articles to which adherence had to be declared (after 1616) by all taking degrees. The Articles involved admission of the Royal Supremacy in matters ecclesiastical and temporal, the use of the Book of Common Prayer, and the unreserved acceptance of the Thirty-Nine Articles.

resolved upon the formation of an Independent Puritan congregation in London. To this end a number of conferences were held, and finally a Covenant was sworn among the adherents, and a church formed. The performance of covenanting is thus described: Those who wished to have a share in the undertaking

joyning together joyned both hands each with other Brother and stood in a Ringwise: their intent being declared, H. Jacob and each of the Rest made some Confession or Profession of their faith and Repentance, some were longer and some were briefer. Then they Covenanted together to walk in all Gods ways as he had revealed or should make known to them.

Jacob went to Virginia, where tradition connects him with the foundation of Jamestown, and died there in 1624. It is improbable that Jessey ever knew him, and such mention as is made of him in Jessey's Memoranda is traditional. In 1625 the congregation at Southwark was taken over by John Lathrop, an Independent Puritan preacher from Kent. While he was in charge the congregation suffered many persecutions and imprisonments. In 1636 Lathrop himself, after a period in prison, left the country for New England, and for two years, until the arrival of Henry Jessey, the congregation was without a pastor.

Upon the 18th day of the third month called May, 1640, they divided themselves equally, and became two congregations, the one whereof continued with Mr Iessey, the other joyned themselves to Mr Praise God Barebone, each of the churches renewing their Covenant and choosing distinct officers of their own from among themselves.

This was the second secession of Baptists from the congregation of Independents, and shows the presence within the group of a growing radicalism. It was, however, another five years before Jessey adopted Baptist views and accepted immersion at the hands of Hansard Knollys in June 1645. That the intervening period had not passed without disturbance is shown from a note among the Gould MSS.

1641. Also 6 month 22^d at the L Nowels house y^e same L Mayor S^r Iohn Wright came violently on them, beat, thrust, pinched and kicked such men or women as fled not his handling, among others Mrs Berry who miscarried and dyed the same week and her Child. He comitted to the Counter H. Iessey, Mr Nowel, Mr Ghosten, and that night bound them to answer at y^e House of Co^mons where they appearing he let it fall.

Apart from this recorded incident, while meeting at Queenhithe on 21 February 1638 the whole congregation was removed at the Bishop's instigation; this was repeated in May of the same year. On

21 April 1640 several members of Jessey's congregation were committed to the Tower.

Between 1650 and 1660 Jessey was able to devote himself to works of scholarship and charity. In 1652 he was a member of the committee of approval of Biblical translations. He visited congregations and preached extensively in the north and east in 1650 and 1653 respectively; and in 1655 answered a call from "the saints in Bristol" to visit a number of churches in the west. In 1657 he occupied himself with the collection of £300 for the relief of distressed Jews in Jerusalem which he forwarded thence "with good wishes for their conversion". Palmer writes of his charity:

Mr Jessey chose a single life, that he might be the more entirely devoted to his sacred work, and the better enabled to do good. Besides his own alms he was a constant solicitor and agent for the poor with others whom he knew were able to supply their wants. Above 30 families had all their subsistence from him. Nor did he limit his charity to those of his own congregation and opinion; he did good to all. And where he thought it no charity to give, he would lend, without interest or security.

At the Restoration his fortunes turned, and his name is duly recorded by Calamy among the ejected ministers. An entry in the *State Papers (Domestic)* records that Jessey:

Has long been in the habit of collecting notes of remarkable events; gave one sheet of them in Nov. 1660 to Mr Stanbridge and another was taken on Dec. 28 1660 when his house was searched, and he taken by order of the Duke of Albemarle; his last sheet containing a note of the strange death of Major Orde in the Bishopric of Durham, which was in the *Annus Mirabilis*;* particulars of wonderful things mentioned in his notes. Knows Lt. Col. Danvers, and has seen Francis Smith, and talked to them about prodigies that had happened. Also visits Mr Cockain and has written out prodigies for him and heard them from him. Heard that a book of prodigies was to be printed, and since it came forth a copy has been given him; will not say by whom.

* The *Annus Mirabilis* is worth a note whether it actually contains anything by Jessey or is by quite another hand. The edition of 1661 is a quarto pamphlet of 88 pages. The full title—which explains why Anthony Wood described it as an "imposture of a most damnable design"—runs as follows: "Mirabilis Annus, or The year of Prodigies and Wonders, being a faithful and impartial Collection of several Signs that have been seen in the heavens, in the Earth, and in the Waters; together with many remarkable Accidents and Judgments befalling divers Persons, according as they have been testified by very credible hands; all which have happened within the one year last past, and are now made publick for a seasonable warning to the People of three Kingdoms speedily to repent and turn to the Lord whose hand is lifted up amongst us."

The *Baptist Bibliography* has an entry under his name for the year 1658: "A true relation of a very strange and wonderful thing that was heard in the air, October the twelfth, by many hundreds of people."

Of the marvels recorded in the *Annus Mirabilis*, the following two are sufficiently representative:

By a letter from a very good hand from Magdalen Colledge in Oxford it is certified that about 10 Novem. last, 1660, a spectrum appeared to one Allen of that Colledge, which according to his own relation was as followeth, he heard in the night when he was in bed, a noise like the noise of Geese, he arose from his bed and looked out of his window which opened over the bridge, but saw nothing, but going to his bed again he saw a man as it were grovelling upon the floor, in his Pontificalibus, attired like a Bishop in his Lawn sleeves. At first he was not much affrighted, but called to it and adjured it to speak, the Bishop immediately rose up and approached towards his bed, at which the young man was exceedingly terrified, and crying out murder, murder, it vanished, he since says that he saw and heard something which he will discover to none; upon the report of this strange apparition in the Colledge, the next night five or six Schollars watched in that chamber, and about midnight, on a suddain the candles went out, and immediately upon it was heard a great noise as of Children crying out, which so affrighted them, that they all run out of the chamber; this is a Thing generally known and talk't of by the Students in that house, though as it is reported the subpresident did his uttermost to suppress the rumour of it, and by his menaces, hath so awed the Scholar, that except it be to some special confidents he dares not own this to any.

A second marvel—

Master Bartholomew, the late Minister of Camden in Gloucestershire who was sometime a zealous stickler for Presbyterian Reformation, and did exceedingly oppose and preach against the Common-Prayer-Book, was yet prevailed with to read some part of it, as it is feared, much against his Light and Principles; But the very first Lords day that he read it, he was struck with sickness and died before the next morning.

Cambridge does not seem to have suffered, having, at that time perhaps, a better tradition.

The *English-Greek Lexicon*, in the preparation of which Jessey had a part, is a small volume divided into seven sections of significant words, names, dialects and so on. The section of All Proper Names is attributed to Jessey on the title-page of this book, and gives their Hebrew as well as their Greek and English forms. The few pages

of Directions for the Unexpert Reader contain this interesting information:

To this knowledge of Greek (of late years) in a competent measure have many attained, even Apprentices, Tradesmen, yea and divers Gentlewomen, which now they would not want, no, not for all the world. Mat. 16. 25, 26. Mat. 13. 44, 45.

Henry Jessey died on 4 September 1663, four or five thousand people being present at his funeral, many of whom had no doubt heard his preaching or witnessed his generosity. *State Papers (Domestic)* tell us that Jessey's dying words were "that the Lord would destroy the powers in being, and he encouraged the people to help the great work". The *Dictionary of National Biography* gives more details of his life than are here recorded, and also a list of his works. A glance through one or two of these latter, brief as they are, is sufficient to persuade the reader of Jessey's piety and sincerity, and to make him feel that he was a memorable scholar of this College who preserved himself from bitterness or rancour at a time of exceptional religious disturbance; and one, also, who by his whole personality did much to diminish differences of sect and creed.

A. H. D.

MATER DOLOROSA

THE silken ladders of the stars
Lure me to a bright forgetting.
I touch the night's obscurest peak
And mock the moon's deceitful setting.

Blind eyelets in the purple curtain
Stare on me from behind the night,
Where tremulous, unseen and distant,
Gleams a fringeless screen of light.

But wicked witchery of moonbeams
Knows no guile to cheat my sorrow.
I scale the silken starry steps
And tumble bruised upon tomorrow.

J. R. B.

December 1946

PSALM

I WOULD wash the hills in moonlight
And garland the stars with tulips;
Make a city of the starry solitude,
That the sun might bear fruit,
And the night be petalled with roses.

Let the desert blossom into music,
And lonely Mars be glad with songs of children.
Let the rainbow be tuned as a harp,
And bird-song sound in caverns of the sea.
Let no word cloud the sky of mystery,
But music and mystic silence ripple on the shores
of space.

I dreamed a dream, and called it peace.
Walking above the stars in gentle grace of sleep;
Caressed by the tender music of the world,
Sealed in silence by the kiss of holy love.

J. R. B.

Michaelmas 1947

THE PROFESSOR

IF the night were my blackboard
 The chalky stars would preach a wiser sermon,
 Quoting apt planets, making muddled clouds precise.
 Diagram of truth, not sketchy beauty,
 With moon as shapely footnote,
 Timely, terse, and topical.

But I am pupil, and the magisterial world,
 Master of all arts and doctor of all laws,
 Cheats and delights;
 A formal garden and a wilderness.
 Kennel, college, kitchen, cave, cathedral.

I go back to nature, or turn my back to nature;
 Nature imitating art, dog and don by turns.

I have taught the universe too much;
 Enjoined on the starry heavens the moral law within.
 Now degenerate to ignorance from folly,
In statu pupillari to tutorial time,
 I sit at the feet of chaos, hear
 The universe proclaim its university.

J. R. B.

August 1948

LITTLE POEM

SLEEP in the leafy hours
 But when the blossom
 Tinkles at the wind's touch
 Listen.

Work in the hungry days
 But when the orchard
 Answers to the corn's cry
 Listen.

Love in the lazy years
 But when fulfilment
 Orchestrates the sunset
 Listen.

J. R. B.

June 1949

NASHE'S VERSES FROM
ECCLESIASTICUS

IN some bibliographical accounts of Thomas Nashe, his own statement that he spent "seven yere together lacking a quarter" at the "sweetest nurse of knowledge" in all Cambridge, is given as evidence of his having approached M.A. status even if he did not proceed to that degree. His other references to St John's College, however, do not give us much substantial help in determining the kind of life he lived while at Cambridge, or in deducing his relationships with his immediate contemporaries at his own and other colleges.

We can only surmise, for instance, that he knew Marlowe and Greene personally while still *in statu pupillari*: there is nothing to show conclusively that his literary collaboration with either of them began at the University. Who his partner in the production of *Terminus et non terminus** can have been, remains a mystery. But the conviction that the other person (if not Nashe himself as well) was expelled as a result of the play's appearance has worried literary historians ever since the seventeenth century. J. Bass Mullinger evidently had in mind the image of the "roystrous" Tom Nashe when he wrote that Nashe "recalcitrated at the discipline, but he revered the learning" at his college.† There is nothing at all in Nashe's utterances about St John's to support the former part of that assertion. It is true enough that the *Trimming of Thomas Nashe* gives him out as having led a disreputable college career: but the testimony of that tract, which was probably written at the direct instigation of Gabriel Harvey toward the end of his controversy with Nashe, is about as valuable as the latter's tilt at Harvey in *Have With You to Saffron Walden*: "...when he was but yet a fresh-man in CAMBRIDGE, he set up SIQUISSSES & sent his accounts to his father in those joulting Heroicks..."‡

Nashe's allusions to his College are unfortunately lacking in those diverting particularities which make his extended observations on life in general so fascinating. When he speaks of St John's he merely expresses the kind of enthusiasm one would expect from a former student. His allusions to the "thrice fruitfull St Johns" in his *Four Letters Confuted* (1592), for example, and to "that most famous and

* See the article on "The College Plays" in *The Eagle*, vol. LIII, no. 235 (August 1949), p. 167.

† J.

‡ *Works of Nashe*, ed. R. B. McKerrow, vol. III, p. 7. "Si quis"—"a bill enquiring for anything lost: a public announcement or proclamation."

fortunate Nurse of all learning" in his preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589) are the retrospective comments of an old alumnus using worn-down expressions of approbation rather than freshly created epithets. In the *Menaphon* preface, it is true, we have a mention of the College as a university within itself which is of some historical interest; the College is described as "shining so far above all other houses, Halles, and hospitals whatsoever": and Nashe's claim that undergraduates could be found busy at work by four o'clock in the morning serves to remind us that in the sixteenth century it was nothing unusual for lectures to commence at six or seven a.m. Nashe does not tell us what we would most like to know about his career at Cambridge, however. It would be enlightening to have his opinion of the curriculum at that time, and to learn his attitude towards the various intellectual disputes which sprang into existence now and again. As things stand, we are hard put to it to see quite what Nashe means when in *Have With You* he boldly affirms that *if he had wished* he could have become a Fellow of his College.

There is, however, one item of information concerning Nashe's residence at St John's as a Lady Margaret Scholar which enables us to dispense temporarily with uncertainty and conjecture. In his edition of Nashe's works, R. B. McKerrow printed a reduced facsimile of a sheet of Latin verses by Nashe which is preserved among the State Papers in the Public Record Office.* Nashe's authorship of these verses is proved by the appended signature, "Thomas Nashe, discipulus Divi Johannis. pro illustrissima domina Margareta Fundatrice, An. Dom. 1585 Suffolciensis".† The manuscript contains eight lines of elegiac verse (hexameters followed by pentameters in couplet formation) on a text from the forty-first chapter of *Ecclesiasticus*: "O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions. . . ." The eight lines for which Nashe is responsible are as follows:

Quos mala nulla premunt, quos nulla pericula cingunt,
 hos rapide cruciat mortis acerba dies;
 Quos nutrit alma quies, quos jactat nulla procella,
 dura videtur iis mors miseranda viris.
 Quos jucunda quies, quos ornant foedera pacis,
 hos mors nigra movet, tristis & hora premit:
 Quos Arabi fortuna favet, quos copia Croesi,
 hos mors pallenti perculit atra metu.

That, obviously, is not a very distinguished composition. A very free prose translation of it might run: "To those who have no

* See a reference in the *State Papers (Domestic)*, Addenda, vol. 1580-1625, p. 166.

† McKerrow, *Nashe*, vol. III, p. 299.

misfortune oppressing them, and are beset by no kind of danger, the bitter onslaught of death is a terrible thing: to those brought up in comfortable surroundings and unruffled by the rigours of external nature, the prospect of final dissolution seems a thing to grieve over: to those who find easy preferment at hand in time of peace, the drab hand of death is an image of ghastly terror; and to those favoured with Arabian luxuries and the riches of Croesus, stark mortality threatens atrocious tortures." Any one of a dozen Latin poets could have served as Nashe's model for this performance: though it is much more likely to have been Ovid than, say, Tibullus or Propertius (there are upwards of a hundred quotations from Ovid in Nashe's later work). As a literary accomplishment the lines compare unfavourably with the elegies which Milton wrote in his eighteenth year;* and it is interesting to set them beside the *Carmina Elegiaca* which can be found in the same poet's *Commonplace Book*† and which probably date from the time when he was still at St Paul's School.

McKerrow observes that in the folio of the State Papers where Nashe's poem is to be found there are ten other sets of verses also by St John's College men. All but three of these writers indicate—as Nashe did—the county of their origin: for instance, there is a Gulielmus Baillie, Salopiensis, and Robertus Mills, Lincolnensis, etc. McKerrow has gone to some pains to identify these contemporaries of Nashe: and he has gathered a number of particulars from two manuscript lists of Cambridge scholars in the years 1581 and 1588 which form part of the Lansdowne manuscript collections in the British Museum. These documents are of great value because they give the names of the tutors under whom some of the *discipuli* were studying at that time—though, as McKerrow points out, they would be even more valuable if they related to the years between those two dates. We learn, however, that Joannes Archer, the first name to appear in the Record Office folio, was in 1581 taking Dialectics under Mr Johns: in 1588 William Mottershed and William Orwell were both studying philosophy with a Mr Rowly. Nashe, it appears, was also registered as coming under Mr Rowly's supervision—though whether he was in residence for the whole of 1588 is by no means ascertained. This Mr Rowly's identity is also something of a mystery. J. and J. A. Venn's *Alumni Cantabrigienses* makes no mention of a senior member of St John's under that name during the years concerned. A Ralph Rowley was made a Fellow of Pembroke in 1584, taking his M.A. degree in 1586. It may not be

* See E. M. W. Tillyard, *Milton*, p. 19.

† Ed. A. J. Horwood, *The Commonplace Book of John Milton* (Camden Society Publications, 1876), p. 62.

impossible that the "Mr Rowly" referred to as Nashe's tutor was in reality Laurence Ryly, also of Pembroke College, who was elected to a Fellowship at St John's in 1563 and proceeded M.A. two years later. Of the other Lady Margaret scholars mentioned in connexion with the Latin verses, the John Archer listed in the Venns' work was of B.A. status in 1585 and was ordained priest in December of the same year. William Mottershed, a Northamptonshire man (and the only graduate of that name to appear in the *Alumni Cantabrigienses*) became a Fellow in 1589 (M.A. 1590): but nothing further is known of William Orwell, except that his signature shows him to have come from Norfolk. As a matter of interest, it is curious to note the number of graduates about this time who proceeded to fellowships *before* taking their Master's degree.

More conclusive than the speculative matter advanced here, however, are the data which we have concerning the occasion for which Nashe and his colleagues produced their Latin compositions. The University Register records that Nashe matriculated as a Sizar of St John's on 13 October 1582: he would then be nearly fifteen years of age and would expect to complete his "undergraduate" course—the *quadriuium*—four years later. The Admission Book of the College shows that he was elected to a Lady Margaret scholarship in November 1584. He would therefore hold the title of Scholar at least until he graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1586.

The 1580's were, of course, momentous years in the history of St John's.* In 1580 itself the College Statutes were revised, and new enactments were "framed by a Commission of five including William Cecil Lord Burghley, at that time Chancellor of the University and a constant patron of the College of which he was a member...".† During the next year, 1581, Burghley (then Lord High Treasurer under Queen Elizabeth) made a grant of thirty pounds per annum which increased the stipend of the twenty-four Foundress' Scholars from sevenpence to twelpence a week. Burghley also gave communion plate to the College. But the grant was also intended to provide for what have since been called the Burghley Sermons, which were to be preached at the churches of Stamford, near Burghley Park in Northamptonshire, and of Cheshunt, not far from Theobald's, the Hertfordshire home of the Cecils.

The tripartite indenture setting out the disposition of the grant was transcribed in vol. xx of *The Eagle* (December 1898) and is also to be found in R. F. Scott's privately printed *Notes from the Records of St John's College, 1889-1899* (1st ser., p. 22). In making the

* See Mullinger, *St John's College*, p. 70.

† Henry Fraser Howard, *The Finances of St John's College, 1511-1926*, p. 34.

bequest the donor stipulated that the Scholars whose stipends were to be augmented must each year fourteen days before the payment of the rents from which the necessary sum of money would be derived, "put into latyne verses some of these sentences of scripture followinge...". Of the eight texts set, one is from the book of *Jeremiah*, one from the first book of *Corinthians*, one from the second book of *Ti th* and three from the book of *Ecclesiasticus*. The text from which as

After giving these quotations the indenture goes on to require that "so as every of the said foure and twentie scollers shall severally make in latyne and write four or more exameter or Iambike verses subscribing the same with his proper name, and the day of the moneth and yere of our lord which said verses shall be yerely presented to the said Lord Burghley during his life at the time of payment of the said yerely rentes...". (We may notice, by the way, that Nashe did not comply with these demands in every particular, for he omitted to give the day of the month for "An. Dom. 1585".) After Burghley's death sixteen of the twenty-four Scholars were to send their original compositions to Burghley's successor in office: the remaining eight were to submit them to whoever remained in his home at Theobald's.

In some cases a writer's college exercises can help us to understand his subsequent development after he has left the University. It is useless to pretend, however, that these eight lines by the eighteen-year-old Nashe have any importance in that respect; unless, perhaps, we see some remote significance in his choosing to translate an extract from the Apocrypha in preference to one from the other books of the Bible. In his preface to Greene's *Menaphon* he refers disapprovingly to the practice of excluding the Apocrypha from printed Bibles: and in *Christs Teares over Jerusalem* (1594) there is a possible thrust at the Puritan objection to the Apocrypha's being placed alongside the other canonical books in churches, as it was by Whitgift's order of 1588. Nashe certainly admired, and used where possible, the "wisdom books" of the ancient writers: and *Ecclesiasticus*, the "Wisdom of Jesus the son of Siriach" is an interesting example of that class of literature. To the student of Nashe's work and of sixteenth-century prose literature in general, however, these *Ecclesiasticus* verses have a certain minor bibliographical interest.

McKerrow's five-volume edition of Nashe is generally acknowledged to be one of the finest pieces of scholarly research achieved in recent times. His notes to these verses, indeed, are a good example of thorough and relevant annotation. He observes that a mark after "cruciat" visible on the Record Office manuscript is evidently a comma: that "rapide" should have a cedilla accent under the final e

so as to read "rapidæ": and that "as all the other verbs are in the present tense one is tempted to read *percutit*" instead of "perculit"—though the manuscript certainly has an *l* at the end of this word, not a *t*.* Nothing, it seems, was too insignificant for McKerrow to extract some bibliographical significance from: though very little of the material gathered together in the edition of Nashe is found to be supererogatory. But, strange as it may seem, McKerrow makes no mention at all of the Burghley bequest and the conditions which it lays down relating to the Scholars' verses. There is no reference in his Index to "Cecil": and his sole note on Burghley refers to the place in *Have With You* where Nashe ridicules Harvey for having sought a testimonial from Burghley when supplicating for the post of Public Orator in 1579. In the course of his notes McKerrow informs us that "the persons mentioned below [i.e. Nashe's fellow-scholars on the occasion when the *Ecclesiasticus* lines were presented] are, of course, all members of St John's College".

Having got that far, it seems curious that the devoted scholar who had travelled to Lowestoft especially to look at the parish registers for a record of Nashe's birth and had combed the St John's College archives for the least traces of Nashiana, should not have elaborated further. It would, of course, be an impertinence to claim that this note contributes anything material to our estimate of Nashe. Nevertheless the facts as set out above may serve to throw some light on the days when Nashe was still dependent on the bounty of that "pitying Mother", St John's College, according to him the distinctly *superior* foundation at Cambridge: and painstakingly—if not altogether felicitously—fulfilling the conditions of the award which made him a Lady Margaret Scholar.

E. D. M.

* The notes to McKerrow's *Nashe* are included in the fourth volume.

ON WRITING AN ESSAY

I NEVER write an essay until the last possible moment; I might waste time which could better be devoted to the study of Wodehouse, or to the pleasures of a game of golf. It is a matter of principle.

Now the deadline for this particular essay was 11 a.m. on Monday; and Saturday evening found me poised on the verge of a cocktail party. I *had* to go: so I went: and then someone said "Bridge tonight?" Well, of course, I did intend to work on the essay; but on principle I never refuse a game of Bridge.

On Sunday morning, after a leisurely breakfast (I make a point of rising late on Sunday) it seemed that something must be done. The subject was simply "Isocrates". A Greek, I was convinced, and not a Roman: but what did he do, and when? So, round to a fellow-sufferer, to borrow some relevant books. "Coffee?" he said. I *never* refuse a cup of coffee.

Half-an-hour later I retired to my rooms, laden with weighty tomes. Isocrates, it seemed, was an orator and —: but lunch-time intervened. Now Sunday lunch must never be hurried: and an excellent meal it was, rounded off by coffee and a cigarette (not to mention *The Observer* and Terence Reese). Shortly before three I started my notes, and it soon became clear that a regrettably vast amount of Isocrates' work had survived him. I hurriedly scanned selections of it, in the Loeb translation of course.

Tea-time came, and some Rugger men: what an endless and compelling subject Rugger is. At half-past-six we were still discussing our prospects for Twickenham. Just time for a quick half-pint before Hall.

After Hall, coffee; "I will write my essay", I thought, "later this evening".

But after coffee, a glass of port; and after one glass, another. A glorious feeling of sleepy contentment crept stealthily over my limbs. How inevitably right these ancient customs are. Coffee, port, and companionship: what more could any man want?

My sense of virtuous satisfaction, as I lay in bed that night, was perhaps rather remarkable in one whose sheaf of foolscap lay virgin on the desk.

At eight in the morning I woke with a start. It is one of my principal principles never to rise before nine: so I had an hour for contemplation. Should I postpone the supervision; or 'forget' it? But the Don in question is a busy man, and mighty in his wrath. I put off contemplation, and put on my clothes.

A hasty shave and a hurried breakfast (not more than an hour in all). Nine-thirty found me, pen in hand, awaiting the spark from heaven. So did ten.

Then I started work. The most difficult parts of an essay are the beginning and the end: so I started in the middle. The recipe was simple; take notes from various authors; stir well, to conceal their source. Pad out the notes to essay length and pepper with quotations from Loeb (*et al.*): salt with wit to taste.

In forty minutes the middle was finished, and I constructed an opening paragraph, foretelling what I had already said. Some cunning manipulation was needed to fit this prophecy into the number of lines left blank: but by stretching the first words and compressing the last, my efforts were crowned with success. A paraphrase of the beginning served for an end; and a pithy bit of plagiarism rounded off the whole.

I arrived at the Supervision, apologetic and breathless, only five minutes late. Trying hard to sound confident I read the essay aloud. The unfortunate transposition of two of the pages made no perceptible difference. At the end I waited, trembling, while the Great Man cleared his throat—

"You write well," he said, "better than some. Of course the subject-matter is hardly original; but you do have a beginning and an end to your essay, as well as a middle. You should try doing a bit of serious writing."

So that's why I've written this.

D. R. O.

SOME NEGLECTED JOHNIAN POETS

ROBERT WYLDE

Colleges will always praise their famous men to some extent, even if only in an extra glass of port; but some, like Robert Wyld (1609-79), become important during their lifetime, hear their ballads upon everybody's lips, and then are forgotten by all but a few bookworms. Wyld's poetry was such that, as Dryden says, one could see them "reading it in the midst of 'Change so vehemently that they lost their bargains by the candle ends", but only this ballad, set in its day to the tune of "Halloo my Fanny" (whatever that was), reaches us undimmed by time.

ALAS, POOR SCHOLAR

In a melancholy study,
None but myself,
Me thought my Muse grew muddy;
After seven years reading,
And costly breeding,
I felt but could find no pelf:
Into learned rags
I've rent my plush and satin,
And now am fit to beg
In Hebrew, Greek and Latin;
Instead of Aristotle,
Would I had got a patten.
Alas, poor scholar, whither wilt thou go.

Cambridge now I must leave thee,
And follow fate,
College hopes do deceive me.
I oft expected
To have been elected,
But desert is probate.
Masters of colleges
Have no common graces,
And they that have fellowships
Have but common places,
And those that are scholars
They must have handsome faces:
Alas, poor scholar, whither wilt thou go.

I have bowed, I have bended,
And all in hope
One day to be befriended.

I have preached, I have printed
 Whate'er I hinted,
 To please our English Pope:
 I worshipped towards the East
 But the Sun doth now forsake me;
 I find that I am falling,
 The Northern winds do shake me:
 Would I had been upright,
 For bowing now will break me.

At great preferment I aimed—
 Witness my silk;
 But now my hopes are maimed:
 I looked lately
 To live most stately,
 And have a dairy of Bell-ropes' milk;
 But now alas,
 Myself I must not flatter,
 Bigamy of steeples
 Is a laughing matter;
 Each man must have but one,
 And curates will grow fatter.
 Alas, poor scholar, whither wilt thou go.

Into some country village
 Now I must go,
 Where neither tithe nor tillage
 The greedy patron
 And parched matron
 Swear to the Church they owe:
 Yet if I can preach,
 And pray too on a sudden,
 And confute the Pope
 At adventure—without studying,
 Then ten pounds a year,
 Besides a Sunday pudding.

All the arts I have skill in,
 Divine and Humane,
 Yet all's not worth a shilling;
 When the women hear me,
 They do but jeer me,
 And say I am profane:
 Once, I remember,
 I preached with a weaver,

I quoted Austin,
 He quoted Dodd and Cleaver;
 I nothing got,
 He got a cloak and beaver:
 Alas, poor scholar, whither wilt thou go.

Ships, ships, ships, I discover
 Crossing the main;
 Shall I in and go over,
 Turn Jew or Atheist,
 Turk or Papist,
 To Geneva or Amsterdam?
 Bishoprics are void
 In Scotland; shall I thither?
 Or follow Windebank
 And Finch, to see if either
 Do want a priest to shrive them?
 O no, 'tis blustering weather.
 Alas, poor scholar, whither wilt thou go.

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it,—
 Peace, good man fool;
 Thou hast a trade wilt fit it;
 Draw thy indenture,
 Be bound at adventure
 An apprentice to a free-school;
 Where thou mayest command
 By William Lyly's charters;
 There thou mayst whip, strip,
 And hang and draw and quarter
 And commit to the red rod
 Both Will and Tom and Arthur.
 Ay, ay, 'tis thither, thither I will go.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

Henry Kirke White (1785–1806) is another of our less famous men. During the nineteenth century over thirty editions of his few poems were issued; the last was in 1908. Now his popularity has gone, and few people read them. We are particularly rich in those poets who, promising great things, died young and left us fruitlessly wondering what they might have become. Philanthropy brought him, a butcher's son, to this College, and overwork undermined a naturally weak constitution. He had more reason than most romantic poets for being melancholy.

(i)

Sweet to the gay of heart is summer's smile,
 Sweet the wild music of the laughing spring;
 But ah, my soul far other scenes beguile,
 Where gloomy storms their sullen shadows fling.
 Is it for me to strike the Idalian string,
 Raise the soft music of the warbling wire,
 While in my ears the howls of furies ring,
 And melancholy wastes the vital fire?
 Away with thoughts like these—To some lone cave
 Where howls the shrill blast, and where sweeps the wave,
 Direct my steps; there, in the lonely drear,
 I'll sit remote from worldly noise, and muse,
 Till through my soul shall peace her balm infuse,
 And whisper sounds of comfort in my ear.

(ii)

Yes, 'twill be over soon. This sickly dream
 Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
 And death my wearied spirit will redeem
 From this wild region of unvaried pain.
 Yon brook will glide as softly as before,
 Yon landscape smile, yon harvest grow,
 Yon sprightly lark on mountain wing will soar
 When my name is heard no more below.
 I sigh when all my youthful friends caress;
 They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
 Them shall a wife and smiling children bless
 While I am mouldering in the silent grave.
 God of the just, thou gav'est the bitter cup;
 I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON

"Is it advisable to know the Master?" a Freshman asked Hilton. "Yes," he said, "for you see the Master has considerable influence with the Head Porter." Such gloriously practical philosophy was natural to Arthur Clement Hilton (1851-77) who died a parish priest at the age of twenty-six. While he was at St John's an ephemeral but important University magazine, *The Light Green*, sprang up under his care. It was a collection of his parodies: all are worth looking at, but "The Octopus", hitting off his Algernon Charles Sin-Burn so completely, remains the best. Ironically enough his works, unlike Wylde's and Henry Kirke White's, have only run to one edition (1904).

THE OCTOPUS

Strange beauty, eight limbed and eight handed,
 Whence camest to dazzle our eyes?
 With thy bosom bespangled and banded
 With the hues of the seas and the skies;
 Is thy home European or Asian,
 O mystical monster marine?
 Part molluscous and partly crustacean,
 Betwixt and between.

Wast thou born to the sound of sea trumpets?
 Hast thou eaten and drunk to excess
 Of the sponges—thy muffins and crumpets,
 Of the seaweed—thy mustard and cress?
 Wast thou nurtured in caverns of coral
 Remote from reproof or restraint?
 Art thou innocent, art thou immoral,
 Sinburnian or Saint?

Lithe limbs, curling free, as a creeper
 That creeps in a desolate place,
 To enroll and envelope the sleeper
 In a silent and stealthy embrace,
 Cruel beak craning forward to bite us,
 Our juices to drain and to drink,
 Or to overwhelm us in waves of cocytus,
 Indelible ink.

O breast, that 'twere rapture to writhe on.
 O arms 'twere delicious to feel
 Clinging close with the crush of the python,
 When she maketh her murderous meal.
 In thy eight-fold embraces enfolden,
 Let our empty existence escape,
 Give us death that is glorious and golden,
 Crushed all out of shape.

Ah, thy red lips, lascivious and luscious,
 With death in their amorous kiss,
 Cling round us, and clasp us, and crush us,
 With bitings of agonised bliss;
 We are sick with the poison of pleasure,
 Dispense us the potion of pain;
 Ope thy mouth to its uttermost measure
 And bite us again.

IN A STRANGE LAND

[G. A. Horridge, P. M. Lloyd and P. L. F. Smith of St John's, together with J. Pierson of Peterhouse, spent nine weeks during the Long Vacation, 1949, bird-watching on the island of Gomera, Canary Islands.]

WE reached the top of the Alto Garajonay as the sun began to merge into the lower stratum of clouds which, scarcely perceptibly, separated the brightening night sky from the motionless stretch of dim Atlantic. Standing on the cairn of stones which marked the peak of Gomera it was easy enough, in this regularising serenity of a magnificent summer night, to let the impressionable mind wander from the simple facts of our mountain camp into meanderings of fantasy. The rugged cuts and edges of the island we knew so well lay in silhouette below us—the Roque de Agando, the mountain Fortaleza at Chipude, the heart- and back-breaking barrancos which led down from our Cedro camp to the livid banana levels and black, volcanic seashore: all the familiar cliffs and goat paths, the woods of twisted Giant Heather and Laurel which sheltered the beautiful paloma “Rabiche”, the rough villages with their gofio mills and protection of terraced, maize-producing hills—all, from this indiscriminating height, lay under the encroaching, levelling twilight, regardless of sweat and flies and village feuds. Had this meaningless, volcanic bubble, part of the lost continent of Atlantis it was said, fulfilled its destiny at last by the summer visit of four Englishmen who came to watch its birds and to see it subside into oblivion one night as the sun went down into the Atlantic? Would we see it crumble down into the sea again when we left the island for ever in a few days' time, when we slid out under the cloudland—far below us now—in our little boat, heading for Tenerife, for the Peninsula, for England?

Gomera, indeed, seemed to be our very own island: for months we had conferred together in college rooms, been interviewed by unhelpful shipping lines, made lists of the kit we should want—from mess-tins to *Paradise Lost* and the *Handbook of British Birds*; we had applied for grants and gifts to make the expedition possible; we had borrowed notes, specimens and a walking-stick gun from Bannerman of the British Museum, had made plans and counter-plans, filled our Commando rucksacks, pondering over each redundant ounce; and at last on an early July morning, dressed like snails, we left Victoria on the first stage of our journey. By the seventh of July we had crossed the Franco-Spanish frontier at Hendaye-Irun



THE ISLAND OF GOMERA

and were rattling furiously through the flat plains and deep gorges of the Pyrenean foothills towards Madrid and the south:

It is breath-taking countryside—vast, panoramic glimpses of hard, orange-earthed mountains, grotesque cliffs, crucifixes built on to top-most peaks, remote villas, farms and homesteads. Philip spent most of last night in the corridor talking with a private in the Spanish army—a psychiatrist who earns $\frac{1}{2}$ peseta a day. . . . Sleep is difficult in this train: our wooden seats in the corridor, windowless “compartment” are very small, and we are surrounded by overwhelmingly friendly people and animals—a priest from Sévilla, an enormous woman with a suckling child, like a great fertility symbol; peasants and beggars, crates of hens and pigeons, three señoritas who say they are servant maids in Madrid, and are very embarrassed by our shorts and long, pale legs. . . . During the night secret police patrol the corridors. One flashes the badge under his lapel, asks to see our papers. . . .

But at last, after the fierceness of Madrid, Sévilla and the sublime richness of her cathedral. Then three long days in the squalid Pension Maria in Cadiz, where the raucous voice of Maria herself was uplifted day and night in an unceasing, unforgettable tirade of abuse against her household, her voice mingling with the barking of the mongrels which infested the house, indiscriminately fond both of door-lintels and bed legs. After those days, spent suppliant-like at the grilles of booking-offices, we embarked on the *Sil*, travelling “Cubierta” on the aft hatch-covers with Franco’s soldiers, a German ex-officer, students, women, and a baby subject to fits and frequent sea-sickness.

The “tag-tag” of the canvas awning woke me at about 3 a.m. Orion was plunging and soaring, the moon sailing fast across the sky. Someone lurched up through the piles of kit and bodies. Phil turned over, murmured sleepily “Was I all right?”

Stage by stage we had left the white European cities on the big islands—Las Palmas in Grand Canary, Santa Cruz in Tenerife—and the little inter-island steamer, *Leon y Castillo*, brought us one morning to the rocky steps of the landing-stage at San Sebastian, village-port of Gomera. We watched our great rucksacks being hauled ashore for the last time. “Los cuatro ingleses”, as we came to be called by the whole island, had arrived.

What were the best parts of the weeks that followed? I ask myself. They had been weeks of extreme simplicity spent very close to the earth. We would rise very early, before the sun smote through the feathery spray of the heather canopy above our tents, and before the pricking flies began their pricking bombardment. We lived through days of determined climbing, of soft footfalls when birds approached, of ice-cold bathes in the mountain stream, of big meals,

cooked by the one who stayed on guard while the others set out with staves, cameras, note-books and bird-glasses. And at night we would talk until the moths and crane flies gathered round the fire and the candles; bullfrogs and crickets, and the for-ever soothing stream, by breaking it, added to the silence of the rough night around us.

Went with Paul to-day [wrote Adrian in his diary] up the valley, and looked out over those magnificent, wooded hillsides stretching away dark green in the great cancer-shaped sides of the hills. The skyline too is quite exciting, not very jagged but steep in places and varied. The great bulk of Tenerife, thirty miles away, was shrouded in mist but looked quite near despite this. It must be a superb sight on really clear days.

And after our first day's bird-watching I had written:

John and I had a particularly successful morning out. The first encounter was a robin in full song at the top of a bare giant heather; then enormous confusion over a small warbler, several of which were flitting about in the firs. It isn't a goldcrest. We saw many chaffinches—magnificent specimens which gave us a good display. They are very blue, but are not the Canarian Blue Chaffinch. The prize sight of the morning was a Blackcap seen at very close range, on a bush in a particularly attractive part of the river valley. There was another warbler—either a Berthelot's Pipit or some sort of linnet; many blackbirds, two pigeons, a red-legged partridge and a kestrel completed the morning.

How dull such an entry would have seemed to an ornithologist at home, working for six hours in English woods! But on this volcanic island, so little of its 110 square miles covered with anything but wilderness scrub and monotonous laurel and heather, we had been delighted to find even these common birds in the penetrating stillness of the grotesque mountain woods, so disappointingly devoid of any bird-song except the characteristic and ever present "chiff-chaff". Our detailed counts at all levels—mountain top, monteverde, barranco, arid plain and seashore—had numbered only twenty-seven species in all in a five weeks' survey. But our observations on habitat, food, habits and physical characteristics of these cousins of our British birds had made up in quality for the disappointing variety of species. And there had been a few exciting moments: the brilliant-feathered, hen-like Hoopoe, and the beautiful white-tailed laurel pigeon.

And we had made almost as many friends as there were species of birds. "Florenca" was our oldest—the strange, gifted English-woman with olive skin and disturbingly expressive eyes who, thirty years before, had left her job as dramatic critic on *The Times* and

sailed out to this remotest island of the Canary Archipelago to become governess to the family of Don Mario, a fish canner. Now, converted to Catholicism and more of a Spaniard than some of the natives, she taught French and English at the "Academia" for six months of the year, and climbed the mountain path on a donkey to go into retreat in her Cedro bungalow when the glare and gossip of sea-level Hermigua became too much for her. In Santiago, in the south of the island, we had met Stanley Bowyer, an Englishman in charge of a tomato plantation. One night he had taken us up a long winding road—the only one on Gomera, built by himself fifteen years ago—to his "medienero's" where we drank glass after glass of new grape wine, not adulterated, as it is so often, with brandy or pepper or white of egg. Then there had been Miguel the Falangist, a Forest Guard, Alphonso the woodman who often acted as guide (starting out in the early morning with us, when the moon was still up), and Rosa and Francesco who sold us milk and eggs and gofio.

Most of all we had loved our Cedro camp, our principal H.Q. by the *Hermita* in the woods, from which we would go out in pairs for a few days at a time to cover all other parts and levels of the island.

All our problems and questions seem to have been left behind in northern Europe. The outside world seems most remote, Cambridge especially. . . . Nothing much to do till supper time but to wait for the others and to keep the flies away. . . . The stream flows on, and still we sit as the trees, and wait for death. . . . A warning frog may croak tuneless, or a cricket "count-count" with clocklike moments all the evening long. . . . Only the halting chiff-chaff sings occasionally in the thick canopy of evergreen. Why were we chosen to arrive? . . . The chill of evening mist, floating slowly over, obscures the sun. Will they not come soon? We are hungry and waiting. It is not so odd that the Spanish people do not distinguish between hoping and waiting. The peasant women, strong and broad-waisted, who pad bare-footed past our tents murmur "Adios!" in reply to our greeting. They hardly seem to fit the warmer atmosphere of the lower valley or of the Peninsula. May they one day have a greater reward than the couple of pesetas for the bundle of weeds and sacks of gofio they walk fifteen miles through the night to sell.

The fiesta at Chipude had been our only "social" occasion during these weeks. In the dusty, shadeless plaza of the little village, which lay at the foot of the great Fortaleza rock, tiny stalls with wooden uprights and bracken roofs had been erected, each of them laden with glasses of wine, biscotchon cakes, pieces of meat, prickly pears, cucumbers, coconut-ice. The Mass of the Saint was a crude and garish spectacle, but afterwards, in the sun outside, the procession of Our Lady of Chipude formed up. She was lifted on to the shoulders

of four stalwart servers, pelted with flowers and carried round the Plaza while the villagers shouted and sang, kicking up the dust in great clouds under the unmerciful sun. At last the shadows began to creep up the sides of the Fortaleza rock, and little processions of quietly satisfied families, with empty baskets on their heads, began to set out over the hills and long rocky paths to their own distant villages and hamlets.

It was quite dark on the Alto ridge by now: the dim shapes of the other Canary Islands had sunk beneath the thick brilliance of the night sky. But it had been just as quiet that afternoon, save for the curious and perpetual noise of conversation flies, that would probably have driven one mad in time. We could hear each other swallow; even the sound of pencil on paper was noticeable.

This time next week we shall be crossing back to the Peninsula. Then third-class railways, and the red-hot intensity of Madrid; the frontier, camping under the Pyrenees once more, Paris, the Channel, and the clean green melancholy flats between Newhaven and Victoria.

How far had we conquered the sinister torpor of lotus-land—the siesta, the “mañana” attitude, the tired, listless atmosphere? How well had we scrambled up these mountains? How eager had we been to stay out on the silent rocks at noon for the sake of the bird that might appear? We had gained beards and blisters—one of us a serious abscess—but what else were we going to carry back home—in our secret, invulnerable minds? A little knowledge of resourcefulness and tolerance, perhaps; a greater richness of perspective, with its accompanying power of detachment; a clearer, mellower eye.

Nous avons plus de force que de volonté, et c'est souvent pour nous excuser à nous-mêmes que nous nous imaginons que les choses sont impossibles.

P. M. L.

LIGHT

“... To save her from the foggy, foggy dew!”

(Click—click.)

But that switched it off again.

“Let there be light (click) and there was light.” Lighten our darkness, O Lord! Lord, what a party!

He went weaving up the stairs in exaggerated zigzags, beating the banisters with the white crock pot.

“Oh, what a THUMP-tiful party,

Oh, what a THUMP-tiful day,

Oh, what a THUMP-tiful party,

Everything's THUMP-ing my way!”

Top landing: first on the right. Straight through to the bedroom; walking deliberately; placing each foot with care. Boy, do I feel sick!

He looked down at the pot in his hand. Ah—no! not there: not in the bonny bedroom utensil. For you a better fate, me beauty. The topmost point on the Chapel tower. Sir, I give you my solemn word as an ex-officer and a gentleman. Ere dawn it shall be there.

He turned on the taps and was sick in the wash-basin.

When he awoke the light from the bare bulb on the ceiling struck down into his painful eyes. Sitting up on the bed, he looked at the clock. Twenty to six. Hell's bells, must get a move on. Still dark outside. Head like a turnip; mouth full of muck.

He stumbled across the room and opened the bottom drawer. Battledress blouse and slacks. Fumble them on. Thick socks and gym shoes. Another pair of socks in the pocket. Old tie through the handle of the jerry; loop round the neck. Thrust the pot into the bosom and button up the blouse. If possible.

Painted by Picasso.

Rest there my bosom friend.

Outside in the court the wind was bitter. Non-stop from Russia, and enough to cool the most ardent Communist. He looked up into the darkness. Silence. No moon.

Crossing the court on tiptoe, swiftly, he passed over the grass. On the far side, the Chapel, felt rather than seen; looming, darker than the dark.

At the foot of the wall he stopped. The first part would be easy. Pulling on the spare socks over his shoes and hitching up his slacks, he started the climb. Fingers in well behind the square drain-pipe;

lean back; feet on the wall, and up. The wool gave a good grip in the rough cut stone.

Fifteen feet to the first ledge; he scrambled on to it, panting. No hang-over now—only the suppressed thrill of the climb, and the sharp air filling his lungs.

He stood up carefully, back to the wall, and edged out to the right; above the spiked railings on to the Fen Street end of the Chapel. Pausing at the corner, with a firm grip on the moulding, he pivoted and leant back into space.

Above him and to the right lay the Great Window, its thick mullions ornamented with carvings of fruit and flowers: above that, the second ledge: and above that again, only the tower reaching another hundred feet into emptiness. A no-man's-land of stone, with the broad copper strip of the lightning conductor running up, like a lifeline, to the slatted windows of the bell-chamber. But strain as he did, he could see none of this; only the blackness enclosing him, pressing on his eyes.

The long stride from the ledge to the first mullion was chancy in the dark. Turning cautiously, he shuffled forwards until he felt the end of the ledge under his toes. Now, raising the inside leg and pressing his right hip firmly against the wall, he stepped out deliberately into space. One moment's panic, falling, his stomach tense with anticipation; then the jar of his foot against the mullion and the grate of scrabbling fingers on the deep carved flowers. For a few seconds he clung to the safe stone, his mind blank with relief; then upwards on the bosses, as easy as climbing a ladder.

The second ledge was wider than he expected, overhanging awkwardly into space. Cursing foully, he wriggled and clutched, hampered by the bulk in his blouse; then he stood up and leant back gratefully, pausing to recover his breath. No sound from the street beneath him, and nothing but blackness above and below. Only the touch of the cold stone to tell him he was not dead.

Suddenly light struck at him through the darkness and he flattened instinctively against the wall. Across the road an uncurtained window flooded the night; so near, it seemed, that he could almost touch. He held his breath and waited, pinned down by the glare.

A young woman crossed to the window and peered out, unseeing, into the night. As she turned away the light shone for a moment through her thin nightdress, shaping her body in shadow; then she stooped from sight. When she reappeared her arms held a baby, struggling and kicking in petty rage. With soothing caresses she rocked it gently; then, slipping the nightdress from her shoulder, pressed the child to her breast. It lay quite still; content now, sucking: curtained by her long dark hair.

Into the frame a man walked; yawning and stretching, tousled with sleep. He stood behind the woman with his hands on her shoulders, lightly pressing his lips to her hair. She leant back against him, and they stayed there together; close, motionless, looking down at the child.

The light went out again but the watcher did not move. Suddenly life was empty and loneliness ached in his heart. He wanted to cry out "My darling, my darling!"—but there was no one in the world to cry out to. Numbed and weak he stood there, despising himself; a shivering futile fool. Tears of self-pity rose to his eyes.

He started to climb down again, slowly, his knees trembling with fatigue. Over the town the cold night air was luminous with approaching dawn. In the tower the clock chimed and struck six.

J. P.

ON FIRST COMING TO ENGLAND

PERHAPS it might be given as a rule that one should not know too much of a country before one sets foot in it; for if one does, one will have the disadvantage of losing one of the greatest pleasures of travel—the capacity for being surprised. At any rate this is true in my case. I learned so much about England and its people in my own country, China, that when I actually came to visit it, my experience was like that of reading a detective story whose plot had been told to me already. Since my arrival I have often been asked by kind-hearted people if I do not feel a bit strange here. I am entirely at a loss for an answer because on the one hand I do not want to tell lies and on the other I do not want to disappoint kind-hearted people by giving them an unexpected answer. The fact is that although I do not find things here quite as I expected them to be, still they are close enough to my expectation to exclude any sense of strangeness.

I remember when the ship was passing through the Channel on its way to London, I, like the other passengers, stretched my neck to have a first glimpse of the dreamland I was coming to. It was sunset. The sky, the land, the water were all clothed in a cold, glimmering light. I tried to imagine where Dickens might have stood when he came to the coast of Dover which he mentioned so often in *David Copperfield*. Both the sight and the imagination were exhilarating and yet somehow they did not strike me as unusual.

I spent only one and a half days in London, so it was not my luck to see much of that city. However, thanks to the extreme enthusiasm of an old schoolmate of mine, we managed to visit a large part of the West End in one evening. Nearly every district, every street, every building he brought me to, was familiar to me by name. But there was one surprise. I never dreamed that things in London are so much smaller than they should be. Take the British Museum for example. I used to think that it must be a tremendous building covering hundreds of acres of land, while, as a matter of fact, it is not much bigger than an ordinary department store or a mansion-house. Buckingham Palace is also far too small to be justly impressive and that world-famous 10 Downing Street is almost ridiculous both in appearance and in stature. It took me some time to learn that size is not the thing that the English people can be proud of or really care about. The most fascinating things I saw in London are the innumerable statues and the fantastic shades of grey and black on the weather-beaten walls of the historic buildings.

I came down to Cambridge one Thursday morning. Mr Harvey

of the British Council who met me at the station took me to my lodgings in a car and pointed out to me on the way some of the colleges. Here again I experienced a slight surprise and disappointment. I had always thought that this ancient University must be located somewhere in a secluded spot far away from the town. Who could believe that it exists just in the midst of traffic and din? If there is anything I dislike in Cambridge, it is the vulgar bustle occasioned by so many buses, cars and bicycles. Let me tell you an incident which took place many days later. One morning I went to attend a lecture given by a well-known critic. I started rather late, so when I got to the street it was packed up with bicycles rushing to the same destination. With great difficulty I brought myself to the building where the lecture was to be given. There I saw dozens of people jostling against one another at the entrance of the lecture-room. All of a sudden I became disillusioned. I thought this lecture-room was too much like a stock exchange. So I hurried away without the lecture.

However, when I first arrived at Cambridge it was not the traffic and din that impressed me, it was rather the silence of the place. At that time the town was deserted. Every evening after eight o'clock, with the exception of an occasional passing of a car, there was not a sound to be heard. One of the characteristics of the English people, I noticed, is that they never talk, they just whisper. I remember years ago an Englishman told me that when he first came to Shanghai, he was frequently shocked. People there talked so loud and gesticulated so vehemently in the street that he was induced to think something in the nature of a riot must have occurred. This illusion is indeed very illuminating. But if noisiness could produce terror, absolute quietness can also give rise to uneasiness. Personally, I did feel somewhat uneasy during my first few days in this town. Sometimes it amazes me to see the street so full of people and yet so devoid of human voices. Also when I look at a queue proceeding to a bus, I cannot help thinking of some scenes in Dante where a string of spirits were led quietly to some unknown destination.

Another interesting thing I noticed early is the extreme tameness of the English dogs. One morning I annoyed my landlady by summoning her to drive away two dogs from the gateway through which I wished to go out. "Is this all you rang for?" she asked surprisedly. "Please go your way. They won't touch you!" I went my way and the dogs actually did not bother me at all. Later on I learned that the English dogs not only do not bite or spring at strangers, they simply do not care to bark very much either. This is indeed a miracle, especially to me who came from a country where the howling of dogs is a kind of natural music to be heard everywhere.

Many people in my country who seldom see foreigners usually think that all foreign faces are alike. According to them it is as difficult to distinguish foreign faces as to distinguish those of dogs and cats. I wonder if the same opinion is held by the people of other countries. But I think there are very few new faces in the world. Nearly every face I have seen here bears a certain similarity to that of one of my friends or relatives or the people I have met somewhere in my own country. It is a most thrilling experience to enter a room full of strangers and yet to find there every face familiar to you. Such experience has been repeated many times since I came to this place. Physiognomists will not be surprised at this. There are, I believe, not more than a dozen types of human face. Of course the number of slight variations might be very great, but if you look carefully *THEY* are all there. And it is also true everywhere that a certain type of face will bear a certain trait of character, such as honesty, geniality, cunningness, pompousness, etc., etc. Every evening when I sit lonely in the Hall, it is my habit to study the faces around me. This exercise is quite useful, especially when the food is bad.

The English people are most self-confident. They never seem to have felt the necessity of being apologetic. But if they do, it must be about their food. One of the first things people do to me here is, invariably, to inquire about my opinion concerning the food. It is lucky for them that I am not particularly squeamish in such matters. If I do not like English food I never curse it as loudly as some of my compatriots would do. The only thing I really hate is their way of doing vegetables. Here, indeed, they deserve a scold. They make their vegetables both most ugly to look at and most abominable to eat. Whenever I see in front of me something like a lump of moss piled on a dish together with potatoes, I close my eyes hastily in order to avoid a sudden fit of vomit.

It is rather a mystery that a people so highly developed in all other branches of art as the English should be so backward in the art of cuisine. The answer may be that they use their tongue so skilfully in one way that they forget how to use it properly in the other; for there are only two ways of using tongues—to speak and to taste. I do not remember ever meeting a tongue-tied person here and I wonder if there are any. It seems to me the English students, at least, are all very eloquent. The best proof is to be found at a public lecture where, when a speaker has done, nearly all members in the audience will jump up to poke questions or express opinions. There might not be much in the substance of their speeches but their way of delivering them is always very effective. This is enough to impress me deeply and cause me to mourn over the lost art of eloquence in my country. Two thousand years ago, our politicians turned out

similes, metaphors and even parables in their speeches as easily as most people dig up potatoes. One thousand years ago our scholars talked philosophy over a cup of tea as glibly as if they were carrying on daily conversation. But now, alas, our scholars are all as dumb as mules and our politicians look up to the ability of gabbling American slang as if it were the greatest achievement in life!

A great deal has been said about the English character. To me the most striking thing in it is its uniformness. In other countries there might be some people who are more reserved and probably there are many who are as reserved as the English, but certainly nowhere else in the world can we find a people so uniformly reserved. I cannot imagine that there can be any difference between the way an English shop-woman snubs a customer and the way an English Prime Minister reprimands his inferiors. Unlike the people of other nations, the English never express their displeasure by means of shouting, screaming or other kinds of violent outbursts. They always do it mildly, just to let you know what is in their mind. They seem never to be able to become hysterical or, if they can, they will fight hard to restrain their emotions. Yes, I think this is the explanation. They are not necessarily reserved by nature, they merely have greater powers of self-restraint. It must be that: for whenever they are allowed to indulge themselves publicly, the English can go as far as anyone in the way of antics and follies.

It naturally follows that there is not much of the kind of personal freedom which is allowed in China. The English are allowed to say what they like, but they must act exactly as everybody else acts. They think they are free men in a free state but they are actually completely at the mercy of that four-footed monster—Society. Talk a little too loud in your own room and you will feel immediately that the walls are condemning you. Walk a little too abandonedly in the street and you will find even the lamp-posts are grimacing at you. Here a foreigner begins to realise why men like Byron or D. H. Lawrence found it so difficult to live in their fatherland which they loved so much. It would be most unkind to say that the English have established and maintained a custom of prying into people's private lives. But I do suspect that something very much like supervision goes on under the name of service. For example, I can never understand why the landlady of a lodging-house will insist on making your bed so that she may spend half an hour every morning in your room. In college, when the bedmaker comes to wake me up day after day by knocking at my door and repeating the same formula, "a quarter to eight, sir!", I cannot take it in any other way than that the representative of the Proctor or the Dean is there, bidding me to leave my bed and be a good boy during the rest of the day.

I think I like the Backs. Anyone with eyes should be able to do justice to this place. However, I must confess that I fail completely to account for the exorbitant fame of the River Cam. This internationally known river seems to me not much bigger than a ditch and, I venture to add, not a very clean one either. If such a small stream can command so great a reputation, why, then, should not every river in the world be equally famous? It is generally believed in China that whatever place was visited by the Sung poet Su Tung-po became a scenic spot. Perhaps the same story may be told of the River Cam. It has become important not because of its intrinsic value but through the fact that it has been part of the life of many illustrious people for so many centuries.

Finally, a word must be said about the bell. Of all things here I like the ringing of the bells the best. Every evening it resounds through the town, and on Sundays the bell at Great St Mary's lasts as long as half an hour at dusk. It usually makes me homesick but sometimes it gives me food for thought. In my country bells and Buddhist monks are closely related. Whenever you hear the bell you are sure that some monks are doing their morning or evening prayers. Here the bell seems to exist without the monks. While the bells are ringing those who should be at their prayers are either sitting in the Halls engaged in heretical talk over cups of beer or chatting at home with their wives and children. You may congratulate yourself on the progress of civilisation, but you cannot help thinking of the loss of meaning in the bell.

C. T. C.

FOUR POEMS

I

GIVE me my sight, Ananias.
The desert has not shrunken, but your hands
Scoop up my aridness. Damascus ends
Where touch restores us both.

I have returned from sleep of prayer
Like one come from a flower bed
Into a street that reeks of care
Smiling the secrets he has bled;
Like one come to the brink of fear
Still aware of the rose's red.

Now clasp me and release me from
This terror fixing me to earth,
The helpless struggle to the womb,
The aching burden of my birth;
Now touch me and prepare the tomb
For life's returning to its death.

No words encircle what has sprung
From silence bubbling in the throat;
Only the lap of lips at song,
In touch, in anguish as they meet
And shape the groan of labour's long
Redeeming and reclaiming note.

I suffer with you, Ananias,
In threat and slaughter slobbered forth,
I call upon you for our eyes
And melt into you for our birth;
I call upon you for our tears
To wash away this cling of earth.

II

In my thoughts is loneliness,
Is learning left by you;
Of all wisdom I possess
The void that you bestow.

In my heart is weariness
Rejoicing at your thought,
But my voice cannot express
The pain that I have sought.

In my life is emptiness,
Is void without a God;
You to bear the sole witness
And fill me with the Word.

III

Swift as the dolphin's way and lonely
As folding waters carving out
The sharp divide of melancholy,
Lipping at an empty pap,
Lapping at a barren gout
That lies across the ocean's lap;

You will also voyage there,
Down the dolphin's curve of heart,
To lose yourself like an Ohthere
In a mist of suffering,
And weep the curses of a start
That eases life with languishing.

Swifter than the dolphin's dart
And deeper than the bottom's gloom,
The wisdom that the waves impart
Is sorrow in the sailor's quest:
The one who feels resurgence come
And bear him to another breast.

IV

I raise my soul to stars and stare
Supra-wise on love's control,
Angels misting on the air
Drape the stars about my soul.
Above the heavens, still above
The deepness of enchanting deeps,
Surges harmony that calls
To reason where my worship weeps;
And in my vision stillness fills
The spaces filled with awe.

Where is higher? what mind found
A deeper reason, what desire
A richer meaning, than this sound,
This sounding sound, this stretching choir
Of all-surrender, self asunder,
Sweep and swell and harboured awe?
O, clasp me to my fear, my wonder:
In eternity restore
My heart, my soul, my mind, my will,
In God's consuming fire.

ANON.

ILLEGAL ENTRY

IT was one of those mornings: a chill wind sweeping through Third Court; a few dim figures loping across to a nine o'clock lecture; fish for breakfast. After the third cup of coffee I decided with great reluctance that I had better go round to see Hugo. The previous evening I had left him in a particularly morbid frame of mind, suffering from "Grant" trouble. I had listened to his tale of woe for the best part of an hour, smoked his cigarettes, and helped him finish a bottle of Cointreau, tactfully ignoring his remark that he really didn't know where the next one was coming from. He had always been prone to looking on the gloomy side, and his bitter complaint that THEY were snatching the very food from his lips took a little swallowing; but he had fixed ideas on a reasonable standard of living, and I was beginning to regret that I had not left him a cigarette.

I put on a sweater, scarf and overcoat, and hurried round to Second Court. When I entered his rooms I found him pacing the floor in his dressing-gown, muttering to himself. He swung round, peered at me, then suddenly snapped—

"Why do you use Glom?"

I stared at him in alarm. He stepped nearer, and trapped me behind the door, prodding me with a dramatic finger.

"Why do you use Glom?"

I countered with a helpful suggestion, stalling for time.

"Have some coffee?"

I was quite worried. Somehow his rooms had acquired an amazing number of periodicals and magazines overnight; they lay about everywhere. Eventually it all came out. Hugo had A Scheme.

Apparently he had been turning the pages of a popular weekly paper after I had left him the previous night, thinking rather of having to sell the things pretty soon than anything else, when he had come across an amazing act of charity by some philanthropic firm. They merely wanted to know why you used their product, in so many words, and they were willing to part with fifty pounds! His interest had been aroused; he had scanned similar publications and found to his surprise that altruism was not yet dead—how sadly he had misjudged his fellows! There was a whole host of benevolent institutions eager to part with vast sums of money; others settled for holidays in Monte Carlo; high-powered cars were two-a-penny. He intended to enter into the spirit of the thing without delay. The odd rhyme there, the well-turned phrase here; it was quite ludicrous. I agreed, and said so; then I went in search of coffee. You never really knew with Hugo.

I saw very little of him during the week that followed, but from time to time various reports of his progress reached me. He spent most of his days and nights immersed in gaudy-coloured magazines, emerging occasionally to scribble in a small note-book. He had tried to persuade several members of the College to buy cornflakes, insisting vehemently on their great nutritional superiority over porridge—it later transpired that he required fifteen packet tops to enclose with an entry, apparently as a sign of true faith. He had been expelled from a supervision after interrupting with the audible assertion that he preferred Stodge because it had that creamy, creamy flavour. His pastime was becoming quite notorious.

Finally I plucked up courage and paid him a visit in person. My inquiry upon the progress of God's Gift to the Penniless Undergraduate was not well received. He was hunched in a chair before an empty grate, the picture of despair. I relented.

"Cheer up!" I said, slapping him on the shoulder. "You'll win some day."

He grunted, indicating the table.

"I have."

My eyes lighted on a large, red packet labelled "Glamor—The Super Shampoo", which occupied a prominent place on the table.

"Splendid, splendid!" I yelped. "Why so sad?"

He told me, in no uncertain terms. He had won a screen test, the chance to play a leading part in a production of *Romeo and Juliet*. I tried to sympathise. After all, the publicity would be worth something. He was very patient with me. There had been a misunderstanding—after all, it *was* a shampoo powder. For obvious reasons he had suppressed his first name, and given his home address. In short, he had won the promised principal role—Juliet. The irony of it was that the second prize had been fifty pounds. A mere fifty pounds. I shuddered at the hoarse cackle that broke from his lips.

What could I say? I rose from my chair, crossed the room and, turning, struck a pose.

"Well," I bellowed, "wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

I suppose I was a little obnoxious. I just got round the doorpost as a packet of Glamor (Family Size) burst in a heavy white cloud against the corridor wall.

A. C. T.

BOOKSHELVES

OF all the problems that face an undergraduate, that of his bookshelf is the most insistent. He can, if he wishes, flee from female society—indeed, after certain hours, he must—but his bookshelf is inescapable. Whenever he opens his door, it confronts him, with all the desirable, woman-like qualities of being passive, ever-present and tormenting. How often is his heart depressed at the sight of all those books unread!

The fresher who gingerly unpacks his trunk, so full of crockery and cake, digs out the few volumes he has managed to squeeze in—a book of somebody's poems, to add "tone" to his rooms, and, if he is very daring, the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. But these hardly fill the space provided, and he hastily displays, with colourful intermingling, the cards of all the lesser known Societies which he has not the slightest intention of joining. If this array is a little too monotonous, there are always those few trophies of military service, just to show he is not as young as all that.

This "barren" stage does not last long. His supervisor recommends the standard text-books, and he rushes to fill part of his gap. The process of acquisition once begun, how soon his books "go forth and multiply". Having obtained what he was sure were quite enough, there is always just one more—and the off-chance Saturday morning bargain at David's. The scientist's bottom-shelf piles up with note-books, while the historian's patiently ebbs and flows with the latest additions from the Library. Most of all, pity the English student who cannot distinguish the "good" books he ought to have from the text-books he must. His bookshelf bears a double burden.

By the middle of his second year, the problem of space has taken a new form. By this time kind aunts have showered birthday presents on him, and he has acquired those essential volumes of light literature to be read when physics pall. The cards and trophies have long been swept away, and now, how shall he arrange this conglomerate mass of the printed word? He must bow to the dictates of size—for the shelves are invariably non-adjustable—but within these there are many variations he can try. He may want to group his books according to subject, but that destroys the harmony of the standard edition series. The Everyman on its own looks so forlorn and lonely that it demands to be restored to its fellow, notwithstanding the shock of Plato juxtaposed with Priestley. But where shall Tennyson rest, dignified in green morocco? And what of the sad, homeless remnant? Wearily he concedes victory to the bookshelf, and allows unsightly anarchy to rule.

The Tripos comes, and he no longer regrets the book that was left at home, but wishes more were there. His sympathies are with Prospero now, "I'll drown my book". So he withdraws, as gracefully as he can, from the struggle with the shelves, leaving them free to win again the fight with yet another fresher. And on his final exit, as a signal of his own defeat, can he refrain from cocking a snook at them?

J. S. C.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, 1949

HURRYING, hurrying,
Blue early, red late, the noses
Truth-ferrets, rabbits political,
Historical, intellectual, classical,
Legal, analytical, metaphysical;
Quotient fantastic
One hundred and fifty minimum,
Henry not Sir Henry
Stringholder.

Steady and whole but
Time must have a stop.

Autumn Crocus
Passion according to St Matthew
Physics according to Cavendish
Journey according to St Pancras
Beer, Namco, Hippocrene or
Quis multa gracilis jostle.

What price Apulia?
Grave disturbed, Quintus?
What price salvation
Nine for twenty-four weeks?
Sixteen a second,
M.O.U.I.S.P. and book gules etcetera—the Board!

Admitto te . . . that's past.
Come, Horace.

A. L. L. A.

"PARNASSUS", 1949

THE newly formed Lady Margaret Players have one main difficulty to face at the beginning of their career: the lack of a suitable place in which to perform. Whereas University societies can use the A.D.C. or Arts Theatres, and Queens' College has a court ideally suited for open-air productions, the Lady Margaret Players are presumably unable to afford the hire of a theatre at this early stage, and the College itself presents no really adequate site. The choice of the Fellows' Garden as a place in which to present the "Parnassus" plays was therefore unfortunate but inevitable. It was unfortunate because an open-air production is very risky even under the best conditions. The audience is at the mercy of the weather, and audibility at the mercy of the wind. Few plays are really suitable for an outdoor performance, and none gains by it, so an exceptionally interesting play is needed to keep the listeners' attention away from an uncomfortable seat. This performance, however, was always interesting and often amusing.

Any one of the "Parnassus" plays performed in its entirety, however interesting it might be to the scholar, would be a very dull form of entertainment for the average playgoer. The producer, Michael Stephens, was therefore very wise to take the cream from each of the three plays for one complete performance. He managed to preserve the characters whose counterparts are to be seen in Cambridge to-day and who were therefore more easily understood by a modern audience. Modern dress also helped to achieve this understanding. The incidents were amusing in themselves, and followed each other with as much speed and contrast as in a revue, though much of the satire has lost its sting.

The play presented few difficulties for the producer. There were seldom more than three characters appearing together, so large-scale grouping was never called for. All that was required was audibility and variety. The latter, with intelligent playing, was inherent in the construction of the play itself, and the sound, which might have been ruined by an unfavourable breeze, was always clear.

The two undergraduates, Philomusus and Studioso, whose journey through and from the University holds the play together, were played by John Denson and Derek Bond. Both gave a cheerful freshness to their very unrewarding parts, and their appearance was always welcome. Angus Mackay as their wealthy companion gave a performance full of style and poise. Among the assortment of characters encountered by the students, the most memorable were an urbane and learned tutor, played by Wheatley Blench; Gullio

"PARNASSUS", 1949

a gull, appropriately presented as a modern "army type" by Derek Whitehead; and Peter Rowe's Furor Poeticus whose fine frenzy took command of the stage. Peter Croft's Yokel was wonderfully angular and dull-witted; John Creed's portrayal of Ingenioso, the disillusioned graduate, lively and convincing. The rest of the large cast realised at least as much of their characters as the script allowed, and, giving the piece plenty of variety, they prevented dullness from creeping in.

John Hosier's music seemed rather academic and mechanical, but certainly deserved more attention from an audience interested mainly in ice-cream. John Hunt's scenery was no more than adequate, but he is to be congratulated on a delightful programme cover.

The Lady Margaret Players attempted a play which would not otherwise have been seen in performance, and from it provided a pleasant afternoon's entertainment. It is to be hoped that their future productions of College plays will be as successful as the first.

J. S. W.

RECITAL OF JOHNIAN POETRY AND MUSIC

THURSDAY, 10 NOVEMBER 1949

TO many besides myself the number and variety of talented poets and musicians who were in one way or another connected with St John's College must, on this evening, have come as something of a revelation. One knew, of course, of Wordsworth, Matthew Prior, Robert Herrick, Sir Thomas Wyatt and Samuel Butler. But how many of those present could, if they cared to do so, boast of having as their illustrious predecessors the Elizabethan lyricists Robert Greene and Henry Constable, the Puritan poet and divine Robert Wylde, the royalist and cavalier Cleveland, "Bruiser Churchill", the *mauvais prêtre* of the Hell Fire Club, or that mystical metaphysical, Edward Benlowes? Johnian services to music, though less brilliant, are hardly less distinguished. For nearly forty years the Chair of Music in the University was held successively by two Johnians, T. A. Walmisley and W. Sterndale-Bennett, and more than a few among the audience that evening must have remembered with pleasure the pre-war dramatic presentations of Purcell and Handel that were conducted by the late Dr Rootham.

There are, to be sure, extenuating circumstances for our ignorance. The College cannot claim sole proprietary interest in many of those whose work was represented in this recital. Robert Greene, for instance, graduated at St John's College, 1578-9, but subsequently migrated to Clare Hall where he proceeded M.A. in 1583. John Cleveland, on the other hand, took the degree of B.A. in 1631 as a member of Christ's College and only came to this College, as a Fellow, in 1634 (where, however, he remained for nine years, "the delight and ornament of St John's society"). According to *D.N.B.* Robert Herrick, in a state of acute financial embarrassment, migrated from St John's in 1616 to Trinity Hall, "with the twofold object of reducing his expenditure and of devoting himself to legal studies". Evidently he continued to ply his extra-legal studies, for it appears from account-books preserved at Trinity Hall, that as late as 1629-30 he was still in the Hall's debt. But the most remarkable case of multi-collegiate affiliations was that of Dr Walmisley, who in 1833 was elected organist of Trinity and St John's Colleges, and in that capacity played, in addition, for the services in King's College Chapel and St Mary's, and so was kept very busy on Sundays: 7.15 a.m. St John's; 8 a.m. Trinity; 9.30 a.m. King's; 10.30 a.m. St Mary's;

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2 p.m. St Mary's; 3.15 p.m. King's; 5 p.m. St John's; 6.15 p.m. Trinity. College organists to-day have much to be thankful for.

The programme itself was a nice blend of the grave and gay—"poetry" being a term of evidently liberal application, including as it did a long extract from *The Unfortunate Traveller*. It began with the "Introduction and Fugue" from the Overture to Samuel Butler's dramatic oratorio *Ulysses*, spiritedly performed as a pianoforte duet by John Davies and Adrian Officer. Any adverse comment that might have been forthcoming on this excellent pastiche of Handel was forestalled by Butler himself in a letter to Mr H. Heathcote Statham (14 October 1901):

Both my friend Jones (Henry Festing Jones) and I should regard any poking fun at Handel as a *mauvaise plaisanterie* of the most odious kind. We adore him.

A reading by John Wilders of Wordsworth's *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey* was succeeded by a performance of Dr Rootham's deservedly popular part-song, "A Shepherd in a Glade", delightfully sung by a section of the Lady Margaret Singers. Then came a group of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century love-lyrics, including the peerless "See, the chariot at hand" by Ben Jonson, whose connexions with the College are unhappily of the most tenuous. This was followed by a performance of Walmisley's charming "Sonatina, 2, for oboe and pianoforte", by James Clinch and Alan King, a work originally written for one Alfred Pollock, an undergraduate whose oboe-playing Walmisley much admired. The last item before the interval consisted of variations on the well-worn theme of the languors and raptures of undergraduate life. Here, Cleveland's oblique reference to the innocent pleasures to be sought in the town ("Come hither Apollo's bouncing girl") came as a refreshing contrast to the splenetic gloom of Churchill and Wylde.

After coffee in the Old Music Room we returned to hear two polite and agreeable Diversions for Piano Duet by Sterndale-Bennett, ably performed by John Davies and Adrian Officer. The two items that followed would alone have made the evening thoroughly worth while. The first was a thunderous diatribe against luxury from that rum product of indisputable genius, *Theophila* by Edward Benlowes, finely read by Peter Croft. The second was a really beautiful performance by John Rust of Mr Robin Orr's exquisite setting of three Chinese poems translated by Arthur Waley. In harmony with the melancholy mood induced by these songs came six elegiac sonnets, including "Sweet to the gay of heart is summer's smile" and "Yes, 't will be over soon" by Henry Kirke White. Not even the reader's

tactful substitution in the latter sonnet of "*my* name" for "Henry's name"—at the expense of the metre—in the lines

Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar
When Henry's name is heard no more below

could hush the strident note of self-pity that pulsates through the verse of this much-to-be-pitied poet, who died of consumption in 1806 after only a year's residence in the College. The "Hornepype" by Hugh Ashton (or Aston) that followed, admirably played as a pianoforte solo by Alan King, was of rather more historical than artistic significance. Ashton was one of the earliest English composers for the virginals, and according to Dr van den Borren this little "Hornepype" shows the art of variation on a drone bass at a degree of development of which the Continent offers no example. Unhappily there is again no respectable evidence for identifying the composer with the Ashton who became Comptroller to the Lady Margaret and finally Archdeacon of York. After Patrick Cullen had read with immense virtuosity a superbly shambling, digressive piece of full-bodied prose from *The Unfortunate Traveller*, the last musical contribution was an entertaining double parody, in which Sir John Squire's well-known skit on Newbolt, "It was eight bells in the forenoon", was humorously set to music by Dr Rootham after the manner of Charles Villiers Stanford. A. C. Hilton's rather too devastating parody of Swinburne entitled "The Octopus" fell curiously flat, through no fault in the reading, but the recital came to an end in an atmosphere of high good humour with a reading of Samuel Butler's "O Critics, O cultured critics", which once again subtly disarmed criticism.

R. A. S.

"CHRIST'S COMET"

By CHRISTOPHER HASSALL

THE Lady Margaret Players have, in the College Chapel, an admirable setting for the religious dramas it is their policy to present at the end of each Michaelmas Term; but an audience demands more than mere visual satisfaction on these occasions, and it must be admitted at the outset that the acoustics of the Chapel play havoc with the spoken word. They are perversely most unkind to good character acting, which often requires speed in delivery and certain variations of pitch. On this occasion, for instance, Herod and the Blind Man were for long stretches almost unintelligible in the echoes—though sufficient came through to demonstrate that these were two of the best of the evening's performances—and this made it doubly infuriating that much uninspired declaiming was audible to the last syllable.

Christ's Comet is a deceptive play for the would-be producer. It reads like excellent "theatre", yet a great deal of it takes the stage in a way which suggests it would yield much more if perused in the study. The first act is by either count the least effective: nothing happens and little is said at great length. Act two is better, and contains one scene of considerable strength, though it goes on too long and the dramatic conflict is entirely secular. This scene could in fact almost be performed by itself as a one-act play on the character of Herod, such is its peculiar excellence and such its isolation from the central theme of things. In the third act alone is there any real fusion of religious impulse and dramatic effectiveness. It is a very fine third act, and much was made of it in this production: if only the approach to it had been shortened, either by judicious pruning or else by increased tempo—though the Chapel acoustics would have made the latter a risky proposition.

Peter Croft's production of the play did nearly all that was necessary. There was little that it could do in Act one except achieve a certain fluency, and leave the rest to the actors. Here the producer was well served. John Hosier's Blind Man admirably suggested senility without loss of force, a first-rate performance well matched by Jessie Faber's Laila: it might have been better, however, had these two actors agreed on a common method of attack. The

Three Kings that journeyed from afar,
Kaspar, Melchior, Balthazar

were good, but might have been so much better had a little imagination been expended on developing them into separate personalities;

and Kaspar in particular suffered from an ugly costume and careless make-up.

At the very beginning, Act two achieved a vitality that had been lacking in the previous act. This was due to the presence of David Goldstein in the small, and arguably not very difficult, part of the Captain of the Muleteers: this actor has an authority of gesture and intonation that many of his colleagues might profitably study. The largest and most interesting scene of the play—the Herod scene—is the test piece of a good producer, and only in a few minor details do I differ from Peter Croft's conception of it. For instance, being seated at the back of the "stage", Herod was repeatedly addressed with the speaker's back to the audience, an irritation that should somehow have been avoided. Michael Littleboy as Achiabus achieved something of the arrogance and cunning which the part demands, but was constantly thwarted by grouping apparently designed to make him as inconspicuous as possible. Brian Cannon saw Herod as the unhappy father rather than as the ageing despot and, granting this conception, his performance was the best of the evening. What a pity, though, that his final remark about the nightingale, which resolves the mood of the entire scene, should have been thrown away in a mutter as the lights faded.

In Act three the best of Mr Hassall was matched by the best of Mr Croft. There were at least two moments in it when sheer imagination transcended the mere mechanics of stagecraft. The first was when Barabbas (sensitively portrayed by Michael Stephens) revealed his identity to Artaban and the Muleteer; and the second—more prolonged—was the final tableau, grouped and lighted with rare skill to look like a Veronese, to the accompaniment of a simple yet tuneful carol which was well sung by John D'Arcy and a small male-voice choir.

The principal parts were performed by Paul Lloyd as Artaban, the fourth Magus, and Patrick Cullen as the Muleteer. Both aged remarkably convincingly for the last act; before this Paul Lloyd (who looked magnificent) had declaimed many long speeches in a fine voice which he kept too consistently at a high pitch, and had shown us some—but not, I fear, enough—of the man behind the poetry. Patrick Cullen brought great skill to bear in his fusion of comedy and pathos: he had his audience with him from the very beginning. When he learns how a funny line can be made funnier by expert timing, he will be in the front rank of light comedians.

What emerged at the end of the evening was a play that would be improved by cutting—the author himself commented that it was the fullest version of his play that he had seen performed—a production that was always adequate if seldom inspired, and a tendency

among the performers to substitute declaiming for acting. The sum total was by no means a failure, but the Lady Margaret Players must do better than this with better material if they are to maintain the high reputation which they gained a year ago as a result of *Murder in the Cathedral*.
D. H. R.

HOLISTIC SCIENCE

LET organismic fancies then hold sway,
Forbid that cold dissection win the day.
For you are not yourself nor am I me
In virtue of bone, brain and artery.
The stream of life is one not fractionate,
Dismembered parts cannot the whole relate.
And we dishonour life who feebly try
To fabricate truth from such falsity.

The cow when quietly grazing in the field
Is trifled not by concepts such as "yield".
Nor doubts her native power to orchestrate
Discordant themes within her mortal crate.
Does labouring sow when loosing piglets free
Attend her task with oxytocic glee;
Or ram consider androgenic state
Assuaging his primeval urge to mate;
Can fleetest hound assess the complex source
Whence careless springs his locomotive force;
Should laden fowl omit to set the spell
Would eggs delivered then be lacking shell?

The living creature grows, behaves, persists
And nature's wings are clipped by analysts.
Persuade synthetic science start apace
And counsel order from disruptive race,
The universe of life may then unfold
Top secrets of a fathomable mould.
Pursue analysis, then life resign,
Where once was man is now math'matic sign.

B. A. C.

JOHNIANA

(a) *Received from R. Somerville:*

Roger Kenyon to his brother George, 7 April 1711:

"You are so much a college man still that I dare say you will be concerned to know that we have lost Dr Gower at St John's, who died about ten days ago. His place, indeed, is very worthily filled by Dr Jenkins, who was a part of our family in Brownlow Street, two or three months since Christmas. He is likewise chosen Margaret professor."

Dr Gower had died on 27 March: he was buried in the College chapel on the day on which Kenyon wrote. Robert Jenkins, who was elected Master on 9 April, was admitted on the 13th. Kenyon's knowledge of and interest in these events came from the fact that he was a Fellow.

(b) *Received from H. H. Huxley:*

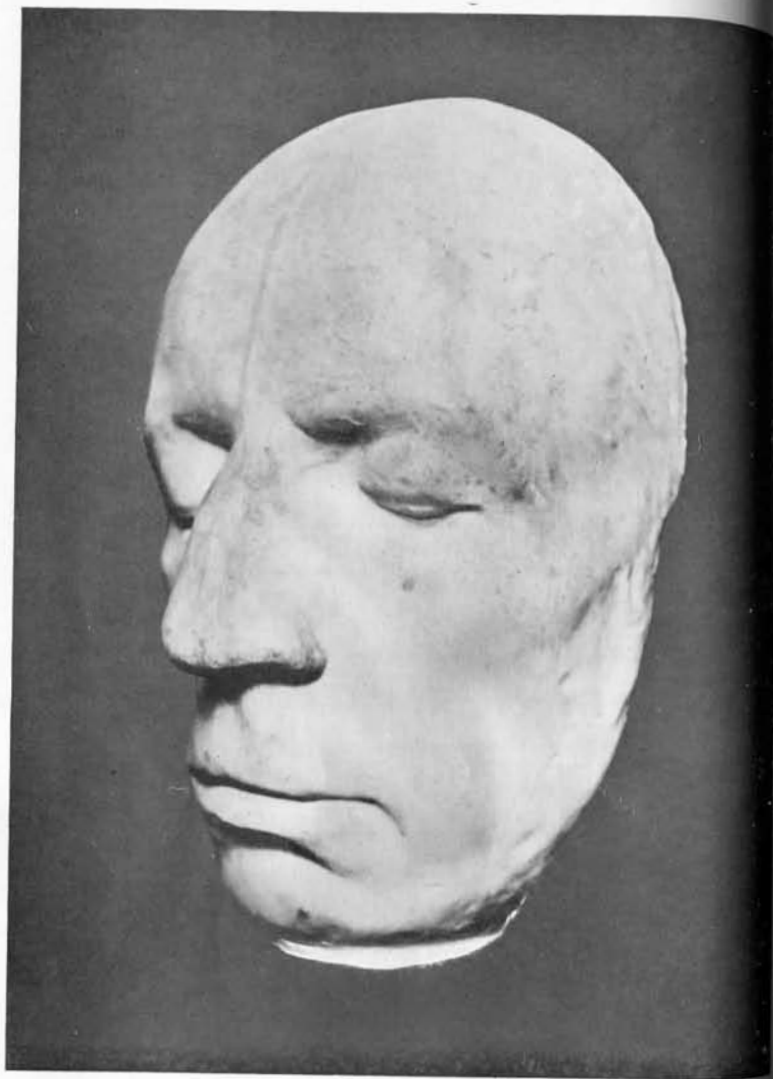
THREE JOHNIAN MATHEMATICIANS

"Sanctius his animal, cui quadravisse rotundum
Musae suadet amor, Camique ardentis imago,
Inspicat calamos contracta fronte malignos,
Perque Mathematicum pelagus, loca turbida, anhelat.
Circum dirus Hymers, nec pondus inutile, 'Lignum',
'Salmo'-que, et pueris tu detestate, Colenso,
Horribiles visu formae; livente notatae
Ungue omnes, omnes insignes aure canina."

In 1853 Charles Stuart Calverley, then an undergraduate and perhaps already admitted a scholar of Christ's College (of which he was later to become Lady Margaret Fellow) composed the *Carmen Saeculare*, a celebrated skit on Cambridge life. C. S. C.'s genius, as was made evident both by examinations and by his published works, was classical rather than mathematical; and from the passage quoted above it may be inferred that poetical numbers alone attracted him.

Of the four mathematicians (Hymers, "Lignum", "Salmo" and Colenso) to whose works humorous reference is made, all except "Salmo" entered St John's College as sizars and were subsequently elected to fellowships. "Salmo" is George Salmon (1819-1904), Fellow of the Royal Society and a distinguished alumnus of Trinity College, Dublin. Dr James Wood ("Lignum"), Senior Wrangler,

first Smith's prizeman and Fellow in 1782, became Master of the College in 1815 and Vice-Chancellor in 1816. Dr John Hymers, a distant relation of Wordsworth, was placed second wrangler in 1826 and in 1827 elected to a fellowship. His name lives to-day in a well-known Yorkshire school. One of Hymers's many successful pupils was John William Colenso, second wrangler and second Smith's prizeman in 1836, Fellow in 1837 and Bishop of Natal from 1853.



LIFE MASK OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH AT THE AGE OF 45

A photograph taken by W. F. Dunn, of the cast given to
St John's College by Mrs Butler in 1918.
Now in the College Library.

No. 5

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THE WORDSWORTH CENTENARY

THERE was bound to be something paradoxical about a celebration of the centenary of the death of Wordsworth in a university; however much pleasure and profit he may have derived from his career at St John's—and we have his own testimony that he did in fact derive from it much of both—no one could claim that his was an academic spirit, even in the widest sense of that word, or that for him the world of Cambridge was endowed with anything like the vitality or significance of the mountains of Switzerland or the Lakes. We were celebrating a man who is almost unanimously regarded as the greatest of Johnians, but whose latent genius was never apparent during the course of his university career. So the College, in celebrating the occasion, made no attempt to steal the thunder of those who were appropriately gathered at Grasmere and elsewhere in Lakeland to honour him in his own home, and did not set out to make the occasion anything more than a purely domestic one. Attention was concentrated on Wordsworth's Cambridge career, and it was frankly recognized that the greatest of his work and the most significant part of his career lay outside our scope.

The Master and Fellows of the College were present with their wives, and they had invited several distinguished members of other colleges as well as some old Johnians and some present scholars and research students of the College. The company assembled at midday on Saturday, 22 April, in the Combination Room, and had first the pleasure of hearing the Master.

ADDRESS BY THE MASTER

St John's College in Wordsworth's time

It was the 30th October 1787 when, with his uncle, William Cookson, and his cousin, John Myers, Wordsworth arrived in Cambridge. Crossing the old Bridge, they alighted at the Hoop Hotel, where King and Harper's garage now stands. Cambridge was at the time a small country town, not yet 10,000 in population. The streets were unpaved and unlighted and gutters ran down the middle of them. The University numbered about 800 and the relations between Town and Gown were extremely hostile.

Wordsworth chose St John's because his uncle was at the time a Fellow of the College and a friend of one of the tutors. The Reverend William Cookson had been Preceptor to three of the King's sons and was a man of some influence. He wished to help the young Wordsworths who were orphans and in financial difficulty. William, he trusted, would win a fellowship at College and take orders and thus be provided for.

Through most of the eighteenth century St John's had been the largest College in the University, but Trinity was now gaining the lead in numbers and academical honours. St John's had the character of the Tory College in the Whig University. Its reputation had been much increased by the vigorous policy of Dr William Powell, Master from 1765 to 1775, who had raised the educational standard and given much attention to the grounds and buildings. The government of the College was still regulated by the Statutes of Queen Elizabeth, and the men who tried to make the College efficient under these obsolete rules deserve a credit that they seldom get.

The thing was being done of course in the truly English way of introducing the new under the forms of the old. The statutory College lectureships, like most of the University professorships, had become sinecures and the life of the College had passed into the tutorial system. The tutors took charge of the education of the undergraduates. Originally all the Fellows had had pupils who shared their rooms and whom they taught. By Wordsworth's time the number of tutors had come down to two or three, each of whom employed other Fellows as assistant tutors or lecturers.

Wordsworth's tutor, Edward Frewen, was the son of a well-known physician. He was an experienced College officer, and at the age of forty-one had just become one of the seniority—the eight senior Fellows, who, with the Master, administered the affairs of the College. So far as formal duties went, he certainly looked after his pupils' interests. Wordsworth had been admitted as a sizar—the

usual thing for an able boy of limited means, and, within a week of coming into residence, he was elected a Foundress' Scholar. His Tutor procured for him also two small exhibitions, which helped to eke out a slender income, and assigned him inexpensive rooms.

These rooms were the lowest middle chamber over the kitchen, looking into the Back Lane, in which a bedroom had been partitioned off to form a somewhat dark cupboard, with a little window into the keeping room. At this time rooms were numbered consecutively through the three courts. The last set was numbered 103 and Wordsworth's was number 23, reached from staircase F in the First Court, then called Pump staircase. Fellows and Fellow Commoners were for the most part in the First and Second Courts and other members of the College in the Third Court and the Labyrinth—the old monastic building behind the Chapel.

In 1876 Wordsworth's rooms were made into a storeroom and later on were thrown into the kitchen to give more air space. Stained glass in the window bears the inscription

William Wordsworth 1787-1791

My abiding place, a nook obscure.

In the spring of 1839 Wordsworth took his friend Miss Fenwick to see them. "The remembrances of his youth", she writes, "seemed all pleasant to him... he showed us how he drew his bed to the door, that he might see the top of the window in Trinity College Chapel under which stands that glorious statue of Sir Isaac Newton." She thought them one of the meanest and most dismal apartments in the whole University. But "here", said he, "I was as joyous as a lark".

His first few days were passed in a round of excitement, vividly described in *The Prelude*:

Questions, directions, warnings and advice
Flowed in upon me, from all sides.

May we suppose that *Ten Minutes Advice to Freshmen*, printed in 1785, was in his hands—a little work resembling our Freshers' "Don't"? Its wise counsel on the care of money and time, and on general behaviour, was perhaps lightly skimmed. But there were practical hints concerning clubs, dress, amusements, and not least, tips—to bedmakers, shoe-cleaners, coal-porters, hairdressers. Undergraduates in those days paid a good deal of attention to dress. White waistcoats and white silk stockings were worn in Hall. Some wore powder. Wordsworth speaks of himself as attired in splendid clothes, with hose of silk and hair glittering like rimy trees. They carried their gown, a sleeveless gown, called a curtain, tucked up under their arm. Dorothy, after her first visit to William, wrote

"it looked so odd to see smart powdered heads with black caps like helmets, . . . but I assure you . . . it is exceedingly becoming".

Even in so large a College as St John's there were probably not as many as 150 undergraduates in residence at any one time. They were a very varied body of men. No College did more for the poor man, and, save Trinity, none drew so many of rank and fashion, but it was the growing middle class that was mainly represented. A man was admitted as either a nobleman, a Fellow Commoner, a pensioner, or a sizar. The annual entry at the time consisted of about thirty pensioners, ten or eleven sizars, six or seven Fellow Commoners, and occasionally one or two noblemen.

Fellow Commoners were usually of the same age as other undergraduates; they belonged to county families or were the sons of rich business men. They dined with the Fellows at the High Table. Most of them were wealthy and could afford to be idle. They were supposed to take lectures and examinations, but these rules were not regularly enforced. They wore a gold-laced gown and gold tassel to their cap. Among them doubtless were Wordsworth's "chattering popinjays".

Of the pensioners many were sons of clergy and professional men who had their living to earn and wanted to get a fellowship as a good start. The sizars had once been virtually servants, brought up to the University by richer men, and in return for their services gaining the opportunity of study and advancement. But this had changed. The last of their menial duties, waiting in Hall, had just been abolished (1786). A sizarship was becoming more like an entrance scholarship. It was a useful institution, for it was not an award, tied to school or county, like the scholarships and fellowships, but a status. A poor boy, by entering as a sizar, could get much reduced terms.

The men came from a great variety of schools, large and small, or from private tutors. North country schools, particularly Sedbergh and Beverley, and Wordsworth's own school, Hawkshead, an Elizabethan foundation, were prominent; of others, Eton, Westminster, Canterbury, Shrewsbury, Charterhouse and Harrow seem the most common. A few men came from the West Indies and the American colonies, sons of planters, generally to read for the Bar. The great majority took holy orders. Others entered politics, law and the army, or returned to country life, while a few became physicians, and one or two went into industry.

Amongst Wordsworth's contemporaries were many interesting men, some destined to high position. Castlereagh overlapped him by a term; there was a grandson of Lord Bute, who went into the East India Company's service; Wellington's younger brother, Gerald, later a canon of St Paul's (the Iron Duke would not make him a bishop); a future Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church;

a future Chief Justice of Jamaica; Philip Francis, son of the reputed author of the *Letters of Junius*; two great linguists, John Kelly, the Celtic scholar, and John Palmer of Cockermouth, later Professor of Arabic, a very reserved man—it was said of him that he could be silent in more languages than anyone else in Europe—and the young Heberden, already showing his father's distinction. Amongst those who were to win fame in the long wars were Daniel Hoghton, commemorated by Chantrey in St Paul's, who fell at Albuera; George Gordon, the last of the Dukes of Gordon, who became a general, and is the hero of the famous song, "O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone", and Alexander John Scott, Nelson's private secretary, who was on the *Victory* at Trafalgar. William's outlook widened in this company; when he went up he had been thinking only of the Church or Law, after he came down he felt he could make a soldier or a journalist.

Though in eighteenth-century Cambridge the junior members of a College were broadly divided into gentlemen of fortune and poor scholars, and men of course formed their own sets, there is no suggestion in *The Prelude* of class barriers in College life—rather the contrary; and we need not think it a leading feature. Byron, for example, said of his contemporary Kirke White, a sizar at St John's, "for my own part I should have been very proud of such an acquaintance". Young men of talent soon made their mark. Wordsworth entered at once and fully into the social life of the College. "The weeks went roundly on with invitations, suppers, wine and fruit".

If a throng was near
That way I leaned by nature; for my heart
Was social, and loved idleness and joy.

In a few lines of the *Prelude* he summarizes the easygoing round of his first year:

Companionships,
Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome all.
We sauntered, played, or rioted; we talked
Unprofitable talk at morning hours;
Drifted about along the streets and walks,
Read lazily in trivial books, went forth
To gallop through the country in blind zeal
Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast
Of Cam sailed boisterously.

We need add nothing to this.

Within the larger circle was a smaller one, including his cousin Myers, who had come up with him. Their names are together in the Matriculation Register of the University and again when they took their degree three years later. Myers went to the Bar. Wordsworth

calls him "a patriot of unabated energy"—he had caught the tone of the College. Other friends were William Terrot, admitted a scholar on the same day as Wordsworth, who became a naval chaplain, Robert Jones, his companion in the memorable walking-tour in France, "the best tempered creature imaginable", wrote Wordsworth, "our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption", and John Fleming, two years his senior, from his old school, the "friend then passionately loved". And there were three Pembroke men, Raincock, Second Wrangler of his year (1790), Thomas Middleton, from Christ's Hospital, who became the first Bishop of Calcutta, and William Matthews, son of a London bookseller and Methodist local preacher. Wordsworth later expresses his advanced opinions more freely to Matthews than to anyone else, as they had doubtless done at Cambridge: "I am of that odious class of men called democrats and of that class I shall ever continue." Wordsworth's fondness for walking was notorious in this circle; writing to Matthews he describes himself as "on foot, as you will naturally suppose". But none of these shared the deeper experiences through which in solitary hours his mind was passing. If only he and Coleridge had met at Cambridge, he afterwards lamented, he would have been less alone.

Of his Johnian friends, Fleming and Terrot seem to have been hard reading men. But not a third of the men who matriculated with him went out in Honours and quite a number went down without graduating.

The College routine began with early morning chapel usually at 7. From 9 to 12.30 were lecture hours. Lectures were given in the Hall or the tutor's rooms; themes for the Rhetoric lecturer were read in the Chapel. We see the tutor's room—"all studded round, as thick as chairs could stand, with loyal students faithful to their books, half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants and honest dunces". Lectures no doubt varied. Gunning writes: "Nothing could be pleasanter than the hour passed at Seale's lectures." Wordsworth, young as he was, found himself a year ahead of his contemporaries. This he afterwards said had been unlucky for him. I "got into rather an idle way; reading nothing but classic authors according to my fancy and Italian poetry".

After lectures followed a visit to the hairdresser and dinner at 1.30 or 2. There was no organized sport; riding and river parties were the principal amusements, and the afternoon passed in calls on friends and tea, coffee or chocolate at a coffee-house with the papers. Evening chapel followed and at 8 the bedmaker called to enquire about supper, bringing a bill of fare. Several men would join together in a supper or wine party.

Men of the same school or county formed clubs: the freshman's guide calls them "useless things", "more easily got into than out of". Some formed literary societies. Christopher Wordsworth, his younger brother, when at Trinity, records in his diary: "The Society this evening met at my rooms... Time before supper was spent in hearing Coleridge repeat some original poetry (he having neglected to write his essay, which therefore is to be produced next week)."

Not all men passed their lives so blamelessly. Gunning considered the late 'seventies and 'eighties as the worst part of our history. Reformers pointed to the extravagance and indiscipline of the University. In a Town and Gown row in March 1788 a drayman was killed and two undergraduates were charged with murder but acquitted. College orders tell a similar tale. One threatens with rustication any person detected in breaking the door of another. The scholars' cook in 1790 was fined the next three-quarters of his salary for giving undue credit to the men. Wordsworth later spoke of the frantic and dissolute manners of that time. The source of the trouble was the presence of a class of man with plenty of money and no obligation to do anything. So long as this class was numerous and ill restrained, order and work were not likely to prevail, and incidents occurred which were a scandal to the University.

But though there was a prevailing tone of idleness, the reading men undoubtedly worked hard. The competition for University honours was keen. High places in examinations were not won without effort. Christopher Wordsworth tells us that from September to December before his examination he read 9½ hours a day. Chief Justice Denman, who was here in the 1790's, said that he worked all day and played chess in the evenings. If Fellow Commoners occasionally worked, sizars and the poorer pensioners worked a great deal harder.

Of the senior members of the College Wordsworth formed no favourable opinion.

The Master, Chevallier, died in 1789. Wordsworth tells us that according to custom the coffin was brought into the Hall and the pall was "stuck over by copies of verses English or Latin, the composition of the students of St John's. My uncle seemed mortified when upon enquiry he learnt that none of these verses were from my pen, 'because', said he, 'it would have been a fair opportunity for distinguishing yourself'. I did not, however, regret that I had been silent on this occasion, as I felt no interest in the deceased person, with whom I had had no intercourse and whom I had never seen but during his walks in the College grounds."

Of the Fellows, who at the time numbered fifty-five, all but four

were required to take holy orders, so that the High Table was for the most part a clerical body. The younger Fellows were men in the early or middle twenties; they joined in the parties and amusements of the richer undergraduates. The abler of them in due course attained to College office. As a body, the Fellows were not what we should call old, for they held office generally only for a short time, while waiting for a College living or other promotion. There were not many College offices and for some of the Fellows the life was one of enforced idleness. Among them, there were doubtless queer characters; Edward Christian, for example, who had perhaps just reached what Gunning wittily calls "the full vigour of his incapacity"—not to mention one or two old men whose infirmities disqualified them even from the seniority. The government of the College by the eight seniors left too much to chance, though actually in Wordsworth's time the seniority included some men of parts.

To the official Fellows Wordsworth did not take kindly:

men whose sway
And known authority of office served
To set our minds on edge, and did no more.

What unpleasant experiences this refers to we do not know. College rules were doubtless irksome and the means of enforcement, by impositions, savoured of school rather than College life. But if Frewen was as grim as this he must soon have forgotten the jolly days when he and Uncle William had idled with that rich and agreeable Fellow Commoner William Wilberforce. As he was now contemplating matrimony and retiring to a College living, he may have become less attentive to his pupils.

In December 1803 Wordsworth wrote to his brother Richard:

I have just received an application for a debt of £10. 15s. 3½d. from my College Tutor for my expenses at the University. I wish it to be paid, as indeed it ought to have been many years ago....Direct the money to the Revd James Wood, St John's, Cambridge.

This was nearly thirteen years after he had left College. Tutorial Bursars need never despair.

He had been transferred to Dr James Wood, one of the most interesting men of the time. The son of a weaver, very poor, he had rooms called the Tub on O, Second Court, reached by a trap-door in the floor, of which he was the last occupant. (It was a pity Miss Fenwick did not see these.) He was a man of high character, reckoned the foremost mathematician in the University, and in due course became Master. But he may very well have been a strict tutor—as Vice-Chancellor, later, he was to suppress the debates of the Union Society.



ST JOHN'S COLLEGE FROM FISHER'S LANE BEFORE 1814



FIRST COURT, F2, OCCUPIED BY WORDSWORTH, 1787-91

To judge from the state of discipline in the University the office of Dean was probably not a sinecure. The Senior Dean, Thomas Cockshutt, was the son of an ironmaster, a man of thirty-seven, and a mathematician like most of the College officials. The little we know of him shows him as able, disinterested and broad-minded. He saved the young Scott from rustication for neglect of mathematics, contending that this was due not to idleness but to the fact that his real interest was literature. Benjamin Holmes, the Junior Dean, was not perhaps as easygoing as he became in later life, when he had retired to the Rectory of Freshwater in the Isle of Wight. Rumour had it that a good deal of contraband reposed in the Rectory buildings. Clearly he had learned to turn a blind eye to some things.

None of his teachers seems to have made any impression on Wordsworth with the exception of William Taylor, Master of the Hawkshead School, who had encouraged his first attempts at poetry. As his later writings show, he was not appreciative of the guidance of a more experienced mind. "Love nature and books", he wrote later to an undergraduate, "seek these and you will be happy."

To the great disappointment of Uncle William, and the doubts even of the devoted Dorothy, he gave up the idea of academic honours. He could not endure to drudge at mathematics, the main road to distinction, and he strongly disliked the competitive spirit in the mathematical tripos. A very little reading would suffice for a pass degree and with this he determined to be satisfied. Moods, vague reading and good-natured lounging filled up more of the map of his collegiate life. At St John's there were examinations twice a year and themes had to be given in regularly to the Rhetoric lecturer. These things became the "forced labour, now and then," of which he speaks.

In the examinations, in his first term he was placed in the first class, in the following June in the second class; in his second and third year examinations, he was not classed, as he did not take the whole examination, but he is twice reported as showing "considerable merit" in the subjects which he took and once as distinguished in the Classic.

"Look was there none within these walls to shame my easy spirits", he wrote in the *Prelude*. Had he forgotten, or never bothered to read, the reports of the examiners—for their language is not only monitory, but positively menacing, to easygoing spirits.

He had misgivings; he saw crowds of his inferiors glorified around him, his schoolfellows becoming high Wranglers and Fellows of Colleges, while he seemed to be achieving nothing. Often afterwards he regretted it; in some moods he blamed the place and the people—the University, the College, had borne no resemblance to his schoolboy

dreams, but at the last he blamed himself. Yet he was certainly not alone in his dislike and criticism of the narrow academic curriculum in Cambridge at the time. Other men did the same as he for the same reason. Denman, for example, and George Tennyson, the Poet Laureate's father, of the same year at St John's, both took a pass degree from dislike of Mathematics. And Wordsworth, though reading cursorily, read widely in several languages and literatures. The heroic voice that defended liberty through so many terrible years found its inspiration there.

What had Cambridge meant to him? The official body little indeed—he had been “to himself a guide”. And from the round of academic study he detached himself in proud rebellion.

He describes himself aptly as “ill-tutored for captivity”, and of two compulsory features of College life, the Lecture Room and Chapel, one he found barren, the other a mockery. But the living society and the spiritual presences were new and powerful forces—the associations and friendships had meant a great deal—

So many happy youths, so wide and fair
A congregation in its budding-time
Of health and hope and beauty.

The precincts, the grounds, the enclosures old, the noble dead, whose presence haunted them—Milton's rooms, Newton's statue, Spenser's and Chaucer's memory: these were influences to penetrate and disturb the mind—all that sense of the past which is ever present in a place of great tradition. And the liberal views and democratic temper of the young men joined with his natural disposition and upbringing to prepare him for his eager reception of revolutionary ideas. Not least, he had been happy—“This was a gladsome time”—left alone to move on a stage further in the discovery of himself. Cambridge might have done worse for him had it tried to do more.

He took his degree in January 1791 and went down without prospects or plan, his mind clouded by the uncertainties of the future. When, two years later, he published his first poems, he wrote: “As I had done nothing by which to distinguish myself at the University, I thought these little things might show that I could do something.” He was right; the wayward and disappointing undergraduate was the most original genius of his time.

* * * *

The Master's address had obviously been much enjoyed; his humorous references to Cambridge life then and now had met with appreciative response, and he was greeted with warm applause at the

end. And with the details of Wordsworth's habits and environment fresh in our mind, we next heard a reading of selected poetry and prose by Wordsworth, his critics and his parodists, with a commentary; the reading of passages was done alternately by John Wilders (A) and Peter Croft (B).

* * * *

READING AND COMMENTARY

A. It would be very nice to be able to believe that the time Wordsworth saved from academic work had been spent in writing poetry—if that mute, inglorious third year had been redeemed by something immortal. But there's nothing to justify us in believing anything of the kind. He wrote some verses, certainly, but they were a very long way indeed from being poetry—they were certainly not yet in any way original. Here's one of them, *Lines written while Sailing in a Boat at Evening*:

B. How richly glows the water's breast
Before us, ting'd with evening hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream!
A little moment past so smiling!
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful Bard allure;
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
—And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow!
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain must come to-morrow!

A. If that poem is typical of the things he was thinking about while he was up here, then he must have been very much like any other undergraduate with literary ambitions—spending a good deal of time wondering whether he was going to be a good poet or not, and whether the game was really worth the candle. Just worrying about poetry, in fact—not being in any sense a poet. And in Wordsworth, this doubt and hesitation was very deeply rooted indeed. It was many years before he began to feel really certain of himself. But Cambridge

did contribute something towards this certainty. It helped him to become familiar with books, and even more, to live where so many great men in the past had lived. Later, he wrote about this encouragement like this:

B. Those were the days
Which first encouraged me to trust
With firmness, hitherto but lightly touch'd
With such a daring thought, that I might leave
Some monument behind me which pure hearts
Should reverence. The instinctive humbleness
Upheld even by the very name and thought
Of printed books and authorship, began
To melt away, and further, the dread awe
Of mighty names was softened down, and seem'd
Approachable, admitting fellowship
Of modest sympathy.

A. This mood of self-doubt—the fear that poets can only hope to enjoy the short glow of that sunset he'd described while sailing on the river, and that their end is in grief and pain—it was many years before he got rid of such thoughts and moods. If, indeed, he was ever quite free from them. But the struggle to free himself from them, and to reach up to a more stable and happy frame of mind, was the driving force of much of his best poetry. For example, there's a poem which HE called *Resolution and Independence*—but it's more familiarly known as *The Leech-gatherer*. He wrote it in 1802, and its main subject is exactly the same as those lines written sailing on the Cam. But by that time, he was no longer writing verses. He had become a poet, and of a completely original kind.

Before we read this poem, I'd like to remind you of one of the great influences that came into his life after he left Cambridge—his sister Dorothy. It so happens that in her *Journal*, she has described the very same incident that Wordsworth used for his poem. Here it is:

B. "When William and I returned from accompanying Jones, we met an old man almost double. He had on a coat, thrown over his shoulders, above his waistcoat and coat. Under this he carried a bundle, and had an apron on and a night-cap. His face was interesting. He had dark eyes and a long nose. He was of Scotch parents, but had been born in the army. He had had a wife, and 'she was a good woman, and it pleased God to bless us with ten children'. All these were dead but one, of whom he had not heard for many years, a sailor. His trade was to gather leeches, but now

leeches are scarce, and he had not strength for it. He said leeches were very scarce, partly owing to this dry season, but many years they have been scarce. He supposed it owing to their having been much sought after, that they did not breed fast, and were of slow growth. Leeches were formerly two and six per hundred; they are now thirty shillings. It was then late in the evening, when the light was just going away."

A And now, here is what Wordsworth makes of the same incident:

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever *she* doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor;
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy;
But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as those blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress and poverty.

My whole life have I lived in pleasant thought,
 As if life's business were a summer mood;
 As if all needful things would come unsought
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
 But how can He expect that others should
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
 The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
 Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
 Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
 By our own spirits are we deified:
 We Poets, in our youth begin in gladness;
 But thereof come in the end dependency and madness.

- B. Now, whether it were by a peculiar grace,
 A leading from above, a something given,
 Yet it befell that, in this lonely place,
 When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
 Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
 I saw a Man before me unawares:
 The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.
 As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
 Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
 Wonder to all who do the same espy,
 By what means it could thither come, and whence;
 So that it seemed a thing endued with sense:
 Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
 Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself;
 Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
 Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age:
 His body was bent double, feet and head
 Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
 As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
 Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
 A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.
 Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
 Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood:
 And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
 Upon the margin of that moorish flood
 Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
 That heareth not the loud winds when they call;
 And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
 Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
 Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
 As if he had been reading in a book:
 And now a stranger's privilege I took,
 And drawing to his side, to him did say,
 "This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

- A. A gentle answer did the old Man make,
 In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
 And him with further words I thus bespake,
 "What occupation do you there pursue?
 This is a lonesome place for one like you."
 Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
 Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes.
 His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
 But each in solemn order followed each,
 With something of a lofty utterance drest—
 Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
 Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
 Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
 Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.
 He told, that to these waters he had come
 To gather leeches, being old and poor:
 Employment hazardous and wearisome!
 And he had many hardships to endure:
 From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
 Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;
 And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.
- B. The old Man stood talking by my side;
 But now his voice to me was like a stream
 Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
 And the whole body of the Man did seem
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
 Or like a man from some far region sent,
 To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.
 My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
 Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
 And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
 —Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
 My question eagerly I did renew,
 "How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

- A. He with a smile did then his words repeat;
 And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide
 He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
 The waters of the pools where they abide.
 "Once I could meet with them on every side;
 But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
 Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."
- While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
 The old Man's shape, and speech—all troubled me:
 In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
 About the weary moors continually,
 Wandering about alone and silently.
 While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.
- And soon with this he other matter blended,
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
 But stately in the main; and, when he ended,
 I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
 In that decrepit Man so firm a Mind.
 "God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
 I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"

B. Well, that is an example of his poetry at its most Wordsworthian—completely original, unlike anything that had been written before, and very seldom imitated since with much success. It's a kind of poetry that Wordsworth described very clearly himself, in the Preface he wrote to the volume in which the *Leech-gatherer* was published:

A. "The principal object proposed in these poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of the language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature."

B. But it's a very dangerous kind of poetry—it walks on a knife-edge between success and failure. A little weakening in the force of imagination, a trifle too much ostentation in the morality, and the sublime becomes ridiculous. The poem we've just read was taken in

the right way by some of Wordsworth's friends—Charles Lamb, Coleridge, and Southey. But to many of the reviewers it seemed to have fallen very far on the wrong side. Here is a specimen of the kind of criticism that Wordsworth encountered in his own day:

A. "Their peculiarities of diction alone, are enough to render them ridiculous; but the author before us really seems anxious to court this literary martyrdom by a device still more infallible,—we mean, that of connecting his most lofty, tender, or impassioned conceptions, with objects and incidents, which the greater part of his readers will probably persist in thinking low, silly, or uninteresting. It is possible enough, we allow, that the sight of a friend's spade, or a sparrow's nest, or a man gathering leeches, might really have suggested to a mind like his a train of powerful impressions and interesting reflections; but it is certain, that to most minds, such associations will always appear forced, strained and unnatural; and that the composition in which it is attempted to exhibit them, will always have the air of parody, or ludicrous and affected singularity."

B. Curiously right as a prophecy, anyhow—for Wordsworth has always provoked a great deal of parody. Some of it quite friendly parody—more a sign of affection than disapproval. I'd put in that class "The White Knight's Song", from *Alice Through the Looking Glass*—it's not exactly a parody of the *Leech-gatherer*—but with that in mind, you'll have little doubt what Lewis Carroll was up to. Let me remind you of it:

- A. "I'll tell thee everything I can:
 There's little to relate.
 I saw an aged aged man,
 A-sitting on a gate.
 'Who are you, aged man?' I said.
 'And how is it you live?'
 And his answer trickled through my head
 Like water through a sieve.
- He said 'I look for butterflies
 That sleep among the wheat:
 I make them into mutton-pies,
 And sell them in the street.
 I sell them unto men,' he said,
 'Who sail upon the seas;
 And that's the way I get my bread—
 A trifle, if you please.'

But I was thinking of a way
To feed oneself on batter,
And so go on from day to day
Getting a little fatter.

I shook him well from side to side,
Until his face was blue:
'Come, tell me how you live,' I cried,
'And what it is you do!'

He said 'I hunt for haddock's eyes
Among the heather bright,
And work them into waistcoat buttons,
In the silent night.'

B. And now, if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe,
Or if I drop upon my toe
A very heavy weight,
I weep, for it reminds me so
Of that old man I used to know—
Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow,
Whose hair was whiter than the snow,
Whose face was very like a crow,
With eyes, like cinders, all aglow,
Who seemed distracted with his woe,
Who rocked his body to and fro,
And muttered mumblingly and low,
As if his mouth were full of dough,
Who snorted like a buffalo—
That summer evening long ago
A-sitting on a gate."

A. Fair criticism, perhaps—at any rate kindly criticism, not outrageous and bitter, like so much of the criticism he had to suffer in his lifetime. There's another notable parody of Wordsworth, by James Kennedy Stephen, once President of the Union, Fellow of King's. It states very fairly and very well the distinction that must be made between Wordsworth at his best, and Wordsworth below his best. And unfortunately there's no use denying that he made things more difficult for his readers, both then and now, by writing a great *deal* below his best. But before hearing Stephen's sonnet, here is the original he had in mind. It's one of the best-known of

Wordsworth's political sonnets, *Thoughts of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland*:

B. Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice;
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were the chosen music, Liberty!
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

A. Now here is Stephen's sonnet:

"Two voices are there: one is of the deep;
It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep;
And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,
And indicates that two and one are three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep:
And, Wordsworth, both are thine: at certain times
Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes,
The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst:
At other times—good Lord, I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the ABC
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst."

B. It's always been easy to make fun of Wordsworth at his worst—and perhaps that's why his purely literary reputation has often been a little unsteady—perhaps why he has been liable to periods of neglect, if not disparagement. But after all, he himself in his calmer moods cared very little for purely literary reputation. As Dorothy Wordsworth once wrote: "I am sure it will be very long before the poems have an extensive sale. Nay, it will not be while he is alive to know it. God be thanked, William has no mortification on this head, and I may safely say that those who are connected with him

have not an atom of that species of disappointment. We have too rooted a confidence in the purity of his intentions, and the power with which they are executed. His writings will live, will comfort the afflicted, and animate the happy to purer happiness; when we, and our little cares, are all forgotten."

A. And that is very much what happened. Of the many tributes to Wordsworth's power to comfort afflicted minds, here is just one, by John Stuart Mill. In his *Autobiography*, he tells how, round about 1828, he had sunk into a deep depression. Convinced in theory that the world ought to be, and could be, in many ways reformed, he was haunted by the idea that even in a reformed world, men might after all not be happy. And then he goes on:

"What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind, was that they expressed not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling, and thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings, which I was in quest of. In them I seemed to draw from a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginative pleasure, which could be shared in by all human beings, which had no connection with struggle or imperfection, but would be made richer by every improvement in the physical or social condition of mankind. From them I seemed to learn what would be the perennial sources of happiness when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed. And I felt myself at once better and happier as I came under their influence."

B. Mill doesn't tell us what poems especially helped him, but the two sonnets with which we are going to end must surely have been among them. First, the sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge, 3 September 1802:

A. Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

B.

The world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God, I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

* * * *

Again, the readings were very much enjoyed, and although at times perhaps the parodies seemed to excite more interest than their originals, the excellent quality of the recitations made the most of even the admitted mediocrities, and did full justice to the masterpieces. After the readings the company adjourned to Hall, and had lunch.

There were only two toasts; first, THE KING, proposed by the Master; and, second, WORDSWORTH, proposed by the Master of Trinity.

* * * *

THE TOAST: "WORDSWORTH", BY THE MASTER OF TRINITY

When I heard that the Master was to read us a paper in your beautiful Combination Room, on St John's in Wordsworth's undergraduate days, I felt sure we should hear something of historical interest and value. Nor have we been disappointed. The Master's knowledge, not only of the bygone customs of the College, but of so many of its personalities, both dons and undergraduates of that day, has been of great interest to us all.

And the second part of the programme both edified and entertained us. It is a great thing to be able to laugh at those you love, when you can do it as well as Lewis Carroll and J. K. S. The greatest Wordsworthian I ever knew well, Edward Grey of Fallodon, liked a joke about the bard. I remember his delight over Wordsworth's phrase "the solemn bleat" of a sheep. He said to me, "No one but

downright old Daddy Wordsworth would ever have talked of a 'solemn bleat'".

It was with pride and pleasure that I received your invitation to propose this toast, on this occasion and in this place. I hope the historic rivalry of John's and Trinity will never cease. For four hundred years its fortunes have swayed to and fro, but John's never scored a bigger point (not even in the Boat Race against Oxford in 1950) than when, practically in one undergraduate generation, it produced three such men as Wilberforce, Castlereagh and Wordsworth, to say nothing of Palmerston a decade later.

There were many faults in eighteenth-century England, and very many in eighteenth-century Cambridge, but could our reformed and regimented era produce such a quaternion of men? Of the four, the dearest to our hearts are Wordsworth and Wilberforce, and Wordsworth above all reigns not only in the hearts but in the minds of our perturbed and disillusioned generation, more even than Tennyson of Trinity and far more than Byron. Through Wordsworth alone, many of us can sometimes find that

Central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

Your claim on Wordsworth can be disputed by no one else in Cambridge. Pembroke and Peterhouse have each a share in Gray; you sowed Bentley and we reaped him. But as to Wordsworth there is nothing to be added to his statement:

The Evangelist St John my patron was.

Presumably, therefore, he was referring in part to certain Fellows of John's when he wrote of the "grave elders, men unscoured, grotesque". This description by no means applies to all the Fellows of John's at that period—not even to all the Elders. And we learn from Gunning and other authentic sources that there were Fellows of Trinity to whom the description would equally well have applied in the days when Wordsworth and his undergraduate friends looked round for sources of mirth.

Nevertheless, the 1780's were the nadir of donhood in England. It was the darkness before the dawn. But the undergraduate society which mattered much more to young William, won from him a noble eulogy in *The Prelude*:

nor was it least
Of many benefits, in later years
Derived from academic institutes
And rules, that they held something up to view
Of a Republic, where all stood thus far
Upon equal ground; that we were brothers all

In honour, as in one community,
Scholars and gentlemen; where, furthermore,
Distinction open lay to all that came,
And wealth and titles were in less esteem
Than talents, worth and prosperous industry.

It is clear from what Wordsworth tells us of his uneventful life at John's, that it was just what he then required. The spiritual powers that had been planted in him in his boyhood among the Lake mountains, were here allowed quietly to germinate in a friendly and studious soil, until he had acquired the strength to go forth and endure the fierce experiences of passion and disillusionment through which he passed in France and London from 1791 to 1795, before he found his true self and Coleridge and Grasmere.

Nor was he entirely without benefit from the peculiar studies of the Cambridge of that date. It is true that he shrank from the drudgery of mathematical study, but Wordsworth tells us that "mathematics and geometric truth" had their part in forming his mind and soul. They were restful to his spirit by imparting

a sense
Of permanent and universal sway
And paramount belief.

He put Newton alongside of Shakespeare and Milton, "labourers divine".

Thus prepared, he went, during the Long Vacation of 1790, with a brother Johnian on the famous walking tour through the Alps, which was one of the formative spiritual events of his life.

Wordsworth was yours and yours alone, yet his fragrant memory forms a friendly link between our Colleges. From his rooms over your kitchens he looked towards Trinity. He tells us how he used to listen to the double chime of "Trinity's loquacious clock", and he has honoured Roubiliac's statue of Newton in our antechapel with words too familiar for quotation.

The windows and the garden of Trinity Lodge command a fine view of the south side of the buildings and "backs" of St John's, so that I often fancy him striding over the older of your two bridges to the grounds beyond the river, then untouched by the Gothic revival, to ruminate apart from his lighter-hearted companions; there he would gaze, entranced by moonlight, on the ivied ash-tree:

Through hours of silence, till the porter's bell,
A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
Rang with its blunt uncereemonious voice
Inexorable summons!

There was, however, one thing at John's which the freedom-loving William did not like—compulsory chapel. There is a very strong passage in *The Prelude* about

The witless shepherd who persists to drive
A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked

and as he left this passage in *The Prelude* to be published after his death in 1850, there is at least a probability that he never changed his mind about it.

I wonder therefore if he ever discussed the vexed question with his brother Christopher, Master of Trinity from 1820 to 1841, whom he visited several times at our Lodge. For the joke is that Christopher Wordsworth, "witless shepherd" indeed, made himself fiercely unpopular by raising the penalties for irregular attendance at Chapel. Was Christopher ever shown the manuscript of *The Prelude*?

William has himself recorded in Book Three of *The Prelude* a famous occasion on which he attended John's Chapel under peculiar circumstances. According to his account he had toasted the memory of Milton so often in the rooms at Christ's, that his brain was "excited by the fumes of wine" for the first and last time in his life. Yet he ran through the streets the whole way back to John's in time to huddle on his surplice and attend Chapel without scandal. As some one said of the incident thus recorded: "The poet's standard of intoxication seems to have been deplorably low."

Valuable as his time at College was to him, he had all the while, as he tells us,

a strangeness in the mind
A feeling that I was not for that hour
Nor for that place.

How indeed could it have been otherwise? Cambridge might have sufficed Gray, and South England sufficed Shakespeare and Milton and Marvell; but Wordsworth lives to us as the poet of the mountains and the wilds, who found and conveyed to us hints of their unfathomable secret.

Love had he known in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

(*Feast at Brougham Castle*)

The genius of Wordsworth is not dramatic, like Shakespeare's and Browning's, but egocentric. Therefore *The Prelude*, which is about himself, is very much more successful than *The Excursion*, which

purports to record the thoughts of several other people; but none of them is clearly distinguished from the others; each is a mouth to utter Wordsworth's doctrine which is given more humanly in *The Prelude*. Indeed I have a great deal of sympathy with Jeffrey's famous exclamation, "This will never do", which referred not to all Wordsworth's poetry but to *The Excursion*. There are many very fine passages in it, but the scheme of the poem was unsuited to his genius. With *The Excursion* "we are indeed emerging from the golden period", as Helen Darbishire says in her Clark Lectures on *The Poet Wordsworth*, which I am glad to say are just being published.

So, too, his interest in Nature is not primarily that of an observer of natural appearances, like Tennyson or Turner—although in fact he *can* observe wonderfully, as when he notices the butterfly hanging on a flower—

How motionless! not frozen seas
More motionless!

or the cloud caught on the shoulder of the mountain—

That heareth not the loud winds when they call
And moveth all together if it move at all.

But on the whole his poems are not a report on the appearances of Nature, but a report on the effect of Nature upon the emotions of William Wordsworth. And as the effect of Nature on Wordsworth is akin to her effect on ourselves, he has become the prophet and priest of a great company. Especially is this the case in our present age, which has found man very unsatisfactory, and is in several different minds about God. Nature, whatever her secret, is with us as before, and more than ever we seek towards God and man through her.

The common denominator of the spiritual life of our divided and subdivided age is found in the reaction of all our hearts to Nature.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can.

This was sometime a paradox, but in a certain sense it has truth, if we consider how very little the sages have been able to teach us.

The peculiar power of the best of Wordsworth's poetry lies, I think, in the combination of qualities usually found apart. I mean language of limpid clarity, yet full of the mystery of hinted meaning; and

simplicity of words like a child's, expressing the deepest things of life.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

And we, whether we are mounting up the hill of life or declining on its further side, we bear the music and the comfort of Wordsworth's song in our hearts.

It is a hundred years since his death. It is also a hundred years since his resurrection for us all in the first publication of *The Prelude*.

* * * *

The Master of Trinity's graceful references to the College, his eloquent continuation of the themes begun by our Master, and, above all, perhaps, his intensely moving recitation of *The Solitary*

Reaper, will be long remembered. It brought the main proceedings to a fitting climax. Later, many of the company went into the Library, where an exhibition of Wordsworthiana was on view. All had already been given handsome programmes, containing famous extracts from Wordsworth's poems, and numerous reproductions, which are reprinted in this number of *The Eagle*. We print below an authoritative notice of it by the Librarian of King's College: the exhibition was a fascinating conclusion to a celebration which fittingly expressed our sense of pride and gratitude at sharing our membership of the College with one of the greatest of English poets.

J. L. C.

THE WORDSWORTH EXHIBITION IN ST JOHN'S COLLEGE LIBRARY*

The centenary of the death of William Wordsworth is the occasion of an exhibition in the library of St John's, which should certainly be seen during the present term, and which provides an excuse, if one were needed, to visit one of the finest libraries of Cambridge, second only to Trinity in splendour, though far less well known to the public at large. The richness and variety of the exhibits are a testimony not only to the generous piety of donors but to the careful watching of the book-market by successive librarians of the College, which aroused the professional envy and respectful admiration of the librarian of another foundation.

Wordsworth was admitted to the College on 6 November 1787, and his subscription in his own hand in the Register of Fellows and Scholars is among the exhibits. From his undergraduate period there is a copy of Martin's *Voyage to St Kilda*, 1753, with his signature (c. 1788) on the title-page. His love for his College, universally known from his famous lines in *The Prelude*, is further attested by the inscription which he wrote in a copy of the four-volume *Poetical Works* of 1832:

To the Coll: of St. John Cambridge. These volumes are presented by the Author as a testimony, though inadequate, of his respect and gratitude. Wm. Wordsworth.

It was a lucky windfall which brought the College in 1919 the first four editions of *Lyrical Ballads*, the gift of Miss Emma Hutchinson, great-niece of the poet. The title-page of the first edition of 1798 has indeed the London and not the exceedingly rare Bristol imprint, but the second edition of 1800 (the first appearance of the famous Preface) is a precious copy, bearing the signature of Mary Hutchinson, the poet's future wife.

Other association items include first editions of *The Excursion*, 1814, presented by the author to Agnes Nicholson, of *Poems, chiefly of Early and Late Years*, 1842, given to Elizabeth Cookson, and a copy of the second edition of *The Prelude*, 1851, which Mary Wordsworth gave to the same recipient. Among exhibited manuscripts are the holograph† of the sonnet "To my Portrait Painted by Pickersgill at Rydal Mount For St John's College Cambridge", and

* Reprinted by kind permission of the author, and of the Editor of the *Cambridge Review*: the article first appeared in the 6 May number.

† Miss Helen Darbishire has since informed us that only the signature is in Wordsworth's hand.

letters to S. T. Coleridge and Robert Southey, the latter given by a devoted benefactor of the library, the late H. P. W. Gatty, who was also the donor of a book, almost unknown in British collections, the first American edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, published at Philadelphia in two volumes in 1802. Among several relics of the poet must be mentioned the striking life-mask executed by B. R. Haydon.

In the ranks of the printed books three great rarities are missing, *An Evening Walk*, *Descriptive Sketches*, and the Bristol *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798. The first and last of these were kindly lent by Lord Rothschild for the opening of the exhibition: they have now crossed the river again to their fire-proof safe at Merton Hall. The filling of these gaps will set the librarian a pleasant exercise in bibliophily. In the meantime he may with reason be proud of the resources already at his command to honour the memory of the greatest Johnian.

A. N. L. MUNBY

NOW IN SJC.

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE IN WORDSWORTH'S TIME

THE COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS, WORDSWORTH'S
FRIENDS, AND SOME OTHER MATTERS

THE Editors have asked me to supplement a little the account of the College in Wordsworth's time which I gave in my address and I am adding therefore notes on several matters to which only brief reference could be made at the time.

College Examinations

In the College archives is a volume containing copies of almost all the Examiners' reports on the College examinations from 1770 to 1833. The examinations took place in December and June, and were held in the Hall. Dr Powell had made it a rule to be present himself; Chevallier apparently did not, as Wordsworth says in his *Memoirs* that he had never seen him except walking in the College grounds. Some part of the examination in early days was evidently oral; in a report of 1772 we read Atley might have deserved a prize, "if he had spoke louder, as much of his answers as could be heard was very good". Printed question papers from the date 1810 are preserved in the College Library.

In the reports the candidates are arranged in three classes. Only those candidates who took the whole examination are classed, but comments on the work of other candidates are sometimes included. Within each class the men were arranged "according to their order on the boards". From the nature of the reports it seems clear that they were put up on the College screens, together with the notice of the subjects for the next examination. Exhibitions and prizes were awarded to those who did well in both examinations of the year, and penalties were threatened and occasionally inflicted on those whose conduct and work had been particularly unsatisfactory. Prizes were also awarded for regular attendance in Chapel, but in 1785 this was changed to "the best readers of the lessons in the Chapel". The Fellow Commoners were required to take the examination: their names appear in the reports with the prefix "Mr". Prizes were also regularly awarded for the greatest number of good themes. Under a College order of 1775 all men were required to give in at least four themes a term to the Rhetoric lecturer.

At the end of the report for June 1782 the subjects for the academical year 1782-3 are given as follows:

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Subjects for next Exam.

3rd year	Hyd & Opt Butler Mounteney
2	6 B. Eucl 1 Vol Rutherford 8. 10. 13 Sat Juv
1st	1 B. Hor. Ep. Life of Agesil. Beausobre

For June 1783

Pl & Phys Ast St. Matthew 2nd Philippic of Cicero Mech ^s Locke Antigone 1st & 3rd Eucl. Algebra Logic Agricola
--

The set books were changed from year to year, but the subjects and scope of the examination seem to have remained the same, and this notice gives a fair view of the work on which the men were engaged during their three years' preparation for the University examination.

A work on Christian Apologetics was usually prescribed for the first year. Beausobre appears to be: *An Introduction to the Reading of the Holy Scriptures intended chiefly for young students in Divinity*. By Messrs Beausobre and L'Enfant, Cambridge, 1779.

With this, in most years, was included three *Sermons on the Evidences of the Gospel* by Dr Doddridge, Northampton, 1770, later published as the *Evidences of Christianity* and long used.

In the examinations which Wordsworth took, or should have taken, we note that in December 1787 the Greek text set was the last book of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Twenty of the first-year men appear in the first class, including Wordsworth and his friends—Jones, Myers and Terrot; in the second class, there are fifteen; in the third class, seven. This was the examination in which Castlereagh was top of the second year.

In June 1788 the prescribed author is Latin, Tacitus, *de mor. Germ.* Fourteen of the first-year men are in the first class, including Myers; four in the second, including Wordsworth; twelve in the third, including Jones.

In his second-year examinations, for December 1788, the set book was *Oedipus Coloneus*. The report shows ten men, including Myers, in the first class; five, including Terrot, in the second; and three in the third, and continues: "Of those who did not go through the whole of the examination and yet had considerable merit are Wordsworth. . . ." Ten men seem to have taken only part of the examination.

In the June examination (1789) thirteen of the second-year men were in the first class and three were "next but little inferior". "The 3rd class is composed of Myers, Moore and Terrot, the two

last of whom are equal. Gill distinguished himself at the examination in Locke, and Jones and Wordsworth in the Classic." The set book was Livy XXI.

The neglect by some of the men to prepare themselves for the examination seems to have brought matters to a head this year, for the report ends: "The behaviour of those who declared they had not attended to the subjects of the examination is considered by the Master and Examiners as highly improper and will in future render them liable to be degraded to the year before them." This was acted on in June 1791 when five men, "having shown and avowed their ignorance of Mechanics", were degraded to the year below them and "unless they pay attention to all the subjects, their terms will not be granted".

In December (1789) the Classic was Mounteney, presumably Mounteney's *Demosthenes de Corona*. But Wordsworth's name does not appear in the report. Terrot was among those near to the first class. Myers and Jones "distinguished themselves in the Classic", and Gill in Butler. The Butler usually set was the *Analogy*. Nothing indicates the cause of Wordsworth's absence, though it is noteworthy that many reports contain a reference to men missing the whole or part of the examination or not doing well in it owing to illness.

In Wordsworth's last examination, June 1790, eight of his year came out in the first class, four in the second, and two in the third. "Gawthrop, Stephenson, E. Courthope, Jones, Moore, Myers, Wordsworth and Hughes are mentioned in the order in which they stand on the boards and had considerable merit in the subjects which they undertook." Probably Wordsworth took the Classical subject—3, 10, 15 *Sat.*, Juvenal.

Men did not take an examination in the Michaelmas term of their fourth year nor were they required to give in themes. In that term and in the preceding Long Vacation those who wished to do well in the University examinations were working strenuously for these. Wordsworth had abandoned that idea and spent the Long Vacation on the continent, not returning to Cambridge until late in the term. The reports confirm his own account of his reading in *The Prelude* and in his letters. He could distinguish himself in work in which he was interested but did not attempt to excel in the general curriculum. "I did not", he wrote to Miss Taylor in 1801, "as I in some respects greatly regret, devote myself to the studies of the University." (*Early Letters*, ed. de Selincourt, no. 120.)

Wordsworth's Cambridge Friends and Schoolfellows

On his arrival in Cambridge Wordsworth was greeted by his school friends:

Some Friends I had, acquaintances who there
Seem'd Friends, poor simple schoolboys, now hung round
With honour and importance.*

Some of these were doubtless schoolfellows from Hawkshead—senior men, for they were "hung round with honour and importance". Among them was Charles Farish, who went up to Trinity as a sizar in 1784 and migrated to Queens'. He was fifteenth wrangler in 1788, became a Fellow of his College and entered the Church. In a note to an early poem Wordsworth refers to a line as "from a short MS. poem read to me when an undergraduate, by my schoolfellow and friend, Charles Farish. . . . The verses were by a brother of his. . . . † At St John's was John Fleming of Rayrigg, son of the Rev. William Raincock of Cumberland, the boy with whom he used to walk round the lake at Esthwaite in the morning before school hours, "repeating favourite verses with one voice", ‡ who had come up in 1785. Fleming was his father's eldest son and changed his name on succeeding to an uncle's estates. He was fifth wrangler in 1789, took Orders and became Rector of Bootle in Cumberland. Of their early friendship Wordsworth wrote in 1805, "we live as if those hours had never been". § Of the Hawkshead boys who came up in 1786, William Penny was at St John's. He entered as a pensioner on Frewen's side, became a scholar and was later ordained. Edward Joseph Birkett was at Christ's. He graduated in 1790; he may have been the occupant of Milton's rooms on whom Wordsworth called on a memorable occasion. || William Raincock, Fleming's brother, of Pembroke, was second wrangler in 1790 and became a Fellow of his College. In the art of making a musical instrument of his fingers, Wordsworth said that "William Raincock of Rayrigg, a fine-spirited lad, took the lead of all my schoolfellows". ¶

Of his own year from Hawkshead were Thomas Holden Gawthrop of St John's and Robert Hodgson Greenwood of Trinity. According to custom at the school, boys who were leaving made a present of books to the School library. Greenwood, Wordsworth, John Miller and Gawthrop joined to present Gillies's *History of Greece* and Hoole's *Tasso's Jerusalem*. ** Gawthrop was Lupton Fellow at St John's

* *Prelude* (1805), II, ll. 17–19.

† A. B. Grosart, *The Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, III, p. 11.

‡ *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, I, 40. § *Prelude*, II, ll. 358.

|| *Prelude*, III, ll. 295, "my class-fellow at School".

¶ *Prelude* (ed. de Selincourt), Notes, p. 531.

** See *The Eagle*, no. 105, for an article on the Library at Hawkshead Grammar School by Canon A. Earle.

(though his name does not appear in the Tripos lists) and became in due course a Senior Fellow and Steward of the College. In 1815 the College presented him to the living of Marston Morteyne. Greenwood, at school, was "the minstrel of our troop" in the boating excursions on Windermere, who "blew his flute alone upon the rock".* He was admitted a sizar at Trinity, was sixteenth wrangler and was elected a Fellow of the College in 1792. His disposition was perhaps not much changed. Wordsworth writes of him to Matthews (August 1791), "He seems to me to have much of Yorick in his disposition; at least Yorick, if I am not mistaken, had a deal of the male mad-cap in him, but G. out mad-caps him quite".† In March 1835 Wordsworth was staying with his brother at Trinity Lodge and writing to Robert Jones mentions "Greenwood, my old school-fellow—he is still here residing as Senior Fellow—he looks pretty well, but complains of many infirmities".‡

Junior to Wordsworth from his old school were Thomas Holme Maude and Thomas Jack who came up to St John's in 1788. Maude was a junior optime in 1792, but became Ashton Fellow of the College in 1795 and was afterwards a banker in Kendal. Jack was fourth wrangler in 1792 and Simpson Fellow in 1804. He succeeded Wordsworth's uncle as rector at Forncliff. Other Hawkshead boys of that year were Rudd of Trinity, tenth wrangler, and later a Fellow of his College, and Balderston (St Catharine's) and Chambre (Peterhouse), junior optimes; of 1789 were Thomas Harrison of Queens', senior wrangler in 1793, and Sykes of Sidney Sussex, tenth wrangler; of 1790, Thomas Younge of Trinity, twelfth wrangler. All three became Fellows of their Colleges. Harrison went to the Bar and was a keen supporter of the anti-Slave Trade movement. Younge became a tutor of Trinity.

The Hawkshead boys were an able lot. They came up well prepared for their University work and many of them did well. For a Hawkshead boy of his ability, Wordsworth's Cambridge career was an exceptional one.

Of his schoolfellows, Fleming and Raincock seem to have been his closest friends, though some of the others are referred to in his correspondence. Other friendships were made at Cambridge, both at St John's and other colleges. Writing to Montagu in 1844, he says: "My intimate associates of my own College are all gone long since. Myers, my cousin, Terrot, Jones, my fellow-traveller, Fleming and his brother, Raincock of Pembroke, Bishop Middleton of the same College—it has pleased God that I should survive them all." §

* *Prelude*, II, ll. 174–6. *Memoirs*, I, 41.

† *The Early Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth* (ed. de Selincourt), no. 15.

‡ *Letters* (ed. de Selincourt), no. 1106.

§ *Letters* (ed. de Selincourt), no. 1546.

Of John Myers, the son of his father's sister Ann, who came up from Sedbergh and was admitted a sizar under Frewen, we have already spoken.

William Terrot of Berwick-on-Tweed, to whom he always refers affectionately, was the son of Captain Charles Terrot of the Invalids, of French descent. Terrot came out in the senior optimes in the Mathematical Tripos of 1791, was ordained and became a chaplain in the Royal Navy and was for some time Master of the Greenwich Hospital School.

Robert Jones, though he did not take an Honours degree, was elected in 1791 to one of the Welsh Fellowships at St John's. He was ordained and was later presented by the College to the living of Souldern in Oxfordshire. To him Wordsworth dedicated his *Descriptive Sketches* in 1793. Jones looked back on their famous journey as "the golden and sunny spot in his life", so Dorothy wrote to Mrs Clarkson in 1831: "It would delight you to hear the pair talk of their adventures. My Brother, active, lively and almost as strong as ever on a mountain top; Jones, fat and roundabout and rosy, and puffing and panting while he climbs the little hill from the road to our house."*

Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, of Pembroke, was from Christ's Hospital, a Grecian and schoolfellow of Coleridge and Lamb. He graduated senior optime in 1792, was ordained, and in 1814 became the first Bishop of Calcutta.

Two other Cambridge men who were his contemporaries and became lifelong friends of his were Basil Montagu of Christ's College, sixth wrangler in 1790, and Francis Wrangham of Magdalene and Trinity Hall, third wrangler in 1790 and First Chancellor's medallist. They shared his revolutionary views, but like him moderated their opinions with advancing years. It is possible that they may have met in their undergraduate days. In writing to Wrangham in 1835† Wordsworth refers to the death of "Rudd of Trinity, Fleming just gone", as if both had known them. But the men with whom he was in touch and correspondence in the years immediately after he went down were Matthews, Jones, Terrot, Myers and Raincock. Matthews went to the West Indies about 1800 to practise law and died there; Myers died in 1821, Terrot in 1832, Robert Jones in 1835.

[NOTE. Most of the particulars about the Johnians in this Note are taken from Sir Robert Scott's brief biographies in his *Admissions*, Part IV. Other sources are the *Historical Register* and *Alumni Cantabrigienses*.]

* *Letters* (ed. de Selincourt), no. 982.

† *Ibid.* no. 1099.

The Admonition Book

The Admonition Book records offences against College rules and the penalties inflicted, but the record ends just before Wordsworth's time. In Dr Powell's active decade, thirty-three men were formally admonished for one offence or another. Chevallier recorded only one case and with that the book ends. The last entries are as follows:

Nov. 25, 1780. I, William Cosens, was admonished by the Master before the Seniors, for going out of College while I had an Aegrotat, and refusing to do the punishment set me by my Tutor.

Witness J. C.

Decr. 13, 1780. I, William Cosens, was admonished by the Master before the Seniors, for not complying with the Punishment imposed upon me by the Master and Seniors.

J. C.

It is unlikely that breaches of discipline ceased in 1780, indeed Wordsworth himself makes clear that they were sometimes flagrant. What probably happened was that the Master, Chevallier, whose health was failing, ceased to deal with these matters, and as the Master kept the book, no record of them was made and the Admonition Book fell into disuse.

The Seniority

The senior Fellows in 1787 included Sir Isaac Pennington, at the time Professor of Chemistry, and later Regius Professor of Physic; Thomas Gisborne, who became President of the College of Physicians in 1791 and Physician in Ordinary to the King; William Craven, Professor of Arabic, who succeeded Chevallier as Master; John Mainwaring, Lady Margaret Professor in 1788; and William Pearce, the Senior Tutor and Public Orator, who was elected Master of Jesus in 1789 and was twice Vice-Chancellor.

Admissions in the years 1785-1790

	1784-5	1785-6	1786-7	1787-8	1788-9	1789-90	Totals
Noblemen	1	2	—	1	2	—	6
Fellow Commoners	5	4	10	4	9	6	38
Pensioners	29	29	31	32	32	27	180
Sizars	15	12	15	7	8	10	67
*Oxonians	4	1	2	—	—	1	8
M.A. of Gonville and Caius	—	—	—	—	—	1	1
Totals	54	48	58	44	51	45	300

* "It will be observed that a fair number of Bachelors of Arts of Oxford were admitted to the College and graduated as Masters of Arts of Cambridge. Their object was to qualify for holding benefices in plurality by dispensation". (Sir R. F. Scott, *Admissions*, iv, preface, p. ix.)

E. A. B.

WORDSWORTH'S ASH TREE

The Prelude, Book vi, ll. 66-94.

WHERE in "our Groves and tributary walks"* was Wordsworth's ash tree? *The Prelude* does not record its position. Nor does Dorothy Wordsworth, who saw the tree when she visited Cambridge some nineteen years after her brother had gone down from St John's. In a letter to Lady Beaumont, dated 14 August in the year 1810, she wrote: "We walked in the groves all the morning, and visited the Colleges. I sought out a favourite ash-tree, which my brother speaks of in his poem on his own life—a tree covered with ivy".† On the same day she wrote to William himself and to Sara Hutchinson: "I was charmed with the walks, found out William's ashtree; the fine willow is dying..."‡

Ash trees are not characteristic of the Backs,§ and there is no reason to suppose that they were ever numerous in the College grounds. The characteristic trees in the grounds of St John's since the seventeenth century have been elms, and they were perhaps at their finest when Wordsworth was an undergraduate—

Lofty Elms,

Inviting shades of opportune recess,
Did give composure to a neighbourhood
Unpeaceful in itself.

They grew beside St John's Ditch (where the New Court now stands), along the Broad Walk, and round the meadow||—an arrangement already shown in David Loggan's view and plan of 1688. Some of the elms that Wordsworth knew had certainly been planted in the seventeenth century,¶ and two of those ancient trees survived until the great storm of 14 October 1881, when the last of the "Seven Sisters", which grew in the meadow, to the east of the Fellows'

* Quotations from *The Prelude* are from the text of 1805.

† *The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: the Middle Years*, arranged and edited by Ernest de Selincourt, 1937, vol. 1, 1806-June 1811, p. 388.

‡ Ibid. p. 392.

§ It is, however, interesting to note that seventy-two ash trees were planted in the grounds of Queens' College in 1630 (Willis and Clark, *Architectural History*, vol. II, p. 57).

|| Cf. G. Dyer, *History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge*, 1814, vol. II, p. 266: "...so, passing over yon elegant stone bridge, you may be pleased, in ranging down those winding walks, which so agreeably skirt the Cam, or those straight walks, adorned with lofty elms, conducting to the Fellows' garden."

¶ Willis and Clark, *Architectural History*, vol. II, pp. 322f.

Garden, were blown down.* No doubt some of the elms beside St John's Ditch and along the Broad Walk that were cut down when the New Court was built dated from the same period.

Wordsworth's ash tree, in contrast with the lines of elms, was "a single tree"—

A single Tree

There was, no doubt yet standing there, an Ash
With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreath'd;
Up from the ground and almost to the top
The trunk and master branches everywhere
Were green with ivy.

Any record of an ash in the grounds at that date is therefore of interest. By chance, there is evidence of an ash tree in the grounds of St John's in 1805, fourteen years after William left Cambridge and five years before Dorothy's visit, and its position can be located within narrow limits.

The Inclosure Award for the parish of St Giles, dated 14 May 1805, contains a precise description of the parish boundary. The boundary runs up the centre of the Bin Brook from a point near the south-west corner of the present Benson Court of Magdalene College as far as the point where the brook is joined by the ditch that forms the eastern boundary of the Fellows' Garden, some twenty-five yards to the north of the present iron bridge. At the latter point the boundary leaves the brook and runs south, crossing the walk just to the west of the iron bridge, enters the Fellows' Garden near the present iron gate, continues in a straight line through the eastern part of the Garden, and then runs up the ditch that forms the western boundary of Trinity College meadow. It should be noted that in Wordsworth's time the Bin Brook, which to-day is carried through a culvert from the north-west corner of the Fellows' Garden, under the walk, and as far as the point, north of the iron bridge, where it is joined by the ditch that bounds the Garden on the east, was an open stream and formed the northern boundary of this part of the College property. The present College orchard, north of the walk that leads to Queen's Road, still belonged to Merton College, Oxford, from which it was obtained by exchange under the Inclosure Award in 1805. The end of the present culvert marks the junction of the brook and the ditch referred to above, and thus the point at which the parish boundary leaves the brook and runs southwards

* J. W. Clark, "Our Old Trees" in *The Cambridge Review*, no. 52 (26 October 1881); T. McKenny Hughes in *Cambridge Antiquarian Society Proceedings*, vol. v, 1880-4, pp. xxxix-xli; "Our College Grounds" in *The Eagle*, no. LXVI (January 1882), pp. 46-51. A section of the trunk of one of these last survivors of the "Seven Sisters" is preserved in the museum of the Botany School.

across the walk. It should also be noted that, until the New Court was begun in 1827, the Bin Brook and the river were connected by a ditch, called St John's Ditch, which formed the southern boundary of the Pond Yard or Fishponds Close. This ditch left the brook at a point west of the New Court, approximately opposite the present northern boundary of the orchard, ran across the site now occupied by the New Court, and joined the river a little to the north of the present New Court bridge. The Inclosure Award, in tracing the parish boundary, mentions three boundary marks in the College grounds. One of these was "an Ash Tree marked with a Cross in Saint John's College Walks by the side of the said Brook",* viz. the Bin Brook. It is clear from the context that this ash tree grew by the brook either at some point between the junction of the brook with St John's Ditch and its junction with the ditch that forms the eastern boundary of the Fellows' Garden (a distance of not more than fifty yards) or just to the north of the present iron bridge in the sharp angle then formed by the open brook and the latter ditch. The latter position is perhaps probable, since the tree would then have indicated the point at which the parish boundary leaves the brook to run southwards across the walk, and this would account for the cross, or boundary mark, cut in its trunk. It was in any case on the right bank of the brook, since it was in St John's College walks.

The area of the present College orchard, north of the walk leading to Queen's Road, is described in the Award as at that time "part of a Garden or Orchard belonging to the Warden and Scholars of Merton College" and, as such, probably did not contain many trees of great height. Thus, as seen from the College walks, the ash tree may have stood clear against the western sky; and, as carrying a boundary mark, it was probably a well-established tree of some size.

It cannot, of course, be proved that this was the ash of which Wordsworth wrote

Oft have I stood
Foot-bound, uplooking at this lovely Tree
Beneath a frosty moon.

Yet may it not be that the three Commissioners† appointed under the Act of 42 George III for the Inclosure of the Parish of St Giles,

* The description of the boundary, so far as it relates to the College grounds, is quoted in full in *The Eagle*, no. 235 (August 1949), p. 155, where the relevant portion of the Plan of the Parish of St Giles (dated 1804) made on the Inclosure is also reproduced (p. 149).

† One of the Commissioners was William Custance, of Cambridge, surveyor and builder, author of *A New Plan of the University and Town of Cambridge to the Present Year, 1798*, the map which best represents the Cambridge that Wordsworth knew.

by their meticulous description of their perambulation of the parish boundary, unwittingly provided the only enduring record of the spot at which his ash tree grew?

It is interesting to notice that ash trees still grow in the same region. One grows on the left bank of the Bin Brook a little to the south of the northern boundary of the orchard; another at a point in the orchard which was on the left bank of the brook when the brook was an open stream. A third, the largest of the three, grew between these two, also on what was formerly the brook's left bank. This third tree died in the summer of 1949 and was cut down in March 1950. Its rings showed it to have been about 165 years old. Wordsworth may therefore have known it as a small sapling. These three trees may have been planted deliberately along the brook. Yet is it not also just possible that they struck root there by chance, from seeds

That hung in yellow tassels and festoons
upon a tree now vanished but immortal?

J. S. B. S.

WORDSWORTH PORTRAITS: A BIOGRAPHICAL CATALOGUE*

1 *Painting by WILLIAM SHUTER, 1798.*

Dorothy Wordsworth wrote in her Alfoxden journal for 6 May 1798: "Expected the painter and Coleridge." Soon after, Coleridge, writing to Joseph Cottle about the printing of *Lyrical Ballads*, remarked: "The picture shall be sent." When Cottle published the letter, he added a footnote to Coleridge's bare statement: "A portrait of Mr Wordsworth, correctly and beautifully executed, by an artist then at Stowey; now in my possession." The artist's conception of Wordsworth agrees marvellously with Hazlitt's description of him when he visited Alfoxden in 1798:

There is a severe, worn presence of thought about the temples, a fire in his eye (as if he saw something in objects more than outward appearance), an intense, high, narrow forehead, a Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face.

Professor de Selincourt considered this the earliest known portrait, but it could not have been taken more than a few months before Hancock's (No. 2), because the subject left for Germany in September 1798. William Shuter exhibited paintings at the Royal Academy from 1771 to 1791. At that time his speciality was fruit.

Three-quarter face turned to the left, half-length, left hand thrust into waistcoat (characteristic). The original is in Cornell University Library. There is a photogravure of it by Hanfstaengl in St John's College Library, and an engraving of it appears in de Selincourt's edition of the journals of Dorothy Wordsworth. (*Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth*, ed. de Selincourt, 1941, p. 16 and n.; Joseph Cottle, *Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey*, 1847, p. 180; P. P. Howe, *William Hazlitt*, Penguin, 1948, p. 65; Graves, *Dictionary of Artists*..., 1901, article on Shuter; Broughton, *The Wordsworth Collection... given to Cornell University... a Catalogue*, 1931, p. 112.)

2 *Pencil and chalk drawing by ROBERT HANCOCK, 1798.*

Executed for Joseph Cottle, who also commissioned the Hancock portraits of Coleridge, Southey and Lamb. Of this portrait he said: "An undoubted likeness, universally acknowledged to be so at the time." In 1836, Crabb Robinson visited Cottle at Bristol, saw the pictures, noted in his diary that "Wordsworth resembles E. Lytton Bulwer more than himself now", and wrote to Wordsworth: "You have taken abundant care to let the world know that you did not

* The author and the editors gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Miss Helen Darbishire in the preparation of this article.



[Reproduced by permission of the National Portrait Gallery]

PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH IN PENCIL AND CHALK

BY R. HANCOCK

No. 2

marry Mrs W: for her beauty. Now this picture will justify the inference that she too had a higher motive for her acceptance of you..." When the good Mrs W. wrote to Robinson during that same year, she recalled a time "7 or 8 years ago" when the family "were favoured with a sight of the Portraits—to the best of my recollection we were most pleased with that of Southey... Dora said that of her Father's reminded her of her Brother John." In his life of Wordsworth Professor Harper gave the date of this portrait as "about 1796", and the article on Hancock in *D.N.B.* dates the whole group "about 1796". In Cottle's *Reminiscences*, however, there are engravings of each of the four with the dates underneath; Wordsworth and Lamb are dated 1798; Coleridge and Southey, 1796. Hancock was a Bristol artist.

See plate facing p. 113. The original, with the flesh tinted by red crayon is in the National Portrait Gallery. (Joseph Cottle, *Early Recollections chiefly relating to Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 1837, pp. xxxii, 250; *Correspondence of Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle*, ed. Morley, 1927, pp. 316, 323; Basil Long, *British Miniaturists working between 1520 and 1860*, 1924; *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, pp. 403-4; *Catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery*, 1950.)

3 *Painting by WILLIAM HAZLITT, 1803.*

Hazlitt intended this painting for Sir George Beaumont. Coleridge wrote to Southey on 1 August 1803, "Young Hazlitt has taken masterly portraits of me and Wordsworth", and two days later he wrote Wordsworth:

Mrs Wilkinson *swears* that your portrait is 20 years too old for you—and mine equally too old, and too lank—every single person without one exception cries out! What a likeness! but the face is too long! You have a round face! Hazlitt knows this; but he will not alter it. Why? because the likeness with him is a secondary consideration—he wants it to be a fine Picture. Hartley knew yours instantly—and Derwent too, but Hartley said—it is very like; but Wordsworth is far handsomer... The true defects of it as a likeness are that the eyes are *too open and full*—and there is a heaviness given to the forehead from the parting the Hair so greasily and pomatumish—there should have been a few straggling hairs left.

Writing to Tom Wedgewood on 16 September, Coleridge praised Hazlitt as a "thinking, observant, original man, of great power as a Painter of Character Portraits, and far more in the manner of the old Painters, than any living artist, but the objects must be *before* him; he has no imaginative memory". A few weeks later he wrote to Sir George Beaumont, and referred to the pictures in passing: "We have not heard of or from Hazlitt. He is at Manchester, we

suppose, and has both portraits with him." Southey passed on the news of the portraits to his artist friend, Richard Duppa, in a letter of 6 December: "[Hazlitt] has made a very fine picture of Coleridge for Sir George Beaumont...; he has also painted Wordsworth, but so dismally... that one of his friends, on seeing it, exclaimed 'At the gallows—deeply affected by his deserved fate—yet determined to die like a man.'" Thirty years later, in a letter to Hazlitt's son, Wordsworth recollected seeing Hazlitt in "the year 1803 or 1804, when he passed some time in this neighbourhood. He was then practising portrait-painting with professional views. At his desire I sat to him, but as he did not satisfy himself or my friends, the unfinished work was destroyed." If one of the two portraits Hazlitt had with him at Manchester was his portrait of Wordsworth, it is quite possible that the ageing poet's memory erred, and that the portrait remains somewhere intact but unrecognized.

(*Unpublished Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. Griggs, 1932, vol. I, pp. 265 and n., 267-8; Knight, *Memorials of Coleorton*, 1887, vol. I, pp. 24-5; *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, ed. C. C. Southey, 1850, vol. II, p. 238; P. P. Howe, *Life of William Hazlitt*, Penguin, 1949, pp. 93 and n., 430.)

4 *Carnation-tinted pencil drawing by HENRY EDRIDGE, 1805.*

In 1804 Edridge made his first acquaintance with the Wordsworths. "We have seen a Mr Edridge who talked with us about you—he seems a very pleasing man...", Dorothy wrote to Lady Beaumont in October of that year. Edridge also impressed her brother as "a man of very mild and pleasing manners, and as far as I could judge, of delicate feelings, in the province of his Art". This statement is part of a letter written to Sir George Beaumont on Christmas Day of 1804, but it makes no mention of a portrait. Edridge must have completed it by March 1805 when Sir George wrote to Wordsworth: "I admire him both as a man and an artist, and wish he had drawn all your portraits when he was at Grasmere." When Edridge was taking his likeness, the poet was hard at work finishing *The Prelude*. Professor de Selincourt called it "the only known portrait of the poet in his prime", and it appears in several of his editions of Wordsworth. Edridge was a miniature painter, a good friend of the Beaumonts, who became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1820.

Three-quarter face turned to the left, quarter-length. In the lower left-hand corner is written almost illegibly "H.E.: 18[05?]" The drawing is used as the frontispiece of de Selincourt's edition of *The Prelude*. The original is in the possession of Mrs Rawnsley, Allan Bank, Grasmere. (*Prelude*, ed. de Selincourt, 1926, p. viii and n.; *Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Early Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1935, pp. 418 and n., 424.)

5 *Life mask* by BENJAMIN HAYDON, 1815.

Haydon was a painter of grand historical subjects who was never contented to attempt anything less than a masterpiece. He usually took four or five years to complete a canvas. In order to secure models which could be studied at length he used to make sketches and take casts of whatever he thought might be of value, whether it was a figure from the Elgin Marbles, or the body of a negro he saw passing in the street. When Wordsworth made one of his occasional visits to London in April 1815, Haydon must have seized the opportunity of adding the poet's face to his collection. "I had a cast made yesterday of Wordsworth's face", he writes in his journal for 15 April. "He bore it like a philosopher." Haydon's paintings caused a sensation in his own time, but he is now known chiefly for his passionate defence of the worth and antiquity of the Elgin Marbles, his fascinating autobiography, and his dependence on the generosity of his friends, notably Keats, to help him meet the enormous expenses of "High Art", as he always called it. When Haydon's vogue ran out along with the patience of his creditors he tried to make a living by portraiture, but he painted too honestly for that. He shot himself in 1846.

The manner in which one of the several known casts of Haydon's mask came into the possession of St John's College is recorded in Council Minute 1022/7, dated 19 April 1918:

Gift to the College

The Master reported that Mrs Butler had offered to the College a death mask of Wordsworth found among the effects of the late Master of Trinity [H. M. Butler, *ob.* 1918], and that he had provisionally accepted it. It was agreed to approve the action of the Master and to ask him to convey the thanks of the College to Mrs Butler.

Correspondence between Mr Previt  Orton, then Librarian of St John's, and the National Portrait Gallery established that Mrs Butler's gift to the College was a cast from the same mould as the Gallery's cast of Haydon's *life* mask of 1815. Presumably the cast was left in Trinity Master's Lodge by the poet's brother Christopher, who was Master of that College from 1820 to 1841.

See a hitherto unpublished photograph of the cast now in St John's Library, the frontispiece. A photograph of the cast in the National Portrait Gallery appears as the frontispiece to Herbert Read's *Wordsworth*. There is a cast in the Ashmolean Museum, and another in the Wordsworth Museum, Grasmere. (*Life of B. R. Haydon*, ed. Tom Taylor, 1853, vol. 1, p. 297; *Catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery*, 1949; *Catalogue of Oxford Portraits*, 1912, p. 206; *Catalogue of Dove Cottage*, 1947, p. 33.)

6 *Paper profile* by SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, 1815.

Executed for Benjamin Haydon. The relationship between Wordsworth and Haydon seems to have grown during this year to one of mutual respect and admiration, and Haydon became increasingly enamoured with the idea of painting a masterpiece in which the poet Wordsworth would figure as a subject. Evidently he found he needed more to work from than half of the head in plaster, and desired to have a bust made. In order to accomplish this project he asked Wordsworth to supply him with supplementary facts about the shape of his head. Wordsworth answered (12 September 1815):

Agreeable to your request, (for which I am much obliged to you, and to your friend for his offer of undertaking the Bust) I forwarded to you from Rydale Mount a few days ago the dimensions of my pericranium, taken by the hand of Sir George Beaumont—He is entitled to our common thanks for he exerted not a little upon the occasion; and I hope the performance will answer your purpose. Sir George begged me say that the hair on that part of the skull where the crown is, is thin; so that a little of the skull appears bald; and Sir George thinks that a similar baldness might have a good effect in the bust. I should have sent the drawing immediately on Receipt of your Letter, but I had nobody near who could execute it.

It is reasonable to suppose that some of the pericranial statistics Haydon wanted were given by Sir George's profile, which was life-size. Haydon wrote on the bottom of it: "Wordsworth, a profile sketched and cut out by Sir George Beaumont, when I was going to have a bust of him." Haydon, I take it, does not mean that he *went* anywhere to model a bust, but that he once *intended* to take one, or have it taken. No such bust is known to have existed, and probably it never was made. Haydon, nevertheless, was pleased to have Sir George's work, and Wordsworth wrote to assure him that Sir George and Lady B., his wife and his sister thought it resembled him much, "but Mrs W. is sure that the upper part of the forehead does not project as much as mine".

About this time Wordsworth began to look upon Haydon as a kindred spirit, a fellow practitioner of "High Art". Haydon, for his part, was writing in his journal: "He is a great being and will hereafter be ranked as one who had a portion of the spirit of the mighty ones. . . ." And in December 1815 Wordsworth was inspired to address a sonnet to Haydon, beginning

High is our calling, Friend! Creative Art,
(Whether the instrument of words she use
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues),
Demands the service of a mind and heart
... heroically fashioned.

When he received the letter containing this and two other sonnets, Haydon said characteristically: "Up I went into the clouds."

Sir George Beaumont was a patron of poets and painters who dabbled in both arts himself. He was one of the four founders of the National Gallery.

In 1889 the profile was in the possession of a Mr Stephen Pearce, Cavendish Square, who bought it at a sale of Haydon's effects in 1852. (*Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, p. 428; *Life of Haydon*, ed. Tom Taylor, 1853, vol. 1, pp. 297, 325; *Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Middle Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1937, pp. 679-80, 681; *D.N.B.* article on Sir George Beaumont.)

7 *Portrait of Wordsworth in "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem"* by BENJAMIN HAYDON, 1817.

After toiling for six years over this painting, Haydon finished it in 1820, but it is evident that Wordsworth was painted in as an onlooker at *Christ's Entry* some time before the end of 1817. Wordsworth took a great interest in the progress of the work long before he became so intimately connected with it, as his letters to Haydon testify. "I hope Christ's entry into Jerusalem goes on to your satisfaction", he wrote in September 1815: "I cannot doubt but that Picture will do you huge credit; and raise the Reputation of Art in this Country." Early in 1816 the poet wrote the painter a long letter of advice on how best to interpret the scene. In the same year or early in 1817 Haydon had a brainstorm: "I now put Hazlitt's head into my picture, looking at Christ as an investigator. It had a good effect. I then put Keats in the background, and resolved to introduce Wordsworth bowing in reverence and awe. Wordsworth was highly pleased, and before the close of the season (1817), the picture was three parts done." Besides Hazlitt the investigator, and Wordsworth the worshipper, Haydon had put in Voltaire as a sneerer and Newton as a believer. Hearing of this in January 1817 Wordsworth wrote: "I am sensible of the honour done me by placing my head in such company and heartily congratulate you on the progress which you have made in your picture. . . ."

Wordsworth's bowing head was based on a black chalk drawing on tinted paper which may have been taken as early as 1816; the date depends on whether Wordsworth's letter acknowledges the fact of his image on the canvas, or merely Haydon's intention of putting it there. It is not known how Haydon arranged a sitting for the sketch, there being no record of Wordsworth's presence in London from April 1815 until December 1817, when his presence in the painting was certainly a fact. Haydon may have come to Rydal on an excursion from London he made in 1816, though neither he nor Wordsworth

has left a record of such a visit. Haydon marked the sketch "Wordsworth. For entry into Jerusalem, 1819", but this date must apply to his completion of the whole painting. The sketch was sold at an auction of Haydon's effects in 1852.

Wordsworth's letter of 7 April 1817 shows him a willing collaborator in Haydon's grand undertaking: "I have had a cast taken of one of my hands, with which, I hope, Southey will charge himself [to bring to London]—You expressed a wish for an opportunity to paint them from the life—I hope this substitute may not be wholly useless to you." In December Keats and Wordsworth met for the first time at a dinner given by Haydon, and the painter was overjoyed at his having arranged the historic event:

It was indeed an immortal evening. Wordsworth's fine intonation . . . Keats's eager inspired look, Lamb's quaint sparkle of lambent humour. . . . It was a night worthy of the Elizabethan age, and my solemn Jerusalem flashing up by the flame of the fire, with Christ hanging over us like a vision, all made up a picture which will long glow upon " . . . that inward eye / Which is the bliss of solitude".

When the work was finished in 1820, Wordsworth thought that if he could see it, "it would inspire me with a sonnet". Haydon wanted to hire a hall, to hang it in style, but was sunk too low in debt. In desperation he approached his friends for loans, including Wordsworth. That somewhat cooled the poet's ardour: "It is some time since I have been impelled to lay down a rule, not to lend to a Friend any money which I cannot afford to lose. . . . I hope your Picture is not much hurt by my Presence in it, though heaven knows I feel I have little right to be there." The picture finally was exhibited, however. Mrs Siddons pronounced the Christ "absolutely successful", and Haydon made £1300 from admissions and the sale of leaflets. Still Crabb Robinson was not impressed: "The group of Wordsworth, Newton, and Voltaire is ill-executed. The poet is a forlorn and haggard old man; the philosopher is a sleek, well-dressed citizen of London; and Voltaire is merely an ugly Frenchman."

Wordsworth stands on the right side of the picture, half-length, three-quarter turned to the left, head bowed, hand on breast. Above him is Keats, and behind him are Voltaire and Newton. The painting is now in the Cincinnati, Ohio, Art Museum. A detail photograph showing the group described above appears in Harper, *Wordsworth*, 1929. The sketch for this picture was a head, larger than life, three-quarter turned to the left, bowed. It was in the possession of Mr Stephen Pearce, Cavendish Square, in 1889. (*Life of Haydon*, ed. Tom Taylor, 1853, vol. 1, pp. 239, 371-2, 387, 404 and 410; *Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Middle Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1937, pp. 680, 781, 861, 862; *ibid. Later Years*, 1939, p. 1367; *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, pp. 407-8.)

8 *Painting by* RICHARD CARRUTHERS, 1817.

The artist wrote Thomas Monkhouse that he took a sketch for a portrait in oils at Rydal in the summer of 1817, and completed the painting in November of that year. When Dorothy Wordsworth remarked, "William has sate for his picture", in a letter from Rydal dated 16 October 1817, she must have been referring to Carruthers's painting. She thought it a "charming" picture. Wordsworth characterized the artist in a letter to Francis Chantrey three years later: "I have requested Mr Carruthers who painted a Portrait of me some years ago, to call for a sight of the Bust [No. 11]—He is an amiable young Man whom a favourable opening induced to sacrifice the Pencil for the Pen... of the Counting House which he is successfully driving at Lisbon."

Three-quarter face turned to the left, left hand in waistcoat pocket (characteristic), seated against a tree, background of mountain tops and a fast mountain stream. Now owned by Miss Hutchinson of Grantsfield, Kimbolton, Leominster. Carruthers made a copy which belonged to Mrs Drew, daughter of Thomas Monkhouse, in 1889. (*Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, pp. 405-6; *Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Middle Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1937, pp. 801-2; *Correspondence of Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle*, ed. Morley, 1927, p. 104.)

9 *Pencil and chalk drawing on tinted paper by* BENJAMIN HAYDON, 1818.

Haydon presented this drawing to Wordsworth. The inscription at the foot is still for the most part legible and it reads: "B R Haydon / in respect & affection / 17th Jan'y 18??" The poet has signed it: "Wm Wordsworth/aetat 48 1818." Wordsworth must have been referring to this sketch (there was no other taken during that period) in his letter to Haydon of 16 January 1820: "Your most valuable Drawing arrived, when I was unable to enjoy it as it deserved. . . . Your drawing is much admired as a work of art; some think it a stodgy likeness; but in general it is not deemed so—for my own part I am proud to possess it as a mark of your regard and for its own merits. . . ." Perhaps Haydon used the sketch for touching up his *Christ's Entry*, and presented it to Wordsworth during his financial crisis of 1820. A few weeks after thanking Haydon for the sketch, Wordsworth was putting off his advances for a loan.

The artist has been accused of giving his subject too large a development at the back of the head. This may be so, but his head was enormous, and it had a great bump at the back of it; the poet has recorded his occasional difficulty in finding a hat large enough to fit him. But there seems to have been too much of Haydon in the drawing for the sensibilities of the Wordsworth family. Dorothy



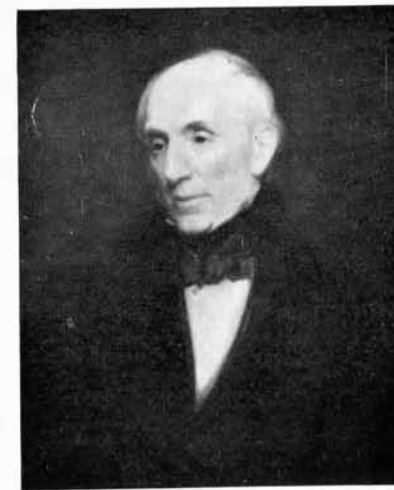
PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH
IN PENCIL AND CHALK
BY B. R. HAYDON
No. 9



PORTRAIT FROM
WORDSWORTH ON HELVELLYN"
BY B. R. HAYDON
No. 23



PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH(?)
BY UNKNOWN ARTIST
No. 34



PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH BY
H. W. PICKERSGILL IN
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
No. 22

[Nos. 9, 22 and 23 are reproduced by permission of the National Portrait Gallery, and No. 34 is kindly supplied by J. W. Nicholas, Esq.,

thought "the sketch by Haydon is a fine drawing, but what a likeness! All that there is of likeness makes it to me the more disagreeable." It has been said that William called it "the brigand".

See reproduction facing p. 120. Head and shoulders, three-quarter turned to the left. The original is now in the National Portrait Gallery. There is an autotype of it in St John's Library. A reproduction of it appears in D. Wellesley, *English Poets in Pictures: Wordsworth*. (*Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Middle Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1937, pp. 860, 861-2; *ibid. Later Years*, p. 557; *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, pp. 409-10; *London Times Literary Supplement*, 28 April 1950, p. 261.)

10 *Pencil drawing by* EDWARD NASH, 1818.

Executed for Southey. This is the handsomest likeness in existence, and it catches an irresistibly pleasant whimsical expression. Wordsworth suffered much in later life from an eye affliction, which made reading and writing very difficult for him. In preparing her book, *The Later Wordsworth*, Miss E. C. Batho consulted an ophthalmologist on the subject, giving him several portraits as evidence. The Nash and Carruthers (No. 8) drawings in particular suggested the disease trachoma, brought to England by troops who had been stationed in Egypt and the West Indies. Nash was a friend and protégé of Southey's who painted several portraits for the Southey family.

Head three-quarter turned to the left, three-quarter length, hand thrust into waistcoat (characteristic), seated, head supported by right arm, elbow resting on a table. Owner (1922): R. Moorson, 12 Old Burlington St, W. A similar drawing was given by Wordsworth to Annette or Caroline Vallon. A reproduction of the portrait appears in Harper, *Wordsworth, his Life, Works, and Influence*, 1916 and 1929 editions. (*Life and Correspondence of Southey*, ed. C. C. Southey, 1850, vol. v, pp. 50-1; Batho, *Later Wordsworth*, 1933, pp. 331-2. Legouis, *William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon*, p. 109.)

11 *Marble bust by* SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, 1820.

Executed for Sir George Beaumont. The first mention of any sittings to Chantrey is in Wordsworth's letter to Coleridge of 8 July 1820: "I regret very much having seen so little of you; but this infirmity and my attendance at Chantry's, for my Bust, and numerous other engagements have stood in my way." An incident during the construction of the bust caused Sir Walter Scott to make a tart remark on Wordsworth's vanity. Chantrey's bust of Scott was to accompany that of Wordsworth to an exhibition at the Royal Academy. "I am happy, my effigy is to go with that of W.", wrote Scott to Chantrey's assistant, Allan Cunningham, in 1820, "for (differing from him in many points of taste) I do not know a man more to be venerated for uprightness of heart and loftiness of genius. Why he will sometimes choose to crawl upon all fours

when God has given him so noble a countenance to lift to heaven I am as little able to account for as for his quarrelling (as you tell me) with the wrinkles which time and meditation have stamped his brow withal." When this slight on his character appeared in Lockhart's *Life of Scott* in 1838, Wordsworth wrote Lockhart:

One more word on the story of the Bust. I have a crow to pick with "honest Allan", he has misled Sir W. by misrepresenting me. I had not a single wrinkle on my forehead at the time when this bust was executed, and therefore none could be represented by the Artist. . . but deep wrinkles I had in my cheeks and the side of my mouth even from my boyhood—and my wife, who was present while the Bust was in progress, and remembered them, from the days of her youth, was naturally wishful to have those peculiarities preserved for the sake of likeness, in all their force. Chantrey objected, saying those lines if given . . . would sacrifice the spirit to the letter, and by attracting undue attention, would greatly injure . . . the resemblances to the living Man. My own knowledge of art led me to the same conclusion . . . this is the plain story, and it is merely told that I may not pass down to posterity as a Man, whose personal vanity urged him to importune a first-rate Artist to tell a lie in marble. . . .

In the National Portrait Gallery is Chantrey's preliminary sketch for the bust, taken with a *camera lucida*, an optical instrument which makes it possible by means of lenses and prisms to cast the image of an object on a flat surface so that it can be traced. The bump on the back of Wordsworth's head is marked by an \times on the profile. Chantrey seems to have traced the head in pencil first, and then to have corrected it in ink, projecting the nose a bit and bringing in the chin. Whether the alterations were made in deference to Art or to the facts it is now impossible to tell.

Whatever its relations to the "living Man", the bust was a huge success with the poet's friends, relations, and admirers. Wordsworth immediately ordered seven casts of it at four guineas each, and wanted to know whether they could be had at a cheaper rate if he ordered fifteen or twenty. In 1834 the family were still acquiring more casts of the bust. Sir George was extremely pleased with the bust he had commissioned, and so extravagant in his praises of it and the artist that Wordsworth hesitated to repeat them to Chantrey, for fear of making him blush. People who had never seen Wordsworth considered it "the idea of a poet". In 1845, at the desire of Wordsworth and Crabb Robinson, an engraving of the bust took the place of an admittedly poor engraving from the Pickersgill painting (No. 14) in Moxon's one-volume edition of the poems. The committee formed to erect a memorial to Wordsworth in 1850 thought first of using the bust by Chantrey.

But Wordsworth from the first expressed dissatisfaction with the likeness, and though Crabb Robinson liked the bust, he admitted that the head was so generalized that it might be anyone: "It might be Pindar! . . . or any other individual characterized by profound thought and exquisite sensibility—but I think too that it is a good likeness—and there is a delicacy and grace in the muscles of the cheek which I do not recollect in the Original—I am not pleased with the drapery." Coleridge's comment was guarded: the bust was "more like Wordsworth than Wordsworth was like himself". And Hazlitt, who was always inclined to be hypercritical where Wordsworth was concerned, said bluntly: "It wants marking traits. . . . The bust flatters his head."

Sir Francis Chantrey was an extremely successful sculptor who made busts of two hundred or more of the celebrities of his day. Besides making busts, he made a profitable marriage, and died worth £150,000.

The original bust was at Coleorton Hall, the estate of the Beaumonts near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, in 1889. Crabb Robinson, Wordsworth's wife, his son John, 'two nephews at Cambridge', and a Mr Kenyon are known to have possessed casts of the bust during the poet's lifetime. Edward Moxon owned a bronze cast of it. Chantrey's model for the bust is now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. (*Correspondence of Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle*, ed. Morley, 1927, pp. 102, 104, 139, 730, 737; *Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, pp. 928-9, 707, 1254-5; *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, pp. 423-4; Lockhart, *Life of Scott*, 1838, vol. v, p. 40; *D.N.B.* article on Chantrey; *Catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery*, 1950; *Catalogue of Oxford Portraits*, 1912, p. 219.)

12 *Painting by SIR WILLIAM BOXALL, 1831.*

The painting was engraved in 1835 by J. Bromley, and again in 1842 by J. Cochran. It must have been a popular portrait, for in 1847 we still find Wordsworth giving away a print of it. He thought the 1842 engraving beautifully done, though as a likeness he preferred the engraving from Miss Gillies's portrait (No. 20), while admitting that the Boxall "had the advantage, at least, in the outline". In 1832 Boxall did a series of female portraits which were engraved, and he asked Wordsworth to suggest a title for them. The poet's brains, he tells us, were "racked in vain for a title", though he was persuaded that Boxall's paintings would "do him much honour". Edward Quillinan thought him "the best painter of abstract female beauty among the artists". Sir William Boxall was a Fellow of the Royal Academy, and became the Director of the National Gallery.

* Also engraved by James Barton Longacre.⁹⁻²
 for Insp. to the Philadelphia edⁿ of W's Poetical
 Wks. 1837 & 1839.

Full-face, half-length. The original belongs to Mrs Dickson at the "Stepping-Stones", Rydal, Ambleside. (*Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, pp. 593 and n., 624, 1304; *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, p. 410; *D.N.B.* article on Boxall.)

13 *Chalk drawing by WILLIAM WILKINS, 1831.*

Wilkins transferred this drawing on to stone to make one of the lithographs in his series *Men of the Day*. On 9 September 1831 Dorothy Wordsworth wrote to Catherine Clarkson: "There is just come out a portrait of my Brother, for which he sat when last in London [early 1831]... I think it is a strong likeness, and so does everyone. Of course, to his family something is wanting; nevertheless I value it much as a likeness of him in company, and something of that restraint with cheerfulness, which is natural to him in mixed societies. There is nothing of the poet..." According to Professor Knight, Wordsworth referred to this portrait as "the stamp distributor".

Nearly life-size. There is a photograph of the chalk drawing at "Dove Cottage", Grasmere. The owner (1889) was Mrs Field, Wargreave, nr Henley. (*Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, pp. 410-11; *Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, p. 568; *Catalogue of the Contents of Dove Cottage*, 1947, pp. 13, 33.)

14 *Pen-and-ink sketch by DANIEL MACLISE, 1831(?).*

Under the name of "Alfred Croquis", MacLise did a series of eighty character portraits of literary men of his time, which were published in *Fraser's Magazine* with a short account of each subject and his work, over the period 1830-8. It is difficult to fix the date of the actual sitting for this portrait. Wordsworth may have sat for it when he was in London in December 1830, or in the spring of 1831 on his way back to Rydal after a stay with his brother Christopher in Sussex. If he did so, it would help to explain a letter of his dated from Rydal, 2 March 1832, in which he referred to "the stupid occupation of sitting to four several artists", when in London "last spring". He must have meant the spring of 1831, and the artists might be Boxall, Wilkins, MacLise, and one not accounted for.

MacLise was a son of a Highlander who became "the greatest historical painter of the English School", to quote the article on him in *D.N.B.* He had a wide acquaintance in literary circles and was a fast friend of Charles Dickens. Of these sketches for *Fraser's Magazine*, some approach good-humoured caricature, some are familiar likenesses, and some are cruel and satiric. The sketch of

Wordsworth falls between the first and second categories. MacLise was famous for his drawing. "His line was somewhat cold and strict, but full of spirit and expression, as elastic and as firm as steel", says *D.N.B.*, and that quality appears to good effect in the sketch of Wordsworth.

Head turned slightly to the right, whole length, seated in a large chair, legs crossed, signature of Wordsworth, and "Author of the Excursion", written underneath. The lithograph from *Fraser's Magazine* in St John's Library is done on a yellow background, but I have seen it on white in a copy of the magazine of the date on which the Wordsworth sketch was printed. (*Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, p. 615; *Fraser's Magazine*, October 1832, vol. vi, p. 313.)

15 *Painting by HENRY WILLIAM PICKERSGILL, 1832.*

Executed for St John's College. In the spring of 1831, returning to Rydal after a sojourn in London and Sussex, Wordsworth stayed for a few days at Trinity Lodge, Cambridge. It was on the eve of election, and he was alarmed to find that "the mathematicians of Trinity—Peacock, Airey, Whewell—were taking what I thought the wrong side". He must also at this time have visited his old College, where no doubt he found the political environment more comfortable. At any rate, by 13 June 1831, St John's had become manifestly aware of her poet's existence, and his sister was writing excitedly: "This very moment a letter arrives, very complimentary, from the Master [James Wood] of St John's College, Cambridge (the place of my brother William's education), requesting him to sit for his portrait to some eminent artist, as he expresses it, 'to be placed in the old House among their Worthies'. He writes in his own name and that of several of the Fellows."

Wordsworth's letters at this time show that he, too, felt tremendously honoured and delighted by his College's proposal to paint his portrait. It was a significant testimonial of the rapidly spreading recognition of his greatness as a poet, and de Quincey must have been thinking of it when he wrote in 1835: "Up to 1820 the name of Wordsworth was trampled under foot; from 1820 to 1830 it was militant; from 1830 to 1835 it was triumphant." Wordsworth wrote immediately to the foremost living expert on matters of art, Samuel Rogers, saying:

Let me, my dear friend, have the benefit of your advice upon a small matter of taste. You know that while I was in London I gave more time than a wise man should have done to Portrait-painters and Sculptors [Boxall (No. 12), Wilkins (No. 13), MacLise (No. 14)?, more bust casts from Chantrey (No. 11)?]—I am now called to the same

duty again. The Master and a numerous body of the Fellows of my own College, St John's Cambridge, have begged me to sit to some Eminent Artist for my Portrait, to be placed among "the Worthies of that House" of Learning, which has so many claims upon my grateful remembrance.—I consider the application no small honor, and as they have courteously left the choice of the Artist to myself I entreat you would let me have the advantage of your judgment.

Had [John] Jackson [R.A., a very famous portrait painter] been living, without troubling you, I should have enquired of himself whether he would undertake the task; but he is just gone, and I am quite at a loss whom to select. Pray give me your opinion. I saw Pickersgill's pictures at his own house, but between ourselves I did not much like them. [Thomas] Phillips [R.A., painter of Blake, Wilkie, Scott, and Humphry Davy, besides many others] has made Coxcombs of all the Poets, save Crabbe, that have come under his hands, and I am rather afraid he might play that trick with me, grey-headed as I am. [William] Owen [R.A., portrait painter to the Prince of Wales] was a manly painter, but there is the same fault with him as the famous Horse one has heard of—he is departed. In fact, the art is low in England, as you know much better than I—don't, however, accuse me of impertinence, but do as I have desired. . . .

Rogers did so and fixed "on Pickersgill as the best upon the whole".

Pickersgill was a very prolific artist who exhibited 363 pictures at the Academy during his lifetime. According to the *Dictionary of Recent and Living Painters* (1866), "after the death of Phillips he was especially the favourite with those who desired to have large full-length portraits painted for presentation and honorary gifts". Thus the nature of the occasion seems to have determined the artist. It was now only necessary to secure his services and arrange for sittings. Wordsworth called upon his friend Edward Quillinan, who became his son-in-law in 1841, writing him on 4 July 1831:

...you know Pickersgill pretty well and perhaps might ascertain for me whether he gives any part of the summer or year to recreation and if so whether he could be tempted to come as far as the Lakes and make my house his headquarters, taking my portrait at the same time; if you do not object to sound him upon such a subject I should thank you to do so, as a reply in the negative might be given with less of a disagreeable feeling through a third person than directly to myself.

He added, being fully aware that Pickersgill must be a very busy man:

I do not think it probable that anything will come of this proposal, but as one of the fellows of the Coll: told me yesterday they wish the thing to be done as soon as may be, I have thought that Mr P. will excuse the liberty I have taken. I ought to add they wish for a half-length, as a size which may range best with the Portraits of the Coll: . . .

The Fellow of St John's with whom Wordsworth corresponded was John Hymers, a tutor, who seems to have been delegated the responsibility of expediting the portrait. In the College Library is a signed letter from the poet to him on that subject; and it was Hymers who collected a subscription of £170 for the portrait, from sixty-nine members of the College.

The plan to entice Pickersgill into the Lake country that summer fell through, and Wordsworth reported the cause to Hymers in a letter of 26 January 1832:

The proposal to paint my Portrait was made to Mr Pickersgill thro' my friend Mr Quillinan, and an answer received thro' the same channel, which led me to expect Mr P. at Rydal in October last. . . . All that I know is that about the time he was expected here, he was at Paris painting several distinguished Persons there, La Fayette and Cuvier among the number—these engagements probably detained him longer than he expected, as I am at this moment told that it is only a week since he returned to London. I have no doubt but that as soon as Mr Quillinan returns he will see Mr P. and I shall be able to answer more satisfactorily the enquiries which yourself and other Fellows of your Coll: have done me the honour to make upon the subject. . . .

The remainder of the letter has to do with relatives and friends in the University, and it contains the remark: "I congratulate you upon one of your Pupils being so high upon the Tripos—and notice with regret that St John's has not made so great a figure as usual."

Throughout the spring and summer of 1832 the poet and painter were not able to agree on a time and place for the sittings. Pickersgill offered to come to Rydal in May, but Wordsworth had to write that he would be unable to receive him at the time he proposed, being called to Carlisle "on account of public business". As an alternative Wordsworth again suggested to Pickersgill that he combine business with pleasure and visit Rydal during the coming summer. He felt "there was a good deal of delicacy in putting the College induced to make, not thinking myself justified in putting the College to any further expense than a Portrait from so distinguished an Artist must necessarily impose under ordinary circumstances". Pickersgill invited Wordsworth to come to London and lodge with him while the sittings were in progress. This was impossible because Dorothy Wordsworth was in "so weak and alarming [a] state of health that I could not quit home". In the same letter (5 May) Wordsworth assured the painter that he was under no obligation to come to Rydal to take the portrait, the proposal being made only

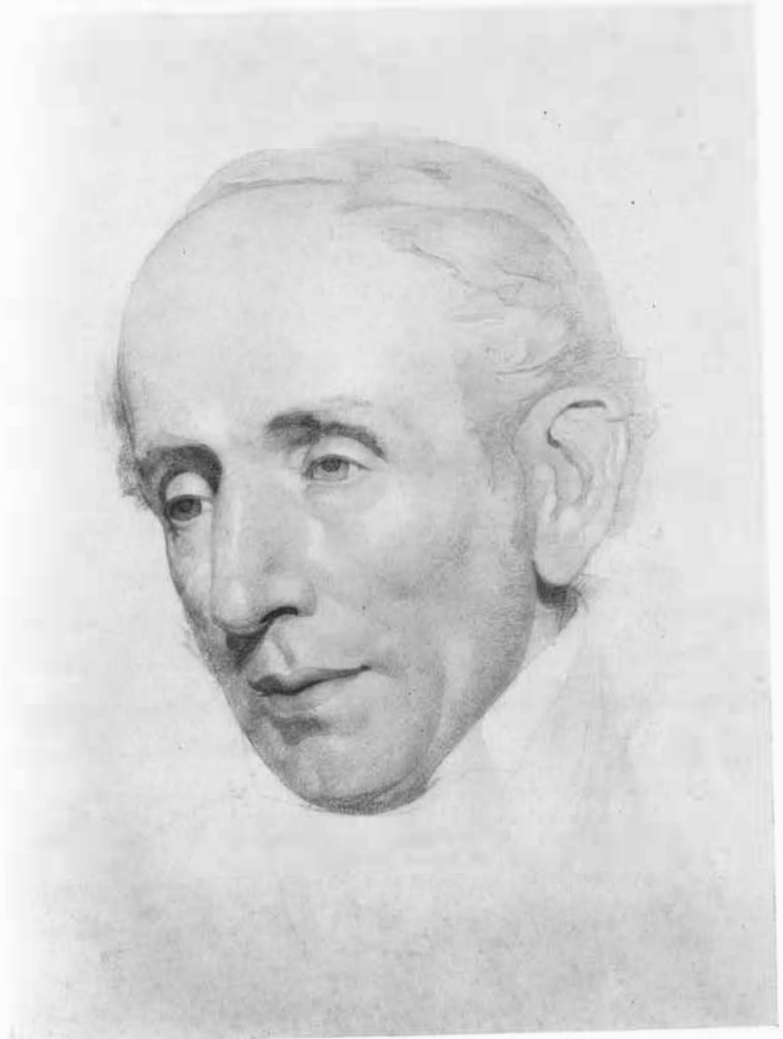
upon a supposition, which proves not to be the fact, that you were in the habit of allotting (as almost all professional men who have leisure, do) a small portion of the Summer to recreation, and I thought the

beauty of the Country... might induce you to come so far... I attach, however, so much interest to the Portrait being from your pencil, that I hope many months may not pass without the College being gratified with a Production which many of its Members are so desirous of possessing.

Wordsworth eventually prevailed and Pickersgill was his guest at Rydal for ten days at the beginning of September 1832. On 12 September Wordsworth wrote to his publisher, Moxon, "Mr Pickersgill is the Bearer of this to London. He has been painting my Portrait—We all like it exceedingly as far as it is carried—it will be finished in London—Should you wish to see it in the present state you can call at his House; but not till a month hence, as it will remain here some little time."

Pickersgill made a sketch for this portrait in red and black chalk, which is considered by several Wordsworthians to be superior to the painting in its delineation of Wordsworth's character. He was sixty-two years old when it was taken, and his biographer Professor Harper writes (1916, vol. II, p. 375), "A close study of the Pickersgill [drawing]... will show that... Wordsworth was already an aged man... Resignation rested like a sunset glow upon his face."

In his letter to Moxon of 12 September 1832 Wordsworth informed him that "in all probability [the painting] will be engraved, but not unless we could secure beforehand 150 Purchasers. I do not say Subscribers for it would [then be] asked as a favour." He wanted Moxon to "receive such names as might offer", but not to advertise in any way. Apparently there were not 150 "such names as might offer", for no such engraving was published at the time. But the poet and his friends do seem to have wished him to appear before the public as Pickersgill had painted him, and in 1836 W. H. Watt engraved the painting for the stereotyped edition of the poems in seven volumes of that year. It continued in the seven subsequent editions, but it was displaced by an engraving after Chantrey (No. 11) in the one-volume edition of 1845. The engraver took a small oval out of the centre of the painting, containing Wordsworth's head and only half his length, and for his pains brought down upon his head the wrath of the Wordsworths. "In following the plan of giving the head and part of the Person, independent of the reclining attitude, an air of feebleness is spread thro' the whole", wrote the poet to Moxon in October 1836. "... We will be much obliged by your having a doz. more prints struck off for us." Still anxious, he wrote again ten days later, "I am still of the opinion, in which others concur, that the attitude has an air of decrepitude in consequence of the whole person not being given." Again, to Henry Taylor in the next month, he complains of the engraving that owing to "its having



PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH IN RED AND BLACK CHALK
 BY H. W. PICKERSGILL
 IN SENIOR COMBINATION ROOM
 No. 15

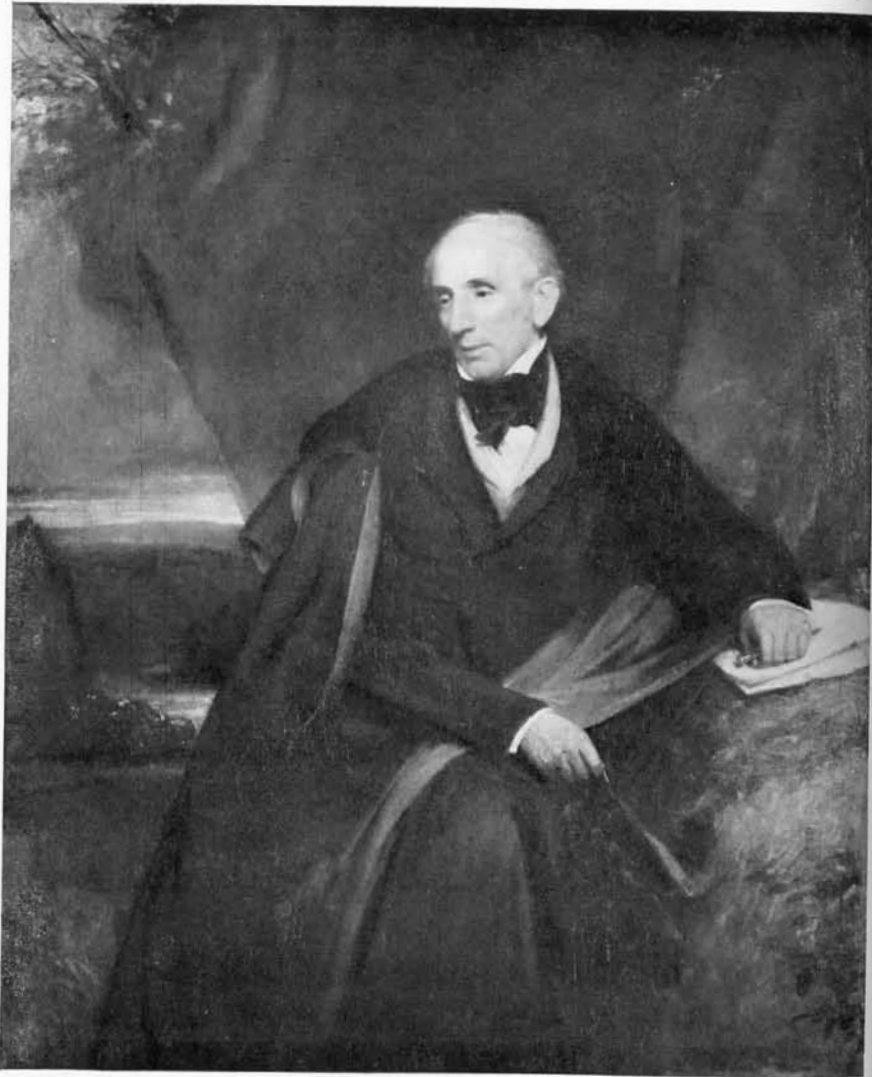
preserved the inclination of the body . . . without an arm . . . to account for it, the whole has an air of feebleness and decrepitude which I hope is not authorized by the subject". In 1845 he stated his opinion of the engraving more strongly to Moxon: "I think I mentioned to you that I had an utter dislike of the Print from Pickersgill prefixed to the Poems. It does me and him also great injustice. Pray what would be the lowest expense of a respectable engraving from Chantrey's Bust?"

It should be noted that Wordsworth blamed the feebleness of the engraving partly on "a fault in the original Picture, of a weakness of expression about the upper lip". He preferred the second likeness taken by Pickersgill in 1840 (No. 22). Even though the poet ordered bad prints of it by the dozen, none of his intimates seems to have been completely satisfied with the St John's portrait. In February 1833, while it was still being finished in London, Wordsworth wrote to Crabb Robinson: "In passing Soho Sq. it may amuse you to call in upon Mr Pickersgill the Portrait Painter where he will . . . be gratified to introduce you to the face of an old Friend—take Ch. and M. Lamb there also." Crabb Robinson went to Pickersgill's and duly recorded his opinion in his Diary: "It is in every respect a fine picture, except that the artist has made the disease in Wordsworth's eyes too apparent. The picture wants an oculist."

Nevertheless Pickersgill's portrait inspired Wordsworth with a sonnet, as other paintings had done before and would do afterwards. He sent it to the Master and Fellows of St John's. It was published in 1835 with the title *To the Author's Portrait*:

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt
Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy place;
And, if Time spare the Colors for the grace
Which to the Work surpassing skill hath dealt,
Thou, on thy rock reclined, tho' kingdoms melt
In the hot crucible of Change, wilt seem
To breathe in rural peace, to hear the Stream,
To think and feel as once the Poet felt.
Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown
Unrecognized through many a starting tear
More prompt, more glad to fall, than drops of dew
By Morning shed around a flower half-blown;
Tears of delight, that testified how true
To Life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!

Judging from the first line, and from the way the sonnet seems to reflect Wordsworth's first happy reaction to the portrait, it seems probable that he composed it before the portrait went from Rydal to be finished in London, in October of 1832, after it had been part



PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH BY H. W. PICKERSGILL IN
ST JOHN'S COLLEGE HALL

No. 15

of the family for a month. His concern that time might not "spare the colours" of the painting was a real one, as he demonstrated in his letter to his old classmate Robert Jones, from Trinity Lodge, 1835:

I called upon the Master of St John's [James Wood] yesterday, but did not get to see him, he is said to wear well—I had a friend with me who took me thro' the Lodge and in the Combination room I saw my own Picture. . . it looks well, but is of too large a size for the room and would be seen to better advantage in the Hall. But had there been room for it there, there is an objection to that place—the charcoal smoke I am told, is ruinous to Pictures, and this which is really well done cost money.

In the Library of St John's College is preserved a relic of this happy visit to Cambridge when Wordsworth first saw his portrait hanging among the "Worthies" of his College. It has never before been published.

Mr Wordsworth, with much pleasure, will do himself the honour of waiting upon the Master & Fellows of St John's to Dinner on Saturday next.

April 1st [1835]
Trin. Lodge

The Master of St John's C.C.
St John's Coll.

The words of the conventional social formula must here have expressed the writer's true feelings. The sight of his portrait hanging in his college must have been a sign of victory to the boy who once refused to take the advice of his guardians and tutors, but who lived to make their descendants recognize his real powers on his own terms, and such recognition goes far to explain the overtones of self-esteem which occur in Wordsworth's letters about the portrait.

See plate of painting facing p. 129, and plate of drawing facing p. 128. The drawing now hangs in the Combination Room of the College, and the painting is in the Hall. (*Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, pp. 556-7, 558, 559-60, 598-9 (MS. at St John's), 619-20 (MS. at St John's), 620-1 (MS. at St John's), 630-1, 734, 806-7, 808-9, 814-5, 1041, 1254-5; Harper, *Life of Wordsworth*, 1916, vol. II, p. 375; Oxford *Wordsworth*, 1939, p. xxx; Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, ed. Sadler, 1869, vol. III, p. 25; I have given the version of the sonnet from the MS. at St John's; the invitation acceptance and the list of subscribers to the portrait are unpublished MSS. at St John's.)

16 *Painting* by HENRY HALL PICKERSGILL (son of H. W.), 1835.

Executed for Dora, Wordsworth's daughter. This portrait is a smaller version of the senior Pickersgill's portrait for St John's

*To my Portrait
Painted by Pickersgill at Rydal Mount
For St John's College Cambridge*

*Go, faithful Portrait! where long hallow'd knell
Margaret, the saintly Foundress, takes thy place;
And if Time spare the Colours for the grace
Which to the look surpassing shall be death
Thou, on thy rock reclined, too long dost dwell
In the hot crucible of Change, wilt seem
To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,
To think and feel as once the Poet felt.
Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown
Unrecognized thro' many a starting tear
More prompt, more glad to fall, than drops of dew
By Morning shed around a flower half-blown,
Tears of delight that testified how true
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!*

W. Wordsworth

FACSIMILE OF SONNET ON PORTRAIT

College, but based partly on new sittings. Crabb Robinson notes in his diary for 3 March 1835: "I walked with the Wordsworth's to Pickersgill, who is painting a small likeness of the poet for Dora. We sat there for a couple of hours, enlivening by chat the dulness of sitting for a portrait", and later on 14 March: "I called on Wordsworth, by appointment, at Pickersgill's. The small picture of Wordsworth is much better than the large one." The family, as usual, were difficult to please: "Mary says it has a lackadaisical look."

Similar to No. 15, facing p. 129. The junior Pickersgill made a copy of it for Christopher Wordsworth, Master of Trinity. Owner (1923) Miss E. Kennedy of Capri; another similar portrait was presented as heirloom to Brinsop Court, Hereford, by Lord Saye and Sele. (*Crabb Robinson's Diary*, ed. Sadler, 1869, vol. III, pp. 61, 62; *Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, p. 1041.)

17 *Wax medallion* by WILLIAM WYON, 1835.

Robert Southey gives us the circumstances of its creation in a letter of 29 September 1835:

Mr Wyon has killed two birds with one shot. Seeing how perfectly satisfied everybody here was with his medallion of me, he asked for an introduction to W., which I was about to have offered him. Off he set in good spirits to Rydal, and not finding W. there, was advised to follow him to Lowther. To Lowther he went, and came back from thence delighted with his own success, and with the civilities of Lord and Lady Lonsdale, who desired that they might have both medallions. Nothing, I think, can be better than W.'s, and he is equally pleased with mine.

Wordsworth communicated his equal pleasure to Southey from Lowther Castle:

I am glad you liked the Medallion; I was anxious for your opinion of it, and more particularly as it was not to be seen by my Friends and Family at Rydal. Mr. Wyon seemed a person of agreeable and gentlemanly manners: In common with all here, I thought his likeness of you a very successful one, and I shall be very glad to *hang* in such good company.

Wyon was chief engraver to the Mint, a fine medallist, and famed for his skill in portrait-taking.

Head, profile to the left, $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. diameter. Now in the National Portrait Gallery. In a letter of 19 February 1840 Wordsworth mentions *two medallions* which have been sent to Wyon to be "improved". (*Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, pp. 757 and n., 1004; *Catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery*, 1949.)

18 *Painting by* JOSEPH SEVERN, 1837.

In 1837 Wordsworth went on a six-month tour through France and Italy to Rome, with Crabb Robinson. Reporting to his family from Albano in May, he wrote:

Of persons we have seen not many, and these chiefly English Artists who by the by seem to live at Rome on very good terms with each other. One of them Mr Severn, the Friend of Keats the Poet, has taken my portrait which I mean to present to Isabella [the wife of his son John]. I fear you will not, nor will she, be satisfied with it, it is thought however to be a likeness as to features, only following the fact, he has made me look at least four years older than I did when I walked 7 hours in Paris without resting and without fatigue.

As soon as he got back to London he wrote to Rydal, having sent the painting on ahead: "Don't send the portrait to Isabella till I come. I will get it framed if she thinks it worth it, which I fear she will not, nor you either." Isabella did accept it, however, because the portrait stayed in the family, eventually descending to grandson William Wordsworth, Principal of Elphinstone College, Bombay. In 1882 he wrote a description of it to Professor Knight: "I neither consider it a pleasing picture, nor a satisfactory likeness. . . He is represented. . . with the air and attitude. . . of an elderly citizen, waiting for a 'bus. . . I think I have heard that Wordsworth himself said that it made him look more like a banker than a poet; perhaps he ought to have said a stamp-distributor." In Severn's defence it may be said that by the time Wordsworth was sixty-seven, with a shrewd eye for the price of busts, prints, and canal shares, he may well have looked as much like a banker as a poet.

Full length, seated, with an umbrella in his hand. In 1923 it was in the possession of Miss E. Kennedy of Capri. (*Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, pp. 858-9, 895; *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, pp. 411-12.)

19 *Miniature painting on ivory by* MARGARET GILLIES, 1839.

This painting was commissioned by Moon for the purpose of engraving. In a letter to Professor Knight in 1882, Miss Gillies misdated her series of portraits of Wordsworth and his family, giving it as 1841, thus laying a trap into which a considerable number of Wordsworthians have fallen. F. V. Morley's *Dora Wordsworth, her Book*, and Professor de Selincourt's edition of the *Letters* prove that all of Miss Gillies's portraits were taken in the year 1839. The poet's daughter is the first member of the family to mention Miss Gillies's portrait-taking visit to Rydal in *Her Book* for early 1839.

Wordsworth's letters, however, took no notice of her presence until 1 November 1839, when he wrote to the publisher Moxon: "Miss Gillies an artist who paints in miniature of whom you may have heard has come down from London on purpose to take my portrait and it is thought she has succeeded admirably. She will carry the picture to London. . ." The picture was duly engraved by Edward MacInnes and published by Moon on 6 August 1841. Miss Gillies thought it "was not a very good representation of the picture". The portrait inspired one of Wordsworth's friends with a sonnet, of which I will include a fragment as an interesting specimen of nineteenth-century Wordsworthianism.

Here I seem to gaze
On Wordsworth's honoured face; for in the cells
Of those deep eyes Thought like a prophet dwells,
And round those drooping lips Song like a murmur strays.
(THOMAS POWELL)

These lines catch the spirit of the portrait perfectly.

Miss Margaret Gillies was an orphan at an early age, who boldly resolved to support herself as a professional painter. She taught herself the art and made a success as a miniaturist.

Three-quarter face turned to the left, full length, seated at a table. In 1889 the original was in the possession of Sir Henry Doulton, Lambeth. (*Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, p. 987; *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, pp. 415-17; S. V. Morley, *Dora Wordsworth, her Book*, 1924, p. 160; D.N.B. article on Miss Gillies.)

20 *Miniature painting on ivory by* MARGARET GILLIES, 1839.

A painting of the poet and his wife, ordered by them. "The second portrait was similar in position to the first", wrote Miss Gillies, "the Wordsworths being so pleased with the one done for Moon, as to wish it repeated for themselves, with the addition of Mrs Wordsworth at the poet's side." The following passage from a fragment of a letter of Wordsworth's to Thomas Powell must refer to one of the copies of this portrait that Miss Gillies made for the family: ". . . when you see Miss Gillies pray tell her that she is remembered in this house with much pleasure and great affection. . . Her picture has just arrived, and appears to be much approved; but of course as to the degree of likeness in each [subject] there is a great diversity of opinion. . ." The fragmentary MS. of this letter, probably written early in 1840, is in St John's College Library.

Wordsworth sits at the right-hand of a table, exactly as he did in No. 19, but this painting has been made twice as wide as No. 19, so as to include the other half of the table and Mrs Wordsworth seated there, turned to the

right, appearing in her role of amanuensis. The original descended to grandson William Wordsworth in Bombay, where it was accidentally burnt. But Miss Gillies had made two copies. One of these was made for Dora (Wordsworth) Quillinan, and it or the other is now to be seen at "Dove Cottage", Grasmere. (*Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, pp. 416-17; *Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, p. 1001 (MS. at St John's); *Catalogue of Dove Cottage*, 1947.)

21 *Miniature painting on ivory* by MARGARET GILLIES, 1839.

"I think you will be delighted, with a Profile picture on ivory of me, with which Miss G. is at this moment engaged [late 1839], Mrs. W. seems to prefer it as a likeness to anything she has yet done...." It was indeed a popular picture for it was often reproduced in nineteenth-century editions of the works. It has been given prominence more recently in Miss Morley's *Correspondence of Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle*.

Profile turned to the left, half-length, right elbow on table and right hand resting on right shoulder, wearing his cloak. In 1927 the original was owned by Mr Gordon Wordsworth, "Stepping Stones", Ambleside. (*Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, pp. 993-4; *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, pp. 416-17.)

22 *Painting* by HENRY WILLIAM PICKERSGILL, 1840.

Done for Sir Robert Peel's Gallery of Living Authors at Drayton Manor. The earliest mention of this portrait is in Wordsworth's letter to Pickersgill of 29 June 1840, the manuscript of which now belongs to St John's College. Pickersgill had proposed that he come to Rydal to paint the picture and most of the letter concerns Wordsworth's efforts to find lodgings for him, his own house being full of guests until September. Another letter in St John's Library of 3 September [1840] postpones for a fortnight an engagement with Pickersgill because it conflicts with a previously planned trip to Lord Lonsdale's with Samuel Rogers. By 17 September Pickersgill had come and gone. Recalling the occasion a year later, Wordsworth wrote: "It was generally thought here that this work was more successful as the likeness than the one painted some years ago for St John's College." It was still not good enough for Coleridge's daughter Sara, however, who vehemently declared her opinion after the poet's death:

Pickersgill's portrait of our dear departed great poet is *insufferable*—velvet waistcoat, neat shiny boots,—just the sort of dress he would not have worn if you could have hired him—and a sombre sentimentalism

of countenance quite unlike his own look, which was either elevated with high gladness or deep thought, or at times simply and childishly gruff; but never tender after that fashion, so lackadaisical and mawkishly sentimental.

Sara may have been thinking of the junior Pickersgill's portrait (No. 16), but the "velvet waistcoat" and "neat shiny boots" are certainly not attributes of the St John's portrait (No. 15).

See reproduction facing p. 120. The pose is almost identical with that of No. 15, but it includes the legs, and Wordsworth is not wearing his cape. Some flowers have been added in the foreground. The original may be seen at the Wordsworth Museum, Grasmere; there is a replica of the portrait, by Pickersgill, in the National Portrait Gallery. (*Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, pp. 1028 (MS. at St John's), 1034 (MS. at St John's); *Wordsworth and Reed*, ed. Broughton, 1933, p. 42; *Catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery*, 1949; *Catalogue of Dove Cottage*, 1947, p. 30; Beatty, *William Wordsworth of Rydal Mount*, 1939, p. 135.)

23 *Painting of Wordsworth on Helvellyn* by BENJAMIN HAYDON, 1842.

In 1839 Haydon finished his portrait of Wellington musing on the battlefield of Waterloo twenty years after his victory. It had been a labour of love. In August 1840 he sent a print of it to Wordsworth. The noble prospect inspired a sonnet, beginning

By Art's bold privilege, Warrior and War-horse stand
On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck.

"It was actually composed", wrote Wordsworth to Haydon on 4 September, "while I was climbing Helvellyn last Monday. My daughter and Mr Quillinan were with me; and she, which I believe had scarcely ever been done before, rode every inch of the way to the summit, and a magnificent day we had." The sonnet in turn inspired a painting, of the poet in the act of composing it. We learn from the poet's letter of 13 January 1841 that Haydon wished to paint

not a mere matter-of-fact portrait, but one of a poetical character... in some favourite scene of these mountains. I am rather afraid, I own, of any attempt of this kind; but, if he keeps in his present mind, which I doubt, it would be vain to oppose his inclination. He is a great enthusiast, possessed also of a most active intellect; but he wants that submissive and steady good sense, which is absolutely necessary for the adequate development of power, in that art to which he is attached.

But Haydon persevered in his intention, and on 12 June 1842 wrote in his journal: "Saw dear Wordsworth, who promised to sit at three.

Wordsworth sat and looked venerable, but I was tired with the heat... I made a successful sketch. He comes again tomorrow."

Wordsworth was delighted with the painting when it was finished, and said: "I myself think it is the best likeness, that is, the most characteristic, that has been done of me." It was his considered opinion, given four years after the painting of the portrait. He expressed some reservations, however, in a letter to his American editor, Reed, during the same year: "There is great merit in this work and the sight of it will shew my meaning on the subject of *expression*. This I think is attained, but then, I am stooping and the inclination of the head necessarily causes a foreshortening of the features below the nose which takes from the likeness accordingly..."

One more sonnet completes the cycle started by the painting of Wellington on his horse "Copenhagen". At the request of their mutual friend, Miss Mitford, Haydon sent his portrait of Wordsworth to Elizabeth Barrett, who produced the following lines forthwith:

Wordsworth upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain wind,
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. *He*, with forehead bowed,
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thoughts of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,
Takes here his rightful place, as Poet-Priest
By the high Altar, singing praise and prayer
To the higher Heavens. A noble vision free
Our Haydon's hand hath flung from out the mist!
No Portrait this with Academic air,
This is the Poet and his Poetry.

Miss Barrett sent a copy of her sonnet to Wordsworth, who wrote from Rydal on 26 October 1842: "The conception of your sonnet is in full accordance with the Painter's intended work, and the expression vigorous; yet the word 'ebb' though I do not myself object to it... will I fear prove obscure to nine readers out of ten..." A member of the rising generation was now initiated into the mysteries of the curious interlocking of literature and painting that was so characteristic of her century. She had written a sonnet composed upon a painting of a poet composing a sonnet on a painting.

Four days before he wrote "Finis of B. R. Haydon" in his journal, Haydon made the entry: "I sent the Duke, Wordsworth, dear Fred's and Mary's heads, to Miss Barrett to protect." If the world was soon to crash in pieces around him, at least these beloved paintings would be in safe hands.

At some time during the years 1842-6 Haydon conceived of painting Wordsworth *seated* on Helvellyn, for a correspondent of Professor Knight's possessed in 1889 an unfinished painting of that description. The head was done in great detail and the painting included a view of the lake flashing beneath the mountain, and an "eagle perched on a crag" overhead. Knight's correspondent believed that it was painted when Wordsworth was last in London before Haydon's death, which would mean it was painted in May 1845. Haydon made no mention of even seeing Wordsworth on this visit to London. I suspect that he started the painting in 1843, working from his various sketches, his life mask, and his memory. This hypothesis is substantiated by Wordsworth's letter to the artist which Professor de Selincourt dates "[July 1843?]" in which the poet fears much "that the Picture you are doing of me upon Helvellyn, as it is not done by commission, may disappoint you." Since Miss Barrett had already written her sonnet on the standing portrait sent to her the year before, Wordsworth must have been referring to the seated portrait, and his advice may account for its having been left unfinished.

Miss Barrett's sonnet was printed for the first time in *The Eagle* of 1877; the lateness of publication may be attributed to the scorn she expressed at portraits "with Academic air", which may have seemed to be directed at the works of Pickersgill. In 1891, at the urging of the then Dr J. E. Sandys, the historian of classical scholarship, and a Fellow of St John's, the College considered buying Haydon's last finished picture of Wordsworth for 250 guineas from a Miss Nicholson, whose father had bought it at the sale of Haydon's effects in 1852, and whose two nephews had been Fellows of the College. In spite of Dr Sandys's emphasis in his letters to the Master on everything that might possibly be said for the Haydon portrait, and against the Pickersgill portrait which hung in the Hall, the College did not acquire it, and it went to an individual buyer, eventually finding a place in the National Portrait Gallery in 1920.

Miss Nicholson, through Dr Sandys, gave the College in 1895 "a handsomely framed permanent photograph" of her portrait of Wordsworth. The gift is described in *The Eagle* for 1895, which records some writing on the back of the original which I have seen nowhere else: "The artist wrote the date (1842) with a quotation from Wordsworth:—'High is our calling, friend.'" Although the National Portrait Gallery has made no record of any such writing, it may well have been there at one time, for towards the end of his tortured existence Haydon wrote to Wordsworth that one of the four greatest days in his life was the day he received the sonnet beginning with those lines.

See reproduction facing p. 120. Three-quarter length, standing, three-quarters turned to the left, head bowed, arms folded, Helvellyn and clouds in the background. The portrait from the National Portrait Gallery is reproduced in colour in D. Wellesley, *English Poets in Pictures: Wordsworth*, 1942. The unfinished portrait of Wordsworth is at "Dove Cottage", Grasmere. Haydon's "successful sketch" for the portrait has vanished. (*Life of Haydon*, ed. Tom Taylor, 1853, vol. III, pp. 131, 138, 160-2, 223, 237, 327, 349; *Wordsworth and Reed*, ed. Broughton, 1933, pp. 42, 160; *Catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery*, 1949, which includes a plate; correspondence in St John's Library of C. M. Stuart, J. E. Sandys, and J. R. Tanner with the Master of the College, 1891; *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, pp. 417-19; *Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, pp. 1144, 1172; *Eagle*, 1895, vol. XVIII, p. 212; I have printed the version of Miss Barrett's sonnet given in *The Eagle*, 1877, vol. x, p. 151.)

24 Bust by ANGUS FLETCHER, between 1842 and 1844.

Fletcher's mother was a summer resident at Lancrigg near Grasmere and a great friend of the Wordsworths. His niece wrote to Professor Knight in 1889 that "the Wordsworth head is very like in air and expression, and much more like than the medallion in the Church [at Grasmere, by Woolner]." Angus Fletcher studied under Chantrey and did busts of Mrs Hemans and Joanna Baillie.

In 1889 the bust was at Lancrigg. (*Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, pp. 424-5; Beatty, *William Wordsworth of Rydal Mount*, 1939, pp. 10, 13, 145.)

25 Painting by HENRY INMAN, 1844.

Executed for Professor Henry Reed, Wordsworth's American editor. The first news of this portrait is contained in Reed's letter to Wordsworth, 28 June 1844: "Mr Inman, who for several years has stood at the head of his profession in this country as a portrait painter, has lately sailed for Europe." Would Wordsworth sit to him for a portrait? He would, and he wrote Crabb Robinson in July, asking him to look out for the painter in London. Inman came to Rydal in August 1844 and swept the Wordsworths off their feet: "Have you been told of the New Portrait? the last & best that has been taken of the Poet—", wrote Mary Wordsworth on 23 September, "The painter is an American—deputed to carry the Laureate's Head to our unseen friend Mr Reed of Philadelphia. And thither ere this the picture is on its way. . . . [It] appears to us a marvel inasmuch as it only occupied the Artist & Sitter scarcely 4½ hours to produce it. All agreed that no Englishman could do the like." Inman was as happy about his visit as the Wordsworths, and reported to Reed in America that Wordsworth "evidently had a peculiar value for this transatlantic compliment to his genius. . . .

When the picture was finished, he said all that should satisfy my anxious desire for a successful termination to my labours. His wife, son, and daughter all expressed their approval of my work. He told me he had sat twenty-seven times to various artists, and that my picture was the best likeness of them all." Later the poet was not so sure that the expression of the face in the portrait came up to his highest expectations, but he admitted that it met perfectly the artist's intention.

After returning to New York, Inman painted a replica of the original, which he and Professor Reed presented to the Wordsworths as a Christmas gift. While at Rydal, Inman had made sketches of the grounds which he converted into an oil painting in America. He introduced a representation of himself painting the view, and Wordsworth watching him, on the middle ground of the landscape, but died before he completed the painting. Wordsworth's head is unfortunately half-hidden by a large hat.

The portrait is a three-quarter face turned to the right, quarter-length. Both the original and the unfinished landscape are now in the Library of the University of Pennsylvania, and the replica is owned by the Rev. Christopher W. Wordsworth, of Dedham Oak, Dedham, Essex. Professor Broughton reproduced both the landscape and the original portrait in *Wordsworth and Reed*, 1933, and Miss Beatty used the replica as frontispiece to her *William Wordsworth of Rydal Mount*, 1939. (*Wordsworth and Reed*, ed. Broughton, 1933, pp. 124, 155, 156, 157, 160, 163; *Correspondence of Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle*, ed. Morley, 1927, pp. 567, 571; *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, pp. 420-2.)

26 Sketch of Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge at Rydal by JOHN PETER MULCASTER, 1844.

In a recent letter to the Editor, Mr Cecil Mumford of "Tylehurst Close", Forest Row, Sussex, describes a water-colour taken from this sketch, now in his possession. On the water-colour is written: "After a sketch from the life made in 1844 by John Peter Mulcaster." It "shows the back view of the two, walking by the shore of the lake, Wordsworth in wide-brimmed hat & brown frock coat, & H. C. a ridiculous little figure in top hat of beaver & a black or dark-blue coat".

27 Sketch from memory by JANE PASLEY, 1845.

Inman's portrait was the last official painting of Wordsworth before his death, but during the remaining six years of his life he seems to have sat to a number of Lakeland painters and sketchers. He had already become an established part of the scenery. The original of the Pasley sketch and an etching plate from it by John Bull are

now at "Dove Cottage", Grasmere. Across the street in the Wordsworth Museum is an etching from the plate. I saw the sketch some time ago and remember it as a very interesting piece of work. I have been unable to discover Miss Pasley's name in any of the usual sources of information about artists.

Catalogue of Dove Cottage, 1947, pp. 23, 33.

28 *Sketch by an artist, living in 1889, 1845.*

In Professor Knight's list of the portraits in volume ten of the *Poetical Works* is this statement: "I have also heard of a sketch of the poet, taken in Rydal Church, in the year 1845, by a living artist, an eminent portrait painter; but as it has been lost for the present, description of it in detail is unnecessary" (p. 431).

29 *Portrait by MISS MACINNES, 1846.*

The *Catalogue of Dove Cottage* lists an "Engraving by Edward MacInnes of a portrait by Miss MacInnes. 1846" (p. 33). It is a full-face portrait, half-length, with the poet's right elbow on the arm of a divan, his right hand supporting his head.

30 *Medal by LEONARD WYON, 1847.*

In April of 1847, Wordsworth sat for a medal to Leonard Wyon, whose father William had already made a medallion of the poet (No. 17). Young Wyon, a friend of Crabb Robinson, was an engraver like his father, and he seems to have come all the way to Rydal to make a medal of the poet in order to increase his reputation in the profession. On 2 April 1847, Wordsworth mentions sittings to Wyon in a note to Crabb Robinson: "At 10 on Monday morning your Medalist friend comes again to me, so that, if it should suit you to call at that time, you would be sure to find me at home. . . ." On 2 May he was still sitting for the medal, as Robinson's letter of that date proves: "Monday—I attended Wordsworth while he sat to have his face modelled by the Son of Wyon the dye-sinker. Probably a medal too will be struck." In January of 1848 the elder Wyon wrote to thank Robinson for introducing his son "to the great Man", and to announce that the medal was finished and awaiting his approval. Wyon added: "I may be permitted to express the pleasure it has afforded to me to find that he has preserved the likeness of the Poet & the execution is such that I think it will do him no discredit at any future time. . . ." When the "future time" came, his son Leonard was appointed chief engraver to the Mint.

Medal by Benjamin Wyon. c. 1850 in S.J.C.L.

The sittings in April 1847 also produced a chalk drawing, which Professor Knight has pronounced to be "the best—perhaps the most characteristic of all the portraits".

Both the drawing and the medal are heads in profile. In the drawing the head is turned to the right, and under it is written: "William Wordsworth/ April 21st 1847/aetate—77—." Drawing now owned by Mrs Dickson, "Stepping-Stones", Rydal, Ambleside; the Wordsworth Museum, Grasmere, has a photograph of it, and an impression of the medal on silver. (*Correspondence of Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle*, ed. Morley, 1927, pp. 633, 645, 646; Knight, *English Lake District*, 1891, p. xv, frontispiece a reproduction of the drawing; *Catalogue of Dove Cottage*, 1947, pp. 19, 33.)

31 *Miniature in water-colour by THOMAS CARRICK, 1847.*

The only reference to the painter in the published correspondence of Wordsworth is to "Mr Carrick, a miniature painter, who took my portrait when I met him not long ago at his native place, Carlisle". The letter is dated 16 March 1848. Carrick was a famous miniaturist who exhibited frequently at the Royal Academy, from 1841 to 1866. His portrait of Carlyle is one of his most notable performances.

Mr G. Wordsworth, of "Stepping-Stones", Rydal, Ambleside, owned the original. Knight heard that Carrick made a copy for "the late Lord Bradford". (*Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: Later Years*, ed. de Selincourt, 1939, p. 131 and n.; *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, p. 423.)

32 *Two charcoal sketches by SAMUEL LAWRENCE, date unknown.*

These sketches were taken in the poet's old age. J. Dykes Campbell, who owned them in 1889, told Professor Knight that "Lawrence was perhaps the most faithful reproducer of men's features of his day". Judging from the dates of Lawrence's paintings, given in *D.N.B.*, his greatest activity as a painter began after 1840. He was a member of the Society of British Artists.

Head only. One original sketch and a photograph, probably of the other, may be seen at "Dove Cottage", Grasmere. (*Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. x, p. 429; *D.N.B.*, who spell his name 'Laurence'; *Catalogue of Dove Cottage*, 1947, p. 14.)

33 *Drawing on wood by JACOB THOMPSON, date unknown.*

In his biography of the artist, Llewellyn Jewitt writes:

Jacob Thompson designed two illustrative pictures which he himself drew on the wood, and presented ready for engraving to his friend Mr S. C. Hall, for his *Social Notes*. The first of these, commemorative

of Wordsworth, bears in the circle an original portrait of the Laureate, and a composition landscape which includes . . . Rydal Mount, Rydal Water . . . the mountains, and, in the foreground . . . one of the poet's own creations, the simple pastoral of Barbara Lewthwaite and her pet Lamb.

Hall's *Social Notes* were published weekly, from 1878 to 1881. Thompson was a friend of Wordsworth, described in *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, 1905, as "a clever landscape painter". The portrait represents Wordsworth in advanced middle life.

Head and bust, three-quarter face turned to the left. The engraving appears in the *Life and Works of Thompson*, by L. Jewitt, 1882. It might be anybody. (Jewitt, *Thompson*, pp. 102-6; *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, ed. Knight, 1889, vol. X, pp. 427-8.)

34? *Portrait in the London Times*, 22 April 1950, date unknown.

The caption reads: "An oil painting of Wordsworth, found in a Lakeland garage . . . It carries no clue to the artist's identity, but is thought to have been painted between 1843 and 1850." Mr Maurice Dodd, who is custodian of Wordsworth House, Cockermouth, and who found the portrait, has been kind enough to write to me at length concerning it. He tells me that it was the consensus of opinion of those who visited the poet's birthplace during the centenary celebrations of this year that the subject of the portrait is Wordsworth. In his opinion the likeness was probably taken about the year 1815 by a roving portrait painter of the sort common in the Lake District during the early nineteenth century. I think that the picture may have been painted even earlier, because it shows a pretty good head of hair for Wordsworth in 1815, when he already was speaking of baldness at the crown (No. 6). One immediately thinks of the lost portrait by Hazlitt (No. 3) which Coleridge considered "20 years too old" for Wordsworth, as a happy solution to the problem of identification. Mr J. W. Nicholas of Cockermouth has very kindly sent me a good photograph of Mr Dodd's discovery which shows that the painting is very crudely executed and is not to be compared with the finished work Hazlitt displays in his portrait of Lamb, done in 1804. Though the known facts about Hazlitt's portrait do not exclude the new find, there must be more positive evidence before the Hazlitt hypothesis can be proved.

See reproduction facing p. 120.

One of the portraits in Professor Knight's list in vol. X of the *Poetical Works* never existed at all. He based his knowledge of it on his own reading of Wordsworth's scrawled letter to Crabb Robinson of 24 June 1817: "I have not lately . . . seen any one new thing

whatever, except a bust of myself. Some kind person—which persons mostly unknown to me are—has been good enough to forward me this." Miss Morley, who uncovered Knight's error in her *Correspondence of Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle* (pp. viii-ix), was able to decipher the passage correctly as: "I have not seen . . . any one new thing whatever except abuse of myself and sometimes praise, which persons mostly unknown to me are officious enough to forward." This makes much better sense.

* * * * *

This article includes only those portraits which were taken from life, but I should perhaps draw attention to two of Wordsworth's most public portraits—the fine medallion by Thomas Woolner in Grasmere Church, and Frederick Thrupp's statue in the Baptistry of Westminster Abbey. They were both done after the poet's death. Woolner based his medallion on paintings and the bust by Angus Fletcher (No. 24), and Thrupp made use of the Haydon life mask (No. 5).

I am much indebted to Professor Knight's appendix, "The Portraits of Wordsworth", for important facts about many of the likenesses. As the chief Wordsworthian of his age he had seen or heard about most of them. But neither he nor I have been able to crowd in twenty-six portraits before the Inman painting of 1844 (No. 25), in order to fit Wordsworth's statement that he had "sat twenty-seven times to various artists" at that time. Even though my total of twenty-five includes one portrait that was unknown to Knight, he was able to arrive at twenty-six by counting his invented bust and including a replica or a copy, disregarding the fact that the poet based his calculation on sittings only. The chronological disorder of Knight's list makes it difficult to tell just how he did arrive at that figure. There were forty-four portraits in Knight's whole list, but he did not include No. 4, the sketches for Nos. 11 and 15, or Nos. 26, 27, 29, 30 and 34. If we suppose that Wordsworth was both vain and matter-of-fact enough in his old age to have counted accurately the number of times he sat for his portrait, we must assume that two portraits before Inman's are missing from this catalogue: one might easily be No. 26, by Mulcaster. But if we consider both the informal character of many of the likenesses taken after 1844, and the very minor reputation of the artists who descended on Rydal to get a picture of the great poet during those six final years, it is evident that more than one or two portraits may still be in existence which are not in this catalogue.

B. R. S.

PORTRAIT OF A HEAD GARDENER

WE publish in this issue a photograph of Ralph E. Thoday, head gardener of the College since 1928, to celebrate the occasion of his being awarded the Silver (Hogg) Medal of the Royal Horticultural Society. Born at Brampton, Huntingdonshire, in 1895, the son of a gardener and grandson of a farmer, he began work as a gardener's boy at the age of thirteen. He worked in gardens in Huntingdonshire, Kent, Warwickshire, and Staffordshire during the next six years; then served from 1914 to 1919 in the R.A.M.C. In 1920 he joined the staff of the Cambridge Botanic Gardens as chief assistant to the superintendent, and after only a month at the Gardens, was appointed general foreman, a post which he held until 1923. Then followed short periods of commercial gardening in Kent; an instructorship at the Lord Wandsworth Agricultural College, Hampshire; and the charge of the Elbridge Experimental Station in Cornwall, before he returned to Cambridge at the age of thirty-three to be head gardener at St John's.

The head gardener's responsibilities at St John's are considerable: he manages the College grounds and ornamental gardens between Bridge Street, St John's Street and the Backs on behalf of the Junior Bursar and the Garden Committee of the Fellows as well as the kitchen gardens on behalf of the Steward. The kitchen gardens cover approximately seventeen acres on the Madingley Road on either side of the south end of Storey's Way. They comprise at the present day the head gardener's house, extensive outbuildings and greenhouses, a vinery, a large fruit store built in 1913 (before this date the College fruit was stored in an outhouse of the Pickerel Inn in Magdalene Street), orchards, vegetable and fruit gardens, and a piggery. The principal job of the head gardener in the kitchen gardens is, of course, to provide fresh fruit and vegetables of high quality to the College tables. It is not a market garden run by the College as a profit-making undertaking, but stands to the College, as its name indicates, in the same way as a kitchen garden stands to an ordinary house. It is not certain when the College laid out its present kitchen gardens; the present head gardener's house certainly replaces an older, and the outbuildings are those of a still earlier farm. Certainly the kitchen gardens have been in existence for over a century.*

* For a brief period of a few years in the last quarter of the nineteenth century the Steward of the College ran a farm as well as the kitchen gardens. A lease was taken of the Merton Farm on the Madingley Road but the venture was financially unsound. The Bursary have stud books of the farm. It is interesting to note that in 1886 the farm had a cow called the "Lady Margaret".



[Photo: Edward Leigh]

R. E. THODAY

The development of the kitchen gardens in the present century has owed a very great deal to the energy, interest and specialist knowledge of my predecessors in the office of Steward—a very distinguished lineage beginning with William Bateson, F. F. Blackman, H. H. Brindley, Ebenezer Cunningham, and then G. E. Briggs, now Professor of Botany in the University. It was under Bateson's régime that some of the fruit trees were planted whose present yield has been so good. Brindley was responsible for starting the College piggery, and in the years before the 1939 war, an average of fifty pigs was kept, three being killed every Wednesday in those months of term which had an "r" in them. Soon after Thoday's appointment, in 1929, extensive planting of fruit trees took place, and about three-quarters of the trees which are now giving such a spectacularly fine yield were planted then.

Mr Thoday began exhibiting on behalf of the College at the Royal Horticultural Society's show in 1932, and in that very first trial of strength was awarded first prize for Allington Pippin, second prize for Bramley's Seedling, and two third prizes—one for brussels sprouts and one for Cox's Orange Pippin. The record of prizes from then on is a most remarkable one. In 1935 he won first prize for brussels sprouts at the Royal Horticultural Society's show and on this occasion the *Daily Telegraph* published this agreeable and amusing verse:

We Johnians love our Tudor rose:
And now with gladsome shouts
Though Oxford rear its verdant greens
We hail our brussels sprouts.

The year 1941 saw four firsts at the Royal Horticultural Society's show (Lane's Prince Albert, Bramley's Seedling, Conference, Pit-maston Duchess); while 1948 saw three firsts—Beurre Superfin, Lane's Prince Albert, and—the Gardener's Derby—Cox's Orange. In 1949 Thoday achieved the most unusual distinction of again carrying off the Gardener's Derby in the Royal Horticultural Society's show, together with three other firsts (Bramley's Seedling, Lane's Prince Albert, and the Severn Cross plum); and then yet again first prize for Cox's (together with firsts for Lane's Prince Albert, and Newton Wonder, and seconds for Bramley's Seedling, Doyen de Comice, and Norfolk Beefin) in the Royal Horticultural Society's late apple and pear competition of 1949. This astonishing record of achievement for a garden whose purpose is not competitive market gardening, was crowned at the first Royal Horticultural Society's show of 1950 when twenty-six varieties of apple and three varieties of pears were exhibited and the Society awarded Mr Thoday as head gardener of the College its Silver (Hogg) Memorial Medal.

Mr Thoday is a member of the Horticultural Education Association, is chairman of the Cambridge Chrysanthemum Society, vice-chairman of the Cambridge branch of the National Farmer's Union; and is on the Royal Horticultural Society's panel of judges and the headquarters judges' panel of the National Farmer's Union. He is constantly in demand as a lecturer and judge and his advice is widely sought by amateur and professional alike. He delights in the training of young apprentices; they have to be good to be taken on at all, and need all their determination to survive the exacting demands made on them later. Mr Thoday still vividly remembers his own apprentice days. "I gained my first experience", he has written, "by sweat, blood and tears; in those days sweat was considered necessary; blood came from scratches, cuts and chilblains. My first job was weeding a frozen path with a pocket-knife. Tears came readily when mistakes were found out. The fear of the sack was always a cloud through which the hot sun pierced. The dread of dismissal without a 'character' was the goad to improvement. In those days heavy premiums were demanded by head gardeners for apprentices, consequently to get into good establishments was difficult for any youth without means." He regrets the circumstances which have caused the eclipse of the large country houses of England, which, in his opinion, were better training places for rural and domestic economy than the centres we have to-day.

What manner of man is he, this head gardener, who, for nearly a quarter of a century, has provided the College with so excellent a service of fruit and vegetables, and by his reputation and achievements added new laurels to the wreath of academic, athletic and administrative success that St John's these days so proudly wears? Here is his own picture of himself, characteristically terse and frank: "Of a morbid nature, meeting trouble half-way, though obtaining some results, his garden is very untidy, and badly managed; could have achieved nothing without the constant help and advice of his wife." And here is mine: a man of the greatest integrity and charm, hard-working and resourceful, who suffers fools with difficulty—and incompetent bunglers not at all, and whose bark is sometimes so loud that you are deafened to the fact that the bite which follows is either non-existent or well-deserved. When I asked him for some factual details to compile these notes, he said: "I hear you're writing my obituary. Well, tell the truth. Say I run a kitchen garden and not a market garden. Tell them the numerous small areas necessary for College production make modern market-gardening devices impractical. If only I could use poison sprays—but then the nearness of the other crops, and the road and the Boro' regulations make this impossible...." I reassured him. Old gardeners, I told him, like

old soldiers, never die—and they never stop grumbling and reminiscing. Here's to Mr Thoday, and, of course, to Mrs Thoday as well. Long may our head gardener live, and may there never be an end to his skill, his achievements, his stories, his complaints. We, lovingly, gratefully, still hail our brussels sprouts!

GLYN E. DANIEL

ON *ARABIS TURRITA* L. IN THE FELLOWS' GARDEN

"TOWERS Treacle groweth in the West part of England, upon dunghills and such like places. I have likewise seen it in sundry other places, as at Pym's by a village called Edmonton neere London, by the city walls of Westchester in cornfields, and where flax did grow about Cambridge. The second (kind) is a stranger with us, yet I am deceived if I have not seen it growing in Mr Parkinson's garden."

So wrote Thomas Johnson, in his edition of Gerard's *Herbal*, published in 1636. He is writing of "*Turritis*" or "Towers Mustard", and describes four kinds. The first two—"*Turrita vulgarior*" and "*Turrita major*" of Clusius—he distinguishes carefully from each other and illustrates with pictures obviously taken from Clusius (1601, *Rariorum Plantarum Historia*) (see Fig. 1). "*Turrita major*", the "second kind" of Tower Mustard, is obviously the plant we know to-day as *Arabis Turrata* L.; and "*Turrita vulgarior*" is equally certainly *Turritis glabra* L. We have only Johnson's word for it that Parkinson grew *Arabis Turrata* in his garden; for Parkinson himself (*Theatrum Botanicum*, 1640) gives no indication that he had ever seen the plant in Britain, in gardens or otherwise. If we trust that Johnson was not deceived, then the plant has a history of more than three centuries in Britain.*

The first reasonably certain record of *Arabis Turrata* in Britain is provided by a specimen (in the British Museum) from the Herbarium of Samuel Dale, labelled, in what is apparently Dale's own handwriting: "Mr Jos. Andrew shewed me this An^o. 1722. growing on the Garden Walls of Trinity College Cambridge." It is almost certain that the plant was not in Trinity in John Ray's time, for it is clear from his writings that Ray did not know either species of "*Turritis*" in Cambridgeshire; and he would certainly have known the plants in his own College grounds.† Its introduction into Trinity—and Cambridge—must therefore have occurred between 1670 and 1722. This effectively disposes so far as Cambridge is concerned of the suggestion that in the University towns the plant originally



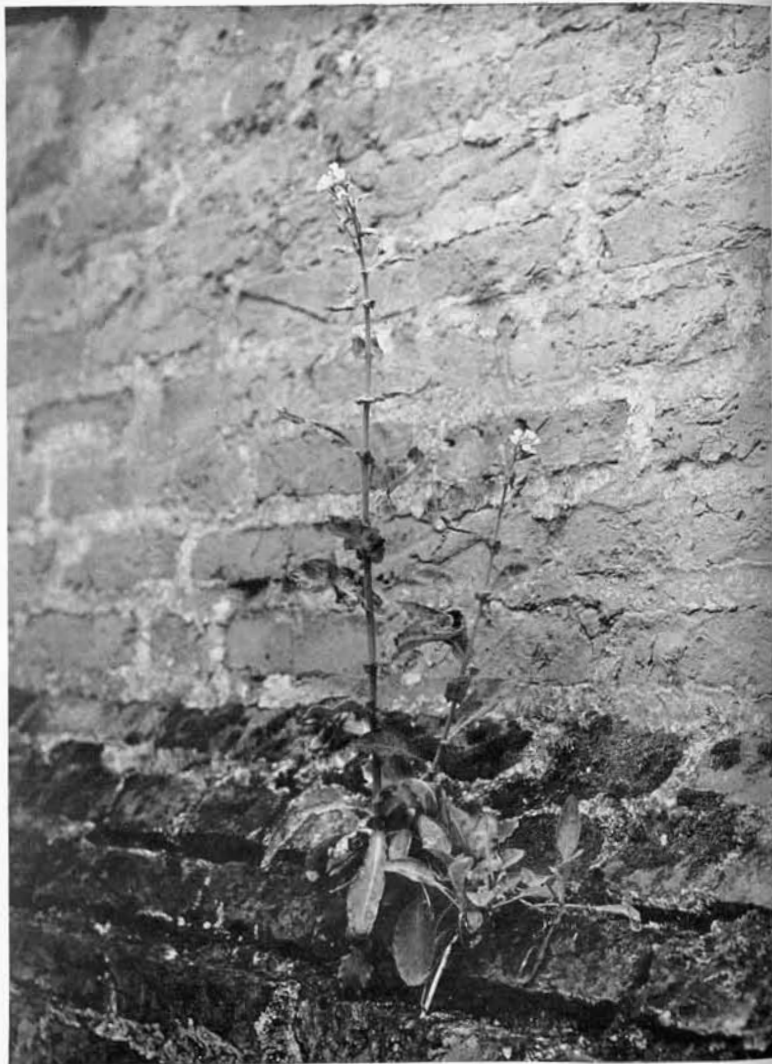
Great Tower Mustard

Turrita major

(facsimile from Johnson's edition (1636) of
GERARD'S HERBAL.)

* Cf. C. E. Raven, *English Naturalists from Neckam to Ray* (1947), p. 281.

† It seems that Ray had quite a school of amateur field botanists in Trinity, presumably inspired by his enthusiasm; for in his preface to the *Catalogus Plantarum circa Cantabrigiam nascentium* (1660) he says: "...Nec dubitamus quin studiosae juventuti voluptabilis futura fit herbarum venatio, siquidem plures novimus generosos et nobiles, Collegii Trinitatis alumnos, quibus ea res tum corporis exercitium praebeat, tum animi oblectamentum." (Cf. Raven, *John Ray* (1941), p. 83.)



ARABIS TURRITA L. IN FELLOWS' GARDEN
(photograph D. E. COOMBE, April 26, 1950)

escaped from the Botanic Gardens, for the Cambridge Garden was not founded until 1762. By 1763, in fact, the *Arabis* was well established "on Trinity and St John's College walls" where it was recorded by John Martyn, second Professor of Botany in the University.*

Another very early record is given by Thomas Martyn, son of John Martyn and his successor as Professor of Botany, in his edition of Miller's *Gardener's Dictionary* (1807): "Observed by Prof. J. Martyn before the year 1732 on a wall in Lewisham in Kent."† By the end of the eighteenth century, Magdalen College, Oxford, had achieved the distinction of sheltering *Arabis* on its old walls—the record is given in Sibthorp's *Flora Oxoniensis* (1794).

For some reason unexplained, the walls of St John's proved more hospitable to the *Arabis* than those of Trinity, and already by 1807 Thomas Martyn was recording the plant as growing abundantly *still* on St John's walls (and implying a decline in abundance in Trinity). In the period 1822–7 J. S. Henslow (next Professor of Botany and a Scholar of the College) made several pressed specimens of the plant, presumably gathered from the walls, but simply labelled "Cambridge"; these specimens are still in the University Herbarium. However, by 1860, C. C. Babington, who succeeded him, had to write in his *Flora of Cambridgeshire*: "Old walls about Trinity and St John's Colleges, less abundant now than formerly, owing to recent repairs"—but added, more cheerfully, "lately established near the brook in the walls of St John's College." This is almost certainly its present surviving locality.

Arabis turrata has one other recorded locality in Britain—the walls of Cleish Castle, Kinross, where it grew at least during the years 1836–45; it has long been extinct there, however, and there is little information as to its history. At Lewisham the plant is certainly extinct; and Magdalen's walls no longer afford it shelter at Oxford. It seems therefore that in the Fellows' Garden we possess the last surviving remnants of the plant in Britain.

What has caused its gradual decline in Cambridge since the early nineteenth century? Babington's suggestion seems to be an obvious one; repairs (and demolitions) must have greatly reduced the number of suitably sheltered shady old walls with loose or cracked mortar in the period 1800–50. Indeed, the admirable article by the Senior Bursar in a recent number of *The Eagle* (1949, no. 235, p. 147) gives the precise evidence to support this view; for, it is explained, the years 1822–3 saw the demolition of the large old wall along the

* I. Lyons, *Fasciculus Plantarum circa Cantabrigiam nascentium* (1763), p. 42.

† Cf. F. J. Hanbury and E. S. Marshall, *Flora of Kent* (1899), p. 28, for a general discussion of this record.

northern edge of the Fellows' Garden and also the smaller wall "on the south side of the Wilderness", both of which had been there since the seventeenth century. The wall on which the plant is growing to-day was in fact built when these old walls were destroyed; and it seems likely that Babington, concerned at the loss of most of the suitable habitats for the plant and its consequent decline, himself was responsible for the "establishment" of the plant "by the Brook" in its present position, on what was at that time (the 1850's) a comparatively recently built wall. If this is the case, we must be grateful to him for his foresight and for his excellent choice of habitat.

The destruction and repair of old walls may not be the whole explanation of the decline, however; for it appears to be still going on. As recently as ten years ago there were far more plants, and more vigorous ones, than there are to-day, and the old wall has not obviously changed. Perhaps this problem is much more subtle; it may be that old mortar rubble can become *too* old and exhausted by the plant and the rains, and that a wall in a particular state of decay of mortar is in fact required. The native habitats of the plant in southern Europe are damp shady sheltered limestone rocks in open woodland; these conditions are reproduced effectively by the old wall, but there is always the possibility that the mortar rubble no longer provides the plant with a suitable limy soil. Seedlings are, however, still produced in good numbers from abundant seed; and a helping hand has been given of recent years by the gardening staff who have induced the seeds to fall in the right places. Seedlings from the plants are now being raised in the Botanic Garden. The plant is variously described as biennial or perennial. The truth seems to be that normally the seedlings flower in their second year, but that the plant usually survives three or four years, sending up one or more new flowering stems each year from branches of the rootstock; it behaves generally therefore as a short-lived perennial.

A major problem hangs over the successive Junior Bursars, who are solemnly instructed that on no account must the wall be repaired. But the evil day can be put off; we are informed that collapse is by no means imminent, that we may have ten years' grace; and in the meantime the College may rest assured that "experiments are being performed", designed to suggest a suitable compromise solution, whereby neither *Arabis* nor wall suffers permanently. S. M. W.

THE AUNTS

OR, more precisely, the great-aunts. Their full title was discarded in conversation nowadays, but he could remember a time when its discriminate use by elders—in conspiracy, as he now understood, to supplement the legend of their own implicit superiority—had not lightly impressed his young mind. Therein, instinctively and ingenuously, the aunts had been bracketed with that other impressive figure of its schoolboy experience, the emperor Charlemagne. The Latin master having thoughtfully supplied the want of the history lesson, the association was not surprising. Schoolmasters were in the conspiracy too.

It was to be expected that the aunts were themselves implicated in the plot, its agents by their behaviour. Their thrones were drawing-room chairs, their sceptres knitting-pins. When he was ushered in to perform his homage—the occasion, by ancient custom, being the eve of each new boarding-school term—they offered him the upright, armless, cane seat of the vassal. This chair, which otherwise stood in a remote corner of the throne-room, then, and he upon it, occupied the centre of the floor, exposed to their domination. In response to the imperial command, he gave his personal record, succeeding questions drawing reluctant elaborations. He presented the report on his achievements, confirmed by the Headmaster's signature, for their approval—happily on these occasions the Head was an unwitting friend, and this procedure remained a formality. And, as he rose to take his leave, the aunts did not forget their part of the feudal bargain. In kind at first, a box of biscuits or a cake; then, with the rising importance of money in his economy, two half-crown pieces. He wondered whether each had earlier paid an awkward one-and-eightpence into the household treasury. Christmas required an extra ceremony, with an exchange of gifts in proportionate value. Once, at this festival, lords and vassal had sat at meat together, social distinction being observed in the discrimination between port and lemonade.

He remembered most vividly that occasion of his regular homage when the vassal's stool had groaned irreverently under the increasing weight of his maturity. Then, its usual occupant being absent on a matter of household administration, he was invited to assume her very throne. He had never seen in that single moment a sign of his own elevation: it was the symbol of their fall. Thus, and by the superaction of a more stringent dichotomy, Charlemagne and the aunts had been for ever estranged: the aunts, at least, had been found pretenders to their title. Unmasked, however, they were

not wholly deposed. They could never in address, nor even in thought, enjoy the more affectionate relationship he shared with his mother's sisters. They would never become "the aunties". Thus far, however strange to its intentions, the conspiracy had had effect.

They were sisters; maidens once, spinsters always. The opportunities of their maidenhood had long since been lost for them, so it was said, by their father's uncompromising demands for their attendance and perpetual service in his household. The legend of this man, his great-grandfather, unknown yet too familiar, symbolized in the boy's broadening mind all of the masculine egocentricity, all of the consequent inconsistency, of its parent age. Accepting for himself the command "Go forth and multiply" with awful literality—there were many uncles—this shade of Abraham had, in effect, sacrificed each of his three daughters on an altar of neo-Malthusian salvation. There had been no redeeming rams in the thicket.

Connie's loss had been the greatest, he supposed. She, the second of the trio, whose height was now lessened by an increasing stoop, still moved with a suggestion of grace and majesty which the soft syllables of her speech re-echoed. Her eyes were glazed, as if by the constant practice of an inward and backward vision which focused them upon a remote yesterday of anticipation; and now, long past her climax, she carried on her face the faintest hint of a once bolder beauty. Perhaps this explained the lowly role she had assumed, for she was both Ruth and Martha. What union there was in a household where such close kinship prevented deep association, came from the renewed sacrifice—or was it now her salvation?—of the youngest sister to the perpetual needs of the eldest. Louie, the firstborn, suffered from an unhealthy but dignified rotundity which her small stature and goitred neck accentuated. Her thin, silvered hair framed a face whose soft flesh and still-bright eyes spelt reconciliation, even benevolence. She had in her a love of the beauty she lacked, which found expression in painting. On the walls hung oils in heavy frames, attesting the considerable accomplishment of her youth: flowers and fruit—still life. She was herself the still of an age gone by, and, amply filling her one-time throne, she mirrored uncannily the Queen who gave that age her name. Jess, her handmaid, was a short, slight body, active enough to chase the days that outstripped her in their passing. Cosmetics camouflaged on her face the marks of age; her close-cropped hair preserved a lustre and a jet for which her body alone could not account. She enjoyed the modernity of a cigarette, the filter tip securing her from its poisons; she bravely drove a car. Yet not even thus could she, and they, keep pace with time, their jailer. They could not go along with the world: at best, occasionally, could they make it come to them.

So it was that he came still, to bring to the aunts his fragment of the world. Yet not to bring, for the act was involuntary and unenjoyed. Rather were they the agents, who, as he sat before them, sifted his answers and gleaned fresh items of the lives of others to satisfy their own. He came, and needed not to ask, of himself or any other, the reason for his coming. If the bounden duty of his vassalage had lapsed on his majority, there yet remained the primitive tie of blood, afforced by tribal sanction, to oblige his attendance and submission. But every year that passed set more than its own length of days between their age and his. The horizon of their interests was limited by birth and death; their birth, their death. Never had their memories been taught to reach behind the instant of their first consciousness: they feared the future as an icicle the sun. Living in and only for the intervening moment, they, as insistent advocates, forced the reluctant witness to expand each minute detail of the insignificant now, bidding time stop under their scrutiny. They grasped, he surrendered; there was no graciousness, no generosity. The ruthlessness of their trivial inquisition outlawed all sympathy, fostered indeed an indifference which, in its turn, bred dispassionate hatred, inarticulate contempt. They were three dragons: but against them he need not play St George—they held in captivity nothing that for him was precious.

Louie was stricken first. He heard, without emotion, that she had been taken to hospital; then, that they had removed a cancerous breast. What, for a young girl, he would have recognized as tragedy, seemed in this context no theft. The cossetting she had for years enjoyed had preserved in her body adequate strength to resist the shock of the operation. Not long, and he heard that she complained of her bed's resistance, that her appetite resented the institutional diet—she then manifested all the signs of convalescent survival. Followed Jess, the faithful handmaid, whose hands in recent weeks had carried an increasing burden. She took to bed with an asthmatic cold; soon they diagnosed bronchitis—and incongruous measles. Her silly, frightened sisters, dreading separation, insisted that she should be nursed at home. Relatives were obliged into their service; the night-nurse, a worthless harridan engaged for want of better, sat down, Gamp-like, to attend the laying-out. Jess, too, survived, and slowly left her bed. Only then was it fully realized what had befallen the inconspicuous Connie. A stroke, albeit mild, had impaired her speech; but more than this, creeping paralysis was slowly caging her whole body in. She might go at any time, they said; you could never tell when it was like that.

Could he care? He had not seen the aunts during the period of their afflictions, but not for long postponed was the reluctant,

routine visit. He knocked at the door, and was startled at the hollow echo of his knock within. A feeling of strangeness and of change came upon him as he entered the throne-room of old. Aunt Louie's oil-paintings still decorated the familiar walls; the vassal's stool still stood in its corner, remoter now, the eldest aunt herself sat as usual at the fireside, a jig-saw puzzle unfinished on the table at her elbow. But he could not feel her reigning over the room as once she had. The brightness of her eyes was dimmed; the silver hair, which had been its crown, now seemed to shroud her head; no longer proudly plump, he saw she was obese. He turned to the opposite corner of the hearth, where habit placed Aunt Connie. That huddled figure had lost all of its earlier poise; the hint of beauty had yielded to a hideous leer—it was as though false teeth had grown too large for a contracting mouth. She pointed him awkwardly to the chair—the vacant throne—which, when he had first sat thereon, first had mocked them. The very room was sepulchral. With all the noise of awful quiet, Aunt Jess entered. Her stealth betrayed that she had at last abandoned the race. The camouflage, now patchy and artless, could no longer disguise time's furrows engraved on her face. Her head was bound in a turban of vermilion silk, not concealing but confessing that the lustrous hairs had tumbled mercilessly out on to the pillow of her sick-bed. Nicotine stained her finger-tips. He understood. The virgin body of each aunt had cruelly been ravaged. The dignity of Louie's bosom had been offended; spoiled, the last beauty of Connie's face; stolen, the pride of Jess's hair. And the inner humiliation of each heightened the pathos of the outward violations. Pain, if it had passed them now, had left perpetual tragedy in its wake. Could he care?

The question he had asked and answered with the precise regularity of each visit was suddenly irrelevant. The instant of perception endured through continuing cycles of recollection. He knew only its initiation—the inward concatenation of their suffering and his pity. There would be times when he would doubt its growth, those times of succeeding meetings when the spectres of insensibility returned to haunt with mischief the scene of their annihilation. Yet always he suspected its eternity. The aunts were passive now, those tireless actors: and his own self-imagined suffering had evaporated in the heat of his reaction. Visibly, their association was unchanged. But he had felt, where feeling had been foreign. Not the due of youth to age, not the due of blood to blood, but the common due of man to man, was, in that lingering instant, first and for ever paid.

M. W. S.

MARCH 1950

QUIET flows the Cam: those rhythmic scarlet blades
That led the Lenten flurry are at rest;
A scarlet company, disguised in pallid blue,
Moves to the ampler Thames.
The snowdrops fade.

Sunshine and bitter wind: gay crocus-flowers
Caress the dying avenue; precocious green
Hangs as a weeping mist upon the willows;
But the wise old elms
Withhold their finery.

Discordant martial music and the incongruous tread of hurrying feet:
Twice the riparian peace is shattered thus and twice the sound
Of cheer, and counter-cheer, faint on the western wind,
Tells of a final contest and a victory.
Echoes of revelry,
And peace again.

ANON.

"ABOVE RUBIES"

THE notice board outside the J.C.R. is handy for advertising old clothes and misfits. Sometimes the offers are typewritten, curt, business-like: sometimes they are emotional and rich in pathos like the appeal of the short owner of a tall bicycle. Pinned to the top of the frame and overlooked by most was a rough pencilled note. Its outward appearance did nothing to suggest the startling nature of its message. It read: "FOR SALE—THE UNIVERSE ABOUT US—price 7s. 6d."

The price in the absence of inside information seemed absurd. One could only speculate on the probable reasons why the owner should wish to sell out so cheaply. Was the lease about to expire, or had the advertiser obtained possession fraudulently and was now trying to pass a good title to a bona fide purchaser for value without notice? Or perhaps he had a tip about the hydrogen bomb.

The evaluation of the universe is a tremendous but not an impossible task. Like the counting of the grains of sand on the seashore it involves only the simplest principles of arithmetic and a Hercules to apply them. But to construct a scale of values for the abstract and to calculate an exchange rate for the intangible are exercises to which no reference is made in any of the weighty treatises of the economists. By a happy metaphor we speak of the heat of anger, but such heat has no correlation with expanding mercury. No lead has ever splashed to the bottom of the depths of despair.

The highest authorities are non-committal. In the Book of Job it is said that "Wisdom cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof". A minimum price level is fixed for virtue in women which is quoted at "far above rubies". According to an Italian author of the thirteenth century a woman "senza menda et inganno" would be worth the treasure of Prester John. The conditional is indeed a sad commentary on the sex.

Turning to contemporary folk music we find that it is far more emphatic and denies the possibility of buying Killarney far more the hope of rationing love. Honour once stood high in the priceless catalogue. Spanish theatre is founded on the dogma that honour can only be redeemed in blood. The tragedy of *Le Cid* could otherwise never have got beyond the first act. Now a slur on the character simply makes the turnstiles click the more furiously. It is easy to calculate the value of sentiment by subtraction but it is hard to predict it. Courtesy has been stabilized at ten per cent. In spite of this every evaluation of the metaphysical seems arbitrary and although

in Rome "omnia sunt venalia", the haggling which went on over intangibles must have been bitter and incensed.

The uncertainty is just as great when one comes to explore that borderline between material and spiritual, the human person. The price of human flesh and blood has fluctuated mysteriously. A few statistics will illustrate the confusion.

A pound of Antonio fetched three thousand ducats on the Rialto: Athens paid protection money to Crete at the rate of seven youths and seven maidens to the Minotaur per annum. Hood's Miss Kilmansegg was somewhat exceptional in that her golden leg gave her an inflated value and "kept quite a sum lying idle". England dipped deep into its pocket to fork out 150,000 marks for the ransom of Richard I, but if the tale be true, an able-bodied seaman can buy himself out for the price of a pig.

It is in the courts of law that one finds the most determined efforts being made to translate the metaphysical into monetary terms. Much argument is applied to the estimation of the value of a wife's services or the humiliation of a box on the ear.

In the reign of the Merovingian kings skins were thicker but more often broken and feelings were not too subtle to be plastered with price tags. The Salic law was a calculus of fines worked out with impressive detail and an appreciation of degrees of suffering quite lost to us to-day.

Attempted murders stood at sixty-three sous: beating a freeman with a stick, provided no blood was drawn, was a bargain at three sous a blow: for those who preferred to use their fists it was a little more expensive at nine sous a time. The death of a husband as a result of drinking his wife's elderberry wine exposed her to a forfeit of 200 sous. "Blocking the freeman's path" could only be indulged in regularly by the very wealthy.

To-day the law chases with price labels a number of will o' the wisps. Suffering in all its forms is lumped together at a flat rate of £5 per day. Indignity may be well worth while. Where there is the loss of expectation of life the Courts become rhapsodical and try to evaluate the victim's possibility of future happiness. Length of years alone means nothing, their lordships ruminate, for who would count it a loss to be rid of a lifetime of misery? Perhaps they should consider the hardships which may arise in the next world, for an unpremeditated precipitation into a future state might cause numerous embarrassments.

However, the law is laid down and to turn the hope of years to come into pounds shillings and pence, it must assess a man's chances of bliss on earth. To these chances, their lordships moralize, the facts of wealth and social status are quite irrelevant (here they follow an

obiter dictum of Metro Goldwyn Mayer, "Poor Little Rich Girl" ABC, 1935). How should one reconcile health and hypochondria, or contentment and the inveterate grouser?

Perhaps when the pencilled note is struck out and the word "sold" scribbled across it, the new owner of the universe will draw up a comprehensive price list and settle this confusion. T. E. B.

THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

By SIR FRANK ENGLEDDOW on 6 May 1950

COMMEMORATION provokes reflection on the purpose of founders and benefactors, on the measure of its fulfilment, and on the aspirations of the Foundation in our own day. One of the early inspiring forces was love of learning which, though tinged with sheer pride in the possession and display of knowledge, proceeded from faith in the material and the immaterial benefits to mankind arising from knowledge. Unceasing search for more knowledge was both a satisfying of the intellectual powers and also a high duty. Assiduous spread of knowledge, by education, would ensure the expected benefits not only to the scholarly but to all.

All who are commemorated to-day, from earliest to latest, would be profoundly moved to gratitude, for fulfilment of purpose, by knowledge of the lives and the works of men whom the College has nurtured. If they could know of the majestic, awesome progress in the whole world of learning, their satisfaction would be many times magnified. The earlier among them would be in bewilderment: even the benefactors of a few decades ago would be astonished. We ourselves are baffled, sometimes frightened, by the scope of knowledge, its complexity, its prodigious power in our lives and our affairs.

In the advanced countries, where in the four and a half centuries of our Foundation's existence research and invention have chiefly flourished, education has spread enlightenment and knowledge. Even among less advanced peoples the material and social consequences of advance in knowledge are now profound. Learning, research and education, have indeed laid a marvellous groundwork. If widening of the realm of knowledge and ingenuity in applying it be precursory of human happiness, there should be much to show.

There is. Even the scientific intensifying and brutalizing of war is no more than a darkening of the glowing picture of alleviation. The bounds of sickness and physical suffering have been drawn in. In many lands, man is able to win for himself better food, enhanced physical amenities, more leisure and means of enjoying it, by less, and far less arduous, exertion. Security has displaced perpetual anxiety about the elementary requirements of subsistence. Law and order, provision for the needy, political and religious freedom and toleration, justice, the rights of the common man, have entrenched themselves. Superstition and fears of the imagination have lost much of their terror.

But what is it that dominates a retrospect of the decade or two still fresh in memory and so much of the prospect as we may venture to try to discern? If it is not unqualified apprehension, it is also not quiet confidence. Looking backward or forward or at their present state, the generality of men are ill at ease. Goodwill among nations shows no promise of building up, despite thirty years of systematic endeavour. Respect for law has not grown with the spread and improvement of education. Neighbourliness, simple goodwill and trust, seem neither to be, nor to show promise of being, more strongly infused in man-to-man behaviour. Shortly after the College was founded the Anglican Church brought into daily use a Collect, framed from a Christian prayer of great antiquity, which petitions for "that peace which the world cannot give". Few lips now make the petition but millions of hearts. Though the two great wars of this century sorely aggravated this disquiet of mind, it would be truer to say that they had common origins with it than that they brought it about. It could no doubt be shown that for shorter or longer periods in times past, in peace as well as in war, there prevailed general dismay and disquiet. But there is small consolation in that. Have the benefits of learning, the triumphs of the intellect, left man, amid all the material advances, prone as ever to unease of mind and to apprehension? Is that "peace..." no nearer than it was four centuries ago? Is there now the same confident faith our founders and early benefactors had in the certainty of advance in human happiness through growth and spread of learning? In the first chapter of the Book of Haggai are these words:

Consider your ways.

Ye have sown much....

Ye looked for much and, lo, it came to little.

What is being sown now? What is now the purpose or inspiration of University education and research: what its influence on human affairs and happiness? University education serves a special and a general purpose. Self-propagation of scholarship by attracting and nurturing pre-eminent gifts is the special purpose. This is capable of exercising the dominant influence and imparting the essential spirit in both research and general education in the University. For it is the internal or controllable force playing on them, the external being the demand of the world or, alternatively regarded, the concrete obligation of the University to society.

The difficulty of perceiving the general purpose of University education is made plain by the voluminousness, complexity and discordance of current public utterances. Opinion of all shades is

informed by a common desire—that University education should be a more excellent preparation for life than any other: a preparation for duties of trust and responsibility in commerce and industry, in government, in the educational and other professions and in divers unremunerated activities in society. It should uniquely enhance a man's personal life and his service to his neighbours. The character of the preparation actually afforded is now increasingly criticized. On the one hand, subordination of the humanities to science and professional training is deplored: on the other, the danger of purely humanistic study in a scientific age and of the ascendancy of pure scholarship and disinterested attitude over the technology on which modern society depends. Intermediately, there is the plea for an infusion of humanism into the science curriculum and of science into humanistic study. The intermediate view derives from apprehension that narrowness in the scientific, and total ignorance of science among those nurtured in humanism, may stand in the way of the full application of new knowledge, and of the scientific method, to human affairs.

Some find it possible to speak decisively on one or another aspect of this complex issue. To most it is a matter of uneasy questioning. One plain, practical question seems to stand out. Must it be admitted that the dominating general purpose in University education is closely designed preparation for salaried careers rather than preparation for life: and that, often, prospective material reward heavily influences the choice and course of study, overwhelming both sense of calling and scholarly inclination? To expect immaterial motives alone to rule University education would be fantastical; but their extreme subordination would be worse. The practical paramountcy of career training is bound to militate against loftier purpose in general University education. Must it inevitably exclude it: by what means, through what ruling spirit, could it still be preserved? There is, at the least, cause for uneasiness in the present trend. Yet can it be claimed that in Universities, corporate interest in the question of purpose in education is genuinely awake and inspired by high aspiration or profound conviction? Has consideration risen much above pedagogy and the clashing interests of intellectual disciplines? How much is being conceded to external insistence on Universities possessing, first and chiefly, a demonstrable material usefulness?

Research, in the scholarly sense, is a quest for new knowledge. It proceeds from natural curiosity and aptitude for questioning. Being thus wholly disinterested, it claims complete freedom of action and utterance and also, in modern times, on the ground that all knowledge is potentially useful, ample material facilities also. It may be that in any generation this scholarly ideal has been realized in the lives of but a few who, besides being intellectually and spiritually outstanding,

were possibly also unusually lucky. Nevertheless, as an ideal, it has been profoundly important in University life. What remains of it now: what place can it have in the foreseeable future?

Freedom of inquiry and utterance is in our day denied to scholarship in many countries. If this were no more than crude tyranny it might prove ephemeral because self-destroying. But it is inspired by highly developed rational purpose. The purpose is so to direct search for knowledge that it may best and most quickly elevate the material condition and the happiness of all men. Search for knowledge is conceived, *a priori*, to have no right to freedom but to be under a strong, defined obligation. And it is assumed that the reason, unaided, is an infallible guide to the nature of human betterment and to the means of promoting it. Has scholarly freedom been sufficiently safeguarded where mind and tongue have liberty, and learning enjoys munificent and only lightly conditioned support? Many are troubled lest even in these circumstances external influence gain the mastery in University research. Search for knowledge, it is feared, is being indirectly forced towards, or by various means attracted to, utilitarian and often immediate objectives. Utilitarianism may avert delay in applying knowledge to material betterment and progress: but is the price already being paid in the stifling of natural curiosity, of originality of mind and of scholarly idealism? Some have engaged in ardent controversy over this question; some, though fewer, have attempted an objective analysis. But there prevails a bewildering disharmony of view and an incapacity for clarification. Must it not be said that this obscurity arises from preoccupation with problems that are no more than organizational, that symptoms not causes are diagnosed? Has the time not come to strike more deeply into the matter?

Society's need for science has so swiftly mounted up in the past quarter of a century that research has become a vast occupation with emoluments graduated and adjusted exactly as in non-scholarly work. Even in the Universities research is and must be a career. It is one of the problems of the time to preserve not only originality but disinterestedness when scholarship is thus organized and rewarded. Outside the Universities, paid work cannot be disinterested. How far and by what means can it be encouraged to remain so within them? This is far subtler than any organizational issue: a matter of feeling, inspiration, ethic.

Whatever their avowed purpose, University education and research must be judged by the purpose they serve in human lives and affairs. How is their leadership shown; for what does society now look from seats of learning? Is it not mainly, or in cold truth exclusively, for the skills and technologies that promote material well-being and for what

is aesthetically and intellectually gratifying? These expectations are being wondrously satisfied. But what enhancement of inner peace and contentment of mind, what elevation of national behaviour, convincingly present themselves as the outcome of scholarly achievement? Words cannot supply an answer; no more than intuitive impression is possible. The impression on modern minds is by no means wholly gratifying. For our founders and early benefactors, would it not be sorely disappointing that the growth of knowledge which has so splendidly ministered to bodily well-being and amenity has so lightly touched the subtler qualities of human happiness?

Why are the Universities in dismay over their own problems in education and in research and why have they lost their higher leadership? Not because growth of knowledge or power of applied rationalization have lagged. The trends in learning and in human affairs that now alarm us have been plain to see and in unchecked advance for several decades. Has the incapacity of learning to set itself right and to take a masterly part in healing the disorders of society been through decay in quality of its inspiration? It is impossible to brush aside the fear that the Universities have lost control over their own course. Engrossed in sectionalized, acute intellectuality, they have been swept along by outside forces. They have been content, have even endeavoured, to make it their purpose to adapt themselves to demands from without. Thus it is that the University organism is at a crucial point of development. It has reached that point not through the free action of its own growth forces. It has been carried to it by those greater forces which have impelled the whole life and outlook of mankind. Yet, in comparison with the problems besetting countries and threatening their relations, the questions now engaging corporate attention in our Universities sink almost to the trivial.

The supreme question for Universities, for the government and peoples of advanced countries, and impending for the less developed also, is the fearsome experiment into which men and nations have drifted, rather than entered by design, of directing themselves solely by the reason. Man has come to rely on discovered knowledge and to neglect or deny revealed knowledge. Though not universally avowed nor, save in one vast sector, much spoken or thought of, rationalism, or intellectual materialism, has taken command. Conflict of the intellectual and the spiritual has become the transcendent issue. Whether learning can be said to have created the issue would be a hard question to attempt: that it has been its developmental agency is plain enough. Is it proper to the purpose of learning to concern itself with this issue which it has helped to create: should any other agency than the reasoning process be admitted in examining University purpose and problems?

The intellectual and the spiritual is an issue which has engaged the reflective for ages: its documentation is centuries old. Agnostics are able to set it aside as insoluble. To be indifferent to it in face of the trends and events of our day seems possible only through complete self-engrossment. For the confirmed rationalist the issue has been disposed of. But for those who admit that they do, and feel that they must, walk by faith as well as by sight, the issue is transcendent for individuals, for University learning, for human affairs and happiness. They look to reason to aid faith by examining its nature and practical influence: but unless their aptitudes and intellectual disciplines specially qualify them, they find themselves unable to make such an analysis of the issue as they can put into intellectually satisfying words. The very language and grammar of the subject are too hard for them. Yet they find themselves with certain simple questions and impressions concerning rationalism.

Can a rational case be made for unselfishness, for physical or moral courage, for undeviating truthfulness? If these arise from or are fostered by the purely intellectual influence, are they most likely to be found among the learned? Are the highly intellectual less than others at the mercy of elementary passion and emotion, of self-seeking, of pride, of anxiety, of fear? The library of intellectual materialism must be very large. But to which of its books do even the intellectual turn in adversity and emotional trouble: which of them has become the familiar guide and consolation to the unlearned: and which is the rationalist's Bible or book of instruction in right living?

Social obedience, that is, a wholesome social conscience, should strengthen with growth of knowledge. Yet in the study of delinquency and other social maladies, the lacking quality is concluded to be only in the less measure a want of intellectual training and, basically, a wrongness of character, of ethic, of spirit. The unsatisfactory elements in dealings between one and another and in the simple things of personal life, seem to arise from the same lack. Between nation and nation, what disrupts negotiation and prevents practical amity, is not failure to uncover facts or to marshal sound reasonings. Reason, even in very hard material problems, succeeds again and again in pointing a hopeful way: but people, groups and nations, are not always induced by reasoning to take the way to which reasoning points. A second power seems to be wanted. If the need for it is admitted, then the issue of the intellectual and the spiritual is admitted.

To the stoically patient it may be satisfactory to let any issue there may be between the intellectual and the spiritual work itself out. The attention of some branch of scholarship may be bestowed on it but with neither intention nor hope of any designed outcome save

advance in analysis of phenomena. Up to possibly even a decade ago this attitude was to be regretted only from the standpoint of strong conviction, either materialistic or religious. To-day there are compelling reasons for casting off both indifference and philosophical phlegm. A fully developed form of materialism has established itself which has not only dictated a purpose to University education and research, but also offers itself in the form of a political-economic ideal, as a national purpose, an ethic, a religion. May not a people becoming sincerely devoted to such an ethic have greater spiritual alertness than one which, having lost the old Christian or other deistic ethic, is left with nothing but half developed, less than half believed, intellectual materialism? Must not the distraughtness of mind, internal cleavages and other weaknesses of nations, the ridiculous yet alarming failure of attempted international concert, be accounted to lack of ethical purpose? The twelfth chapter of the Book of Ecclesiastes, which is remembered for its impressive obscurity, is said to have had its ending inserted by some later editor. Unable to find in it anything but dire pessimism—"... all is vanity"—he was impelled irrationally, by sheer faith, to add: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, serve God and keep his Commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." In the uneasy circumstances of our day it is hard to condemn his inspired, unreasoned, addition. Some inspiration, some rule of conduct, with power to impel as well as to point, is what men and nations seem to need.

In Universities and Colleges, education, learning and research are linked, in words or tacitly, with religion, that is, with an ethic. Some men are led to a supra-natural, some to an intellectual ethic. Internally, University scholarship is uncertainly struggling to preserve true freedom: externally, its power for bettering human circumstances and affairs, while bearing essentially on the materialistic, is even there narrowing in its range. The challenge to it, the duty upon it, are formidable. In its purpose, that is, its inspiration or ethic, lies its destiny. To be lukewarm, vague or indifferent to purpose, to take neither side in the issue of the intellectual and the spiritual in which learning itself has involved mankind, would be both intellectual and spiritual surrender.

"AN EVENING IN JUNE"

A NEW PLAY, WRITTEN FOR THE LADY MARGARET PLAYERS BY DONALD RUDD, AND PRESENTED IN THE FELLOWS' GARDEN ON THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, 8 AND 9 JUNE 1950, AT 8.0 P.M.

THE Lady Margaret Players had been fortunate in their choice of dates: no one could have wished for a better evening in June. Just enough warmth remained from the day-time to keep the evening coolness from becoming too cold, while an absence of breeze ensured that the actors were not mere voices crying into the Wilderness; most important of all, there was a distinct touch of midsummer magic in the air.

This was important, for an atmosphere of illusion is always difficult to create in an open-air production, and the difficulties are increased in this play, where the author has deliberately set out to explore the relationship between Illusion and Reality. A play which repeatedly calls in question the very foundations of dramatic effect is bound to make its audience sensitive to the tiniest flaws in production: it is a tribute to the skill of the producer (Derek Bond) and players that on this occasion the necessary atmosphere was well maintained throughout.

It is true that there were dangerous moments. Once or twice an actor would pause and look at his audience in a manner suggesting rather the familiarity of a music-hall comedian than the distance required by sophisticated comedy; and the line: "He's probably behind the summerhouse now, waiting for an entrance" (when it was not sufficiently clear that the Cousin Osric referred to was a Very Distinguished Actor) also sent a ripple across the surface of illusion. But these were very slight faults, and were well offset by the brilliant *tour de force* which enabled Osric to treat the audience as creations of his own imagination—even to the point of haranguing us unmercifully.

Open-air production gave rise to another difficulty: that of representing extremes of age among a cast composed entirely of university students. The darkened theatre presents no such problem, since make-up can be used to an extent which would be intolerable out of doors; but in the open air there seems to be no solution. This is a pity, since the two people chiefly affected, Robert Busvine and Pauline Curson, gave performances with which it would otherwise be hard to find any fault. Yet in spite of skilful representations of the exuberantly youthful Peter Flanagan and the managing, interfering Mrs Harrison, it was always hard to believe that the one was as

young, or the other as old, as their voices or gestures suggested. At the end of the play, however, approaching dusk solved the problem admirably.

The other characters fell easily within the range of the players. Patrick Hutton, in the part of Kenneth Harrison, was able to display a welcome and convincing naturalness; Benedicta Cooper, as Lynette Felderman, played her part well though it gave her few opportunities for subtlety. Brian Cannon as Major Morris had a good, unexaggerated, military manner, marred only by a slight woodenness in handling his lines. Marion Hardy was convincingly neurotic as Janet, and John Denson's abrupt portrayal of her husband presented the right sort of immovable object to her irresistible force. Michael Littleboy and Jean Duncan provided some excellent comic relief as the Vicar and his wife; the effect of their combination of absent-mindedness, benevolence and authentically just-out-of-date clothing was completed by that final, memorable stage-direction: "Exit, pursued by an almost-bare vicar."

The ideological conflict of the play was focused in two characters, each the subject of a distinguished performance. Joseph Bain was delightfully sophisticated and "histrionic" as Cousin Osric, the very real protagonist of "Illusion" as a way of life. Peter Croft had a slightly more difficult part as The Stranger, who flies the banner of Reality only to become himself an illusion at the end of the play; the dual effect was achieved by combining a detached oracular manner with occasional flashes of emotion.

The setting of the play had provided material for several original effects during the evening. The long walk towards Queen's Road was used many times for spectacular entrances and exits, the summerhouse provided an admirable symbol of suburbia, and the cast even managed to deal spontaneously and effectively with a passing plane. But the subtlest stroke of assimilation was reserved for the end, when the oil-lamps, made necessary by gathering darkness, were caught up into the play's structure and used symbolically to resolve the central conflict of the play.

Of the play as a whole, little more need be said: as a literary achievement it is discussed elsewhere in this issue. But a word must be said in praise of the sparkling lines which abound everywhere: the play was always alive, and the audience's attention was held throughout. The fact that some members of the audience seemed uncertain as to the significance of the play as a whole, suggests that in places the ideas were allowed to chase each other too fast: in drama the saturation point of ideas is low. On the other hand, it is not every writer who gives so excellent a summary of his dramatic intentions as that which appeared in the programme, or who gives

so clear a clue to the "moral" as the quotation which preceded his summary:

Night falls; the mask falls, and we perforce return
To "what is", unilluminated by
Your bitter-sweet beguiling "what might be".
But if the memory laid reality
Some hope of new illusion, then to thee
O Thalia, must our panegyric be.

J. B. B.

JOHNIANA

(i) *Blazers*:

[We are indebted to H. M. Stewart, and to the Editor of the *Cambridge Review* for permission to reprint the following article.]

One's first impulse is, naturally, to turn to the *New English Dictionary* (1888) where we find, "Blazer. A light jacket of bright colour worn at cricket or other sports." Reference is made to *The Times* of 19 June 1880, and to the *Durham University Journal* of 1885; but we can trace the word further back than that, and show something of its derivation.

The *Dictionary of Slang and its Analogues* by John S. Farmer and W. E. Henley (1890) is rather more helpful. "Blazer. Subs. (popular)—originally applied to the uniform of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, St John's College, Cambridge, which was of a bright red and was called a Blazer. Now applied to any light jacket of bright colour worn at cricket or other sports. Prof. Skeat (*N. & Q.* 7 S, III, 436), speaking of the Johnian Blazer, says it was always of the most brilliant scarlet, and thinks it was not improbable that the fact suggested the name, which became general." *The Times'* reference is given, and one to *Punch* of 1885; while on 22 August 1889, one Walter Wren wrote to the *Daily News* about that paper's use of the word, "... This is... a case of the specific becoming the general. A blazer is the red flannel boating jacket of the Lady Margaret Boat Club. When I was at Cambridge it meant that and nothing else." Walter Wren entered Christ's College in 1852, but being taken ill after a few terms was readmitted in 1857.

Skeat entered Christ's College in 1854, where he remained, except between 1860 and 1864. In the reference given he also says that, during his residence, the word was coming into use, apparently from the term Johnian Blazer.

Sir Robert Scott, in his *St John's College*, bears this out, but gives no dates. Mr Morris Marples, in his recently published *University Slang*, refers the term to L.M.B.C., but gives no reference before that of *The Times* of 1880.

Confirmation comes from what is, perhaps, our best source, *The Cambridge University Almanack and Register*. The first issue, of 1853, gives the uniform of L.M.B.C. for the season 1851-2 as: "... a red guernsey or 'blazer', a red and white striped jersey, trowsers (*sic*) of a small black and white check with a very faint stripe of red, and a red cap or white straw hat with red ribbon." This is very nearly the present, theoretical, uniform of all but the First May Boat; though the only known extant long trowsers and straw hat are the property of the author.

Here is the word blazer used for 1852, and the inverted commas imply that it was fairly recent slang. These were first dropped for the season of 1868. The usual uniform consisted of over-jersey, under-jersey—perhaps sweater and zephyr, a term first used for First Trinity for 1867—trowsers and cap or straw hat. Among the few variations

Third Trinity had "a grey overcoat", and Caius a "violet coloured jacket", no over-jersey being given.

The points to notice are that, though two clubs wore coats, of which the Caius one would certainly be called a blazer to-day, the term is not applied to them; that the word blazer is known, and used only for L.M.B.C.; that First Trinity wore a "blue and white striped under-jersey" which is not called a blazer. The last point, along with the other evidence, seems to dispose of the rival theory, which has been quoted in the correspondence columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, that the boats' crews of H.M.S. Blazer rowed in blue and white striped jerseys instead of the usual all blue, and that the term spread to any garment which was striped instead of plain. In the words of one of my correspondents, "H.M.S. Blazer has been torpedoed;... the garment is clearly being worn in 1852, and H.M.S. Blazer's claim began in 1857".

The *Almanack and Register* is not completely consistent—perhaps this is more the fault of Boat Club secretaries, or whoever supplied the information—but the main developments as they appear in its various volumes are as follows. (The dates refer to seasons, not to the volumes of the *Almanack and Register*.)

- | | |
|----------------|---|
| To 1851. | Unknown. |
| 1852 to 1867. | L.M.B.C. alone has "Blazer", in inverted commas. |
| 1868. | Inverted commas are dropped. |
| 1869 and 1870. | Corpus has a "cherry blazer trimmed with white silk". L.M.B.C. drops the term! Note that the colour is still red. |
| 1871 and 1872. | L.M.B.C. and Corpus have blazers. |
| 1873. | L.M.B.C., Corpus, Second Trinity, Emmanuel, and the short-lived St John's College Boat have blazers. Second Trinity's is the far from blazing "black and blue striped blazer". This was a year in which many clubs first adopted their present colours. |

By 1882 some fourteen or fifteen clubs have blazers, though not all regularly.

The evidence on the whole is consistent with the views of Skeat and Wren, and seems convincingly in favour of the L.M.B.C. origin.

The whole subject of early rowing costume is interesting; so far as the blazer is concerned it is still doubtful what, in fact, it originally was. "Guernsey" suggests a heavy knitted garment, yet even this word may not have had its present meaning; for in 1874 Queens' had a "double breasted jersey", which sounds more like a cardigan—a word of about the same vintage as blazer. It is analogous on the one hand to the more general over-jersey, and on the other to the overcoat or jacket. It may thus have been somewhere between these two extremes, perhaps a heavy cardigan with a collar; but Walter Wren described it as being of red flannel. A. G. Almond, the tailor, in *Gowns and Gossip* (1925), wrote: "Blazer. Many years ago, when Mr Reuben Buttress ceased to be Chapel Clerk at St John's in order to go into

business, he made the scarlet coat for the Lady Margaret Boat Club; its vivid colour won for it the term 'A Blazer', and the synonym has since been applied to the similar garment whatever its character, whether it be of a simple colour or varied." The present Mr Almond suggests that originally knitted guernseys were worn on the river, but that when Buttress produced a flannel coat (which was nevertheless still called a guernsey), it was worn in the town as well, where a bright scarlet was not to be expected; and that it was this which caused it to be remarked on as a Blazer.

The earliest picture I have found is of L.M.B.C. going head in the Mays, 1872; the blazers appear of the modern type. The old coloured sheet of Cambridge University Boating Costumes still available on King's Parade shows the *style* of dress reduced to its H.C.F., since the same block is used throughout, and the blazers are in their present form. But it only refers to the Mays of 1880, and the *colours*, at least, are inaccurate compared with the *Almanack and Register*.

Unfortunately the early records of L.M.B.C. have gone astray, so there is no information from within the club. Any information on the subject would be welcome, particularly anything earlier than 1852. I have found no record of the term at Oxford as early as this, or even at a much later date.

(ii) *Bumps*:

[We are indebted to the Editor of *The Times* for permission to reprint this Fourth Leader, which appeared on 13 June 1950.]

Going head

"Bump! More bump", ecstatically shouts the small boy as he comes down the front stairs on a tea-tray or perhaps takes part in a game of Musical Bumps, which is another and more painful version of our old friend Musical Chairs. Of late years the word has taken on a sinister significance, so that in certain circles, according to Mr Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of the Underworld*, a professional killer is now known as a bump-off guy. In this country, however, it still stands primarily for the joys and agonies of Eights or the May Races, and even to addicts of gangster fiction the news that Lady Margaret has made four bumps will scarcely suggest an aristocratic murderess. If there is to be a triumph it is best that it should be complete, well and truly rounded off, and none could be more complete than that of the illustrious club who boast the original of all blazers of flaming scarlet. They started fifth on the river; they had to make a bump each night in order to go head and each night they set off with so fierce a rush that no one of their victims could get beyond Grassy, that famous Corner which has figured in the accounts of the May Races from time immemorial.

It is pleasantly appropriate that the best and most exciting account of going head of the river should have been written by a distinguished Johnian who was himself in his day Captain of the L.M.B.C.; but he,

with a novelist's natural instinct for the dramatic and for making the most of his material, delayed the final bump till after the Railway Bridge and almost at Charon's Grind. His successors of to-day slew with a more merciful swiftness. It may be said that less was hardly to be expected from an eight with six victorious Blues in it, but even a Blue is a human being, and this is one of the pursuits in which the cup can very easily be dashed from the lip; the quarry has sometimes the audacity to catch a victim of its own before being caught itself. Moreover, little David must not always engage all the sympathy: Goliath deserves his meed of praise when he lives up to his giant's reputation. His achievement this time is one to sweep the driest of dry bobs off their feet so that for a moment they forget even cricket and swell in imagination the din on the towpath, wherein are blended the cheers of all the Tuscan ranks.

(iii) *The Nashe Society:*

[We are indebted to the author and publisher for permission to reprint the following passage.]

St John's College boasted a literary society which I had myself helped to found...we picked on Thomas Nashe, one of the less celebrated of the Elizabethans. This choice had two advantages. The first was that as all his works were out of print we felt under no obligation to read them. The second was that the title of one of his polemical masterpieces, 'Have with you to Saffron Walden!' provided us with a new form of greeting to rival the 'What cheer!' of the athletes. 'Have with you!' we would call to one another, feeling deliciously esoteric. We even organized a 'Have with you to Saffron Walden' party and invited that distinguished old Johnian, Sir John Squire, to lead it. In the event we never visited Saffron Walden; instead we had an enjoyable if somewhat beery banquet. There was it is true, an unfortunate moment when, to make conversation, I politely asked our guest if he had ever been to the boat-race. Pointing out that he had broadcast it annually for the previous five years, he retired moodily into his tankard; emerging, however, on the arrival of the punch-bowl, to propose, in an eloquent speech, the health of Thomas Nashe.

E. F. LYDALL (B.A. 1929), *Enough of Action* (Jonathan Cape, 1949).



JOHN WILLIAMS (1582-1650)

A TERCENTENARY Commemoration Sermon preached in the Chapel of St John's College, Cambridge, on Sunday, 5 November 1950, by the Reverend CHARLES SMYTH, Canon of Westminster and Rector of St Margaret's.

Prov. xiv. 12: *There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.*

Phil. iv. 12: *I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.*

"He tasted equally of great Prosperity and Adversity, and was a rare Example in both...; not elevated with Honour, nor in the contrary state cast down."* That is the testimony of John Hacket, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, who had been Williams' domestic chaplain, and essayed to rehabilitate his memory in one of the most fantastically learned biographies in our literature: *SCRINIA RESERATA: A Memorial Offer'd to the Great Deservings of John Williams, D.D. Who some time held the Places of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, Lord Bishop of Lincoln, and Lord Archbishop of York. Containing a series of the Most Remarkable Occurrences and Transactions of his Life, in Relation both to Church and State.* (1693.)†

* H[acket], II, 229.

† The most recent biography of Williams is Miss Barbara Dew Roberts' *Mitre and Musket* (Oxford University Press, 1938). It is not entirely accurate in detail, though it is particularly useful for its account of the Archbishop's military activities in Wales during the Civil War. "Hacket knew everything about Williams' life until his return to Conway" ("John Williams of Gloddaeth", by Judge Ivor Bowen, in *Trans. Soc. Cymmrodorion*, 1927-8, p. 11). It may be added that *Scrinia Reserata* wants an index.



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JOHN WILLIAMS: THE WESTMINSTER PORTRAIT

"This is that man, whose Life was so full of Variety; *Quod consul toties exulq; ex exule consul*, says *Manilius* of *Marius*. He was advanced to great Honours very young; half of his Poms cut off within five years; lay four years current in the Tower, sequestred of all, and very near to be deprived of all, and of a sudden recovers his Liberty, and a higher Place than ever."* "But from that day his Afflictions were constant to him, and never lent him pause or intermission of Peace."† "Few men ever lived whose lives had more Paradoxes in them."‡

Such was the history of John Williams: "the last churchman who held the Great Seal—the last who occupied at once an Archbishopric and a Deanery—" and, adds Dean Stanley (writing in 1867), "one of the few eminent Welshmen who have figured in history."‡ He was born at Conway on Lady Day, 25 March 1582, and died in obscurity and in debt at Gloddaeth in Caernarvonshire on Lady Day, 25 March 1650. His tomb in the parish church at Llandegai has lately been restored at the charges of this College, of which he was an alumnus and a Benefactor.

"Envie it self cannot deny", says Thomas Fuller, "but that whithersoever he went, he might be traced by the footsteps of his benefaction."§ His liberality to St John's, "the Nurse of his hopeful breeding",|| began in 1622: he endowed scholarships and fellowships, ear-marked for Old Westminster, of which more anon; and he presented four advowsons¶ to the College. "But", says the egregious Hacket, "the Chief Minerval which he bestowed upon that Society was the Structure of a most goodly Library, the best of that kind in all *Cambridge*. And as he had pick'd up the best Authors in all Learning, and in all plenty, for his own use, so he bequeathed them all to this fair Repository. This was Episcopal indeed, to issue out his Wealth, as the Lord brought it in, in such ways."** He contributed over two-thirds (£2011. 13s. 4d.) of the cost of the building: and the initials I.L.C.S. with the accompanying date 1624, still plainly visible from the river, are a memorial of the munificence of "Johannes Lincolniensis Custos Sigilli".

As a boy at Ruthin Grammar School, he had attracted the attention of his relative, Bishop Vaughan of Chester, quaintly described by Fuller as "a corpulent man, but spiritually minded",†† who "being

* H. II, 167.

† H. II, 182.

‡ *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, 1st ed., p. 468.

§ *The Church History of Britain* (1656), xi, vi, 26.

|| H. I, 96.

¶ Soldern, Freshwater, Aberdaron, St Florence. (T. Baker, *History of St John's College, Cambridge*, ed. Mayor, II, 619.)

** H. I, 96.

†† *Church History*, x, iii, 11.

not only as Learned as most Men to try a Scholar, but Judicious above most Men to conjecture at a rich Harvest by the green Blade in the Spring, took speedy care to remove his Kinsman to *Cambridge*, and commended him to the Tuition of Mr *Owen Guin* of *St John's College*, well qualified by his Country and Alliance for a Friend, and no indiligent Tutor".* John Williams matriculated as a sizar in the Easter Term of 1598,† and was admitted to a foundation scholarship on 5 November 1599.‡ Good-looking and precocious, he was proudly welcomed to *Cambridge* by his fellow-countrymen, "the Old *Britains* of *North-Wales*, who praised him mightily in all places of the University (for they are good at that, to them of their own Lineage), and made more Eyes be cast upon him, than are usual upon such a Punie". But, since he "brought more *Latin* and *Greek*, than good *English* with him", "such as had gigling Spleens would laugh at him for his *Welsh* Tone". He felt their mockery acutely, but it served to sharpen his ambition. Deliberately he acquired, as the foundation of his fortunes, an English accent; and lived "a very retired Student, by shunning Company and Conference, as far as he could, till he had lost the Rudeness of his Native Dialect. Which he labour'd and affected, because he gave his Mind to be an Orator".§ For "he never liv'd *Ex tempore*, but upon premeditation to day what to do long after....Such Blood and Spirits did boil in his Veins as *Tully* felt, when he spake so high; *Mihi satis est si omnia consequi possim*: Nothing was enough, till he got all....He was full of warmth, and tended upward".||

Shortly before the old Queen's death, he commenced Bachelor, and was elected to a Fellowship, though not without opposition.¶ He continued assiduous and insatiable in the pursuit of learning. "He Read the Best, he Heard the Best, he Conferr'd with the Best, Excrib'd, committed to Memory, Disputed, he had some Work continually upon the Loom....All perceived that a Fellowship was

* H. I, 7. One of Williams' first successful intrigues (which he subsequently regretted) procured the Mastership of the College for his old tutor and fellow-Welshman in 1612: H. I, 23.

† Venn, *Alumni Cantab.* Pt. I, IV, 415.

‡ "Admissio discipulorum Novembris 5^o: 1599....Ego Joannes Williams Caernarvonienensis admissus sum in discipulum huius collegii pro doctore Gwin." (MS. Register of Fellows and Scholars of St John's College, Cambridge, vol. I, p. 279.)

§ H. I, 7.

|| H. I, 27; II, 9.

¶ "Without disparagement to his Merit, it shall not be concealed, that some of the Seniors did make resistance against him, whose Suffrages are required by Statute for the Election of Fellows": H. I, 10. "Admissio Sociorum Ann: Dom: 1603: Aprilis 14....Ego Joannes Williams Bangoriensis admissus fui in perpetuum socium huius Collegij pro Domina fundatrice." (MS. Register, p. 161.)

a Garland too little for his Head, and that he that went his pace, would quickly go further than St *John's Walks*."* In 1611 he was Junior Proctor. "So have many been, who did nothing, but that which deserves to be forgotten....[But] his was κηδεμονία, or a procuration indeed (so it is Translated out of *Xenophon*) which he filled up with as much of real Worth and Value, with as much Profit and Dignity to the University as could be dispatcht in the Orb of that Government....The Night-Watches, indeed, he committed sometimes to Deputies...."†

It was about this time that he made what Hacket calls "his first, and most advantageous Sallies into the world".‡ Employments of one kind or another—ecclesiastical, academic, or litigious—brought his exceptional abilities to the notice of the great: King James, Archbishop Bancroft,§ and above all, Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, who took the rising young Welshman into his own household ("a Nest for an Eagle")|| as his domestic chaplain and confidential secretary. "What could not such a Master teach? What could not such a Scholar learn?"¶ It was from this patron that Williams received his first lessons in statecraft and his initiation into the higher mysteries of English law.** He received also a very liberal provision in the way of ecclesiastical preferment.†† "He was now in the House of *Obed-Edom*, where everything prosper'd, and all that pertain'd to him." But all this was but a foretaste of dignities and emoluments to come.

Williams went down from Cambridge in 1612, when he was thirty. By 1620, he was Dean of Westminster; by 1621, retaining his Deanery in *commendam* on the ground that it provided him with an official residence near his work, he was Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England and, in lieu of the perquisites of that office (which had been the technical cause of Bacon's downfall), Bishop of Lincoln.

For the understanding of a period of history, the careers of secondary figures are often more rich in clues than the lives of protagonists in the great movements and controversies of the times.

* H. 1, 10.

† H. 1, 20.

‡ H. 1, 17.

§ "Upon this Reverend Father he gained so far, by his neat Wit and decent behaviour, that the Arch-Bishop sent for him two years before he was Bachelour of Divinity, and *ex mero motu* gave him the Advouzon of an Arch-Deaconry in *Wales* (*Cordigan*, if I forget not) which came to the Metropolitan by his customary Prerogative": H. 1, 17.

|| H. 1, 24.

¶ H. 1, 28.

** Such was his energy that, while living in York House, he also, as a spare-time occupation, studied Cosmography under the guidance of "Mr *Richard Hackluit*, a Prebendary of *Westminster*, and so his near Neighbour, indeed the most versed Man in that Skill that *England* bred": H. 1, 13.

†† These ecclesiastical preferments are conveniently listed in the article on Williams (by S. R. Gardiner) in *D.N.B.* (xxi, 414).

To the old question, "Does the man make the age, or the age the man?", it may be answered that some men create, and others are created by, the circumstances under which they work; and that if we wish to learn what were the normal and normative conditions in Church and State under the early Stuarts, we shall find the lives of men like Williams and Cottington and Windebank more informative and less misleading than the biographies of Laud and Strafford.

John Williams was conspicuously a survival from the Pre-Reformation prelaty. Despite the comparison drawn by Puritan pamphleteers, there was little in common between Wolsey, the politician in holy orders, and Laud, the clergyman in politics: and Laud was as bad an example to politicians as Wolsey was to priests. The true disciple and successor of the Cardinal was not Laud, but Williams, as Lord Ellesmere, his first patron, told him in as many words. John Williams was a politician with a taste for splendour, who had taken orders as medieval noblemen took them, as a step to power and feudal dignity: a far cry from the humdrum middle-class bishops around him, who had "got a living, and then a greater living, and then a greater than that, and so come to govern". At his episcopal palace of Buckden, not far from Cambridge, "he liv'd like a *Magnifico* at home":* and the interest of the Church was nothing to him when weighed in the balance against his own advancement or the outwitting of a rival. Such is the judgement of Mr Trevor-Roper,† and I think that it is not unjust: except that it should be qualified by the suggestion that, in so far as Williams ever consciously distinguished in his mind between the Church's welfare and his own, he would have regarded the latter as conducive to the former, if not as a pre-condition of it. For personal ambition is seldom purely or cynically selfish: and they who seek power do so in the conviction that they are better qualified than their competitors to use it in the public interest.

In July 1620, at the early age of thirty-nine, John Williams achieved the Deanery of Westminster. In January 1621, at the late age of forty-eight, William Laud became a member of the Chapter as junior Prebendary, and noted in his Diary, not without a touch of

* H. 1, 35. The reference is actually to "his liberal House-keeping" at his parsonage at Walgrave, Northants., bestowed upon him by Lord Ellesmere: but it is even more applicable to the hospitable splendour of "his Seat of *Bugden*", so vividly described by Hacket (11, 29-38). "His *Adversaries* beheld him with *envious eyes*, and one great Prelate [Laud?] plainly said, in the presence of the King, that the Bishop of Lincoln lived in as much pompe and plenty as any Cardinall in Rome, for Dyet, Musick, and attendance": Fuller, *C.H.* xi, ii, 76.

† *Archbishop Laud: 1573-1645*, by H. R. Trevor-Roper (1940), pp. 53-4, to which this paragraph is indebted.

bitterness: "having had the advowson of it ten years the November before".* A little more than four years later, on 27 March 1625, King James I and VI was gathered to his fathers. Williams attended him on his death-bed, ministered the Holy Communion to the dying monarch, and preached the funeral sermon (from I Kings xi. 41-3, significantly omitting the concluding words).† But with his Master's death, "the Day of the Servant's Prosperity shut up, and a Night of long and troublesome Adversity followed".‡ At the coronation of King Charles I on 2 February 1626, Williams, already relieved of the Great Seal and banished to his diocese, was forbidden to officiate as Dean of Westminster. The King commanded him to absent himself, and invited him to name one of the Prebendaries to take his place. Williams could not pass over Laud (as Bishop of St David's) and he would not nominate him. He therefore submitted a list of the names of the twelve Prebendaries, and left it to the King to choose. The choice, not unexpectedly, fell on Laud, who officiated as Deputy-Dean. The coronation, if ill-omened, was well-ordered: for Laud, with characteristic thoroughness and efficiency, ransacked ancient precedents, and expended the most minute attention upon every detail of the service. (Time deals its own revenges. Nineteen years later, the careful scholarship which he had brought to bear on the revision of the Coronation Order was to be one of the deciding factors which sent him to the block.)§

* Laud, *Works* (Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology), III, 136.

† *Great Britains SALOMON: A Sermon Preached at the Magnificent Funerall, of the most high and mighty King, JAMES, the late King of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, defender of the Faith, etc. At the Collegiat Church of Saint PETER at Westminster, the seventh of May 1625.* By the Right Honorable and Right Reverend Father in God IOHN, Lord Bishop of Lincolne, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale of England, etc. (4to: 76 pp.) Cf. H. I, 223; Fuller, *C.H.* XI, i, 3-4. The text is given as II Chron. ix. 29-31 (the parallel passage) by Hacket, Fuller, and Stanley; and as II Kings ii. (instead of xi.) 41-3 by Beedham (*Notices of Abp. Williams*) and B. Dew Roberts. "The great funeral was on the 7th of this month; the greatest, indeed, that was ever known in England, there being blacks distributed for above nine thousand persons; the hearse, likewise, being the fairest and best fashioned that hath been seen, wherein Inigo Jones, the surveyor, did his part. The king himself was chief mourner, and followed on foot from Denmark House to Westminster Church, where it was five o'clock stricken before all was entered; and the lord keeper took up two hours in the sermon. . . ; so that it was late before the offering and all other ceremonies were ended. In fine, all was performed with great magnificence, but the order was very confused and disorderly. The whole charge is said to arise above £50,000." (John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, London, 14 May 1625: in *The Court and Times of Charles I* [ed. R. F. Williams], 1848, I, 22.)

‡ H. I, 228.

§ Stanley, *M.W.A.*¹, p. 88: L. E. T[anner], art., "John Williams (1582-1650)", in *Westminster Abbey Quarterly*, April 1939, p. 5.

The wind was blowing from a fresh quarter,* and the affront put upon Dean Williams at King Charles' coronation was but one instance of the fact. So, under the new King, the older man outstripped the younger in the contest for the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and, with inexorable determination, proceeded to the crushing of his rival. Then, in turn, Laud fell: the doors of the Tower of London opened to receive him, and to release Williams, who was almost immediately† promoted to the Archbishopric of York and to the *de facto* Primacy of the Church of England. The prize for which he had so long struggled and intrigued was at last within his grasp. But by that time the Crown was tottering to its fall, and the Church of England with it. A few days previously in the Commons the Grand Remonstrance had been carried by a small majority in the early hours of 23 November 1641, after a long and angry debate, the chimes of St Margaret's, Westminster, serenely striking two o'clock as the Members left the House.

One page, and one page only, of the Chapter Minutes of the Abbey carries the autographs of both Laud and Williams before they had attained to their episcopal dignities. It is an Order dated 4 May 1621, securing "Mr Dr Laud, Dean of Gloucester", in the possession of his Prebendal residence on the sunless north side of the Abbey Church, and it is signed at the top by "John Williams" as Dean, and at the bottom by "William Laud" as the junior Prebendary. By one of the ironies of history, when, at the Restoration, the bodies of John Pym and the Cromwellian magnates were contemptuously exhumed from their graves in Westminster Abbey, they were flung into a common pit in St Margaret's Churchyard outside the back door of this very house which had once been Mr Dr Laud's.‡ That was the last act of the tragedy, and rang down the curtain.

It is interesting to reflect that the vendetta between Laud and Williams was cradled in our Chapter. They were both men of inordinate ambition: but Laud sought power not as an end, but as a means. They had both won their spurs in the sharp intellectual cut-and-thrust of the academic world: but Williams had been a Cambridge, and Laud an Oxford don. They were both distinguished by great personal courage and by untiring industry: Williams never slept more than three hours in the twenty-four.§ In

* Cf. Williams to Buckingham, 7 January 1625, in *Cabala, sive Scrinia Sacra* (ed. 1663, p. 310).

† 4 December 1641.

‡ J. Armitage Robinson, "Westminster Abbey in the early part of the Seventeenth Century", in *Proc. Royal Institution*, XVII, 519 ff.

§ "From his Youth to his old Age he ask'd but 3 hours Sleep in 24, to keep him in good plight of Health. This we all knew, who lived in his Family": H. I, 7.

all other respects, their characters were in the sharpest contrast.* Williams despised Laud as an unpolitical idealist, and hated him as a successful rival: and Laud returned the hatred, despising his enemy for his worldliness, his acquisitiveness, and his methods of intrigue. Williams loved ostentation: Laud was wearied by it. Williams was sociable, with a weakness for feminine society: Laud had few friends, and all of them were men. Williams had none of Laud's scrupulosity, none of his superstition, none of his austerity, none of his single-mindedness. Laud was a doctrinaire, Williams a realist.† Laud's political judgement was notoriously bad: that of his rival was almost indecently astute.

Laud was a man of rigid principle, and therefore could be ruthless: but Williams' whole outlook was so secular that he was temperamentally incapable of ecclesiastical partisanship. It is true that "He hated Popery with a perfect hatred":‡ but that detestation was rather political than doctrinal. Proudly indifferent to the convictions of more earnest churchmen, at Cambridge he had offended Anglicans by frequenting "Reverend Mr Perkins his Congregation",§ and Puritans "because he was an Adherent to, and a Stickler for the Discipline and Ceremonies of the Church of England",§ even as in later life he was to affront the Laudian Anglo-Catholics by his disapproval of stone altars, and the Puritans by having *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* performed in his episcopal residence on a Sunday.|| Throughout his career, he behaved as though differences in religious principles were of no significance. When in November 1640 he readily acceded to the request of the House of Commons that the Holy Table in St Margaret's might be moved into the middle of the church, "according to the Rubrick", for their corporate Communion,¶ it was not to propitiate the Presbyterians, nor as a hopeful

* Cf. Trevor-Roper, op. cit. p. 54.

† E.g. in the controversy over the placing of the altar: cf. G. W. O. Addleshaw and F. Etchells, *The Architectural Setting of Anglican Worship* (1948), pp. 120-47, esp. p. 126.

‡ Fuller, *C.H.* xi, vi. 28.

§ H. i, 9.

|| B. Dew Roberts, p. 122 (but I can find no authority for the statement that the performance took place "after the Bishop had just held an ordination"). H. ii. 37, does not refer directly to this incident, but merely states that "some strict Censurers" thought the worse of his Governance of his Family at Buckden "because the Bishop admitted in his publick Hall a Comedy, once or twice to be presented before him, exhibited by his own Servants for an Evening Recreation", and pleads as a precedent the performance of "an Enterlude" at Lambeth before Archbishop Bancroft by his own Gentlemen, "when I was one of the youngest Spectators": he also says that "Some, that liv'd in nothing but Pleasure in the Court, objected, that such Pleasure did not befithim, that was under a Cloud". But see Appendix, p. 241.

¶ "...the Reverend Dean of Westminster... gave this Answer... that it should be removed, as it was desired by this House; with this further Respect

experiment in Christian Unity, but because, as a politician, he regarded the matter as indifferent, and thought that this might be a way of gaining time. There he miscalculated: for Prelacy, whether of his pattern or of Laud's, was already doomed. I believe it to be true that, considering the violence of the rising tide of political and religious Puritanism,* the episcopal Church of England would inevitably have been overthrown whether in the hands of Williams or in the hands of Laud; and that it was by the providence of God that the prize of Canterbury in those ominous years fell to Laud and not to Williams, for this meant at least that the Church of England went to its ruin uncorrupted by worldly wisdom and uncompromised by the artifices of a secular diplomacy. The Restoration Settlement restored the Church, if not as it had been left by Laud, at least as it had been left by Bancroft. The Church as Williams would have left it might never have survived the years of persecution and of exile. *There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.*

These things must be said. Yet there is something to be said upon the other side. Gardiner left it as his considered judgement that "As far as it is possible to argue from cause to consequence, if Williams had been trusted by Charles instead of Laud, there would have been no Civil War and no dethronement in the future".† Certainly the advice that Williams tendered to his royal master in the supreme crisis of May 1641 was indisputably sound, and brilliant in its simplicity. Parliament had laid two documents before Charles for his signature. One was the Bill of Attainder against the Earl of Strafford: the other was a Bill depriving the Crown of the power to dissolve Parliament. Charles was a man of sensitive honour: whatever the difficulties of his position, the demand that he should sign Strafford's death-warrant—a demand which it was as morally intolerable to concede as it was politically impossible to refuse—impaled him on the horns of a dilemma by which he was

to the House, that, though he would do greater Service to the House of Commons than This, yet he would do as much as this for any Parish in his Diocese, that should desire it." (*Commons Journals*, II, 32.)

* Cf. Peter Heylyn, *Cyprianus Anglicus* (1668), p. 468: "The first Assault against the Church, was made at St Margarets Church in Westminster, on a day of Publick Humiliation, November 17, the same on which the Bishop of Lincoln was re-estimated with such Triumph in the Abby-Church: At what time the Minister Officiating the Second Service at the Communion-Table, according to the ancient Custom, was unexpectedly interrupted by the naming and singing of a Psalm, to the great amazement of all sober and well-minded men."

† *History of England, 1603-1642*, VI, 340; cf. also p. 32: "Had Charles accepted him as an adviser, the reign would hardly have been eventful or heroic, but it would not have ended in disaster."

psychologically obsessed. But Williams, whose attitude was more detached, perceived quite clearly that his fellow-Johnian,* "Black Tom Tyrant", was now past saving. Had not the condemned Earl himself, that brave proud man, sent from his prison a message to his Master, "that *he was well prepared for his End, and would not his gracious Majesty should disquiet himself to save a ruin'd Vessel that must sink*"?† So Bishop Williams advised the King to sign Strafford's attainder, because that was inevitable: but to refuse his signature—as he could have done with impunity—to the other Bill giving the Parliament an indefinite time to sit, until both Houses should consent to their own dissolution. He even made bold to ask the King "*If his wise Father would have suffer'd such a thing to be demanded, much less have granted it? And, Whether it would be possible for his truest Lieges to do him Service any more?*"‡ But Charles was so preoccupied with the fate of Strafford, and confused by conflicting counsels and intimidated by demonstrations against the Queen, that he was momentarily no longer capable of clear and balanced judgement. "And on *Sunday, May 9* he signed the indefinite continuance of the Parliament... and *Strafford's Execution*, with the same drop of Ink."§ Williams was right, and the King was wrong: but none the less it is permissible to feel that the famous advice "That there was a Private and a Publick Conscience; [and] that his Publick Conscience as a King, might not only dispence with, but oblige him to do, that which was against his private Conscience as a Man",|| however constitutionally sound, might yet have come more seemly from someone other than a Bishop in the Church of God.

Even in the more limited sphere of politic and worldly wisdom, his counsel was not invariably prescient not unequivocally wise. Though Hacket tells us that "he had the Policy and Gravity of a Statesman, before he had a Hair upon his Chin",¶ yet, from young manhood to old age, his judgement was apt to be deflected by the native defects of his character; and these, in that censorious age, did not pass unremarked. Hacket himself admits that "he gave Distast to some by his Vehemency of Anger, not seldom flying out..."** "They twitted him that he was lofty and supercilious. Underlings will never forbear to object to it in Men in places of Preheminence, when there is more of it in themselves.... Yet I

* Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, matriculated as a Fellow-Commoner in the Easter Term of 1609, when Williams was still a Fellow of St John's.

† H. II, 161.

‡ H. II, 162.

§ H. II, 162.

|| Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion*, bk. III (ed. 1732: vol. I, p. 257).

¶ H. I, 17.

** H. i. 9.

concur with others, who knew this Lord, that Choler and a high Stomach were his Faults, and the only Defects in him. And it had been better for him, if he had known a meek temper, and how to be resisted."* It was his hot temper and impetuosity that, at a most critical juncture at the end of December 1641,† embroiled the Bishops with the Parliament, exposed them to a charge of treason, and immured them helpless in the Tower while the Bill for taking away all temporal jurisdiction from those in Holy Orders passed through the House of Lords. And it was the same defect of temper, inflamed by a quarrel with the local Royalist commander, that in 1646 caused the Archbishop to change sides and to go over to the Parliament.‡ His conduct may be extenuated by the fact that the King was already in the hands of the Scots, that continued resistance by isolated garrisons like that at Conway was as useless as it was hopeless, and that Williams, as a patriotic Welshman, was perfectly correct in seeing that Wales must either submit or be ruined. He received a pardon from the Parliament, and his estate was freed from sequestration. But Royalist tradition neither forgave nor forgot. In 1683, Bishop Morley of Winchester, in his *Answer to Father Cressey's Letter*, brushes aside, as something quite exceptional in the conduct of the clergy of the Church of England, "the *Archbishop of York's* prevarication and Apostacy".§

But when we turn to consider the singular munificence of Williams' benefactions, we are on less controversial territory: and you will bear

* H. II, 229. Cf. Clarendon, bk. IV (vol. II, p. 550): "he carried himself so Insolently, in the House, and out of the House, to all Persons, that he became much more Odious Universally, than ever the other Arch-Bishop [Laud] had been."

† The Bishops were rabbled on their way to the House of Lords on 27 December: Williams' remonstrance, signed by eleven other Bishops besides himself, was presented on 30 December. The Bishops protested that, having "been at several times violently menaced, affronted and assaulted by multitudes of People, in their coming to perform their Services" in the House of Peers, "they dare not Sit or Vote" in that House until given protection: *all enactments passed during their enforced absence to be deemed null and void*. (H. II, 178-9.) Clarendon comments: "the Arch-Bishop's Passion transported him, as it usually did; and his Authority imposed upon the rest, who had no affection to his Person, or reverence for his Wisdom." The signatories were promptly impeached and imprisoned. (On 4 January the King made his abortive attempt to arrest the Five Members.) On 14 February, the Disabling Bill, which had been hanging fire in the Lords since 23 October, passed into law. Williams was released on 5 May.

‡ Cf. Norman F. Tucker, *Prelate-at-Arms: an Account of Archbishop John Williams at Conway during the Great Rebellion, 1642-1650* (Llandudno, 1939).

§ Op. cit. p. 12, in Morley's *Several Treatises* (1683). It is fair to say that the judgement of John Walker in his *Sufferings of the Clergy* (1714), pt. II, p. 82, is more reserved.

with me if, as in private duty bound, I now say something of what the Collegiate Foundation of the Church of St Peter in Westminster owes to one of the greatest of our Deans. John Williams was acquisitive, but not avaricious; believing with Bacon, his predecessor in the office of Lord Keeper, that "*Riches are for Spending; and Spending for Honour and good Actions*". yet good-natured, placable,[†] and kind to the young. Westminster School was then a more modest institution than it was shortly to become under the rule of Dr Busby: but Dean Williams did a great deal to foster it, though he was too busy to emulate a former Dean, Lancelot Andrewes, who "did often supply the Place both of Head School-master and Usher for the space of a whole week together", and "sometimes thrice in a week, sometimes oftner, he sent for the uppermost Scholars to his Lodgings at night, and kept them with him from eight till eleven, unfolding to them the best Rudiments of the *Greek Tongue*, and of the elements of *Hebrew Grammar*. . . . He never walk'd to *Cheswick* for his Recreation, without a brace of this young Fry; and in that way-faring Leisure, had a singular dexterity to fill those narrow Vessels with a Funnel".[‡] Williams also, in the midst of his heavy legal duties as Lord Keeper (or, as we should say, Lord Chancellor), none the less found time to take classes in school when he was in residence: and then "the choicest Wits had never such Encouragement for Praise, and Reward. He was very bountiful in both, and they went always together, scattering Money, as if it had been but Dung to manure their Industry. And seldom did he fail, no not when he kept the Great-Seal, to call forth some of them to stand before him at his Table, that in those intervals of best Opportunity he might have account of their Towardliness; which ripen'd them so fast, made them so Prompt and Ingenuous, that the number of the Promoted to the Universities, which swarm'd out of that Stock was double for the most part to those that were Transplanted in the foregoing Elections."§ All this was very much in character. Furthermore, to the number of forty Scholars on Queen Elizabeth's foundation, "he added four more, distinguish'd from the rest in their Habit

* Bacon's *Essays* (XXVIII. *Of Expende*).

† H. i, 37: "he was strongly espoused to love where he had loved, and 'twas hard to remove his Affections when good Pretences had gained them. Chiefly he was of a most compassionate Tenderness, and could not endure to see any Man's Ruine, if he could help it". Cf. H. ii, 37-8.

‡ H. i, 45. Andrewes was Dean of Westminster from 1601 to 1605: Hacket, a King's Scholar of Westminster, went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, with a scholarship in 1609. (He was elected to a Fellowship in 1614, subsequently became Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, 1661-70, and built Bishop's Hostel, Trinity College, in 1670. He bequeathed his books to the University Library.)

§ H. i, 45.

of Violet Colour'd Gowns, for whose maintenance he purchas'd Lands",* providing for them also four close scholarships and two close Fellowships at his old College. These boys, who were known as "Bishop's Boys", had to be natives of Wales or of the then vast diocese of Lincoln. They were abolished in 1847, though the benefaction still forms part of the School Exhibition Fund.[†] The Fellowships at St John's were suppressed at about the same time, owing to lack of candidates.

For Williams' services to the Abbey, I will confine myself to three points. First, "he converted a wast Room, scituate in the East side of the Cloysters . . . into a goodly Library, model'd it into decent Shape, furnished it with Desks and Chains, accoutred it with all Utensils, and stored it with a vast Number of Learned Volumes".[‡] (Anyone who compares our Library with yours will recognize at once the general similarity of their equipment, though yours is the more elaborate.) Secondly, he embellished the Jerusalem Chamber with an overmantel of cedar wood, displaying his own arms and the heads of Charles I and Henrietta Maria: this seems to have been erected especially for the occasion§ of the banquet at which he entertained the French envoys who had come over to negotiate the royal marriage. Thirdly, being himself extremely musical, he raised the music of the Abbey to unexampled heights by lavish spending, and "procured the sweetest Music, both for the Organ, and for the Voices of all Parts, that ever was heard in an *English Quire*".|| When the French

* H. i, 47, 96. "Both here and at St John's, the funds which he left for these purposes were wholly inadequate to maintain them" (Stanley, *M.W.A.*¹, p. 470 n.).

† Lawrence E. Tanner, *Westminster School* (1934), p. 11.

‡ H. i, 47.

§ Or in commemoration of this entertainment: Stanley, *M.W.A.*¹, p. 473 n.

|| H. i, 46. Likewise at Buckden, when he resided there, "the holy Service of God was well order'd and observ'd at Noon, and at Evening, with Musick and Organ, exquisitely, as in the best Cathedrals: and with such Voices, as the Kingdom afforded not better for Skill and Sweetness: the Bishop himself bearing the Tenour part among them often. And this was constant every day, as well as on solemn Feasts, unless the Birds were flown abroad. . . . The Bishop's Fancy was marvellously charm'd with the Delight of Musick, both in the Chappel, and in the Chamber. . . . Which was so well known, that the best, both for Song, and Instrument, and as well of the *French* that lodg'd in *London*, as of the *English*, resorted to him; chiefly in the Summer-quarter, to whom he was not trivial in his Gratifications. One of the Gentlemen of the King's Chappel, Mr R.N. hath acknowledg'd, that he gave him a Lease worth 500 Pounds. . . . In those days, when God was so worshipp'd, the Concourse was great that came to the Bishop's Chappel for Devotions. So he had more Guests at his Table of generous and noble Extraction, than any Prelate in long Memory before; for the Musick of his great Chamber, which did feed, and relieve the Ear, was sought unto, more than the Cheer which was prepared for the Belly." (H. ii, 30-1.) One of the thirty-six allegations

envoys visited the Abbey, for the space of about half an hour "the Quiremen,* Vested in their Rich Copes, with their Choristers, sung three several Anthems with most exquisite Voices before them", while "the Organ was touch'd by the best Finger of that Age, Mr Orlando Gibbons".† The Dean took advantage of the opportunity to present his guests with copies of the Book of Common Prayer, which he had thoughtfully had translated into their own language: but Monsieur Villoclore, the French Ambassador, afraid of being in any way ecclesiastically compromised, ostentatiously kept on his hat throughout the proceedings, and left his copy "in the stall of the Quire where he had sate".§

It is also to be gratefully recorded that John Williams twice saved the Abbey Church from destruction. When he came to Westminster as Dean in 1620, he "found the Church in such decay, that all that passed by, and loved the Honour of God's House, shook their Heads at the Stones that drop'd down from the Pinnacles... The great Buttresses were almost crumbled to Dust with the Injuries of the Weather".|| He at once repaired and beautified the fabric, at the enormous cost of £4500, all paid for out of his own pocket. "For in the midst of his Profuseness he fell upon Works of great Munificence, which could not come into a narrow Mind, nor be finish'd by a narrow Fortune."¶ But for his timely restoration, Westminster Abbey might not stand to-day.

Twenty-one years later, when Dean Williams, released from made against Williams in 1635 by the four junior Prebendaries of Westminster (headed by Peter Heylyn, who was Laud's chaplain) was to the effect that "whereas the Deane of the said Collegiate Church ought to take special care that the singinge men of the said Church be diligent in attending divine service... The said Lord Bpp did for a long time keepe one or more of the said singinge men to attende him in his quire at Bugden to the great disservice of this Church." Williams "Denied he did soe, Hee kept none in his Quire. But welcomed anye that came to spend a weeke or 2 in his howse at Buckden. And thank't them for it, if they (voluntarily) did singe in his Quire." Williams' reply to the allegations ("Heades for the Deanes Answers to ye objections of the 4 Junior Prebendaries", *Westminster Abbey Muniments*, 25095) is printed as App. C to Judge Ivor Bowen's "John Williams of Gloddaeth" in *Trans. Soc. Cymmrodorion*, 1927-8, pp. 75-91.

* Presumably the Minor Canons (or Priest Vicars). In the Elizabethan draft statutes of the Abbey, the office of the Minor Canons and Lay Vicars is treated as one, and the stipend of the Minor Canons was originally the same as that of the Lay Vicars.

† H. I, 210.

§ But "among those Persons of Gallantry" that made up "the Splendor of the Embassy", there was "an Abbat, but a Gentleman that held his Abbacy *alla mode de France*, in a lay Capacity"; and he, astonished to discover so great a difference between Anglican and Huguenot forms of public worship, was more forthcoming: H. I, 210-12.

|| H. I, 46.

¶ H. II, 34.

prison, restored to his ecclesiastical dignities and temporalities, and advanced to the Archbishopric of York, was enjoying the brief Indian summer of his career, on 27 December 1641, the London mob, after rabbling the Bishops on their way to Parliament, surged towards the Abbey, threatening to pluck down the organs and to deface the monuments. Some of the apprentices in the advance guard came rushing into the church shouting "No bishops! no bishops!": but, on being reproved by a verger for their irreverent behaviour, they seem to have left quietly. Thereupon Williams gave orders to make fast the doors, which the rioters found shut against them; "the Archbishop all this while maintaining the Abby in his own person, with a few more, for fear they should seize upon the *Regalia*, which were in that place under his Custody". The mob attempted to force the north door, but were beaten back by the officers and scholars of the College dropping stones on them from the top of the leads, and one of the ringleaders, Sir Richard Wiseman, received injuries from which he died. Finally "after an hours dispute, when the Multitude had been well pelted from aloft, a few of the Archbishop's Train opened a Door and rush'd out with Swords drawn, and drove them before them, like fearful Hares".*

Williams was not a man to be intimidated. "His enemies lik'd nothing worse in him than his Courage, and he pleased himself in nothing more."† But his personal religion remains an enigma. It is indeed rather obscured than illuminated by the panegyrics of Bishop Hacket, himself, as Baker says, *praesul sane dignissimus, historicus non optimus*.‡ The lengthy discourse which Williams addressed to the French Ambassador in justification of the penal laws against the Recusants, in which he argued that since Roman Catholics could, at a pinch, do without priests in any one of several particular emergencies, therefore it was no intolerable hardship that they should be forced to do without priests at all,§ is possibly ingenious but certainly disturbing: it could have come only from a man who had not the first idea of the meaning of priesthood. On the other hand, he was (says Hacket) "a great Devotee to publick and private Prayer":|| and he enjoyed officiating in choral services.¶ There is also the evidence, for

* H. II, 177-8: Fuller, *C.H.* XI, iv, 13, 14.

† H. II, 229.

‡ Baker-Mayor, I, 261. Ambrose Philips, in the Preface to his *Life of John Williams* (1700), says of Hacket: "*His Lordship's commendable Gratitude to his Great Patron Williams, has made him so very studious of Embellishments for his Life, that I can liken the Lord Keeper, as represented by him, to nothing so properly as to the Statue of some Ancient Hero, so beset with Trophies and Ornaments, that the Comeliness and just Proportion of the Image underneath is scarce discernable at first sight.*"

§ H. I, 212-22.

|| H. II, 230.

¶ H. I, 211; II, 30; Stanley, *M.W.A.* I, p. 474 n.

what it is worth, of his *Certain Prayers, and Short Meditations, Translated out of the Writings of St Augustine, St Gregory, St Bernard, Joannes Picus Mirandula, Ludovicus Vives, Georgius Cassander, Charolus Paschasius, and others; for the private Use of a most Noble Lady*,* posthumously published in 1672. More baffling is the story of his relations with Nicholas Ferrar's community at Little Gidding,† whose dedicated life clearly possessed for him a fascination which we should hardly have expected. One is a little reminded of Dostoevski's Grand Inquisitor. For all his worldliness, Williams had in him a streak of genuine piety and devotion: and he responded instinctively to all that Little Gidding stood for, because he knew that it was what he might himself have been.

Moralizing once upon his life, he is reported to have said: "*I have passed through many places of honour and trust, both in Church and State, more than any of my Order in England this seaventy years before. But were I but assured that by my preaching I had converted but one soule unto God, I should take therein more spiritual joy and comfort, than in all the honours and offices which have been bestowed upon me.*"‡ It is, I think, fair to accept that statement at its face value. Whether the speaker would have been prepared to give up all his wealth and dignities in order, like St Francis, to follow a naked Christ in his poverty for the sake of winning souls for God, is, however, another question. Perhaps the principal value of the life of Williams for the Christian moralist is as a reminder of the complexity of human character and of human motive, and the consequent difficulty and hazard of passing moral judgements upon individuals. The heart of a great man is inscrutable. As William Barlowe said of Thomas Wolsey: "I will wrestle with no souls: he knoweth by this time whether he did well or evil."*

* Comprising the first section (34 pp.) of *A Manual: or, Three Small and Plain Treatises: viz. 1. Of Prayer, or Active Divinity: 2. Of Principles, or Positive Divinity: 3. Resolutions, or Oppositive Divinity. Written for the Private Use of a most Noble Lady, to preserve her from the Danger of POPERY.* By the Most Reverend Father in God, JOHN, Lord Arch-Bishop of York. (1672.)

† H. II, 50-3: A. L. Maycock, *Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gidding* (1938), pp. 118, 151; B. Dew Roberts, pp. 128, 153.

‡ Fuller, *C.H.* xi, vi, 31.

§ Bishop Barlowe's *Dialoge describing the originall ground of these Lutheran Faccions* (1551), ed. J. R. Lunn (1897), p. 91.

APPENDIX

This interesting and mysterious document (which has been printed in *Lincolnshire Notes and Queries*, April 1914, vol. XIII, pp. 48-9) is contained in a volume of *Original Letters between Archbishop Laud and Archbishop Williams* in the Library of Lambeth Palace (Lambeth MS. 1030, no. 5). It is endorsed: "September 27, 1631. John Spencer presents the Lord Byshop of Lyncolne for having a playe that night in his house, it being ye Lords Daye." The abbreviations are here ignored.

A COPIE OF THE ORDER OR DECREE EX OFICIO
COMISARIJ GENERALLIS JOHN SPENCER

Fforasmuch as this courte hath been informed by Mr Comisary generall of a great misdemenor comitted in the house of the right honorable John Lord Bishopp of Lincolne by intertaining into his house divers Knights and Ladyes with many other househoulders and servants upon the 27^o Septembris being the Saboth day to see a play or Tragidie there Acted which began about ten of the Clocke at night and ended at about two or three of the clocke in the Morninge:

Wee doe therefore order and decree that the right honorable John Lord Bishopp of Lincolne shall for his offence erect a free scoole at Eaton [Socon] or else at great Staughton and endowe the same with 20*l.* per annum for the maintenance of the Schoole master for ever;

Likewise wee doe order that Sir Sydney Mountagu, Knight, for his offence shall give to the poore of Huntington 5*l.*; and his Lady for her offence five Blacke gownes to 5 poore widdowes uppon New Yeares day next.

Likewise wee doe order that Sir Thomas Headley, Knight, for his offence shall give unto the poore of Brampton 5*l.*; and his Lady for her offence blacke Cloath gownes to 5 poore uppon New Yeares day nexte.

Likewise wee doe order that Mr Williams, Mr Frye, Mr Harding, Mr Hazarde and Mr Hutton, shall etch one of them give a black Coate and 5*s.* in money unto 5 poore in Bugden uppon New Yeares day nexte.

Likewise wee doe order that Mr Wilson because he was a speciall plotter and contriver of this busines and did in such a brutish Manner act the same with an Asses head, therefore hee shall uppon Tuisday next from 6 of the Clocke in the morning till sixe of the Clocke at night sit in the Porters Lodge at my Lorde Bishoppes house with his feete in the stockes and Attyred with his Asse head and a bottle of haye sett before him and this superscription on his breast;

Good people I have played the beast
And brought ill things to passe
I was a man, but thus have made
Myself a Silly Asse.

[Marginal note in a later hand] the play. M. Nights Dr

Joined to this is a letter—sententious, deferential, and spiced with Scriptural allusions—from John Spencer to an unidentified lady of quality who had been present at the entertainment and had been censured on account of it, which had obviously made her very angry and recalcitrant. This letter, dated 10 November 1631, is also printed in *Lincolnshire Notes and Queries*, vol. XIII, pp. 49–50.

Good Maddame. . . I trust your noble heart will tell you, Though you were drawne with the Bishoppes Coach to his house to hear such excellent Musick, such rare Conceits and to see such curious Actors and such a number of people to behold the same; yett all was but vanity and vexacion of spiritt; And the more vanity, the more vexacion of speritt, because it was uppon the Lords day, which should have been taken upp with better Meditacions, And contemplacions of heaven, and heavenly things; And therefore that this Maye not prove a presidentes unto others I beseech you, submit yourself to this censure that is passed against you. . . that soe you may stopp the Mouthes of Many people, which proclaime such liberty from this example to follow their pleasures uppon the Sabboth day; But I trust that when they doe heare, that such persons [of superior quality] are questioned and censured for beholding such vanities it wilbe a great danting and discouragement unto them and a means to repaire the breache wherein otherwise wholle Troopes of people will venture to violat the Lords sacred day. . .

NOVEMBER

THE gardeners are sweeping up the leaves,
Those golden leaves that carpeted the lawns.
And from my window, high beneath the eaves,
The breathless magic of the scene is gone—
Green uniformity returns.

Till now, their stolid unremitting toil,
Repeated and frustrated day by day—
Whilst nature strove to nurse her weary soil—
Was but a parable: Plod on! Heed not
The morrow or the yesterday!

But now the trees are harvested and bare:
The gardeners have won. Tomorrow's dawn
Will find no golden glory scattered there:
Only the cold cold river and the great gaunt trees
And—man's monotony—a naked lawn.

ANON.

A SYMPOSIUM

A SHORT while ago, there appeared on the board outside the J.C.R. two notices, not more than an inch apart. One notice read, "For Sale, Bicycle in good condition, £3", and the other, "Wanted, Bicycle in good condition, prepared to pay £3". We felt it would be interesting to see what could be made out of this meagre situation, and we asked a number of well-known people to write us a paragraph on the subject. Many of those that we approached either politely or less politely declined the offer, but the following replied:

FOURTH LEADER WRITER, "THE TIMES":

How, one is forced to ask oneself, how can it be that these two advertisers have failed to meet one another? Surely, one says to oneself, surely it is just the under-bicycled advertiser who can satisfy the needs of the over-bicycled advertiser, and so, in the words of Kipling (or Tennyson), universal peace and contentment may reign once again.

WORKERS' DIARY, "DAILY WORKER":

Here is yet another proof that capitalism has failed...

T. S. ELIOT:

Why these two advertisers
Should place side by side on the same board
Two notices about bicycles
I do not know.

LIVE LETTER, "DAILY MIRROR":

Dear Sir, My boy Bert who is a very clever lad though its I who say it as shouldn't and is at St John's College, Cambridge!!!! says he saw two adverts pinned not an inch apart on the school boards, one for selling and one for buying a bike, and both for £3, Hows that for the Halls?—A MOTHER.

[We old Codgers don't agree, Ma, we don't see why you shouldn't be proud of your boy.]

J*** T. N**:

I should like to bring to the attention of the kitchen committee...

SIR OSBERT SITWELL:

I did, of course, see the notice—in fact I believe I was the first to see it, though I am, to be honest, not absolutely sure about this—however, I am certain that I was the first to appreciate the humour of the notice, over which I condescended to have a quiet laugh with some of my many friends—how true it is that the very greatest men can retain the common touch.

"TIME MAGAZINE":

Red-blazered Johnsmen (Cambs., Eng.) woke up last week to find two brash advert-men sticking notices (one sale, one purchase) on the walls of their local drugstore (J.C.R. to them). Both were for £3 (\$10) Bikes. Said flustered John G. Smith (Yorks) "I guess I just didn't see the other guy's notice."

SHERLOCK HOLMES:

My dear Watson, I perceive from the expression on your face that you find these advertisements confusing. Now beyond the fact that the author of one has a cast in his left eye, sings carols, lives in New Court and suffers from rheumatism, while the author of the other has ingrowing toenails and rows, characteristics which, I am bound to admit, have little or no bearing on the question, I find no complications at all; the situation is perfectly clear. Whoever pinned up the second notice, which, as of course you are aware, was the "wanted" notice, was culpably unobservant.

CHRISTOPHER FRY:

Did you see
That irresponsible notice fluttering at you
Winking a bright new eye of puerile pulp
Down at you there below? Come off
From the board, you riddlous, conundrical
Unnecessary notice.

ANN TEMPLE:

I think you both should meet and have a quiet cosy talk together, and you are sure to find that all your little differences will settle themselves.

THE EDITOR, "VARSITY":

If a University Education is to be of value it is of the greatest importance that such notices as those outside the Johns J.C.R. this

week should be deplored by all right-thinking people. Student Opinion Groups, Research Panels, Student Panels, and Student Research Groups have already united in expressing their disapproval, and all students must conform.

BOSWELL AND DR JOHNSON:

I asked him if he was acquainted with the story of the two notices in St John's College. JOHNSON. "Sir, I am." BOSWELL. "And is it not a most diverting story?" JOHNSON. "You may find it so, Sir, but I do not."

T.M.B.C.B.

SONNET

"...BEFORE the Scaean gate." he said:
Death veiled his eyes.' We felt the awaited shock.
The old man, lifting up his whitened head,
Bit back the wingéd words, looked at the clock.
For though the strength had left Achilles' thews
And worms had eaten into Helen's eyes,
Three thousand years the sightless old man's Muse
Survived; awoke to hear an old man's sighs.

Then, frightened by his pining tone, she crept
From the narrow confines of the lecture hour,
In search of that green age took wings and leapt,
Before a mushroom three miles high could tower
Above the dust wherein no Helen wept
The tears from which an Iliad might flower.

J.P.S.

CAMBRIDGE EXERCISES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

OUR knowledge of Cambridge education in the seventeenth century is still in rather an elementary stage. We know the official requirements for degrees, and some of the subjects in which formal instruction was given at different stages in the century. There is, however, no adequate synthesis even of this information.* Contemporary critics such as Sir Isaac Newton and John Webster† indicate the bias of the educational system and suggest subjects which ought in the author's opinion to be added to the course. The comments of men such as Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Matthew Robinson, Oliver Heywood, William Stukeley, on their university careers give some idea of their opportunities and methods of work as students. Recently, portions of two manuals giving advice to students on the arrangement of their university work have been published: Dr Holdsworth's *Directions for a Student in the University*,‡ and James Dupont's *Rules for Study*.§ From evidence of this kind we can build up a reasonably good picture of seventeenth-century aims and recommendations in university education, but we lack specimens of the work in progress. We need to know not only what the students were told to read but also what they did read; what kind of written work they produced; what topics they and the dons debated in the schools, and what kind of speeches they did in fact make on these topics.||

Two manuscripts in the library of St John's College provide welcome examples of work done by an early seventeenth-century don and a late seventeenth-century student.

The student was J. Allsop, from Derbyshire, who entered the College as a Sizar in 1685, and held one of its Fellowships from 1692 to

* A good deal of information is scattered through such documents as the early statutes, Cooper's *Annals*, Dyer's *Memorials*, Heywood and Wright's *Transactions*, and the works of Mr Bass Mullinger. Modern histories of separate colleges throw some light on the kind of instruction each provided.

† Author of *The Examination of Academies*, 1653.

‡ The MS. of this manual is in the library of Emmanuel College. Samuel Eliot Morison, who published a detailed account of the work in his book *The Founding of Harvard College*, thinks it epitomises Dr Holdsworth's teaching methods during his academic career, 1613-43.

§ The MS. is in Trinity College Library. Extracts from it were published by the Master of Trinity in the *Cambridge Review* for 22 May 1943.

|| A few lists of *quaestiones* have been published, and Milton's academic exercises are by now widely known. Much more evidence must be collected before this aspect of university education can be assessed.

1701. His work is recorded in a commonplace book.* He began by using this in the orthodox manner: that is, he headed a series of pages with topics and prepared to index his reading material under them. He was apparently hoping to find wise sentences on Anger, Activeness, Art, Arms, Action, Benefits, Clemency, Charity, Cheerfulness, Devotion, Drowsiness, Drunkenness—the list continues solidly on its way through the alphabet. Under most of these headings there are no entries at all. When Allsop does take serious notes on his reading, at the beginning of his note-book, they run consecutively and are not cut up by alphabetical headings. He dealt in this way, for example, with some of Cicero's *De Natura Deorum*, and with a history of the main events since the Creation (all dated). The note-taking is followed by several lists of books bought, by drafts of letters and short themes, and by an account of some laboratory experiments. He read Descartes also, and made abstracts of his principles: recording what ought to be doubted, but noting that these doubts apply to the contemplation of truth and not to the processes of day-to-day existence.

The experiments are of more general interest. It seems probable that Allsop had been watching an actual demonstration, as he comments on the reaction of the spectators, and describes the experiments in English. (His reading-notes are normally in Latin.)

1. An experiment whereby to proue the Air hath vis elastica. A lambs bladder was taken which was large, well dried and very lember, being about halfe full of air, was put into the receiuer, and the pump was set on work, and as the air in the receiuer was more and more exhausted, the imprisoned air in the bladder began to swell more and more, so that before all the air was exhausted, the bladder appeared as full as if it had been blowed with a quill.

2. An experiment whereby tis proued that air is necessary to preserue flame. . . .

3. An experiment whereby tis proued that the water hath an elastical power. . . . (Water rises in the vessel when a vacuum is created.)

4. An experiment to proue whether the water haue a spring in it. A vessel of puter was taken and filled full of water, and the bole afterwards soldered up by an excellent puterer, after which the vessel was waryly and often struck with a woden mallet, and thereby was manifestly empressed, wherby the inclosed water was crouded into less room than it was before, after which the vessel was perforated with a needle, the water was suddenly throne after it into the air, to the height of 2 or 3 feet.

5. An experiment whereby tis proued that air is necessarily required to the making of sound. . . . (A ticking watch is placed in a vacuum, where it cannot be heard.)

6. An experiment whereby tis proued that air is necessarily

* S. 17.

required to preserve life in animals. A lark, a hen sparrow, a mouse were all put into the receiver, all which after about 8 minutes exsuction of air dyed, only 2 of them to wit the mouse, and the sparrow after that the air was let in again revived but the pump being employed again all dyed about the same time, to wit 8 minutes.

7. An experiment whereby tis proved that flies, worms, caterpillars and such like animals do breathe. For these 3 being put into the receiver, the air being exhausted, to the great wonder of the spectators, were all found to fall down and dye.

Unfortunately there is nothing to show when and where these experiments were conducted, but as an indication of the kind of teaching available in Allsop's day it seemed reasonable to include them. Allsop's account of them is more lively than that found in the average laboratory note-book to-day.

The books Allsop lists in his commonplace book are a varied collection. It seems likely that he owned the ones he mentions: he heads each section, "Catalogue of books bought from Lady Day till Midsummer"—or whatever the appropriate quarter-days may be; he usually gives the price, and only too often he records little more than the author's surname with perhaps one syllable of the title. This kind of brevity suggests that he is merely making a memorandum of the price of articles so well known to him that he did not need to give a full description.

He owned many classical texts: the works of Cicero, Livy's History, Vergil, Sophocles, Seneca's *Morals*, variorum editions of Sallust and Justinian, Plato *De Rebus Divinis* (selections from the Dialogues), Homer, Terence, Tibullus, Pliny's *Letters*, Valerius Maximus, Aulus Gellius, Quintus Curtius and Cornelius Nepos. In this collection there is an obvious preponderance of poetry and history, and Aristotle is not represented.

His modern books were predominantly religious and philosophical in character. He had a catechism, a "Popish Catechism", and *Dissuasions from Popery*; *Evening Conferences*, *Reflexions*; works by Dr Patrick, Dr Sanderson and Archdeacon Parker (all famous Restoration divines); Cave's *Primitive Christianity*, Grotius *De Veritate Christianae Religionis*, Drexilius *Considerations on Eternity*, Erasmus *Enchiridion Militis Christiani*, Goodman's *Old Religion*, Allestree's *Whole Duty of Man* and *The Gentleman's Calling*. In the philosophical group are R. Baroni, *Metaphysick*; Grotius, *Principles*; Lipsius, *De Constantia*; a *New Philosophy* (? Descartes); and Hobbes *De Cive*. Here also probably belong the unspecified works by Puffendorf and Vossius.

Allsop had few scientific books: Gassendi's *Astronomy*, an *Anatomy*, and three geographical text-books: Varenus' *Geography*, published

in 1650 (possibly he had the English edition edited by Sir Isaac Newton); Cluvier's *Geography*, 1630; and a third by an author apparently called Spence, which I have failed to trace.

For the rest, there are some school manuals: Erasmus' *Colloquies*, an aid to spoken Latin, and his *De Conscribendis Epistolis*, an introduction to rhetoric through letter-writing, and an *Oxford Grammar*. Modern letter-writing is represented by Howell's *Letters Familiar, Domestick and Foreign*. There are more historical works: Allsop had a copy of *The Present State of England* (Edward Chamberlayne's *Angliae Notitia*), and one of Sleidanus' works (he wrote a *Key of History*, and a *Famous Chronicle of England*); Bussi re was represented, either by his *History of France* or his *Miscellany of Poetry*. Only three seventeenth-century English poets are mentioned: Flatman, Oldham and Aphra Behn. Milton was represented only by his vitriolic assaults on Salmasius, the European champion of Charles I.

Such a library suggests that Allsop's interest in any kind of science was limited in comparison with his interest in religion and philosophy, both of which he studied in the works of English and European contemporaries. It is noteworthy that his English divines were orthodox Anglicans; he bought nothing written by the Cambridge Platonists. At a time when text-books of logic abounded, he did not buy even one. The general impression made by his choice of classical texts is that he read the classics primarily for pleasure; there are few "technical" works. His choice of books cannot by itself be used as evidence of general tendencies in undergraduate reading, but it is perhaps significant that he owned more modern than classical works, and that the modern ones were not those now famous as Restoration literature.

As a writer of themes Allsop is at rather an elementary stage in this commonplace book. His Latin was reasonably correct, apart from occasional mistakes in spelling, but all the themes remain on the exclamatory level. There are five of them in the book:

Whether the eloquence or the wisdom of the emperor Caesar ought to be preferred.

Fluidity arises from the various movement of particles.

The orator did better who despised gold, than Midas who esteemed it so greatly.

Which is preferable—an ignorant or a learned wife?

Monarchy is the best form of government.

Samples from two of these will serve to illustrate the quality of Allsop's writing. The diatribe against gold is simply a collection of moral commonplaces:

There is nothing, then, illegal or unnatural which gold does not bring about; it assails, plots against and dissolves the closest bonds of

nature, it alienates the son from the father and no less the father from the son, violates the rights of consanguinity, stirs up, cherishes and lays up hatred between the most loving. Magistrates so easily allow themselves to be bent and corrupted with bribes and gifts because they have tongues, hands, nay, souls for sale. . . . What is gold and silver but red and white earth, which none of the philosophers did not despise? Let my antagonist boast that it has furnished him with friends, and I admit it—but false ones; and the rich man is most unfortunate because he cannot distinguish his friends. . . . That man most enjoys riches who least wants them, and if anyone wishes to make himself a rich man, he should not increase his riches but decrease his desires. For the man who desires nothing has everything. What does it matter how much lies in coffers and how much in patrimonies, if he still longs for other men's property, if he counts up not what he has but what he still has to get?

He goes on in this style for another page at least, using all the Latin phrases he has ever heard of. The sentiments are irreproachable, but the carefully cultivated style, the sonorities of the phrasing, and the facile emotion cannot make up for the lack of something real to say. He is equally sententious on the subject of wives, though in a jocular vein. After dismissing the learned as necessarily old and deformed, he goes on to consider the youthful and ignorant:

Like pleases like, therefore to my mind an unlearned and youthful wife is best, who will not put out her eyes or her teeth in little boxes; nor do we want a different one until spring sleeps beneath the frozen poles. . . . And though I grant you that these girls don't know many languages, yet they don't hold their tongues; one, then, is more than enough, and if you want my opinion, really I think neither a learned nor an unlearned woman is satisfactory—what is much better, clearly, is no wife at all.

Set against the modern essay, these speeches appear to be feeble efforts; but they were intended as little more than exercises preparing the way for the more serious debates in the schools of the university, where philosophical, legal and religious topics were handled at length. The finished product can be found in the work of the early seventeenth-century don, Alexander Bolde. He was a Pembroke man who became a Fellow of the college in 1610, and subsequently Hebrew lecturer.* There is a vellum-bound manuscript in the library of St John's College in which he made fair copies of many of his addresses

* He was minister at St Benet's from 1615, and vicar of Swaffham Prior St Mary from 1620, holding both offices until his death in 1625. (Venn, *Alumni Cantab.*, 1, 173.) The list of benefactions to the Pembroke Library shows his coat of arms: argent, a griffin segreant sable, armed and langued gules, in the dexter chief a mullet of the last.

and disputations, together with formal letters and both Latin and English poems.* They are written in a minute and meticulous hand which looks like italic type, at the rate of nine hundred words to a page very little larger than that of the modern Everyman series. Bolde seems to have confined himself to recording his own compositions. He spoke on a variety of subjects, mainly philosophical, sometimes treating them with great seriousness, sometimes quibbling on the meaning of a word. There are fourteen full-dress speeches of various lengths, on the following subjects:

Memory and recollection are different functions of the mind.

Action and reaction are equal in degree.

Accident cannot produce substance.

The soul is essentially distinguished by its powers.

Matter does not stir unless it is moved.

Form cannot be transmitted.

The coldness of Saturn is the figment of a cold brain.

It is not certain whether the numbers of men or of angels are greater.

All being is good.

All things are not better than some things.

Power of feeling remains in a separated soul.

It is the soul by which we live.

In matters of conversion we cannot take the first step.

Deacons are not permitted to dispense both elements at communion.

The speech on the numbers of men and angels takes us back to the more unprofitable speculations of the minor Schoolmen, but on the whole Bolde's topics are worth discussion. Besides these disputations, there are several ceremonial speeches, and four half-page exercises of the kind that Allsop was set as a student ("Whether Hannibal did more wisely to end his life with poison than to fall miserably into the hands of his enemies"; "Whether knowledge of the virtues or ignorance of the vices is more useful"). It seems probable that Bolde used to set these topics for his pupils, composing a "model exercise" with which their efforts could be compared.

His formal debating speeches sometimes depended merely on logical definitions and reference to the right authorities, but he was not incapable of a less rigid and orthodox treatment. He could be frivolous. The whole of his attack on the proposition "Matter does not stir unless it is moved" (*Nullum corpus agit, nisi moveatur*) was based on the numerous meanings of the verb *agere* used as part of an idiom. He began on a pedestrian level:

I was persuading myself (and indeed being glad of it) that I was discharged completely from this laborious and tedious burden, but alas, I was led on by a deceitful joy, and misled by a fallacious augury.

* S. 34. Two of the speeches are dated 1615; the rest are undated.

Now that I feel myself being hurtled into the former drudgery and reduced to it once again, I feel not so much that I have nailed my arms to the doorposts of Hercules—I feel rather that I have, as it were, had a breather from frequent disputations for a short time, and now, warming up again for the fight and taking up the attack which was blunted and broken by stronger opponents, I am returning here to make war upon the little maestro for today with more eagerness and vigour.

But perhaps someone will insist on knowing what impelled me to do this. What moved me to undertake this commission? For, he says, a body does not stir unless it is moved. I shall reply, by Hercules: First of all my feet moved me in this direction—my feet that have so many times led me on the round trip from the west to Cambridge and back again to the west. My habit of activity moved me to be active: a habit which has grown so strong that it has almost become second nature. Nature, moreover, is the source of activity. When therefore my body has been constrained by a natural impulse to come down to this assembly, I am almost afraid lest it should always go on being moved in the same direction, for whatever is moved by natural means goes on unless it is stopped. And certainly I know very well that nobody hindered me or held me up on my way here. The imperious voice of that noisy bell moved me, warned me too—I might say, ordered me; for if it had not struck with its beaten metal at my sleeping ears, I should have been allowing my opponent to wrestle with shadows. Finally, and most powerfully, I was moved and impelled by the more severe necessities of a friend who is travelling and enjoying a holiday; a man whom the close ties of our friendship do not allow me to fail. I have not so much supplied his place today as exchanged with him in the business of disputing. Impelled by these motives and moved by these arguments, having been driven away from my own affairs, I am taking charge of other people's business and making up for my friend's absence with my assiduity. Matter does not stir unless it is moved.

What you, Sir,* may have done, are doing, or want to do, I neither know nor care. This much I do know, that you would not be on the point of putting any story across in this assembly, unless you had first been moved by the necessity of inescapable duty. A body does not stir unless it is moved. You therefore persuade yourself of this beyond all doubt—any and every body that stirs, has been moved in some way; nor meanwhile do you realise, or at least you conceal it if you know, that the body of matter submits to reason. (Bolde here digresses somewhat on the nature of *prima materia*, proving it passive from Zabarella, Aristotle and common opinion.)

But I do not know by what means my speech was deflected, and how it flowed down towards another point; it must, then, be recalled, and forced within the circle of the question. Matter does not stir unless it is moved. I shall not consider it unbecoming to take the first argu-

* Bolde is addressing his opponent directly.

ment with which I attack my opponent from dwarfs, who though they are bodies (albeit minute ones, I grant you) have been actively moving about for thirty or even forty years without having the power to be moved beyond the tiny stature of children. Thus some matter moves about without being moved. Nor indeed is the argument frivolous which I seem to have found in Silviu Italicu, by which I shall destroy your case; these are his verses, very excellent ones:

Sleep looks down on all things throughout the earth and the wide waters of the deep, and when the day's labour was laid aside, the heavens would send peace to mortals, peace given by night.

The heavens are said to send peace by night, when the bodies of all living things, freed from toil and movement, lay hold on stillness and sleep; thus many bodies perform actions without being moved. I learned something too from schoolmasters, on which I shall prelude to you at least a little (if the theme does not offend you?): while they are acting the part of frowning Orbiliu, who loved flogging, and threatening angrily, they cannot be moved by the boys' tears and loud shrieks to any desire of using the whip more sparingly. Thus, again, many people act without being moved. Furthermore, how many pettifogging lawyers are active in pleading causes every day, and yet are not moved by any prayers that they should plead without a fee; thus again, many people are active without being moved. Nor indeed do fewer of those patrons with favours to distribute act the part of Simon Magus, nor can they be moved, either by cries of distress or by the extreme poverty of the clergy, to hand over ecclesiastical livings to anyone without cash down.

Finally, I shall omit all those who can be alleged against you—those assassins, drunkards, adulterers, homicides, thieves, who actively commit many crimes and atrocities, and are not moved from their vices by the tenour of the law any more than if they were hard flint or Parian marble. But in the way of prelude I think I have said enough. Do you, then, learned respondent, pursue your task, and, if you can, be active to such purpose that by no machinations of argument can you be moved from your position. I meanwhile for my part will like another Vulcan manufacture arms which I can afterwards move up against you.

I have reproduced almost the whole of this speech because it is impossible to see how a topic is being handled if only excerpts are provided. Unlike Allsop's, Bolde's speech is based not on amplifying phrases but on a train of thought—admittedly a perverse one. If his arguments are over-ingenious, at least they are not hackneyed, and they require a certain agility of mind in the audience. Half of the speech is tactfully given up to introductory remarks, in which Bolde tries to put himself on good terms with the audience by suggesting that he is not the sort of pedant who enjoys nothing better than the labour of disputing; that it is kind of him to oblige a friend, but that

he does not presume to think that he can really supply the place of his friend. These remarks are made relevant to the subject in hand by constant references to the causes, physical and psychological, which moved him as a body towards the debating hall to make this speech. So far, he appears to accept unquestioningly his opponent's contention that matter does not move without being pushed, though he belittles it unobtrusively by removing it from the philosophical sphere and relating it to mundane physical experience—"I was moved by my feet. . . ." Only in the second half of the speech does he begin his confutation; but it is hardly a logical one. Instead of distinguishing the instances in which he considers his opponent's proposition valid, and those in which he considers it invalid, he turns from apparent agreement to multiply instances in which the verbs *agere* and *moveri* have shifted from their original meanings, and are used idiomatically, so that their meanings can no longer be regarded as having any necessary relationship of cause and effect. It becomes an elaborate parlour game played with verbal counters instead of logic; amusing to an audience that would have recognized Aristotle *travesti*. It constitutes a neat demolition of an over-serious opponent.

Bolde had, of course, a variety of techniques at his command. He was able to convince by serious and orthodox methods when he wished. For instance, when discussing the processes of conversion he began with a clear exposition of the heresies of the enthusiasts and the Pelagians on this matter. He settled at some length the nature of conversion, discussing the case of St Paul and the views of Aquinas. He divided the evidence for his assertion ("In matters of conversion we cannot take the first step") under three heads, subdividing the heads into artificial and inartificial. (An inartificial argument is one based on testimony, as opposed to one reached by logical processes.) Many of his inartificial arguments necessarily came from the Bible. The analytical division of the subject was continued throughout the speech, until he reached the conclusion: "Wherefore as all things are brought to one end, not unto us O Lord, not unto us but unto thy name we give the glory of our conversion. . . . Neither our will nor our merits nor our strength take away anything of any kind from God's praise."

Bolde cannot be described as a brilliant dialectician or as a stirring rhetorician, but he represents a reasonable level of achievement for his time; he has solid logical and rhetorical training, a sound knowledge of the Bible and the classics; he has common sense and a sense of humour. By our standards he can be tiresome, but he is often ingenious. He is honest enough to rely on an argument rather than on appeals to feeling; feeling is confined to the exordium, where he gets on good terms with his audience, and the peroration, where any

suitable emotion aroused by the subject is deployed. Even in the ingenuities there is concern for truth; Bolde was not the man to resort to the methods and standards of the modern propaganda-writer. Such training as his proved extremely useful to the pamphleteers in controversies during the Civil Wars. There is no doubt that problems of contemporary interest were debated formally at the universities in Bolde's time; there was little attempt to restrict the topics to safe issues. Bolde himself gives a list of questions debated by the Doctors of Theology which demonstrates this:

The Roman pontiff has no jurisdiction outside the Church of Rome.
Sacred things may not be put to profane uses.
Spiritual activities may not be bought and sold.
It is not a part of the Christian religion to found religious orders.
Individual absolution need not be kept up.
The church is permitted to give one priest several benefices at the same time.

God condemns no one by an absolute decree.
God's hardening of hearts is not a positive action.
Predestination is not the cause of sin.
The foreknowledge of faith in the elect is no diminution of the grace of God who elects them.
The doctrine of justification by faith does not allow of the validity of works.
There is no scriptural justification for lay presbyters.
The magistrate in office does not permit the people to attempt the reform of the church.
Once the public church services are over, Sunday is not profaned by the decent use of games.

The clergy are not immune from the obligation of political subjection.
The secular magistrate is allowed some power of direction to priests in church matters.
It is the duty of a prince not merely to protect church discipline but to create it.
Civil jurisdiction is justly granted to ecclesiastical personages.
Christian liberty is not taken away by the power of human law.
The real power of absolution is really denied to ministers.
The bond of faith is loosened by a lesser sin than the bond of nature.
In the true church the discipline that ought to be urged can be somewhat relaxed for the sake of neighbours.
Children ought to celebrate not only Sunday but the other festivals of the church.
Marriages contracted before years of discretion are reached are invalid.

It is obvious that most of these questions touch on topics which were of vital interest between 1615 and 1625: the relations between

Church and state, and the principles which distinguished the Anglican Church from Puritanism on the one hand and Roman Catholicism on the other. The dislike of Rome and the fear of Counter-Reformation methods is reflected in the choice of subjects: several of the "Roman abuses" are glanced at (simony, the cult of monasticism, the insistence on auricular confession). But the recusants were less dangerous to the Anglican Church than were the Puritans. The Puritans attacked the doctrine of free-will by their rigid insistence on predestination, which went so far as to suggest that God created souls for the purpose of damning them and then took an active part in their fall; they attacked the constitution of the Church by asserting the right of the laity to take part in the government of the Church; and they attempted to restrict the liberty of the individual by prescribing the rigid observance of Sunday. The second group of questions deals with aspects of all these controversies. The third group is devoted to the relations between Church and state: the political obligations of the clergy, and their power in civil matters, and the power of the civil magistrate over the Church. The questions are predominantly topical ones; the university is taking a lively interest in public affairs, not only in private conversations but in formal ceremonies. There is no retreat towards antiquarian or safe subjects; the trained intellect is being applied to modern problems which have no consecrated and established solution. Cambridge education in the seventeenth century did not consist merely of "base authority from others' books".

K. M. BURTON

EPIC FRAGMENTS

I THINK, said Damon, that as I am now
A man of middle age or more, my life should rest
A moment here, that I may step aside
From the constant motion of this world, and see
Where I have been and where I yet may go.

As far as I can see before me, where
Into the crimson dust the road disappears
The tight pressed crowd moves on, and at a pace
Inexorable, unvarying, crushed in
On the narrow road of cruel flints. But away
On either side of us the fields lie at ease
Cushioned upon the gently heaving ground;
Their emerald invites us, and the cool
Clear streams that wander through them
Seem to call us from our task
Upon the road, but no man responds,
The lambs dance, but we do not.

No wall or hedge divides us from those cool inviting fields,
But you might think that each man saw
The sirens and the bones of their past victims
In those green fields beside us, and that he
Though lured by those golden voices, knew too well
The dark unspoken horrors of those fields
And terrified, pressed inwards to the centre.

The daisy unmolested flowers for joy
And man moves on through his sad length of years
Towards a goal he is not sure is there
And that he may not reach before he dies,
A journey he must travel all his life
Hurried, friendless, jostled, comfortless,
Through green and pleasant fields he may not enter,
His thoughts confused, tormented, and his being
Certain alone of the fact of knowing nothing.

My feet are blistered, and I need to stop;
Stop and survey this endless stream of life.

SAD STORY

HAYLOCK and Tubbs had been the best of friends since school-days, but although their business careers had been quite dissimilar, they still retained a common link in a keen interest in sport, and both liked a flutter, according to their means. Not that these were the same, for although Haylock had been moderately successful, had married quite well and had a pleasant family, Tubbs was still a bachelor at sixty, without relatives or other friends but with an astonishing knack of making money. How he'd done it nobody—least of all Tubbs—knew. "It just comes" he would say mildly, and so it did, so that he was a very wealthy man, by present-day standards at least, for he continually grumbled at the tax demands he was always receiving. "They'd take it all if they could," he moaned, "but I'll beat the vultures off yet."

His chief complaint was that nearly all his money would go in Death Duty when he died "to nationalize beer and buy Daimlers for party hacks". In this Haylock sympathized whole-heartedly, as it had always been understood that Tubbs's money would go to him and his family, and neither could face the thought of all that money going to waste. Tubbs was too conservative a business man to give it all to Haylock, and hope to avoid the duty by living another five years—"They'd probably kill me off just to get it, anyway", he said, and so nothing was done, until the doctors told Tubbs that he had at the outside a year to live.

One day soon after the Derby Tubbs had a brainwave. "Look", he said, "if I give you the money you'll have to fork out the duty. If I buy something from you, you'll still have to pay Income Tax on your profits. But if I make a bet with you, and I lose, you won't pay anything at all—winnings aren't taxable, and they can't charge death-duty on money I've lost gambling, can they?"

So the two started joyfully on the Scheme. Being methodical men, Tubbs would give Haylock a betting slip (on a most unlikely horse), and would duly hand over his "losses". Everything went wonderfully for a time, with Tubbs sometimes winning back a little, which Haylock solemnly paid out, for the look of the thing. "After all, you can't pick a loser every time", he said, and the two men hugged themselves at the thought of all that money saved from going down the drain.

Until Tubbs went to see the doctor again, and came back with a long face: not more than a few months, he reported. They decided to speed up the transfer, and Tubbs increased the size of his bets, and branched out a little. But a most peculiar thing began to creep in: Tubbs kept winning. At first they thought it was just an unusual streak, but the amount owing to him continued to grow.

Soon they were forced into feverish activity, but it was no good. If Tubbs bet on a dog, it died; if he bet on *all* the horses in a race, one was sure to come in at a hundred to one and defeat them; he put an accumulator on a third division team to win the Cup Final—their opponents were all hit by mysterious illnesses, the centre-forward of the League champions, whom they met in the Final, broke his neck in the first five minutes of the match, and as usual his choice romped home winners.

"I can't understand it", Tubbs said miserably, but by now his "winnings" had amounted to a fabulous sum, and Haylock, who was head over heels in "debt", began to give him queer glances. "Just how did he make his pile in the first place?" he wondered bitterly, and would have been only too glad to have called the whole thing off, but the obstinacy of the one and the greed of the other were too great to allow them to do so. The time dragged round towards the doctors' limit: Tubbs was indeed not looking too well, but Haylock, fingering the pile of betting slips which he had no hope at all of honouring, thought gloomily that if Tubbs lived much longer he ought by rights to be a multi-millionaire—with Haylock's non-existent money.

However, Tubbs took a turn for the worse, and it was obvious that they would have to act quickly to redeem any chance of success for their brain-child. Fortunately, there was one sure cert left to them: the Boat Race was due to be rowed in three days' time. Here was their big and last chance: Cambridge were the firmest of favourites. Illness had seriously disorganized the Oxford crew, and they looked, and rowed, like a collection of one-armed spinsters. Cambridge, on the other hand, with a boatload of Olympic oarsmen, were so good "They just couldn't lose", as Tubbs said, making out the final slip for the fortune that was by now involved.

And indeed they were certain to win: so certain of victory, in fact, that the crew celebrated the foregone conclusion the night before the Race, instead of waiting until the night after. Unfortunately, their celebrations led them to the amusing idea of kidnapping the Vice-Chancellor and suspending him by his pyjama-cords from the top of King's College Chapel; they were all sent down on the day of the Boat Race, and Oxford scrabbled home the winners by thirty-five lengths.

This sudden exchange of certain wealth for disaster was too much for Haylock, and he brained Tubbs with a mashie, only to find that as a murderer he could not benefit by his victim's will. Tubbs' money escheated to the Crown, and this final blow sent Haylock insane. However, his family got him a good counsel, and he went to Broadmoor, where he is at present relegated to bread and water for tearing up the inmates' Snap cards for the third time.

THE river reflects the leaves
 And the bridge in the stillness
 For me; silvering over her magic pattern
 With sycamore, elm and beech.
 The mirror of silence completes
 In her picture what I know to be there,
 The rest of the bridge that is under the water.
 Constant yet flowing, her outlines of life
 Go silently by. Yet hiding beneath
 Mystery: for who can challenge the depths
 Of her images?
 And the leaves are orange and gold
 And sorrel: they have passed through
 The fire of their own immortality,
 Phoenix like, leaving the bud. And now
 They have come down to me, the mortal remains
 So fine in their glory, now resting in peace.
 Like so many palms of so many hands
 Of so many sinners, staring at me.
 Why won't someone crash through their ranks,
 Resounding the war-cry, flinging asunder with impetuous rage,
 To scatter or sink them? Yet I dare not.
 For I know that the mystery cannot be solved.
 The bridge will reflect and the leaves will come floating:
 And if I disturb them?
 They but alter their clusters, bowing their heads
 And mocking me: so I watch: and in silence
 The silvering leaves slide down into space.

J. S. C.

SEA TIME

ON the evening of 11 July 1950 a civic reception was given to the members of the Ship's company of H.M.S. *Swiftsure* at the Deutsches Haus, Flensburg, formerly one of the principal bases of the German Navy. It was an historic occasion, for it was the first time since the war that the Germans had done such a thing for a visiting British ship. Since the occasion had no precedent, we had not the slightest idea what to expect. We arrived at 7.30 with mixed feelings, and were shown straight into the main hall of the Haus—an impressive modern building with a fine stage at one end. The floor was studded with tables shared by sailors and their hosts and hostesses provided for the occasion. As the evening was still young, they were all still obviously rather worried by the problem of communication, and were taking refuge from embarrassment in stolid contemplation of their glasses of lager. This apparently insoluble problem soon solved itself as the evening proceeded.

We were given our places at a long table just below the stage at the far end of the hall. The Captain, who spoke no German, sat next to the Lord Mayor, who spoke no English: but cordial relations were speedily established with the assistance of the latter's secretary who was a charming and competent interpreter. In each of our places was a conveniently bilingual *Gutscheinheft* or Ticket-Book, containing vouchers which entitled us to

- 3 glasses of beer;
- 1 sausage (Flensburger?) with potato salad;
- 3 cakes;
- 1 cup of coffee.

These "Courses" appeared at intervals over the course of the next three hours.

We wondered whether our neighbours at the table were Germans or Norwegians (Norway was responsible for the Occupation Forces). To discover the answer would require a good deal of delicacy: but for the moment the exertions of the band made all conversation impossible and we could shelve this difficult matter for the moment. The band was composed entirely of displaced persons, but the pathos implied by their condition was belied by the vigour of their performance. When they finished their piece, the need for embarking on conversation was again, fortunately, postponed, as the Mayor rose to his feet to make his speech, his secretary moving to the microphone to translate it, sentence by sentence, as he delivered it.

The speech, commendably short, was a plea for a fresh start in Anglo-German relations. He hoped that the evening might do something towards assisting that purpose. As a pledge of their sincerity and as a reminder of their friendship, the citizens of Flensburg wished to present the "Swiftsures" with a clock. It had not yet arrived at the Haus since it was still in process of being suitably inscribed; but it would do so in the course of the evening. It was no ordinary clock, for was it not going to a ship? So, at 10 o'clock it would not strike ten times, but four only; for, as a nautical clock it knew that 10 o'clock was really Four Bells! His speech was enthusiastically acclaimed.

The lull that intervened before the Captain's reply enabled us to discover that our immediate neighbours were the Norwegian Colonel and his wife who were possessed, to our relief, of a limited but easily intelligible amount of English. Even so, conversation was not entirely easy. Fortunately, just as we were nearing the end of our resources, the Captain rose to reply to the Mayor. His speech, too, was a model of brevity, very much to the point, and well seasoned with humour. It was just the right thing for the occasion, and the peroration, with its accompaniment, was inspired. There was an old English saying (he remarked), that it was a good thing for antagonists to bury the hatchet. He was sure that this was the time to do it, and he was now going to do so. Then he produced a box of soil from behind his chair, and a miniature hatchet (beautifully made on board by the shipwright) from his pocket; and he and the Mayor proceeded to bury it together—a manœuvre which they generously prolonged for the benefit of the flash-mad official photographer who had been caught on the wrong foot by this entirely unexpected development! Amid tremendous applause, the Captain shook hands with the Mayor and presented him with a *Swiftsure* ribbon (which he wore proudly in his buttonhole for the rest of the evening). The President led three cheers for the "Swiftsures" which were promptly returned with interest.

The company then sat down to their sausages and potato salad to the accompaniment of the first act of the stage show. This was a series of gymnastic displays to music given by girls from the famous Flensburg School of Physical Culture. It was a consistently high and accomplished performance by girls whose ages must have ranged from eight to eighteen. Unfortunately the Captain, the Mayor, his wife (who had clearly just slipped straight out of *Struwwelpeter*) and the rest of the *élite* were not very well placed for the performance. They were sitting immediately below the stage with their backs to it; in their efforts to do justice both to the food on the table before them, and to the show on the stage behind them, they had to spend much of the evening uncomfortably rotating on chairs

which, unlike piano stools, were obviously never meant to be rotated in!

The arrival of the promised clock produced a lull in their gyrations and coincided with the conclusion of the gymnastics. Once again, a significant moment—the presentation of the clock by the Mayor to the Captain—had to be prolonged for the benefit of the photographer who this time had a flash-gear failure!

The rest of the evening was happily divided between ballet and ball-room dancing; dances by the girls of the Municipal Ballet alternated with waltzes and fox-trots for the company at large. (It was here on the dance floor that sailors and frauleins, dancing together with tremendous zest, found that the problem of communication had entirely disappeared!) This was an admirable arrangement which plainly suited everybody. Indeed, throughout the evening the organization in every respect had been practically beyond reproach.

So all went on happily until 11.15 when the party ended. Handshakes all round and the reluctance of the dispersal left no one in any doubt that a thoroughly good time had been had by all—and that the evening had been abundantly worth while.

It only remained to collect our caps. The middle-aged frau in the cloakroom was being run off her feet. She exchanged the Chief's check for a sailor's hat, and refused to believe his protests that it did not belong to him. It took him some time to recover his brass hat. Then, at last, we climbed into the car.

As we sped towards the ship the parcel on the Captain's knee struck seven. Surely the clock could not have gone wrong already? It was 11.30 not 7 o'clock.

I had forgotten that it was a nautical clock!

E. G. K.-F.

COLLEGE ATHLETIC CUPS: DECEMBER 1950

KEY

- 1 Maidenhead Regatta: Junior Sculls.
- 2 Henley Regatta: Visitor's Challenge Cup.
- 3 C.U.A.F.C. Challenge Cup.
- 4 C.U.R.F.C. Challenge Cup. The Rugger Cuppers were first won by St John's in 1937, and the cup has remained in the College since then for all but four years.
- 5 C.U.B.C. Mitchell Cup. This cup is awarded to the most consistently successful Boat Club of the year.
- 6 C.U.B.C. Junior Sculls Challenge Cup.
- 7 Lady Somerset Boat Club Fours Cup. This was presented to the short-lived Lady Somerset Boat Club, a second College Boat Club, in 1857, and was raced for by Fours of the club.
- 8 Grand Marlowe Regatta: Grand Challenge Cup. This was won for the second year in succession.
- 9 Bedford Regatta: Senior Sculls.
- 10 C.U.L.T.C. League Challenge Cup.
- 11 L.M.B.C. Colquhoun Sculls.
- 12 C.U.B.C. Light Fours Cup.
- 13 C.U.S.C. Freestyle Relay. The three swimming cups have been in the College many times, but this is the first time that all three have been won in the same year.
- 14 This cup was included in error. It is part of the College silver, and was presented by, or purchased with the money of, Francis Foljambe (Fellow Commoner 1723), in 1724.
- 15 C.U.S.C. Water Polo Cup.
- 16 C.U.B.C. Head of the River Plate (Lents).
- 17 St Ives Regatta: Enderby Challenge Cup, Sculls.
- 18 L.M.B.C. Pearson-Wright Cup, Sculls, presented in 1857.
- 19 Reading Head of the River. This cup is held by the L.M.B.C. for the third year running.
- 20 C.U.B.C. Head of the River Plate (Mays).
- 21 Henley Regatta: Challenge Sculls.
- 22 C.U.S.C. Medley Relay Cup.



[Photo: Br...

THE COLLEGE ATHLETIC CUPS: DECEMBER 1950

“THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE”

DECEMBER 1950

ACTION and contemplation are the ingredients of life, but for their proportions there is no standard recipe. To some is given intuition which makes action easily sure; to others inborn experience which makes their contemplation fruitful. These are the missionaries and the prophets. But for most, an even balance is appointed as the sufficiency of living: life is an unending struggle to find and to preserve an equilibrium against distracting forces. It was the error of William of Sens that his moment of contemplation, which found utterance in a grand design for Canterbury's Choir, did not stay to inform his action in its achievement. In the absence of this communication, enthusiasm corrupted.

The story, at once natural and supernatural, offers a model structure for dramatic presentation. But more than one reader of Miss Sayers's play must have felt that in a sense she herself falls victim to the temptation she depicts. Does she not also, plainly uplifted by the poignancy of the episode, run a careless course to its dénouement? Because the printed page forces consciousness of attempted poetry, its too frequent mediocrity deadens the impact of its narrative. The parallel is not exact—William was a great architect: Miss Sayers, here, is rarely a poet—but words, rough cast, obstruct the contemplation of the scene they describe.

This to the reader. Like Father Theodatus he exclaims, “Must we stand by, and smile, and still do nothing?” But the audience in the Chapel, let it be said at once, enjoyed a happier experience of the play. The producers (Donald Rudd and Robert Busvine) had not been content to stand by and do nothing. They had allowed little deliberate poetic diction, and their wisdom—served occasionally by the holy echo which has sometimes mastered their forerunners—brought to the fore the dramatic value of the play and minimized its literary limitations. Where there was poetry for all to hear, most often they heard it; for the rest, they enjoyed the rhythmic prose which it properly becomes and should remain. This was a notable achievement.

The handicap of its letter mastered, it was the greater pity that so much of the unifying spirit of the play should have escaped the producers. It had captured several of the individual players—it was beautifully interpreted by the Prior (John Hosier), by the archangel Michael (Christopher Stephens), by Father Theodatus (John Sullivan), and by the Lady Ursula (Pauline Curson): it was sensitively expressed in the singing of the choir (Margaret Lander, Lorna

Vickerstaff, Leonard Mason and Robert Beers)—but it was not all-pervasive. Ironically, this was the architect's own fault doubly rehearsed: there was too much preoccupation with the mechanics of stagecraft (which were almost faultless), too little study of the object of the action. This resulted in an irregularity of mood—there was a perpetual hiatus, for example, between the spirit in the music and the spirit in the ensuing word—which a little contemplation would have cured.

This lack was more serious because it was rendered noticeable by the technical competence of Gordon Birtles's performance as William of Sens. His stature, the rich quality of his voice, his distinctive features, all served him well and gave him presence to command a "stage" which, by its dimensions, often dwarfs the players: but he did not always seem consumed by zeal of spirit. The moment of his great blasphemy—

Oh, but in making man
God over-reached Himself and gave away
His Godhead. He must now depend on man
For what man's brain, creative and divine
Can give Him. Man stands equal with Him now,
Partner and rival.

—this moment faded away as if he did not know, as if none had told him, just how much he dared. As the Lady Ursula, Pauline Curson left us in no doubt that she, in the role of Eve, knew precisely what she was asking: later, she fully understood the blasphemy. Her interpretation was sensitively informed, her role most comprehendingly and convincingly discharged: but did not Adam also eat of the tree, and understand? So again, in the final act, a liturgical extravagance went unchecked, misunderstood perhaps, and William delivered his confession with a touch of oratory which belied contrition.

These are special points, but they assume importance in this special type of play: they are of its essence and they can easily escape the unwary and the uninitiated. They rendered the production less perfect than it deserved to be, than in almost every other way it was.

Great care had been taken to give distinct character to each of the twelve members of the Cathedral Chapter, which gently delineated the slightly cosmopolitan nature of a religious Order. Stephen the Treasurer (Derek Whitehead) sounded the apposite note of Lancastrian business acumen; Theodatus, the puritanical Sacristan (John Sullivan), was appropriately Scots; and Gervase the Clerk (Derek Bond), in his innocent lack of perception, retaught us all we have patiently learned of the foibles of monastic chroniclers. The

behaviour of this assembly of men was always credible and always reverent, even in the rare touch of humour which Paul the Gardener (Wheatley Blench) and Ernulphus, Director of the Distillery (Michael Cooper), brought to their masterly moment at William's bedside. And over the Chapter presided the Prior (John Hosier) whose wise piety and human sympathy—contemplation and action harmoniously integrated—were portrayed with such feeling that he commanded all the requisite authority of his position. From these performances grew the conviction that we were witnessing something more than a mere stage representation of a community of the spirit, and it was easy to forget the misfitting habit, the variety of tonsures and the occasional extravagances of make-up.

Perhaps because the Church militant is nearer to experience than the Church triumphant, it was at times difficult to be convinced by the angelic host (Christopher Stephens, Iain McGlashan, Richard Salisbury-Rowswell and Michael Littleboy). Their emergence from the (strangely) red glow of the heavenly spheres into the clear light of the earth below was rather abrupt, but throughout they managed to convey something of their more-than-human nature. Height, and power of voice, gave them dominance; and in the final scene they both earned and enjoyed their triumph.

From the noble words of the archangel Michael in the closing moment came, not only a judgement on the story, but a judgement on the play and its production:

"For every work of creation is threefold, an earthly trinity to match the heavenly.

First: there is the Creative Idea; passionless, timeless, beholding the whole work complete at once, the end in the beginning; and this is the image of the Father.

Second: there is the Creative Energy, begotten of that Idea, working in time from the beginning to the end, with sweat and passion, being incarnate in the bonds of matter, and this is the image of the Word.

Third: there is the Creative Power, the meaning of the work and its response in the lively soul; and this is the image of the indwelling Spirit.

And these three are one, each equally in itself the whole work, whereof none can exist without other; and this is the image of the Trinity."

A production such as this which the Lady Margaret Players brought to the Chapel in December is in itself a "work of creation" needing Idea and Energy and Power in their given meaning. Where these were present in the performance of *The Zeal of Thy House* there was achievement: where they were absent there was a challenge for the future.

MOMUS

JOHNIANA

(i) *Advice for a Student in 1836:*

A manuscript letter book preserved in the Leeds Reference Library contains one item of special interest for Johnnians. It is a single letter, only survivor of a correspondence between a Leeds business man and a young friend* who began residence at St John's College in the Michaelmas Term of 1836. What makes it worth attention is not so much the intrinsic merit of the advice it offers, sound as this may be, but rather the light it throws on changing social conditions.

The writer of the letter, John Wager, was chief cashier of a large local factory—a responsible post but of course subordinate to the management, which may explain the undertone of deference in what he wrote. As the letter reveals, he had both the virtues and the defects to be expected from a largely self-educated man. His intellectual equipment was fragmentary, the harvest of an enthusiastic amateur who, outside working hours and consuming duties, dabbled in many branches of study and tried his hand at poetry, prose and painting, without rising above mediocrity in any of them. It is remarkable, and significant, that theology, one of the most abstract of subjects, should have rippled his mind so much. He, too, is typical of another important social phenomenon of the period of the Industrial Revolution—the passion for knowledge, and not merely technical accomplishment, of the intelligent clerk and artisan, which produced first the Mechanics' Institutes in the manufacturing towns, and later, the Public Libraries movement. John Wager was chiefly responsible for providing his factory with a library, one of the earliest of its kind in the country, and he also arranged lectures for the workmen; among the first books he obtained were the poetical works of Ebenezer Elliott, famous as the "Corn Law Rhymers" of Sheffield. It is not surprising to find that his own views in politics were strongly progressive, and in religion Non-conformist.

* William Spencer was the son of a Leeds clothier. He went to Leeds Grammar School and after a two-year interval of teaching in a school at Harrogate, was admitted as a Sizar on 7 July 1836, at the age of 24. He graduated B.A. in 1840, was ordained in 1841, and became a successful schoolmaster. He died in 1867. His pupils put up a tablet in his memory in St Nicholas Cathedral, and there is also a memorial window in Wallasey Parish Church.

The following is a transcript of the letter, slightly abbreviated:

"Leeds,
October 30th, 1836.

To Mr Spencer,
St John's College, Cambridge

Dear Sir,

The agreeable [*sic*] hours I have spent in your company along with others of our friendly band give me an interest in your success & I have pleasure now in congratulating you upon it.

Though the engagements of trade are those by wh.[ich] I live they are not those for wh.[ich] I live; the love of knowledge is the vital stimulating principle within me, & I feel a far livelier sympathy with those who are engaged in the ennobling pursuit of science & literature, whose spirits burn with an ardent desire of tracking the wide, unbounded realm of thought—of searching with keen & penetrating eye the mysteries of our being & the great & wondrous system in wh.[ich] we are placed & of wh.[ich] we form a part. . . .

The disposition of my mind inclines me much to theological studies, & I have lately commenced reading on that subject & on mental & moral philosophy in a more regular & systematic manner than I have been wont to do. I have likewise in my plan devoted a smaller portion of time to general literature—history, poetry, etc.

As regards the theological part I have made three divisions, according to the succession in wh.[ich] I intend to study—1st. Natural theology, 2nd. Evidences of Christianity & 3rd. Biblical Criticism—on each of wh.[ich] subjects I intend to read some of the best works. I have made a similar arrangement with regard to mental & moral philosophy.

Although I think I have heard you assert & quote Dr Johnson in proof of the contrary, I feel convinced that this is the best means of forming a solid intellectual character—to have an object in view & regularly & steadily to pursue it, making all incidentally acquired knowledge as far as possible tributary to it & observing how every fresh fact we acquire bears upon it. By such discipline as this the reasoning faculty is strengthened; a clear, connected & consistent system is formed in the mind; its diversified ideas illustrate each other & various particular facts illustrate general truths instead of floating loosely & incoherently in the mind. . . .

When I reflect that I have uttered all this to a being enrobed in cap & gown I almost shudder at the contemplation of my presumption, but trusting that though so metamorphosed you yet retain some human feelings & sympathies I hope soon to hear from you.

Yours very sincerely

JOHN WAGER"

(ii) *Stephen Fovargue and the "New Catalogue of Vulgar Errors":*

St John's College has little reason to honour the memory of Stephen Fovargue. One authority calls him "dissipated... and partly insane": another refers to his "known ill character": and the facts of his life indicate that he was one of the shadiest individuals the University has ever admitted—or expelled. For in 1771 he was forced to flee the country on suspicion of having horse-whipped his servant so severely as to cause the man's death. It is not often that a college Fellow is classed as an "outlaw". Fovargue, however, after experiencing great distress in Paris, returned to Cambridge and surrendered himself to the Vice-Chancellor; and though he could not be given a normal trial he was acquitted of manslaughter at the Assizes in July, 1774. The next year he left the University; and he is reported to have died at Bath in June 1775. Except that he was a Bachelor of Divinity and at one time Fellow of St John's, very little in detail is known of Stephen Fovargue's career. He is remembered (if at all) by a curious book published in Cambridge in 1767 under the title of *A New Catalogue of Vulgar Errors*.

Sir Thomas Browne's *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* (1646), on which the *New Catalogue* is obviously modelled, had several successors during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Fovargue's work is marked by a truculence and eccentricity which remind one of Mr Tom Brown (of facetious memory) rather than the author of the *Religio Medici*. The errors Fovargue refutes are of a miscellaneous kind. One is "That there is now, or ever was, such a Science as Astrology"; another is "That the more Hay is dried in the Sun, the better it will be"; and a third, "That teaching Boys Bawdy Books, will make them religious Men and good Clergymen"! Fovargue was apparently much interested in natural history, for he discusses the manner in which the bittern makes her curious booming sound; and wonders whether the heron dangles her long legs through her nest when sitting on the eggs she is hatching.

All Fovargue's thinking is shallow, and his presentation of the case he tries to make is pathetically Quixotic. In one respect, however, the *New Catalogue* is of considerable cultural interest. During his exile in France, it is reported that Fovargue earned money by playing on a violin he had with him. Some of the errors dealt with in the *New Catalogue* are musical ones: and they reveal Fovargue as maintaining certain attitudes towards musical theory and practice which must have been widely shared among amateurs of his age. He writes enthusiastically about the violin when controverting such errors as "That the Tone of a Violin is to be brought out by laying on like a Blacksmith" and "That the Violin is a wanton Instrument, and not proper for Psalms; and that the Organ is not proper for Country Dances, and brisk Airs". But one of the most dogmatically reasoned sections of the *New Catalogue* is Fovargue's fierce denial "That the Musical Composition of this present Age is inferior to that of the last". "Masters of Music", he claims, "by Practice have lately found out a better, easier, and stronger Way of Performing upon their several Instruments, than was

formerly known; and to this new and better Method of Performance they have composed suitable music, which admits of greater Execution, greater Variety of Expression, and a better Tone, than could be brought out of Instruments before such Improvements were made."

Those are the words of a cultural "enthusiast", anxious to express in popular terms his sense of the age's self-sufficiency. This is evident enough from Fovargue's style, which is brisk and easy, almost to a point of coarseness. But when we have made allowances for its prejudice and wrong-headedness, the *New Catalogue of Vulgar Errors* can be read with great amusement. And as a product of a certain phase of English civilization it has something more than a mere museum-piece significance. So perhaps after all Stephen Fovargue is not such a disgrace to St John's College as the biographical accounts would make him appear to have been.

(iii) *Queen Victoria admires the Bridge of Sighs:*

The following extract from Queen Victoria's *Diary*, describing the proceedings at the installation of the Prince Consort as Chancellor of the University in July 1847, is printed by Sir Theodore Martin in his *Life of the Prince Consort* (vol. 1, p. 398):

[After a great banquet in the Hall of Trinity], "the evening being so beautiful we proposed to walk out, and accordingly at ten set out in curious costumes: Albert in his dress coat, with a macintosh over it; I in my evening dress and diadem, and with a veil over my head, and the two Princes (Prince Waldemar of Prussia and Prince Peter of Oldenburg) in their uniform, and the ladies in their dresses, and shawls, and veils. We walked through the small garden, and could not at first find our way, after which we discovered the right road, and walked along the beautiful avenues of lime-trees in the grounds of St John's College, along the water and over the bridges. All was so pretty and picturesque—in particular, that one covered bridge of St John's College, which is like the Bridge of Sighs at Venice. We stopped to listen to the distant hum of the town; and nothing seemed wanting, but some singing, which everywhere but here in this country we should have heard. A lattice opened, and we could fancy a lady appearing, and listening to a serenade."

(iv) *Celia Fiennes in the College Garden:*

"St Johns College Garden is very pleasant for the fine walks, both close shady walks and open rows of trees and quickset hedges, there is a pretty bowling green with cut arbours in the hedges...."

(*The Journeys of Celia Fiennes*, edited with an Introduction by Christopher Morris, London, The Cresset Press, 1949, pp. 65f.)

Celia Fiennes visited Cambridge on her "Northern Journey" in 1697, and her description of the grounds of St John's, in particular of the "cut arbours in the hedges" of the bowling green, confirms the close accuracy of the view depicted by David Loggan in *Cantabrigia Illustrata* (1690).

(v) *Anthony Hammond contributes to the building of the kitchen bridge.*

Anthony ("Silver-Tongued") Hammond (1668-1738), who came to the College in 1685 as a Fellow-Commoner, and was later Member of Parliament for Cambridge, writes in his diary under the date 6 December 1693:

"I contributed 30 ll. or 40 ll. towards building a Bridge at St John's Coll: in Cambridge."

(Bodleian Library: Rawl. MSS. A. 245.)

This was presumably the Kitchen Bridge.

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THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

By H. WILSON HARRIS, M.A., on 6 May 1951

“Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee.”

Acts iii. 6.

THESE familiar words, spoken by Peter to the paralytic man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, may seem a strange starting-point for a sermon in commemoration of those benefactors—and here, above all places, we must add benefactresses—who bestowed on this College so lavishly either actual gold and silver or the fabrics and furnishings which gold and silver would buy. I shall not be guilty, I trust, of falling short in praise of famous men and women—most notably the royal lady our foundress, *mater regum Margareta*, and the saintly but eminently practical prelate, who carried out her plans with such devotion and efficiency. To pass in review in its completeness the long line of those who followed them and emulated their liberality might be fitting, but would certainly be tedious. But as in private duty bound I must of one make special mention—Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, foundress, as she was termed, of Second Court, where for three now distant years—to use the only language possible for a Johnian in such a context—“was my abiding-place, a nook obscure”.

What is it they have done for us, these forerunners, whose liberal disposition of their goods we commemorate to-day? Perhaps those of us who have passed through the College long since, and gone out into a larger world, to fare well or ill there, as men count well and ill, well or ill as God counts well and ill, can answer that better in some ways than we could while our days were spent within these walls, and better than those who are living their undergraduate lives

here still. The lines have indeed fallen to us in pleasant places; we have a goodly heritage. And it is as life moves on, and the road behind us lengthens steadily, that we come to know how rich a heritage it is.

It is natural, therefore, that in our thoughts and our words this morning we should praise famous men and our fathers who begat us. "There be of them"—and these come especially to our minds—"that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. The people will tell of their wisdom and the congregation will show forth their praise"—as we in this congregation do to-day.

All that is as it should be, and we should be failing gravely in our pious duty if we ceased to register our gratitude year by year to those who made the existence and progress of this College possible. All that the College made *us* we are because they first made *it*. In providing the material fabric of the College—the hall, an older chapel than this, the library, the graduates' and undergraduates' rooms—they gave this vital, human society the means to live. And it is literal truth to say of many of them that though "their bodies are buried in peace their name liveth for evermore"—in the records of the College, in the portraits in the hall and combination-room and Master's Lodge, in the tablets and other memorials within this chapel and in the statues on its outer walls. Such they were. Their work has lived after them, and we see it all about us—the framework they constructed, the walls within which the life of the society is nurtured. Silver and gold they gave—and indirectly how much more, in enabling others, with little silver and less gold, to give something more intrinsically precious still.

For something more intrinsically precious there is. "Happy", says the unknown writer of the Book of Proverbs—though these particular words may well have been King Solomon's—"is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than silver and the gain thereof than fine gold." And again, a few chapters later, "How much better is it to get wisdom than gold; and to get understanding is rather to be chosen than silver." So, and most needfully, is our conception of benefaction widened, and with it the recognition of our debt to other benefactors than those whose memory we have so far saluted. "For some there be which have no memorial; who are perished as though they had never been, and have become as though they had never been born"—a great army who, generation after generation through the centuries, have ministered to the social and intellectual and spiritual life of the College, spending themselves unsparingly in giving gladly everything they had to give. Silver and gold in most cases had they little, but such as they had they gave—and, if there is

a comparative measure for such things they will not stand lower in the roll of benefactors than those others who bestowed so liberally of their substance, and whose memorials are visible and tangible around us.

A single example will make my meaning clear. This must be the first Commemoration Sermon for many years at which Martin Charlesworth has not been in his accustomed place. Everyone here, except the first-year men, know what he was and what he gave. There must be many here this morning who will carry through life some fortifying and inspiring memory of things he said, perhaps of some sermon he preached, of personal encouragement and counsel, or just of a warm and enduring friendship. There have always been men like that in this College. Whatever our year, there is someone in particular, undergraduate or senior, whom we remember as putting something into our lives which enlarged and enriched them, and it may be deepened them. I could name more than one in my own day, some still living, some long since dead, who gave me and others like me something of higher value than gold and silver—some stimulus, some new understanding of poetry, some thought that germinated—and I imagine everyone in this chapel could say the same. Such as they had they gave. Who would, or could, deny them the name of benefactor? They have gone, and no outward memorial keeps their names alive. But the spirit does not perish. The torch is perpetually handed on. Part of their lives has passed into ours. Part of ours, it may be, will pass into someone else's. The seed once sown may in the process of time bring forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty, some even a hundred-fold. It is because of them, as we knew them to be, that the College is what it is. On this day of commemoration we can by no means forget them.

From this one inescapable conclusion flows. There is no better way of putting it than in two sayings of Christ: "Freely ye have received, freely give", and "To whomsoever much is given, from him shall much be required." "Freely ye have received": There is more literal truth in those words to-day than there has been since the earliest years of our foundation, for though undergraduates are not receiving what they do receive from University and College without money and without price—no economist, however unorthodox, could defend that principle—it is not in most cases money or price which they or their families are called on to pay themselves. Freely you have received, freely give. To give, need it be emphasised, is to be a benefactor. There is no member of the College, from freshman to Master, who cannot do benefaction to it, for there is none who cannot do something, by his influence, by the manner of his life, more rarely by some spoken word, to make and keep the society worthy of those who brought it into being.

This, let us never forget, is a royal *and religious* foundation. The second of those adjectives has no merely conventional significance. It was that men might discover God, so far as He can be discovered, and grasp something of the possibilities and purpose of life, that the College was established. Before she set her hand to this work the Lady Margaret had endowed the Chair of Divinity which bears her name, with Bishop Fisher as its first occupant. In doing that, and in founding this College and Christ's, she was animated by a single motive, expressed most admirably in the words of the Bidding Prayer which, every Sunday in term, precedes the University Sermon at Great St Mary's: "That there may never be wanting a supply of persons duly qualified to serve God both in Church and State, let us pray for all seminaries of sound learning and religious education, particularly the Universities of this land." Here, for our society, is the essential purpose, for was there ever a moment in history when the need for a supply of men duly qualified to serve God—is it too much to say, ready to dedicate themselves to the service of God?—in both Church and State was greater than to-day?

Learning for the sake of learning, truth for truth's sake, the ceaseless exploration of the undiscovered, particularly, perhaps, in the field of science—it would clearly be impossible to rate all that too highly. But this, by the nature of things, must be for the relatively few. The multitude who generation by generation come up to Cambridge, live their three years or four here and then depart, must be content, I will not say with something less, but with something different. They have their part. It is for them to keep themselves perpetually sensitive to true values in life, to see that those things which in their hearts, or their consciences, they know to be the best things, hold the place they should in the life of the society. The tripos and the river—whether the Cam or the Housatonic or the Charles—the cricket-pitch and the tennis court cannot fill the whole of life, valuable and important though they are. They have their essential place, but those who would, in all humility, be benefactors in the sense I have suggested must see life in proportion, and keep first things first.

That does not always happen. It is recorded of Benjamin Jowett, the Master of Balliol, that in preaching a sermon to freshmen in Balliol chapel at the beginning of one Michaelmas term, he expressed himself substantially as follows: "If I were asked to what the present prosperity of this College and its repute in the University is chiefly due I should ascribe it to three causes, First, to the ability and devotion of its Fellows and Tutors; Second, to certain fortuitous circumstances which will not recur; Thirdly, to the blessing of Almighty God." We are not required to enter on a discussion of priorities this morning, or to question the assessments prevalent in

another place. It is sufficient for us to affirm our faith—as the City of Edinburgh did when it took the verse for its motto, or as Benjamin Franklin did when he quoted it to the framers of the American Constitution—that "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". And, carrying the thought a little further—to emphasise the fact of God's partnership with man—we can recognise that, while Paul planted and Apollos watered, it was God that gave the increase.

That notable 28th chapter of the Book of Job, which describes in vivid language the working of the primitive mind of that day, bears closely on what I have been trying to say this morning. Beginning with the words "Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold where they fine it", it goes on to the search for something else. "But where shall wisdom be found", the writer asks once and yet again, "and where is the place of understanding?"—more to be desired as those gifts are than either gold or silver, and—as though to dispel any suggestion that these were merely intellectual qualities—he concludes with the affirmation: "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." What higher function falls to a foundation like this than to instil such wisdom and impart such understanding, and what benefactors should be honoured more than those who are agents in that process?

If, then, in this 440th year of our history, we can look back, as we do, with thankfulness, we can look forward with assured faith, confident that those now here and those to come will keep this College what it has always been, a place where God is sought, where character is built, where preparation is made not merely for careers of personal distinction, but for lives of service to mankind. Our benefactors, with gold and silver or without it, have made that possible in the past; like benefactors will not be wanting in the future. And we to-day, realising what our years here, be they few or many, have meant to us, can say from our hearts, and without extravagance, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning... Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces." So, we can be certain, in spirit if not in word, did Bishop Fisher and the Lady Margaret pray. That their prayers have been answered we, and the multitude that have gone before us, bear thankful witness.

THE COLLEGE GROUNDS AND PLAYING FIELDS

THE replanning and replanting of the College Grounds and Playing Fields, now being carried out under the advice of Dr Thomas Sharp, suggest that a sketch of their history may be of interest to readers of *The Eagle*.

When, in the year 1511, the College was founded on the site of the Hospital of St John the Evangelist, it took over the land the Hospital had owned immediately to the west of the River Cam.* The area was entirely surrounded by water-courses. On the east was the River itself; on the north and north-west was the Bin Brook; on the west was the ditch which separates St John's Meadow from what is now the Fellows' Garden; and on the south was the ditch which separates the Meadow from what is now Trinity College Meadow. The present Fellows' Garden and the land immediately to the north of it had not belonged to the Hospital, and a century was to elapse before any part of this further area came into the possession of the College.

The land taken over from the Hospital fell into two distinct parts, separated by another water-course—St John's Ditch. This ditch, which was filled in when the foundations of the New Court were laid in 1826, formed a connexion between the Bin Brook and the River. Its junction with the Brook was at a point to the west of the present New Court and nearly opposite the northern boundary of the area recently an orchard and now being replanned as a garden. Thence it ran approximately eastwards to join the River at a point a little to the north of the present New Court Bridge. The area to the north of St John's Ditch was thus an island, bounded on its other sides by the Bin Brook and the River. Though probably not sub-divided by any natural boundary, it seems to have been used in two parts. The eastern part, which was ancient property of the Hospital, was a garden; the remainder, which came into the possession of the Hospital in the middle of the fifteenth century, contained fishponds and was known as Fishponds Close or the Pondyard, names later extended to apply to the whole area.† There does not appear to be any record of the date at which the Hospital acquired the land south of St John's Ditch.

* For the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries I am mainly dependent upon Willis and Clark, *Architectural History*, vol. ii, pp. 235–8, 321–3, and upon John Hammond's Plan of Cambridge (1592).

† The name Pondyard is still used of this area in the Inclosure Award for the Parish of St Giles of the year 1805; and the name Fishponds Close is still used of it in Spalding's Map of Cambridge of 1888.

The whole of the area described is shown clearly in John Hammond's fine plan of Cambridge, dated 1592.* The portion of the area that lies to the south of St John's Ditch is named by Hammond "S. Johns Walkes". It is reached from the College by a wooden bridge over the River, occupying the site of the present Old Bridge. From this bridge three parallel lines of trees extend westwards as far as the ditch which forms the western boundary of the Walks, where there was another bridge on the site of the present iron bridge. This second bridge gives access to open land extending to the highway (now Queen's Road) and beyond. The portion of the area that lies to the north of St John's Ditch is divided into two parts by a double line of trees running approximately north and south, and in the western part are six ponds. There is access to the eastern part by a bridge over the Bin Brook in the north-east corner, near the River. Trees grow along the River bank, along the side of the Bin Brook, along both sides of St John's Ditch, and by the ditches which form the southern and western boundaries of the Walks. The land to the south, now Trinity Meadow, is open land, unenclosed by ditches, like the land towards the highway.

The first extension of the College ground to the west of the River was made in 1610, when the northern part of the present Fellows' Garden, soon afterwards laid out as a Bowling Green, was acquired from the Town. It is thus described in the deed: "a piece of pasture or waste ground, in the field called 'Colledge Feild' or 'West Feild' behind S. John's College, between a close belonging to that College on the east, and a highway on the west"—extending, that is, from St John's Meadow to the road now called Queen's Road. No doubt the area acquired extended to the Bin Brook on the north. The part of the present Fellows' Garden south of the Bowling Green belonged at this period to Corpus Christi College, from which St John's held it on lease. In a lease granted to the College in 1611 it is described as "a parsell of wast ground towards the North: The Easte hed abutting uppon long greene, in parte inclosed and now belonging to Trinitie Colledg; And the west hed extendeth over the Common waie and abbutteth uppon binbrooke." This land passed at some rather later date into the possession of the College, perhaps by exchange for property in Trumpington Fields which had been leased by the College to Corpus Christi.

The "new inclosure beyond the walkes" thus formed must have been laid out during the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and the Bowling Green is mentioned as such in 1625. The ditches which

* There are facsimiles of this plan, and of William Custance's plan (1798) referred to below, in the Portfolio which forms Part II of J. Willis Clark and Arthur Gray, *Old Plans of Cambridge 1574 to 1798* (1921).

now enclose the western, the southern, and the lower part of the eastern sides of the Fellows' Garden were no doubt dug in the same period. The narrow strip of land between the southern part of the Fellows' Garden and Trinity Meadow, along which now runs the gravel Walk leading to Trinity Piece, remained unenclosed land and did not pass into the possession of the College until the beginning of the nineteenth century. The northern boundary of the College property was still the Bin Brook, but now it was the whole length of the Brook from the point at which it was crossed by the highway (Queen's Road) to its junction with the River Cam north of the Pondyard.

The College owes to David Loggan an accurate and detailed record of the layout of the Grounds in the latter part of the seventeenth century; and were it not for his *Cantabrigia Illustrata*, published in 1690, much of the history of the College Grounds would be uncertain or irrecoverable. This splendid work contains two views of the College, one taken from the east, showing the whole of the Buildings and Grounds, the other taken from the south, showing the whole of the Buildings and the part of the Grounds immediately to the west of the River. In addition, it contains a plan of Cambridge, dated 1688, which includes the whole of the College precincts. Their accuracy and the minuteness of their detail are remarkable; and though Loggan's views contain a certain element of conventional representation and his plan and views do not agree in every particular, it is never safe to reject his evidence unless there is positive evidence to overthrow it.

North of St John's Ditch, and bounded on the north and west by the Bin Brook and on the east by the River, is "St Johns fish ponds". The plan shows seventeen fishponds, though the view from the east shows nineteen. In the north-east corner of the area, occupying a part of what in the days of the Hospital had been a garden, is a large building;* and a smaller building with a high-pitched roof stands near the south-east corner. Trees are interspersed amongst the ponds. A man is using a long-handled net to take fish from the pond nearest the River, and there is a basket on the grass behind him. This pond is connected with the River by a sluice. Loggan does not show any bridge giving access to Fishponds Close; but it may be that the bridge in the north-east corner over the Bin Brook, shown by Hammond a century earlier, still existed. That there was not a bridge to Fishponds Close from St John's Meadow is not surprising; for Fishponds Close was not occupied by the College but let on lease. It continued to be so let throughout the eighteenth, and into the nineteenth, century.

* This building, or another on the same site, is shown in one of the views in R. Ackermann's *History of the University of Cambridge* (1815).

South of St John's Ditch is "St Johns College Meadow". It is approached from the College by a wooden bridge, no doubt the same structure as that illustrated by Hammond, on the site of the present Old Bridge (erected early in the eighteenth century). A Walk extends northwards and southwards along the bank of the River, and immediately to the west of this Walk, opposite the southern range of the Third Court, is the College Tennis Court, built on that site in 1602-3 to replace the Tennis Court shown by Hammond to the east of the river and removed, no doubt, to make way for the building of the Second Court in 1599. This part of the River bank is secured by piles and horizontal planks. At the northern end of the Walk by the River steps lead down to the water of St John's Ditch,* and near them is a turnstile giving access to a Walk that runs along the southern side of the ditch.

From the bridge over the River a Walk (the present Broad Walk) leads westwards, as in Hammond's day, to a bridge over the ditch on the east side of the Fellows' Garden, on the site of the present iron bridge. From that point the Walk diverges slightly towards the south, keeping to the southern side of the Bin Brook, and continues to the "gate leading to the Fields". This gate stood at a point some distance to the south of the present Field Gate, approximately opposite the end of the driftway which now runs from Queen's Road towards Grange Road. The Bin Brook must have been crossed at, or just beyond, this gate. Immediately to the south of the Broad Walk, and parallel with it, is a second and narrower path—a feature which still remains—and a little to the south of this is a post-and-rail fence, enclosing the northern side of the southern part of the Meadow. Walks also lead round the southern and western sides of the Meadow, much as they do to-day. All these Walks are bounded by lines of trees. St John's Meadow is pasture-land, and Loggan shows cattle grazing. Boats, and a barge towing logs, move up and down the River.

West of the southern part of the Meadow lies the area of the present Fellows' Garden. At the northern end is the Bowling Green, and along its northern side is a high wall, separating it from the continuation of the Broad Walk. The southern portion, named by Loggan "St Johns Walkes", is surrounded by hedges, that on the south side having three cut arbours in it. When Celia Fiennes visited St John's in 1697, on one of her journeys, she noted these "cut arbours" in her diary.† Inside these hedges are paths, and there is a central path from north to south. The two rectangular plots marked out by these paths are also enclosed by hedges, each with a line of trees on the inner side. The part of the present Fellows' Garden which immediately

* Steps in the same position are shown in Ackermann (1815).

† *The Journeys of Celia Fiennes*, ed. Christopher Morris (1949), pp. 64f.

adjoins the ditch forming the western boundary of St John's Meadow is laid out independently and is filled with trees.* Along its southern edge, where there is now a short length of ditch running east and west, is a second wall; and just south of it is a gate which closes the western end of the Walk along the south side of the Meadow at the point which, until the beginning of the nineteenth century, was the College boundary. It will be noted that the general plan of the Fellows' Garden has changed little since Loggan's day, though the formal planting has given way to natural, and the two walls have disappeared.

The trees along the Walks of St John's Meadow and by St John's Ditch remained for long afterwards a notable feature of the Grounds. The elms along the Broad Walk, south of where the New Court now stands, became a fine avenue of ancient trees. Some of these, and all the elms along St John's Ditch, were cut down when the New Court was built (1826-31). But there were elms on both sides of the Broad Walk for many years after that period;† and at least one elm, certainly planted in the seventeenth century, and growing probably in the south-west corner of the Meadow, survived until a storm on 14 October 1881.‡

The eighteenth century saw no extension of the College Grounds and no important change in layout. Evidence of their appearance during that century is scanty. There is, however, an interesting engraving of 1743 showing a prospect of Cambridge from the north-west.§ In the centre of the view is the Fellows' Garden, and the College Buildings and Trinity Library are shown in the further distance. The wall on the north side of the Bowling Green is clearly visible, and adjoining its western end is the gate leading to the Fields, with stone gate-piers closely resembling those shown by Loggan. The Garden itself, named "St John's College Gardens", has tall trees in the north-west corner, where Loggan also shows a grove of trees. Its southern portion is laid out in formal style, reminiscent of Loggan's representation, except that no trees are shown. In the south-west corner is a tall summer house with domed roof and windows in the classical style. That there was a building in this

* Reasons were given in *The Eagle*, vol. LIII, p. 155, for thinking that the name "Wilderness", which is not recorded earlier than the beginning of the nineteenth century, was originally applied only to this relatively independent area.

† See a picture in *The London Illustrated News*, 6 March 1847.

‡ See *The Eagle*, vol. LIV, pp. 109-12, and the references there given.

§ "'The North-west Prospect of the University, and Town of Cambridge,' Sam.¹ and Nath.¹ Buck del. et sculp. Publish'd according to Act of Parliament March 25th 1743. Garden-Court No. 4 Middle Temple, London.'" There is a copy of this scarce engraving in the Shire Hall, Cambridge.

position, and that it survived into the nineteenth century, is known from William Custance's Plan of Cambridge of 1798 and from R. G. Baker's New Map of Cambridge of 1830. A water-colour of about the year 1783, painted by John Fisher and now in the College Library, also shows this summer house and depicts it in a form which agrees closely with the engraving of 1743.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century there was more than one plan for the improvement of the Grounds. In 1765 it was agreed "to give Mr Millar two guineas and desire his advice and plan or plans for the improvement of the gardens".* In 1772 it was ordered "that the bank be repaired under the direction of Mr Brown";† and six years later, in 1778, it was agreed "that a piece of plate of the value of £50 be presented to Mr Brown, for his services in improving the walks".‡ This was Lancelot Brown, the celebrated landscape-gardener. That Brown made proposals for the improvement of the College Grounds is known from other sources also;§ but there does not appear to be any record of the nature of the changes for which he was responsible. It is, however, possible that the transformation of the present Fellows' Garden from a formal to a natural garden was made under his advice. College Orders concerned with the treatment of the hedges in the garden and the purchase of evergreens and yews suggest that the old formal layout remained as late as 1764;¶ whereas William Custance's Plan of 1798, though less trustworthy in its detail than Loggan's plan and views of a century before, seems to show a natural arrangement. But, though Lancelot Brown's ideas probably left their mark upon the College Grounds, his ambitious proposals for the Cambridge Backs as a whole did not meet with acceptance. A plan prepared by him and dated 1779 is still in the possession of the University. This shows the whole of the Backs from Peterhouse to Magdalene laid out afresh as a single area in park-like style, with clumps of trees and with the course of the River behind Trinity and St John's moved farther west. A large area of the open fields to the west of Queen's Road is also shown as enclosed in four compartments, each surrounded by trees.|| Those

* Conclusion Book, 16 April 1765 (Baker-Mayor, p. 1071).

† Conclusion Book, 10 July 1772 (Baker-Mayor, p. 1077).

‡ Conclusion Book, 26 March 1778 (Baker-Mayor, p. 1085). The Rental of 1778 (Head BB) shows £52 expended on a silver cup to Mr Brown.

§ Baker-Mayor, pp. 1047f., p. 1056; G. Dyer, *History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge* (1814), vol. 1, pp. 229-38.

¶ For these Orders, see *The Eagle*, vol. LIII, p. 160.

|| The plan is reproduced in Dorothy Stroud, *Capability Brown* (1950), pp. 184-5. The plan has the further interest that Brown's proposed layout is shown superimposed upon the actual layout; it thus provides a plan of the west side of Cambridge as it was in 1779, some twenty years before Custance's Plan of 1798.

familiar with academic history and College sentiment will not be surprised that the various Colleges affected by his proposals were not persuaded to subordinate their several areas to a scheme so radical and comprehensive.

In March 1794 serious damage of some kind was done in the Grounds of St John's. On 7 March of that year the Master and Seniors made the following Order: "Agreed to offer a Reward of one hundred Guineas for discovering the authors of the Depredations in the Garden."* A clue to the nature of the damage is provided by some satirical verses, purporting to be dated from St John's 14 March 1794, which appeared in *The Evening Mail*, No. 806, 25-28 April of that year.† If the evidence of these scurrilous lines can be trusted, planting had recently been carried out, walks had been improved, and a bridge was to be rebuilt;

Yet, some Miscreants impelled, or by envy or spite,
Have destroyed all our projects in one fatal night;
And, resolving our views should be quite overthrown,
Have dismantled our Bridge, and our Saplings cut down.
Our Ways too, which art had made pleasant and easy,
In spite of our cunning, are dirty and greasy.

There is another reference to these events in some lines by Francis Wrangham, which speak of

bridges most wickedly mangled
And delicate sucklings atrociously strangled.‡

May it have been that the young trees were in the Fellows' Garden, that the bridge was that at the gate leading to the Fields, and that its destruction blocked the Bin Brook and caused it to flood a part of the Garden, as it does to-day when in spate and sending down more water than the modern culvert will take? However this may be, there is no record that the reward was ever claimed.

The first thirty years of the nineteenth century saw changes in the College Grounds greater than have taken place in any comparable period before or since. These changes included an extension of the area of the Grounds, an important change in their layout, and the building of the New Court.§

* Conclusion Book.

† The College Library has a copy of the sheet. A part of the verses is printed in J. B. Mullinger, *St John's College* (1901), pp. 272-3.

‡ Charles Whibley, *In Cap and Gown* (1889), p. 86. Francis Wrangham, of Magdalene and Trinity Hall, was Wordsworth's contemporary and became his lifelong friend (*The Eagle*, vol. LIV, p. 107).

§ The changes of this period were fully described in *The Eagle*, vol. LIII, pp. 147-61, where the evidence for the statements in the present article is set out in detail.

In 1805, under the Inclosure Award for the Parish of St Giles, three new areas, two of them small and one considerable, were added to the College property. These areas were, first, the narrow strip of land between the southern part of the Fellows' Garden and Trinity Meadow, along which now runs the gravel Walk leading to Trinity Piece; second, a small piece of waste land adjoining Queen's Road and lying between the Bin Brook and the road, on which the present Field Gate stands; and, third, the area (recently an orchard and now being laid out as a garden) between the old course of the Bin Brook and the southern boundary of Merton Cottage. Of these three areas the first two were pieces of hitherto unenclosed land; the third was obtained from Merton College, Oxford, in exchange for a field between Cambridge and Coton, through which the Coton Footpath runs.

Changes in the layout of the Grounds, made possible by the incorporation of these new areas, followed in 1822. The iron gate, which now stands on the northern boundary of Trinity Piece, was moved to its present position (the new College boundary) from its earlier position at the south-west corner of St John's Meadow (formerly the College boundary). It had been erected in its earlier position in 1780, when it replaced an older gate, apparently known as the "blue gate", perhaps the gate shown by Loggan. There is reason to think that this iron gate came originally from Horseheath Hall, near Linton, Cambridgeshire.* At the same time, the short length of wall, running east and west, which until 1822 had formed the southern boundary of the protruding eastern part of the Fellows' Garden, was taken down, and in its place a new length of ditch was cut to connect for the first time the ancient water-course (in the sixteenth century the College boundary) which separates the Fellows' Garden from St John's Meadow with the ditch which forms the eastern boundary of the southern part of the Garden, opposite Trinity Meadow.

But the more important change in layout carried out in 1822 was to the north of the Fellows' Garden. As was explained above, the Broad Walk had always followed its present line from the Old Bridge over the River as far as the ditch forming the western boundary of St John's Meadow. The ditch was there crossed by a bridge on the site of the present iron bridge. From that point, a Walk (at least from some date early in the seventeenth century) continued to the gate leading to the Fields, on the highway. But this continuation of the Broad Walk was not in line with the Broad Walk itself, but diverged slightly towards the south. The divergence had been

* See *The Eagle*, vol. LIII, pp. 158f. and a Note that is to appear in the *Proceedings of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society*.

necessary, because the Walk had to keep to the south of the Bin Brook, then an open stream and until 1805 the College northern boundary. But after 1805 the Brook, though still an open stream, was no longer the College boundary, the College having acquired from Merton College the land to the north of it. In 1822 the course of this part of the Walk north of the Fellows' Garden was altered so as to be in line with the Broad Walk further east. It thus met Queen's Road at a point considerably further north than the old gate leading to the Fields and on what had been the small piece of unenclosed waste land allotted to the College in 1805. At that point the present Field Gate, with its gate-piers and flanking walls and railings, was erected. The style of the gate-piers suggests that they were designed to accord with those at the eastern end of the Old Bridge and those at the western end of the Back Lane. At the same time, the red brick wall with stone coping that runs southward from the Field Gate to the point where the highway passes over the Bin Brook was built, thus enclosing the remainder of the little piece of waste land just referred to. The Walk, in its new line, had necessarily to be carried over the Bin Brook at a point a little to the east of the centre of the northern boundary of the Fellows' Garden. It was so carried by a cast-iron bridge, identical in pattern with the present cast-iron bridge further east, which was put up at the same time in place of the older bridge, perhaps of brick, shown in Logan's view. The old wall, which from the seventeenth century had formed the northern boundary of the Bowling Green, was pulled down. The Bin Brook thus came to be the northern boundary of the Fellows' Garden from a point near Queen's Road to the western of the two new iron bridges. Further east, between these two bridges, a low brick wall was built, surmounted by an iron railing, to form the remainder of the northern boundary of the Garden. An avenue of elms was planted along the newly constructed Walk, but only from the new Field Gate as far as the western of the two iron bridges.*

These works of 1822 were expensive. In February 1823 stock to the value of £1500, held by Sir Isaac Pennington's Fund, was sold to meet the cost.†

Later in the century, probably in 1854, the open channel of the Bin Brook, from a point near Queen's Road to its junction, north of the present iron bridge, with the ditch which forms the western boundary of St John's Meadow, was filled in and the Brook put into

* For the history of this avenue and its later continuations, both eastwards to the present iron bridge and westwards beyond Queen's Road, see a Note elsewhere in this Number.

† Conclusion Book, 3 February 1823. The Rental (Head P) of 1824 also contains an entry of £122. 18s. 2d. expended on "Repairs of the Walks".

the brick culvert through which it now flows in a nearly direct line between those two points. The iron bridge which had carried the Walk over the Brook was disposed of. It is now in the park of Quy Hall, Cambridgeshire.* Later still, probably shortly before 1870, the low wall with its iron railing was removed and the avenue of elms was continued eastwards as far as the surviving iron bridge.

Shortly after these important changes of 1822, an even greater change was made. In 1825 the ancient trees along St John's Ditch were felled, the Ditch was filled in, and in the following year the building of the New Court began. The Court was completed in 1831. The erection of this Court had a profound effect upon the appearance of the Grounds, not only by reason of its great size and its position, but also because it gave to the Grounds as a whole a new orientation. Hitherto, the natural view had been westwards from the College Buildings towards the western fields of Cambridge, or (after 1822) eastwards from Queen's Road towards the College. But, with the completion of the New Court, the emphasis was rather upon the view southwards from the steps of the New Court cloisters, or northwards towards the façade of the New Court. The Broad Walk, running east and west, lost its original dominance; and as the avenue of great elms along this central Walk,

Lofty elms,

Inviting shades of opportune recess,

were removed, or fell from storm or decay, its prominence was still further reduced, though in some degree its line was accentuated again as the elms of the new avenue north of the Fellows' Garden grew to be large trees, successors on another site of the seventeenth-century elms which Wordsworth had known.

The building of the New Court astride the course of St John's Ditch reduced the size of Fishponds Close,† which has since remained something of a back area, known in more recent times as the Pickerel Garden, from the Pickerel Inn in Magdalene Street, the yard of which ran back to the Bin Brook, over which there was a bridge (shown in R. G. Baker's Map of 1830). The buildings in the north-east corner disappeared. The ponds were filled in, though R. G. Baker's Map shows that one pond, in the north-west corner, still existed in 1830, after the completion of the New Court. The building of the new Master's Lodge in 1867, and the view from its

* For a photograph of it in its present setting, see *The Eagle*, vol. XLIV, pp. 281-2.

† The College seems to have obtained possession of Fishponds Close by buying in the lease or leases (Conclusion Book, 8 January 1824; Rentals, 1823 (Head NN), 1827 (Head NN)).

garden across the river, gave a new potential value, hitherto unrealized, to the Pickerel Garden; and its possibilities were further increased in much more recent times by the building of Benson Court of Magdalene College. It is now to be laid out afresh as part of Dr Thomas Sharp's plan, and will become fully a part of the College Grounds. In 1842 the College purchased a right of way from the Pickerel Garden to Magdalene Street through the yard of the Pickerel Inn. By agreement with Magdalene College, this was exchanged in 1932 for a right of way to the west of Benson Court and the present brick bridge was built.

It may be noted that the iron footbridge leading from St John's Meadow to Trinity Meadow, near the River, was placed there in 1874, a convenience and pleasure to many, and a happy mark of co-operation between the two Colleges.*

During the nineteenth century many ancient trees, including most of those that had survived from the seventeenth century, reached the end of their lives and disappeared. There are records of severe losses of trees in particular storms.† But much planting must have taken place during the century. The avenue of elms leading to the Field Gate has already been mentioned. The removal, during the summer of the present year, of decayed and diseased trees in preparation for the planting now to be carried out afforded an opportunity to ascertain the approximate ages of trees in various parts of the Grounds. It would seem that very few of the trees now standing or recently removed were planted earlier than the nineteenth century. A few large sycamores in the eastern part of the Fellows' Garden and outside it are undoubtedly older; so too are the sycamores, all small in girth, which grow in a line to the west of the central path leading southwards from the Bowling Green.‡ There is a large oak to the west of the Bowling Green; and the oak near the iron footbridge leading to Trinity Meadow is probably the tree illustrated in the *Cambridge Almanac* of 1803 as then quite young. A notable elm, taken down in September 1943, which grew in the north-east corner of the lawn, opposite the Third Court, must have been planted about the year 1800. The oldest tree to survive until a recent date was the stump of a great elm on the south side of the Broad Walk—a relic that had outlasted all its contemporaries.

* The agreement in duplicate bearing the Seals of the two Colleges provides for all eventualities.

† For storms in 1847, in 1854, and on 14 October 1881, see *The Eagle*, vol. XII, p. 50; and for a storm in February 1850, see the diary of Joseph Romilly (Fellow of Trinity, Registry 1832-61), 28 February 1850 (*Cambridge Review*, 6 May 1950, p. 488).

‡ This was proved by counts of the rings of two of the trees in this line taken down in the present year.

It remains to add a few words on the history of the Playing Fields. On 22 March 1858 the Master and Seniors agreed to grant the two fields opposite the Eagle Gate (the Field Gate) as a site for two open Rackets Courts and a Dressing Room under the management of a committee of shareholders, and to drain and level the remainder of the two fields as a Cricket Ground and to erect a cottage thereon.* The cottage, now occupied by the groundsman, was formerly the gardener's cottage. The Rackets Courts stood a little to the west of it. In 1883 the shareholders were paid off at par, and a lease of the Courts was granted to Mr H. J. Gray (from whom derives the firm of H. J. Gray and Sons, Ltd., of 36 Sidney Street), who had been in charge of them.† The lease was surrendered in 1895, and the Courts were later demolished.‡ A pavilion was built by subscription in 1873-4. This was taken down in 1934 and the present pavilion, paid for partly by the General Athletic Club and partly by the College (including the capital of the A. B. Baldwin Bequest), was built nearly on the same site. The architect of the new pavilion was Mr A. W. Mackenzie, of the firm of Messrs Wigglesworth and Mackenzie. In 1886, leave had been granted to the Steward to have an ice-pit erected in the Cricket Field.§ Its site was just outside the eastern end of the present garden of the cottage. The ice-pit was demolished after the war of 1914-18, though its position can still be distinguished. The level of the south-east corner of the Cricket Field was raised in 1907-8.|| A large bank of earth between the avenue and the driftway, deposited there when the foundations of the Chapel Court building were excavated in 1885, supplied part of the soil required.

The land south of the driftway, long known as the "Three Colleges Cricket Field" and more recently as the "Old Peterhouse Ground", was let on a lease from Michaelmas 1873 for use as a playing field by Peterhouse, Pembroke, and Emmanuel; from 1910 to Peterhouse and Sidney Sussex; and finally to Peterhouse alone. The last lease was surrendered in 1933, when the College resumed possession of the land as an addition to the Playing Fields. The hard lawn tennis courts were constructed on this land in 1935. The land west of the College pavilion was let on lease to Christ's and Sidney Sussex from Lady Day 1884 as a playing field. The lease, after renewals, expired in 1910, and since then the land has formed part of the Playing Fields.

* Conclusion Book.

† Council Minute, 18 May 1883.

‡ There is a photograph of them in the College Library.

§ Council Minute, 28 May 1886.

|| *The Eagle*, vol. XXIX, pp. 102f., 390f.

The section of Grange Road to the west of the Playing Fields was constructed in 1909, and for the first time connected the older southern sections of the road with the Madingley Road.

* * * *

Little planting was carried out in the College Grounds during the first half of the present century. The loss of trees by storm and decay continued. The most notable storm occurred on 28 March 1916, between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening, when twenty-five trees, nearly all of them elms, were blown down, mainly in the Fellows' Garden, but five in the south side of the avenue leading to the Field Gate. Soldiers billeted in the New Court helped to clear the ground.* More recently the loss of trees has been greatly accelerated by the Dutch Elm Disease.

In March 1916, shortly before the storm referred to, Dr Leatham, then Senior Bursar, gave notice that he would raise the matter of planting at a forthcoming meeting of the Governing Body. A committee, later formed into a standing committee, was appointed and there were several reports between 1916 and 1919. A plan, prepared by Dr Leatham at that time, showing all the trees then standing in the Fellows' Garden and to the north of it, and their varieties, is preserved in the Bursary. But action did not follow. In later years the matter was often talked of, and a few trees were planted in the Fellows' Garden and elsewhere, but no comprehensive policy was formulated. In 1948 five large elms which grew along the northern boundary of the Cricket Field, adjoining the Madingley Road, were cut down because they were thought to be dangerous.

In 1949 the matter of planting was raised again and the College invited Dr Thomas Sharp, M.T.P.I., L.R.I.B.A., F.I.L.A., to advise them on the replanning and replanting of the College Grounds, including the Pickerel Garden and the whole area of the Playing Fields. After discussions with him had taken place, his proposals were approved by the Governing Body on 28 November 1950. In an article in this number Dr Sharp himself describes the nature and scope of the plan which is now in course of execution.

* I owe this account to the Master, who witnessed the storm.

J. S. B. S.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

(AGATHIAS, *Anth. Pal.* v. 237)

ALL night I sigh,
And when the break of day
Grants me the grace a little while to sleep,
The swallows cry

Around me, and away
Driving sweet slumber make me still to weep.
My swollen eyes

Keep still that watch of theirs;
Thoughts of Rhodanthe in my heart once more
Begin to rise.

Peace, envious chatterers,
From Philomel her tongue *I* never tore.
Wail Itylus

Among the crags, these scream,
Sitting amid the hoopoe's rocky home,
That I may thus

Win rest; perhaps a dream
Clasping me in Rhodanthe's arms will come. H. M. S.

THE REPLANNING AND REPLANTING OF THE COLLEGE GROUNDS

BY THOMAS SHARP

EARLY in 1949 the Master invited the writer of these notes to advise the College Council on the future of the Grounds. In his letter he wrote as follows: "Many of the trees were planted in the late eighteenth century, and owing to disease, storm, age and other causes, we have now lost so large a number that we are faced with the problem of replanning and replanting the grounds... We feel that we can no longer be satisfied to replant in a piecemeal way as we lose trees, but that we need a plan, both of removal and replanting, to be carried out perhaps over a period of years."

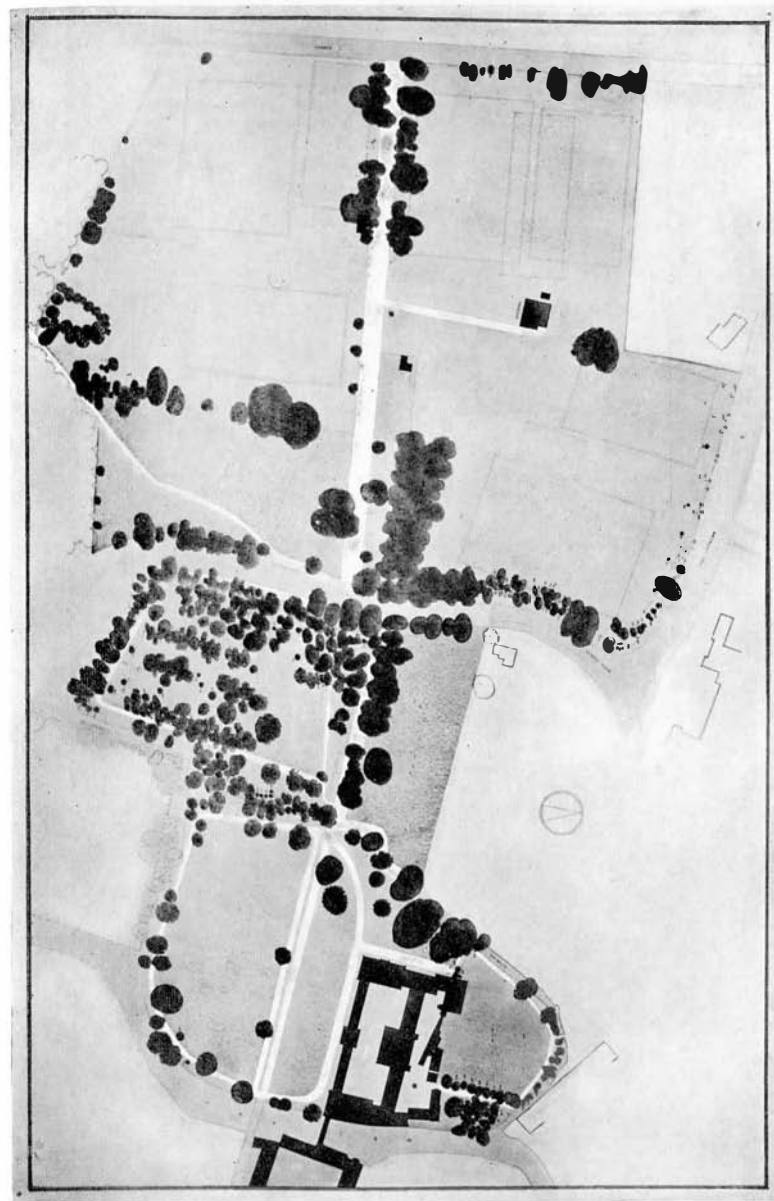
In considering what should be done it was clear from the beginning that no proper scheme of replanning and replanting could be produced until, first, a new survey had been made, showing the positions of all trees; and, secondly, every tree had been examined and its condition recorded. The survey of the Grounds was made under Mr Farmer's direction by members of the University reading Geography, and the examination of the trees by Mr C. H. Thompson, of Queens' College, Gurney Lecturer in Forestry in the University. These preliminary surveys required a great deal of work, and they were not completed until the end of March 1950.

The survey showed that there were nearly 500 substantial trees in the 40 acres of grounds; and that, of these, nearly 200, mostly elms, were either so diseased that they could not be expected to survive for long, or so badly suppressed or otherwise affected by over-close planting and other similar conditions that they should be removed.

This report formed the main basis for drawing up plans. But there were other considerations that had to be given due weight. Since so large a proportion of the trees was to be lost, it was felt that a policy of mere rehabilitation was not enough, and that the opportunity should be taken to make some large-scale improvements in the appearance and use of certain parts which hitherto had not been fully developed—particularly the two orchards and Brook Meadow, and, to a lesser extent, the Playing Fields.

After various possibilities had been discussed, the College Council approved plans on 28 November 1950, and authorised the letting of contracts to carry out the greater part of the work.* Two contracts

* The part reserved for completion in the future, and the reasons for its reservation, are described later in these notes. Various "furnishings"—a garden-house, seats and gates—were also excluded from the first contracts.



LAYOUT OF GROUNDS 1950

were let in April 1951. The first, for the felling and removal of trees, to the East Anglian Timber Company, of Cambridge; the second, for constructional work and planting, to Messrs J. Cheal and Sons Limited, Nurserymen, of Crawley, Sussex. Work on the felling was begun in early May, and on the second contract in July. The contracts require that the whole of the work which they cover shall be completed by the end of April 1952.

Perhaps the best way to describe the alterations now in progress is to deal separately with the various parts of the Grounds; though it should, of course, be appreciated that the designs for the parts are but parts of a design for the whole, in which it is attempted to achieve a balanced relation between function and adornment, between formal and informal character, between enclosed and comparatively open areas, and between the characters of various trees, plants and other materials.

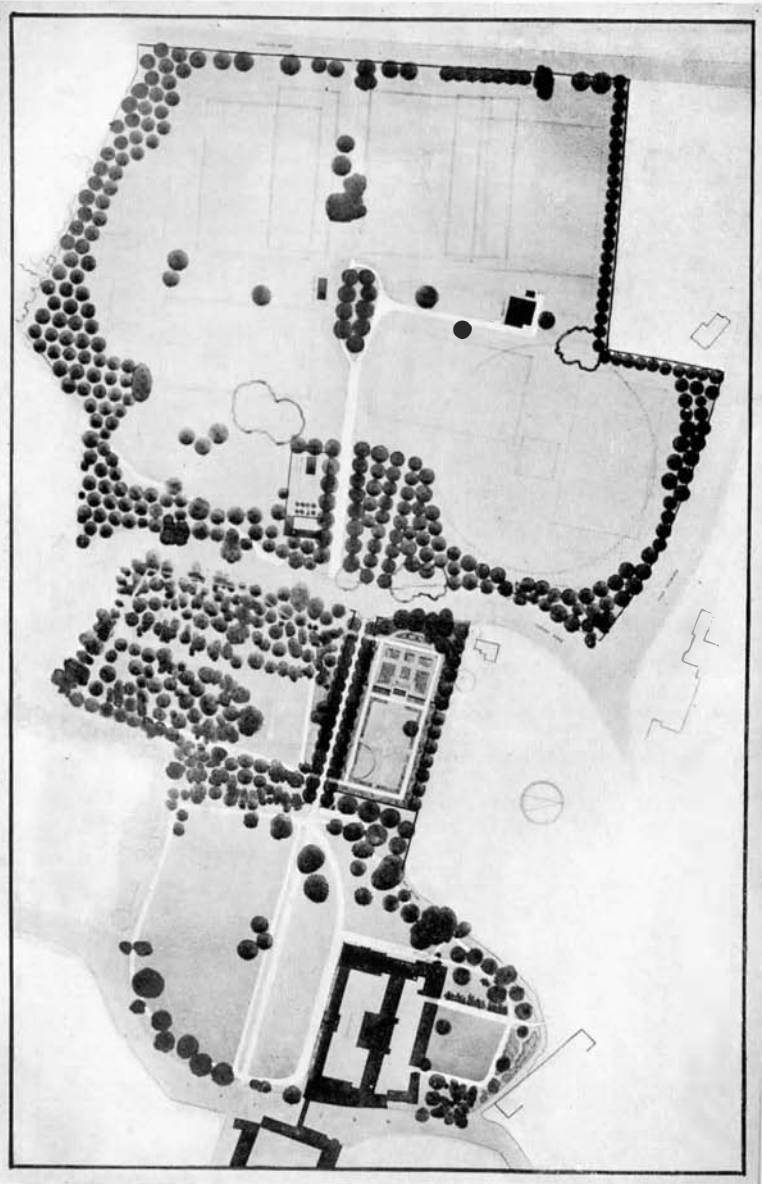
Front Grounds

There will be only small-scale changes in the Front Grounds. A group of three *illexes* will take the place of the two young Huntingdon elms, since these are awkwardly placed and spaced, and there will be two or three new trees along the river bank to take the place of elms which must be felled. Except for these comparatively few changes the future appearance *within* these grounds will be much the same as now. The long *outward* vista up the avenue will be re-created with new trees, and perhaps, with the co-operation of the neighbouring college, it may be possible to have one or two small openings along Bachelors' Walk—just sufficient for the landscape to "flow" a little between these neighbouring grounds without seriously reducing their independence.

Pickerel Orchard

On the west side of New Court two magnificent old elms must now be felled; one is all but dead and the other no longer safe. Sycamores will be planted in their place to give a dense foliage quickly, for it is necessary to have as good a screen as possible at this point—indeed it would be very helpful to the enclosure of the grounds if some thicket planting could be undertaken on the other side of the brook, but that is outside the present work.

Pickerel Orchard has become a tangle of trees and undergrowth, oppressively thick in summer and untidy in winter. A wall of spindly limes, sycamores and elders has crowded in upon the windows of the new Magdalene building, and most of the poor limes in the too-close row on the west side of the service road have become diseased or



LAYOUT OF GROUNDS (REPLANNING AND REPLANTING)

badly suppressed. Although some very good fruit is grown in the orchard, an extensive clearance has become necessary here.

Some chestnuts and limes will be planted along the brook on the western boundary to give a screen there, and the existing small grove between the service road and the river wall on the eastern boundary will be rehabilitated after its use as a coal-dump during the war. But except for the planting of four irregularly placed planes towards its edges, the central part will become an open lawn-garden. Prostrate flowering shrubs will be banked under the now freed Magdalene windows, and also along the western side of a new service road which will eventually be constructed directly southwards from the bridge when a new block of service buildings is erected between the squash-courts and the baths. It is hoped that this treatment will convert what is now a neglected back area into a pleasant garden.

The Avenue

Of the one-time elm avenue between the iron bridge and Queen's Road, only the north side, and that gapped heavily, remained at the time of the survey. Of these trees half were badly diseased, and the others were in poor condition. The continuation of the avenue in the Playing Fields across Queen's Road had almost its original complement of trees, only one having been lost. But of the twenty-seven that remained, ten were so infected with fungal disease that their immediate felling was stated to be unavoidable, and the rest were so thin-crowned and lacking in vigour that the irregular gaps which would be made through felling would leave them very liable to be blown down.* In any case an avenue is, of all landscape features, so finite and complete a thing in itself that no replanting in the gaps made by felling can re-create the original effect, or indeed produce an appearance in any way satisfactory. Further, this particular avenue was so close-spaced that it was impossible to plant for a new avenue between existing trees so as to keep some part of the old feature in being while the replacing trees got some way towards maturity. Nor could the trees of a new avenue be satisfactorily planted outwards from the existing trees, for the width of the new avenue would then have to be so great in relation to its length that it would have little or none of the effectiveness of the present alley-like avenue; and, furthermore, the cross-slope in the part of the avenue west of Queen's Road also hindered any possible solution in this direction. So the College was forced, with deep regret, to the decision that the whole of the avenue must be felled.

The new avenue will be of limes. It will be 36 ft. wide, the trees

* In fact felling has shown that almost all the trees were badly diseased.

being 25 ft. apart on the eastern side of Queen's Road and 30 ft. apart on the western side. The slope on the north side of the eastern part, where it at present falls to the Orchard, will be levelled. Six feet behind the trees on each side, in this part, there will be a trimmed yew hedge, about 6 ft. high. This will give privacy to the adjoining gardens (The Wilderness on the south, and a new garden on the site of the Orchard, on the north), and an even stronger definition to the avenue than it would ordinarily have.

The Wilderness

No major change is intended in The Wilderness. The aim is purely one of rehabilitation within its traditional character. Some forty badly diseased trees must be felled, and a number of old gaps, besides those that will result from the fellings, must be made good. For the most part the new trees will be of comparatively light-leaved species (ash, turkey oak, plane) so that the woodland floor shall not be over-shaded. The flowering season on the floor will be extended by adding new plants to the present succession of aconites, daffodils, anemones, bluebells and martagon lilies.

New Garden

The ground on the opposite side of the avenue from The Wilderness, one and two-thirds acres in extent, has hitherto been an orchard. Considering its closeness to the College buildings this has not been a very highly developed use. Nor has it been very satisfactory as landscape. The greater part of it will now become an enclosed garden at once complementary to The Wilderness and in contrast with it. It will be laid out on broad simple formal lines in two contrasting parts, one part (the larger) having an unbroken central lawn, the other having a parterre as its central feature. The border and parterre planting will be to a design made by Miss Sylvia Crowe and will consist chiefly of a great variety of flowering shrubs. The northern boundary of the garden will be lined by a row of limes to balance the avenue on the southern boundary, and the eastern end will be planted with a grove of horse-chestnuts which will give definition equally to this part of the garden and to that corner of the Front Grounds on the other side of it.

The garden will be furnished with a summer-house (situated between the two parts), seats and iron gates. These, and one or two new gates required in other parts of the grounds, are not included in the contracts mentioned above.

Playing Fields

The grounds on the west side of Queen's Road have not hitherto been landscaped as a whole. They have consisted of several railed-in enclosures cut across by the harsh straight line of the old driftway. The groundsman's house and garden obtrude towards the middle of the open area and add strongly to the effect of sub-division. The interior trees, planted along the fences, have also emphasised it. Brook Meadow, especially, has been shut off from the main fields, has been given no particular use, and has become neglected and untidy. Moreover the continuation of the avenue from the main grounds on the other side of Queen's Road, though it has formed a very striking feature when seen from those grounds, has had an unsatisfactory effect within the Playing Fields since it has been unsupported by adjacent planting, and so, lacking some feature to act as a suitable climax to it, has looked artificial and somewhat incongruous. And while the interior planting has been too emphatically related to a number of artificial sub-divisions, that on two of the main boundaries, those along Grange Road and Madingley Road, has been too weak and open to be effective. In short, since the landscape here has hardly been organised at all, the problem has been more one of redesign than of rehabilitation.

The new plan upon which work is now being undertaken provides that all interior fences and enclosures shall be removed, and, by this means and by new planting, attempts to unite the old sub-divisions in a landscape that will "flow" between the various parts. The western half of the driftway will be taken up and grassed over, and a narrow footpath will be formed on a new less rigid line a little further south. Between the Queen's Road gate and its junction with the road to the cricket pavilion, the carriageway will be slightly widened to provide some unobtrusive parking places for cars in a short new entrance avenue, and at the junction, which is almost exactly at the middle of the grounds, and also at their highest point, a clump of beeches will be planted.

As soon as the present difficulties of building are somewhat eased, the groundsman's house will be taken down and a new one built on the south side of the entrance avenue, facing Brook Meadow. Until this is done it will not be possible to make the changes in the positions of some of the playing pitches which will be required if satisfactory planting along the northern part of the boundary to Queen's Road is to be achieved, but ultimately the boundaries at this corner of the grounds will have fairly heavy planting making a partial circle to the cricket pitch. Although this part of the work must be deferred for a year or two it will be possible in these first contracts to provide the

replanted avenue with sufficient backing to make it appear a cut through a bank of trees, and so avoid the artificial character which the old avenue had. Beyond the end of the avenue, towards the middle of the northern half of the fields, two new trees, a chestnut and a sycamore, will be so placed that they will not only "punctuate" the landscape here but will also canalise the view beyond the avenue on to a group of tulip trees planted as a terminal feature on the Grange Road boundary.

The rest of the Grange Road boundary will have broken planting composed of some existing elms and new limes and chestnut. There will be a close line of limes to screen the backs of the houses along Madingley Road, and this boundary as well as that along Grange Road will have a low hedge of mixed hawthorn and holly. There will be heavy continuous planting of groups of horse-chestnut, plane, lime and hornbeam along the southern boundary, and also along the Queen's Road boundary of Brook Meadow, with three small free-standing groups to give a slight parkland effect to the interior space. Three new grass tennis courts will be made, adjacent to the two existing hard-courts.

* * * *

At the time when these notes are being written, it is a melancholy sight to see large old trees being felled, and the certain knowledge that it is only through their being felled that the landscape can truly be kept alive does not make it less sad. But the hope and intention of creating for future generations a landscape with at least something of the old quality (and perhaps even a better one in some places) has been some consolation. Of course this new landscape will only come slowly into being (the new garden, however, should be well established in a very few years). Even though the new trees are being planted at as great a height as is consistent with their reasonable probability of survival (15-17 ft. in the avenues, 10-12 ft. elsewhere, except for such species as tulip trees which must be planted smaller)—even though a few years may be gained by this, the new trees must look immature for at least the next thirty years, and they cannot come into full maturity for a hundred. But it was only through thinking in similar long terms of years that our predecessors created the landscapes that we have enjoyed. The work that is now being undertaken involves the sacrifice which the present sometimes has to make to the future.

ULYSSES SENEX

I SHALL not see again
 Their scarlet-painted, wan-eyed prow
 Tearing the waves into corridors
 Of foam.
 I shall not see—now rheumy
 Cataract obscures—
 The cool unflurried streak
 Of blue-thwart Ithaca.
 I cannot rest my hand upon
 Figure or tiller
 To hold it hard against
 The pull of wave and wind.
 The moly planted near the jargonelle
 Luxuriates;
 I have disowned the use.
 I could not pluck for binding nakedness
 Thin twigs and leafage.
 Bustling servants are my only fear;
 Their will intractable as a bow.
 My head is heavier than the polyphemean rock.
 I have again a chill bag of mystery
 I am curious to unfold.
 Give me my sharpest sword.

J. P. S.

NOTE ON THE AVENUE OF ELMS ALONG THE BROAD WALK AND IN THE CRICKET FIELD FELLED IN

1951

IN *The Eagle*, No. 235, vol. LIII, pp. 160 f., reasons were given for thinking that the avenue of elms along the part of the Broad Walk north of the Fellows' Garden was planted at two dates: the western portion, between the gates on Queen's Road and the point at which the Walk crossed the Bin Brook when the brook was still an open stream, in or shortly after 1822, when this part of the Walk was first constructed and the gates put up; and the eastern portion, between the point where the Bin Brook was crossed and the present iron bridge, at some date after 1854, the year in which the open channel of the brook seems to have been filled in and the brook taken underground by the culvert through which it now flows.

The felling in the spring of the present year, 1951, of the surviving trees of this avenue afforded the opportunity to ascertain the ages of the trees and thus to verify these conclusions. The trees that remained were ten in number, all on the north side of the Broad Walk, six of them in what has been defined above as the western portion of the avenue and four in its eastern portion. The rings of the trees near the base could be counted without difficulty.

The six trees in the western portion were between 130 and 140 years old, except the tree which stood second in order from the gates on Queen's Road, and this tree, which from its size and appearance when growing was obviously older than the rest, was about 165 years old. These trees, therefore, with the exception of the last-mentioned, began their lives in about the year 1815, which accords well with the conclusion, based on other evidence, that this western portion of the avenue was planted in 1822, when the trees were about seven years old.

The four trees in the eastern portion of the avenue were about 90 years old, except the tree nearest to the iron bridge which was about 30 years younger (obviously a later replacement). This again confirms the conclusion, arrived at independently, that this portion of the avenue was planted later and at some date after 1854. The age of the trees suggests that they were planted about the year 1870, perhaps rather earlier. Two trees felled a few years ago in this eastern portion of the avenue, one on the north side of the Walk and the other on the south side, were of about the same age.

Mr H. H. Brindley recorded the ages of four trees in this avenue in 1915-16 and gave their ages as then 97 years, 97 years, 98 years, and 104 years. These trees, no doubt, grew in the southern side of the western portion of the avenue, and his counts of their rings accord accurately with the counts given above.*

The tree felled in the western portion of the avenue in the present year at the age of about 165 years, which was thus some thirty years older than those that adjoined it, at first sight presents a problem. But there is a probable solution. Under the Inclosure Award of the year 1805 for the parish of St Giles, two small and hitherto unenclosed pieces of land were added to the College Grounds. One of these was a piece bounded on the west by Queen's Road, on the south-east by the Bin Brook, and on the north-east by the Orchard (which also came to the College under the Award by exchange with Merton College, Oxford). As nearly as can be judged from the map attached to the Award, the point at which this older tree grew was in the boundary between this unenclosed piece of land and the Orchard. It may be supposed that when in 1822 this part of the Broad Walk was constructed and the new avenue planted a tree growing in what had been a boundary of the Merton land was retained and incorporated in the avenue. The tree was then some 35 years old. The new trees were planted in line with this established tree, which grew almost due east of the northern of the two main piers of the gateway put up in 1822. The position of this tree may have influenced the decision to plant the avenue approximately in line with the gatepiers. The avenue of lime trees now to be planted in place of the avenue of elms will be wider and the gates with their main piers and eagles will be visible from the College Grounds between the lines of trees.

Amongst the trees felled in the present year were also the elms of the avenue in the Cricket Field forming a continuation west of Queen's Road of the avenue along the Broad Walk. Counts of the rings of these trees showed them to be all about 90 years old and thus

* Mr Brindley's note, written in his own hand, was made on the fly-leaf at the end of his copy of R. F. Scott, *St John's College, Cambridge* (1907) and is as follows:

"Ages of elms in St John's avenue etc. taken 1915-1916.

In Avenue 97, 97, 98, 104.

Between Paddock and Lawn 100, c. 100, 65.

Path by river 228.

In Wilderness 196, 121, 160.

Backs near King's Gate, May 1923, 201."

The volume is now in the possession of Mr F. W. Robinson, College Butler, who served Mr Brindley so faithfully during Mr Brindley's last years in 16 New Court, and I am indebted to Mr Robinson for having called my attention to the note and for permission to reproduce it here.

of the same age as the trees of the eastern portion of the avenue of the Walk. Thus the extension westwards from Queen's Road seems to have been planted at the same time as the extension eastwards to the iron bridge, that is about the year 1870 or a few years earlier. The filling in of the open channel of the Bin Brook and the removal of the second iron bridge (identical in character with the bridge that remains) that until then had carried the Broad Walk over it, which seems to have taken place in 1854, must have suggested an extension of the avenue eastwards; but the age of the trees shows that this extension was not made immediately.* The fuller scheme, involving the extension of the original short avenue both eastwards to the present iron bridge and westwards beyond Queen's Road, may have been suggested by a rather later event—the laying out of the Cricket Field. The following College Order was passed by the Master and Seniors on 22 March 1858:

A proposal having been made to erect two open Racket Courts and a Dressing Room at an estimated outlay of £1000 to be raised by shares, the Courts to be under the management of a Committee of Shareholders, subject to the general control of the Master and Seniors:

Agreed:

To grant a portion of the two fields opposite the Eagle Gate as a site for the same, and also to drain and level the remainder of the two fields, as a Cricket ground and to erect a Cottage thereon.

The changes now in progress in the College Grounds and Playing Fields will inevitably obliterate some evidences of their past history; but this note will have shown that the work has revealed some details of that history that might otherwise have remained unrecorded, and it has seemed worth while to record them here.

J. S. B. S.

* When the part of the Broad Walk north of the Fellows' Garden, with its two cast-iron bridges, was constructed in 1822, a low wall surmounted by an iron railing was built along the south side of the section of the Walk between the two bridges (see *The Eagle*, No. 235, vol. LIII, pp. 153f.). That this low wall remained in position for a time after the channel of the Bin Brook had been filled in and the western iron bridge had been removed is proved by a plan preserved in the Bursary. This plan, which shows the College and Grounds and includes the houses on the south side of Bridge Street, is unfortunately not dated; but, since it does not show the present Master's Lodge, it must be earlier than 1867. It bears the signature "Surveyed by Reginald Rowe", no doubt the author of one of the best of the nineteenth-century maps of Cambridge. The plan shows the Bin Brook filled in and the iron bridge removed, but the low wall still in position. The extension of the avenue eastwards along this section of the Walk cannot have been made before this low wall was removed; for the wall, the foundations of which still remain below ground, immediately adjoined the gravel Walk.

ON HEARING J. Z. YOUNG

DEAREST, you are
 To all intents and purposes
 An alarm clock.
 Assuming you to be wound up,
 And having observed numerous Neapolitan octopuses,
 I know that you will go tick-tock,—
 Until you stop.

Yet your sweet enchanting singing,
 Your matutinal ringing,
 Brings me to the end of my tether;
 You are more beautiful, more irresistible,
 Than all the Sirens put together.

They tell me too that I myself am grossly over-rated,
 Being entirely chemically co-ordinated,
 And that, although comparatively adjustable,
 I burn inside because I am combustible.

Analogical explanation
 Of carbonisation
 Is cold compensation.
 Besides,
 It provides
 No stable counteraction
 To the chain of reaction
 Set up in me by your existence.
 Darling, I burn
 Volcanically,
 And cannot satisfactorily learn,
 Even organically,
 How to raise my resistance.

But hear, they chide me;—
 (I still may know that men of scientific letters
 Are my betters).
 They say I forget my material station,
 Imagining myself inside me,—
 Selfish creation.

Yet, be this strange inanimate predilection
 A quite accountable mechanical defection;
 Or be there a reason to hypothesise divinity
 In such apparent signs of clock-work affinity;
 Or whether indeed we possess still undiscovered properties
 Permitting us the taking of unscientific liberties,—
 Not this me tell,
 But, Isabel,
 Where is the real attraction,
 If all we do and feel and think
 Is "chemical reaction".
 To Hell with the rules of organic cohesion,—
 Adieu all Reason.

J. R.

NASHE IN CAMBRIDGE

THE NASHE SOCIETY PROCESSION

10 March 1951

DURING the course of the procession the Society endeavoured to visit every place in Cambridge mentioned by Nashe, and to read one of the relevant passages from his works. After each reading, the assembled members pronounced a solemn benediction *in loco*. The form of benediction, which is printed after the first extract, remained constant until the visitation of St John's, where a slightly different formula seemed to be necessary. This too is indicated in the text.

It was, of course, necessary to adopt a somewhat narrow conception of "Cambridge". With regret, we decided that we could not set out to look for the "echo at Barnwell wall", or to commemorate the "clowne of Cherry-Hinton". It was equally undesirable that we should read every reference to the places that we visited. The passages which were finally chosen will be found to throw many interesting sidelights on the life of a University town in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The reader may like to be reminded that the "he" referred to in many of the passages was Gabriel Harvey. Together with his brothers Richard and John, who are also mentioned, he was the victim of much of Nashe's bitter invective. The origin of their quarrel is to be found in the Martin Marprelate controversy of 1588.

1. *At Magdalene Bridge:*

In the pamphlet "An Almond for a Parrot" it is written:

As good a toy to make an ape was . . . the jeast of a scholar in Cambridge, that standing angling on the town bridge there, as the country people on the market day passed by, secretly bayted his hook wyth a red Herring wyth a bell about the necke, and so conveying it into the water that no man perceived it, all on the sodayn, when he had a competent throng gathered about him, up he twicht it agayne, and layd it openly before them; whereat the gaping rural fooles, driven into no lesse admiration than the common people about London some few years since were at the bubbling of Moore-ditch, sware by their christendomes that, as many days and yeeres as they had lived, they never saw such a myracle of a red-herring taken in the fresh water before. That greedy sea-gull ignorance is apt to devoure anything.

"Blessed art thou Magdalene Bridge, for thou hast attained immortality in the works of Thomas Nashe."

2. *At the Round Church:*

Miserere mei, what a fat churle it is? Why he hath a belly as big as the Round Church in Cambridge, a face as huge as the whole bodie of a base viall, and legs that, if they were hollow, a man might keep a mill in eyther of them.

3. *At Christ's College:*

By this time imagine him rotten ripe for the Universitie, and that he carries the poake for a messe of porridge in Christ's Colledge: which I doo not reproach him with, as anie disparagement at all, since it is a thing euerie one that is Scholler of the House is ordinarily subject unto by turnes . . .

4. *At Falcon Yard:*

He is verie seditious and mutinous in conversation, picking quarrells with euerie man that will not magnify and applaud him, libelling most execrably and inhumanely on Iacke of the Falcon, for that he would not lend him a messe of mustard to his red herrings; yea, for a lesser matter than that, on the Colledge dog he libeld, onely because he proudly bare up his taile as hee past by him.

5. *On Market Hill:*

He is, beyond all reason or God's forbod, distractedly enamoured of his own beautie, spending a whole forenoone euerie day in spunging and licking himselfe by the glasse; and useth everie night after supper to walke on the market hill to shew himself, holding his gown up to his middle, that the wenches may see what a fine leg and a dainty foote he hath in pumpes and pantoaffles, and, if they give him never so little an amorous regard, he presently boords them with a set speech of the first gathering together of societies, and the distinction of *amor* and *amicitia* out of *Tullies Offices*; which if it work no effect and they laugh at, he will rather take a raison of the sunne, and weare it at his eare for a fauor than that it should bee said hee would goe away emptie.

6. *At Great St Mary's:*

One comming to Doctour Perne on a time, and telling him hee was miserably raild on such a day in a Sermon at Saint Maries in Cambridge, "I, but," quoth he (in his puling manner of speaking) "did he name me, did he name me? I warrant you, goe and aske him, and hee will say hee meant not mee." So they that are ungroundedly offended at anything in Pierce Pennilesse, first let them looke if I did name them . . ."

7. *At Pembroke College:*

Thou hast wronged one for my sake (whom for the name I must love) T.N., the Maister Butler of Pembroke Hall, a farre better Scholler than thy selfe (in my judgment) and one that sheweth more discretion in setting up a sise of bread than thou in all thy whole booke. Why man, think no scorn of him, for he hath held thee up a thousand times, while the Deane hath given thee correction, and thou hast capt and kneed him (when thou wert hungry) for a chipping.

8. *At Peterhouse:*

Let him denie that there was another Shewe made of the little Minnow his Brother, Dodrans Dicke, at Peter-house, called

Duns furens. Dick Harvey in a frensie.

Whereupon Dick came and broke the Colledge glasse windows; and Doctor Perne (being then either for himselfe or Deputie Vice-Chancellor) caused him to be fetcht in and set in the Stockes till the shew was ended, and a great part of the night after.

9. *At Queens' College:*

The third brother (John Harvey) had almost as ill a name as the Spittle in Shorditch, for the olde reakes hee kept with the wenches in Queens' Colledge Lane; and if M. Wathe, his ancient overwharter (betwixt whom and him there was such deadly emulation) had bin furnished with those instructions therof which I could haue lent him, he had put him downe more handsmothe than he did, though at a Commensment dinner in Queenes Colledge (as apparantly as might be) he gravelled and set a ground both him and his brother Gabienus.

10. *At King's College:*

The imperfit workes of King's College in Cambridge have too costly large foundations ever to be finished.

11. *At the Schoole Gates:*

This is that Dick that set Aristotle, with his heeles upward, on the Schoole gates at Cambridge, and asses eares on hys head; a thing that, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, I will record and never have done with.

12. *At Clare-hall:*

Let him denie that there was a Shewe made at Clare-hall of him and his two brothers, called,

"Tarrarantantara turba tumultuosa Trigonum,
Tri-Harveyorum, Tri-harmonia."

13. *At Trinity Hall:*

There is not a Precisian in England that hath abused art or mistaken a metaphor, but I have his name in blacke and white. . . . Haue not Trinitie Hall men in Cambridge a preaching brother in Bury yet in sute, for saying all civillians were papists? To let him passe for a patch, that, being maister of none of the meanest Colledges in Cambridge, and by the oth of his admission, bound to take no money for preferments, made answere to one that offered him fortie markes to make his sonne fellow: "God forbid I should take any money, for it is against my oth, but if you will give me it in plate, Ile pleasure him in what I may."

14. *At the Barber's shop near Trinity College:*

To the most orthodoxicall and reuerent corrector of staring haire, the sincere & finigraphical rarifier of prolixious rough barbarisme, the thrice egregious and censoriall animaduertiser of vagrant moustachios, chief scavenger of chins, and principall Head-man of the parish wherein he dwells, speciall supervisor of all excrementall superfluities for Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge, and (to conclude) a notable and singular benefactor to all beards in generall, Don Ricardo Barbarossa de Caesario, Tho: Nashe wisheth the highest Toppe of his contentment and felicitie, and the shortening of all his Enemies.

15. *At Trinity College:*

Yet was not knowledge fully confirmed in her monarchy amongst us until that most famous and fortunate Nurse of all learning, Saint Iohn's in Cambridge, . . . as a pittyng mother, put to her helping hand, and sent, from her fruitful wombe, sufficient Scholers, both to support her owne weale, as also to supply all other inferiour foundations defects, and namely, that royall erection of Trinity Colledge, which the Vniversity Orator, in an Epistle to the Duke of Somerset, aptly termed *Colomia deducta* from the suburbs of Saint Iohns.

16. *At the site of All Hallows Church:*

. . . tyll Greene awakte him out of his selfe admiring contemplation, hee had nothing to doe but walke under the Ewe tree at Trinitie hall, and say:

"What may I call this tree? an Ewe tree? O bonny Ewe tree,
Needes to thy boughs will I bow this knee and vaile my bonne to."

Or make verses of weathercocks on the top of steeples, as he did
once of the weathercocke of Alhallows in Cambridge:

"Oh thou weathercocke that stands on the top of the Church of
Alhallows,
Come thy waies down if thou darst for thy crowne, and take the
wall on us."

17. *At St John's:*

St John's in Cambridge was an universitie within itself, shining
so farre above all other houses, Halles and hospitals whatsoever, that
no colledge in the Towne was able to compare with the tithe of her
students; having (as I have heard many grave men of credit report)
moe candles light in it, every Winter morning before foure of the
clocke then the foure of the clocke bell gave strokes; in which house
once I took up my inne for seven yere altogether lacking a quarter,
and yet love it still, for it is and ever was, the sweetest nurse of
learning in all that Vniversity.

Blessed art thou, St John's College, for thou wert nurse to Thomas
Nashe, and needest no works of his to bring thee immortality.

References

(All page references are to the edition of Nashe's works
by R. B. McKerrow.)

1. *Prayse of the Red Herring*, III, 212, 11, 15-129.
2. *Pierce Pennilesse*, I, 199, 33-200, 3.
3. *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, III, 64, 17-22.
4. *Ibid.* III, 68, 29-35.
5. *Ibid.* III, 68, 16-28.
6. *Four Letters Confuted*, I, 260, 11-18.
7. *Pierce Pennilesse*, I, 197, 27-198, 2.
8. *Have With You*, III, 80, 33-81, 4.
9. *Ibid.* III, 81, 21-23.
10. *Red Herring*, III, 165, 34-36.
11. *Have With You*, III, 85, 4-8.
12. *Ibid.* III, 80, 28-32.
13. *Almond for a Parrot*, III, 372, 33-5, 373, 34, 374, 3.
14. *Have With You*, III, 5, 1-12.
15. *To the Gentlemen Students*, III, 317, 8-10, 17-24.
16. *Four Letters Confuted*, I, 277, 17-28.
17. *To the Gentlemen Students*, III, 317, 11-17; *Red Herring*, III, 181,
23-26.

ROGATION DAYS, 1951

EACH of these gracious trees wears uncomplainingly
A painted ring;

For they, like some of us, are old and—all too soon—
Our usefulness and what we had of beauty
Will be gone.

Meanwhile, waiting the Woodman's axe, we stand and serve
As best we can.

But, when we go, let us go quickly
Leaving nor root nor foliage to encroach
Upon the generation that must take our place.

Now, at long last, these giants of a hundred years—
Haven of owl, of woodpecker and singing birds—
Must give their ground.

I do not sorrow that they fall, bedecked
With bud and blossom that will never serve
Their purposes:

Death is a little thing if one has given
Something of grace and beauty to the world
And if one gives, as they have given, delight
Until the end.

ANON.

UPPSALA 1951

THE College in general may be unaware of an event of some historical importance which occurred this year. Södermanland-Nerikes Nation of Uppsala University in Sweden asked for an annual exchange of students, in fact for one member of each establishment to spend six weeks in the other. Being the first to travel in either direction under this enlightened arrangement, I must give some slight account of my experiences there from the end of March to the beginning of May so that members of the College may enjoy my visit vicariously, and one or two may be encouraged to attempt the same expedition next Spring.

Imagine a University where you may return to your rooms at any time of day or night and become almost an object of suspicion if you are in before midnight too often, where there are neither Proctors nor Bulldogs, where you may take examinations when you like or not at all if you prefer and where the numbers of male and female students are approximately the same; you are imagining Uppsala. Nation in Sweden equals College in England. There are differences: for instance, each Nation draws its members only from the nation or county whose name it bears. Thus, Södermanland-Nerikes students come not unnaturally from the two counties, Södermanland and Nerikes. The inhabitants of the former (as they were never tired of telling me) are descendants of the Svear, the original Swedes and the northern branch of the Vikings. Moreover, it is there that the purest Swedish is spoken to-day so that anyone who wishes to learn the language next year will be going to the right place. As far as the administration of the Nation is concerned, the students conduct their own affairs through elected officials, untroubled or unassisted by the University hierarchy, though they must have a professor as "Inspector", who seems to fill rather a vague role and is seen only at the large national (collegiate) functions. The officials, all students, consist of the First and Second Kurators, Klubbmäster and Klubbmästerinna, Librarian and International Secretary. The First Kurator is the chief official, who exercises general supervision over all affairs. The Second Kurator is his deputy and among his specific duties is that of Treasurer, combining the work of a Senior and Junior Bursar and College Office for about three hundred students. The Klubbmäster and Klubbmästerinna organise national dinners and dances. A small committee helps these officers to decide on the use of annual profits, on guests to be invited to parties and on awarding of scholarships. Important questions, such as the election of new officers, come before the Nation as a whole. It is quite a "national" constitution.

Södermanland-Nerike, like the other Nations, has a large headquarters building comprising offices, reading rooms, library, a few apartments for senior members and a dining room for special occasions. (Normally students eat outside in restaurants.) It also possesses a hostel for about a hundred persons, a quarter of whom are girls. This is called by the idyllic name of Arkadion (Arcadia). Some people in Cambridge have expressed surprise at this. I hastened to assure them that the girls are securely fortified, in what one Swedish friend euphemistically termed the "girl department", behind a complicated system of doors and bars: and—what is probably more important—so are the boys in their department. The remaining students live in lodgings, and from stories current in Uppsala it would seem that landladies are the same the world over.

In the old days it was quite common to find people coming to Uppsala just for the society. Some used to stay ten years or more without taking an examination. This is still possible to-day and I actually met one or two such characters; but the vast majority now work steadily during the week at least and take their examinations at the times recommended by their respective Faculties. A few even finish their courses ahead of this accepted schedule. Some Englishmen seem to feel that the close proximity of so many Swedish blondes is hardly conducive to work. As a matter of purely academic interest, by no means all Swedes are blondes; there is something for every taste. Also co-education is definitely the rule in Sweden and, though one can hardly say that familiarity has bred contempt, both sexes have been inoculated to some extent against distraction. Lectures are not popular; most students work on their own and exchange ideas at seminars. Saturday night is reserved for dancing or drinking, the propensity for liquor being the only weakness in the otherwise admirable Swedish character. On Sunday one recovers.

Notable buildings in the town apart from the Nations are the University, consisting of lecture rooms and an Aula (corresponding to the Senate House) and providing students with something to point out when Americans ask the inevitable question; the Library, affectionately called Carolina after its foundress, and the Castle with its bell which students insist on ringing at unauthorised times in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of the police. As is usual in such cases, my knowledge of the city and environs soon exceeded that of most students and I was once chosen to conduct a Finnish guest of the Nation round the sights, to the great amusement of the Swedish population. A 1909 Baedeker guide was of great use in the early stages; it records that "Flustret", an open air restaurant with music, was very popular with the students; it still is. Then there is "Gillet", the best hotel, whose restaurant is a favourite resort of the students

on Saturday nights. If you go in about midnight you will find everyone standing on the tables singing Swedish student songs. The Swedes in general are rather shy, yet after two glasses of Schnapps even the oldest and most staid are quite prepared to stand on tables anywhere at the slightest, or even no, provocation.

Students who play games are viewed with something like contempt by the rest of the University. Certainly there is no training for even the most serious matches by the few stalwarts who play Handball and Soccer, while the rest feel it is too much of a distraction from work. This was rather surprising in view of the current English opinion that the Swedes are very keen on athletics and very fit. On enquiry I found that the above-mentioned attitude is only confined to students; the rest of the country is games-minded. In addition the students themselves do a great deal of skiing in the winter, though they do not appear to count this as exercise. Of indoor games, card-playing is common and that reminds me of one of my best attempts at Swedish. I remarked, "Skall vi spela Bro?"—"bro" being the Swedish for a bridge over a river. Needless to say it was not understood as the word for "Bridge" is, strangely enough, "bridge". (I quote this Swedish expression partly to show how similar the language is to English and partly to prove that my time was not altogether wasted.)

They told me on arrival that the highlight of my visit would be the Spring Festivities. Spring means much more to the Swedes than it does to us for whom it merely implies more rain. In Uppsala there was still snow on 15 April, yet by the end of the month it had all vanished, the trees were showing buds and even small leaves, while spring flowers were blooming everywhere. It was easy to see whence Linnaeus took his inspiration. Spring starts officially on Förste Maj, but celebrations begin on Sista April (last day of April). On 30 April, then, the National officials and guests lunched at Gillet. In excellent mood we arrived on the hill outside Carolina and joined a huge crowd of all the students in Uppsala. At 3 o'clock precisely everyone took off his or her dark hat and put on the white student cap which is characteristic of Scandinavian universities. Thus in a moment the dark, sombre mass became a blaze of brightness. We all hesitated, then plunged down the hill by way of Drottning-gatan (Queen Street) to the bridge over the river. On reaching this we turned and fought our way back up the hill against the tide of people still coming down. Queen Street soon developed into a vast battleground in which any number of rugger scrums were being formed. After talking rather too much on the subject of Rugby Football, I was naturally expected to enter into the spirit of this and was escorted for the occasion by four mighty members of the Nation. I began to feel something of

what it must have been like to belong to one of Gustavus Adolphus's Swedish infantry battalions; it was a relief when we broke off the engagement and returned to Flustret for refreshment.

Before going any further, I must explain that Södermanland-Nerikes Nation has a brass band. The instruments are its own property. They are the oldest in Sweden, having existed for one hundred and fifty years, and are played very well by succeeding generations of students. No other nation has a band.

This little note is important because from now on for the next two days each Nation marches in a body everywhere it goes with its standards at the head of the column; but only Södermanland-Nerike can march proudly to its own music. At 9 p.m. people hauled themselves out of cocktail parties and we marched up to the Castle where the president of the Union made a speech to the assembled nations. I could only understand one phrase "Vår är här" (Spring is here). However, he repeated this so often that it is probable I understood most of the speech, and in the end everyone laughed whenever it occurred. We then marched back to Gillet for dinner, and Södermanland Nerikes band had a competition with the regular hotel band which the former won easily. Most people were soon standing on the tables. This was followed by dancing in the Nation's building until 6 o'clock next morning. After four hours' sleep we returned to the Nation and started Maj Middagen at 1 o'clock. This lasted until half-past six. Speeches were continuous from 3 o'clock, and I contributed a modest five minutes. We then travelled by special trams to a heath outside the city where we conducted "National Exercises". As these are on a par with the Eleusinian Mysteries, I am not at liberty to disclose what happened. Dancing was continued on our return, but finished early at 2 a.m. It took me all the six days remaining before my boat sailed to recuperate.

About the language problem, it may be said with confidence that all educated Swedes speak English well and German better, so there is no need to know Swedish, though it is useful to have a few phrases ready if you wish to buy in the shops. As they are very patient and appreciative, it is worth while attempting to learn a little.

I found many friends in Uppsala—it was, in fact, a real home from home—and left with many regrets, but with a firm conviction that I would return, a conviction that not even four weeks of the summer term at Cambridge has been able to dispel.

E. W. M.

POET'S APOLOGY TO A PATRON

I KEPT too long, Maecenas, too discrete,
 The words and what I mean,
 Writing with the hand and the manual
 Thumbing the Thesaurus.
 I listened too much to the coteries,
 Fell for form, fumbled for shape,
 Wrote what was suitable, not what was in me.
 I deepened the shallows with mud,
 Posed as diver to display an empty oyster shell,
 Hiding the nacre grain in a heap of advice
 Or, wrapped in a pouch of shagreen,
 Hurling it Polycratic into the sea.
 Now this midnight's clarity, as I read,
 Probes the false lustre of the imitation.
 Late nights are bad for any man.
 Now *ite missa est*—your kind applause,
 But the curtain falls upon a shamefaced cast.

J. P. S.

CITY PAIR

BY the intercutting tracks, silver on grey
 And black, the green and reds of signals'
 Long fingers stroked into the mud 'tween rainy
 Sleepers. Slept behind in fretted cut-outs
 Eight houses; yellow starr'd through the evening's
 Windows, slightly starr'd in the running
 Raindrops. We were still above it, looked
 Down on it; where the gravel stepp'd down
 On to the rails; watching the shuttles on the loom
 Of rails, slow in solitude of life that crouched
 Around us; it seemed a film upon the silver'd
 Screen of misty night. Too hard to breathe,
 Too soft to talk and break the picture;
 So framed in the soft and living mirror of her eyes. F. M. R.

TZU YAO AND THE SAGE

A Fortunate Fable

IN the city of Lo-ping in the province of Wang, during the reign of Yu, the revered and memorable founder of the dynasty of Hsia, there lived a poor student called Tzu Yao. One morning he was cheerfully picking his way over the muddy bed of the Hsing-ho river, propelling his thoughts in the general direction of the value of a purely classical and philosophical education.

"A man", he thought, "may be capable of reciting the Three Hundred Odes but if, when he obtains official position, he has no practical ability, of what use is his learning?" This was no idle rumination but very much to the point, for he had just heard his name read out at the top of the list of successful candidates for the degree of Kū-jên.

"*The Book of Changes*", he went on to himself, "doubtless contains much that is invaluable. And observance of the Rites is certainly of the very essence of living. Yet, given a kingdom of a thousand chariots, oppressed by famine and overrun by invading armies, what might be the outcome of my administration?"

In his agitation Tzu Yao came very near to upsetting a stout and elderly peasant, who was staggering along under the weight of several large pails of milk. As befitted one who habitually walked in intimate conversation with those of the Upper Air, Yao was deaf to the man's vehemence, and walked on.

Suddenly he stopped. "There is", said he to himself, "one who lives beyond the source of the Hsing-ho, in the far-off Ta-meng-shan. And he is the greatest Sage of all. Since some months must elapse before my expected high appointment can be made known, I will make the journey to the Ta-meng-shan and seek his advice. For surely he will know how one may acquire a sufficiency of practical wisdom."

And he made his way at top speed back to the city. Again he passed the stout peasant, who this time sought refuge in a nearby swamp until he had gone by. In a back street of the poorer part of the city he packed the few things he thought he would need and took leave of his widowed mother. She, to his surprise, made no sort of objection to his project, only advising him to take with him his warmest clothes, for she had heard it could be cold in the Ta-meng-shan.

Tzu Yao set off through the crowded streets of the town. But before he left that part of the town he sought out a certain slender

maiden, and manfully took leave of her too. She, on her part, heard his plan with awe and, accompanying him to the city gate, saw him off with full heroic honour.

He turned round many times to catch a glimpse of the slim figure standing a little apart from the crowd round the gate but, finding that this had resulted in his taking the wrong path and almost landing in the Hsing-ho, he bent all his attention to the more important task of looking where he was going.

* * * *

"No", said the ragged little man, sprawling at his ease beside the cool, clear spring, "I am not the Master." And he made a sound which might have been a chuckle. He dropped a piece of stick into the water and watched it circle for quite a little time before he spoke again.

"If you really want to see him, you have a long way to go. But think again. 'If one's domestic duties are duly performed, where is the necessity of going afar to burn incense?'"

* * * *

"No", said the lame beggar, "I am not the Master. He abides in the Sixth Meditation and I am but in the Fourth. You have two levels yet to go. But consider, young man. 'Do not ascend the hills to hunt, but take the birds that spoil your own fields.'"

* * * *

"Come in", said the Master, "and have a cup of tea. You must be tired after your long walk." Tzu Yao began earnestly, "I would like to——"

"Everything", said the Sage, "stops for tea. Especially business. After tea you can tell me all about it." And after tea Yao told him. "What do you want me to say?" enquired the Sage, when he had finished. "I want to learn practical wisdom," explained poor Yao.

"Have you ever heard the proverb, 'The evidence of others is not comparable to personal experience, nor is *I heard* as good as *I saw*?' " "Many times," said Yao. "I am afraid that is all I can offer you", said the Sage, "except some more tea. Are you sure you won't have another cup?"

"It is also said", declared Tzu Yao with some heat, "that, 'In learning age and youth go for nothing, and the best informed takes precedence'. Thus I must speak what is in my mind and say that I am certain this one has at least as much wisdom in the matter as

your considerably more exalted self. I would, indeed, inform you that I disagree with you entirely."

"Precisely," said the Master. And when Yao looked more bewildered and unhappy than ever, he went on. "I can, however, make one concrete suggestion. Get married and let your wife worry about it. That's the only short-cut to practical wisdom there is." "Are you married, exalted one?" asked Yao, humbly.

"Certainly not," replied the Sage. "Practical affairs bore me. They interfere too much with the realities of the theoretical life. But I'm sure I wish you well. Lu Ch'ih will show you out. Take the first on the left past the pile of bones by the side of the path and you will be home before the end of next week. I hope you will be very, very happy."

* * * *

The disgruntled and distressed Yao was no match for the nimble-witted and slender-waisted Tsing-min, or "Distant Enchantment" (for such was the name of the maiden who waited for him at the gate of Lo-ping), and seven weeks later they were married. For a little over two years Tzu Yao adequately performed the duties of the minor appointment offered him after his success as a Kū-jên, and then presented himself for the Palace Examination itself. Of course, he was immoderately successful and was at once admitted to the order of the "Forest of Pencils".

It was not long before he grew into a very rich, fat, and comfortable official. He was an acknowledged authority on the Odes and the observance of Rites, and was blessed with a devoted posterity. But throughout his long and happy life he was never again tempted to engage in abstract speculation or in any form of thought. "Questions (of Right and Wrong, Being and Not-being)", he would explain to a group of worshipping grandchildren, "arise every day in one's youth. But if they are not listened to they die away of themselves." And he would adjust his dress more suitably to his contours.

J. A. G.

"THE HUMOROUS LOVERS"

A comedy by WILLIAM CAVENDISH, Duke of Newcastle,
member of St John's College—M.A. 1608.

Acted by "His Royal Highness' Servants", 1677; and by
The Lady Margaret Players in May Week, 1951.

RESTORATION comedy should not be underestimated. It is not as easy as it looks, either to produce or to perform. Nor, should it be added, is it as easy to write as the Duke of Newcastle apparently thought. It is simple to regard a good Restoration Comedy as primarily a comedy of verbal wit, but this is a mistake. The comedy is of situation and more, of character in situation, and the conventions, the manners, the tortuous intrigues, the easy aphorisms, even the fact that the characters usually fall into stock categories, should not make characterisation unnecessary but display it as polish does the grain in wood.

The chief reason for the choice of play would seem to be that its author was a Johnian, though for the credit of the College, Pepys's suggestion that it was really written by his wife is too good to be ignored. The characterisation is negligible, and this presented the Lady Margaret Players with a difficult task. Both Derek Bond, the producer, and his cast, however, tackled it with such gusto that they succeeded in providing a most enjoyable entertainment—their avowed intention. In this they were of course helped by the setting of the Fellows' Garden, which we have now come to anticipate as a perennial May Week delight; in the Colonel's words, "this wilderness is the prettiest convenient place to woo a widow". The near-Palladian façade to the summer-house indeed improved on Nature, although on the second afternoon a rain squall five minutes from the end of the play displayed the real incompatibility of Art and Nature. Far from damping the spirits of the cast, however, this seemed to give the players added pace.

All the actors dealt very adequately with their parts, and despite the paucity of rehearsal, it was noticeable how even was the standard of the acting. There were no weak links in the cast. In particular, the voices were particularly suited to their characters—from the fruity tones of Diana Bramwell's Widow Pleasant to the studied spinelessness of Joseph Bain's Sir Anthony Altalk. The dangerous experiment of casting men for the grotesque women's parts worked better than might have been supposed: if it marred the unity of treatment by reducing some scenes to sheer farce, it provided just that kind of obviously comic touch needed to offset the sentiment of

Courtly and the Colonel. John Hosier's music added enormously to the effectiveness of the production, and the dances arranged by Elizabeth Jones were *tours de force* for all concerned. Finally, there are the moments that will endure in our memory—Master Furrs, stripped of his coverings and in terror of a chill, rolling on the ground plagued by the Four Winds; Sir Anthony Altalk falling accurately backwards into a convenient flower bed, and above all the masque of Venus and Cupid, with John D'Arcy as a superbly matronly Venus and the producer himself as a wholly delightful Cupid—a masterly piece of type casting!

On the whole, one must agree with Pepys's verdict, "the silliest thing that ever came upon the stage", but the Lady Margaret Players demonstrated that the playwright is often unimportant, and proved that sparkling silliness is a pleasing diversion.

A. E. C.

JOHNIANA

(i) *The Tenth Boat:*

The very driest and most arrogant of dry bobs has this year been at least a little moved by the victories of the Cambridge crew in the United States. Now, as he contemplates the final result of the May Races, with its attractive criss-cross pattern, showing some boats going exultantly up and others sadly down, he must be struck by another aspect of rowing. This is not concerned with the splendours, great though they may be, of the first Lady Margaret boat, who kept their place last week at the head of the river. To them he leaves "the luxury of their own feelings", while his eye travels down the long list, down and down through division after division, until at last in the seventh, four places from the bottom of the river, it lights on the name of Lady Margaret X. "Good heavens," he exclaims, and by an instantaneous piece of mental arithmetic arrives at the conclusion that at that one college of St John's there must be, leaving the steerers out of the reckoning, eighty men who have lived laborious days of training and submitted to be stormed at by offensive persons on the bank, all for the honour of the college and the greater glory of rowing. Other colleges achieve seventh and eighth boats, but it is only this one that attains double figures. It makes the dry bob feel rather humble, which is very good for him.

He may remember how during one summer of a quite inglorious cricketing career at school he used to play in a somewhat indeterminate game called "Refuse". It was played on a tranquil little triangle of turf with a chestnut tree under which to sit when unemployed—on the whole an easy-going, pleasant game enough, in spite of its opprobrious name. Nobody coached it; nobody cursed it from horse or bicycle; nobody indeed took the faintest interest in it, and assuredly there was no thought of training. And yet in point of skill it might perhaps have been compared with an eighth or ninth boat. But what a difference in pride of nomenclature between "Refuse" and "So-and-So IX". If it had possessed a more dignified title would he have scorned the delights of strawberry messes and tried harder to straighten his crooked bat? It is too late to say, but even now, though he but half understands, he must pay homage to an alien pursuit that can exact such devotion. Ninety-eight years ago a coach from Cambridge told in noble rhetoric how she had once been able to inscribe on her banner "*Iside et Thamesi triumphatis, Anglia in certamen provocata Granta victrix*". That she can do so now is perhaps due to the tenth boats.

Reprinted, by kind permission, from *The Times* of June 1951.

(ii) *Dr Parkinson and the Young Ladies of Newnham* (A.D. c. 1885):

On the Sunday we lunched with Dr Parkinson, a Fellow of St John's, whose wife had been a Miss Whateley, cousin of our brother-in-law, James Traill of Rattar. He was a don of the old school and a derider of the higher education of women. His house was at Newnham on the way to the college, and he complained of the young ladies of that establishment "who", he said, "stand straddling across the path with their arms akimbo and shove me into the gutter opposite my own street door."

From *Recollections of Thomas Graham Jackson, Bart., R.A.* (1835-1924). Arranged and edited by BASIL H. JACKSON. Oxford, 1950.



THE MASTER

Photo: New York Times

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THE MASTER

JAMES MANN WORDIE is sixty-three and a loyal Scot. His schooling was at Glasgow Academy: after taking a degree in Science at the University of Glasgow, he entered St John's College in 1910 and sat for Part II of the Natural Sciences Tripos in 1912, as an Advanced Student, being placed in Class I. The following year he was awarded the Harkness University Scholarship for Geology.

In 1914 he started, and nearly ended, his career as a Polar explorer by sailing with Sir Ernest Shackleton's *Endurance* Expedition to the Antarctic. Here he had both time and opportunity to begin his studies of sea-ice while the whole party lived for months on the floating pack-ice after their ship had been crushed. He was with the main party, which spent a number of weeks on a barren island under the shelter of an upturned boat while Shackleton was making his memorable boat journey to South Georgia for help. He returned to England in 1917 and served in the latter part of the War as an officer in the Royal Artillery.

In 1921 he was elected a Fellow of St John's, and was appointed a Tutor in 1923, becoming Senior Tutor in 1933, and also President of the College in 1950.

The frozen seas continued, however, to have a powerful lure for him. During a number of Long Vacations he organized and led a remarkable series of expeditions to the Arctic—Jan Mayen and East Greenland in 1921, 1923, 1926 and 1929; and North West Greenland, Ellesmere Island and Baffin Island in 1934 and 1937. By his work in training and encouraging successive generations of young men in Arctic exploration, and in many other ways, he has made notable contributions to this branch of knowledge, which

already in 1933 were recognized by the award of the Founder's Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society. He also has the Gold Medal of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society and is Commander of the Order of St Olave of Norway.

At the age of fifty-eight most men's adventuring days are over, but in 1947, at the request of the British Government, he revisited the Antarctic. He was based on the Falkland Islands, but found occasion to land at South Orkney, South Shetlands and Graham Land. For these and other services (he was head of an important Admiralty Intelligence Section during the second World War) he was awarded the C.B.E. in 1947. As an original member of the Colonial Office Discovery Committee and as Chairman for many years of the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge, he has done much to stimulate work on the scientific aspects of Polar exploration.

Finally, in 1951, he added further lustre to an already distinguished career through being elected President of the Royal Geographical Society.

Our new Master is thus a man who is widely known and appreciated in the outside world, and who has earned for himself high distinction. He is indeed an outstanding example of that new type of Cambridge don who seems to have emerged since the War of 1914-18—men who, while retaining their positions in the academic life of their University, have somehow found time and energy to rise to eminence in quite other spheres of activity that lie far beyond even the extended limits of residence whose centre is the church of Great St Mary.

For twenty-nine years he has served as a Tutor of the College and for nineteen years as Senior Tutor. During this time he has seen the junior members of the College increase from about 440 in the inter-war period to over 650 during the early post-war years. To him belongs much of the credit both for the high all-round quality of the undergraduate population and for the fact that, despite this 50 per cent expansion in numbers, it has shown no tendency either to split up into cliques or to degenerate into a mere amorphous mass of students. He has continued and developed the policy, which has long prevailed at St John's, of drawing good men from as wide a range of schools of all types as possible. Indeed, his knowledge of schools and schoolmasters (both preparatory and secondary) is probably unrivalled in Cambridge.

Amongst other qualities, he is quick to size up a man, his judgment in this respect being rarely at fault, with the result that he has an exceptional gift for picking the best man for any particular post.

He also has shown a remarkable capacity for giving the right advice to a man who is at the outset of his career and whose whole

future may depend largely upon the decision. Generations of his pupils have had reason to bless him for his shrewd and far-sighted assessment of the relative advantages of this or that alternative course of action. It need hardly be emphasized that such a quality should rank high among the assets of the Master of a College.

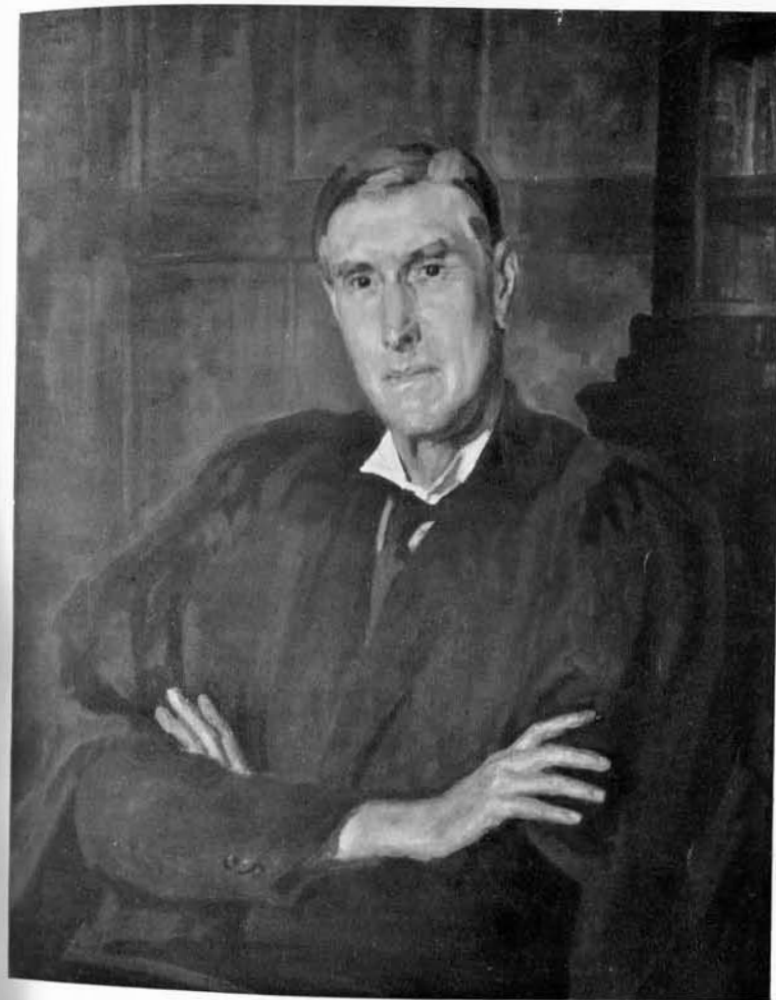
James Wordie has served his College faithfully and well for many years. His election to the Mastership is welcomed by all who know him both within and outside Cambridge. Under his wise and prescient guidance we may look forward with confidence, even in these troubled times, to dealing successfully with the many difficult problems which the future is likely to have in store for us. He carries with him in his high office our congratulations and best wishes.

ERNEST ALFRED BENIANS

MASTER 1933-52

ERNEST ALFRED BENIANS, Master, who died at the Master's Lodge on 13 February 1952, was born at Mount Villa, Curtisden Green, Goudhurst, Kent, on 23 October 1880, the second son of William Alfred Benians and Elizabeth Benians (formerly Ackland). The College Admission Register records him as educated for ten years at Bethany House School, Goudhurst, four years under his mother and six years under his father. Family memories, however, record that his mother taught him at a little infant school of her own at the door of Mount Villa, and that he entered Bethany House, of which his father was headmaster, at the age of seven, beginning some six years later to take a part in the teaching himself. In November 1898 he won a Minor Entrance Scholarship at the College in History with Classics, the first Entrance Scholarship awarded for History. He was admitted to the College on 2 August 1899 under Dr Sandys and came into residence the following October. In 1901 he was placed in the First Class in the Historical Tripos Part I and was elected to a Foundation Scholarship, which he held for three years. In the Historical Tripos Part II in 1902 he was again in the First Class and was one of the two Hughes Prizemen of that year. In the University he was honourably mentioned for the Member's Prize in 1901 (the year in which the prize was awarded to H. W. V. Temperley), elected a Lightfoot Scholar in 1903, Allen Scholar in 1905, and won the Adam Smith Prize in 1906. On 5 November 1906 he was elected into a Fellowship on a dissertation entitled "The Progress of Settlement in Canada". Already in the Lent Term 1905 he had begun to lecture on the economic and general history of the British Colonies and Dependencies under the Board of Economic Studies, and shortly afterwards he began to lecture also on the history of the United States—the two principal fields of his subsequent historical work. He was appointed to lecture in History in the College from Michaelmas 1910, an appointment he resigned the following January on his election to an A.K. Travelling Fellowship, which enabled him to spend more than a year travelling round the world.* On his return in 1912 he was appointed to the College Lectureship in History which he held until he became Master. In December 1912 the India Office appointed him Local Adviser to Indian Students in Cambridge.

* See *Report of Travels of E. A. Benians as A.K. Travelling Fellow: February 1911–May 1912*, University of London Press (1912), 86 pp.



From the Portrait by Henry Lamb

ERNEST ALFRED BENIANS

He was a member of the College Council continuously from 1914. He became a Tutor at Christmas 1918 and Senior Tutor in 1926. He was a University Lecturer in History under the new University Statutes from 1926. On 7 December 1933 he was elected the thirty-sixth Master of the College in succession to Sir R. F. Scott, and on 28 October 1950 the Governing Body prolonged his tenure of the Mastership for three years from 1 October 1951 (the end of the academical year in which he attained the age of seventy years). He was Vice-Chancellor during the two difficult years 1939-40 and 1940-41. Trinity College, Dublin, conferred upon him the Honorary Degree of D.Litt. in 1939 and elected him an Honorary Fellow in 1947.

This is the outward record of an association with and service to the College extending over more than half a century—as Scholar, as Fellow for twenty-seven years, as Tutor for fifteen years, as Master for eighteen years. But by itself it does not reveal the extent of the debt his College and its members, older and younger, owe to a great Tutor and a great Master. In all the work he accomplished for the College—and it was far more varied than any mere record can disclose—the debt of the College was first to Ernest Alfred Benians himself, to his great abilities, and above all to his character. He had friends, many and devoted, but never enemies. To work with him was to find one's own judgment surpassed, but never to feel that it was disrespected. He had an unusual understanding of men, full of humour, impartial, patient; and his keen observation had the sure foundation of a deep human sympathy and a wide humanity. His was always the long view, and this lent to his opinion, whether in matters of policy, public, academic, administrative, or in private counsel, an exceptional weight. From days before his election as Master he had come insensibly to be the counsellor of his College, and he was widely consulted in the University and beyond. To seek his opinion was to be greeted by the keen and kindly eyes and the sudden smile. He would listen first, making the inquiry, for the moment, the only matter in hand. More, or less, might be said; but, after a momentary pause, it was said without haste or hesitation. Some wider aspect of the question or some more far-reaching consideration would appear, and if the matter were personal the outcome would be a clearer view and a stronger self-reliance. This wisdom, already mature in earlier life, but growing deeper, yet ever remaining fresh, as years increased, was joined with an integrity so strong that it occurred to none ever to question it. In him the College had a counsellor judicial, far-seeing, intimate. Strong emotions and a strong will, not lightly disclosed to others, supplied an inward strength the greater for the self-control, which seemed

never to fail, under which they were held; and in all was a peculiar gentleness—a term which came spontaneously to the lips of all who spoke of him—which seemed to spring from some inner source of serenity that constantly sustained him.

His pupils had implicit confidence in him. Contacts might perhaps not be frequent, but he knew their needs and their capacities, and no one was overlooked. The timely suggestion or the word of advice, and an opportunity that might have been lost was taken. He was interested in them individually, and his judgment of character and ability, and especially of promise, was sure. He was acquainted with every side of College affairs, educational, administrative, personal; his advice was sought on them all, and upon them all was given with the same tact, insight, and fairness. A historian valuing the past, his faith was always in the future. Characteristic was his special interest in the younger members of the Society, the promising Scholar and the junior Fellow, and this interest was as keen at three score years and ten as it had been in early days.

Without seeking administration for its own sake, he had great administrative capacity and a grasp of detail. The desk was tidy, and papers were quickly found. However busy he might be, he seemed always to have time for the important task. But there was no apparatus of efficiency, and the means never acquired precedence over the end. "Certainly," wrote a member of the College after his death, "under the lead of the gentle scholar who, perhaps surprisingly, proved to be such a wonderful man of affairs, the College flourished abundantly." But the man of affairs did not supersede the scholar: they both remained, expressions of the same consistent person. In the chair, at meetings of the College Council or of some other body, the combination of grasp of affairs, understanding of men, and concern for the ultimate purpose was exhibited at its best. Discussion was never prematurely foreclosed, yet time was not wasted; expression of opinion was free and no one felt himself aggrieved, yet argument did not stray from the point. His interventions were not frequent and they were always quiet, but when they were made they were well-timed, and they were then decisive because they were convincing.

His work for the College was interrupted by two great wars, events in themselves peculiarly foreign to his temperament and convictions. But it was characteristic of him, and fortunate for the College, that some of his best work was done in the periods of revival that followed, when a forward view, new policies, and new men were demanded. His work as Tutor and as Master covered a period of great expansion and prosperity in the life of the College

and a period of notable internal harmony. Over most of this period his was the principal guiding hand. And his great services to his Society were rewarded by a universal affection and esteem.

J. S. B. S.

Goudhurst, where Ernest Benians was born and brought up, is a small village on a hill near the Kent and Sussex border. It is on one of the most abundant soils of southern England, in the best of the fruit and hop country in the Weald. It remains to-day hardly changed at all from the days of his boyhood, it hides away from main roads and is still free of factories, military camps, and aerodromes. At the end of the war, in the time of the first flying bombs, Goudhurst farmers suffered some casual damage from bombs that fell prematurely or were shot down. Otherwise, even the war passed it by; its industry has always been farming, and because of the richness of its soil will always remain so; and farming fosters the rural geography, and the rural temperament: "We shall do 'er, 'low us time", they say, opposing deliberation to hasty judgment; it is a human quality that makes a sound man.

Ernest was born into this tree-filled and timeless neighbourhood (where, also, thirteen years later I was born) at a spot called Curtisden Green, which, though it is in the parish of Goudhurst, is found two and a half miles out of the village, in its own seclusion of woods and farms, a place hidden on its own little mound of a hill in the ancient Weald. Neither he nor I were of farming lineage: my grandfather had been a young silk-weaver of Bethnal Green; Ernest's father was a Londoner too, and had come down to Curtisden Green in his young manhood to be headmaster of the school that my grandfather had implanted; and there they entered into a partnership of work and ideals, and, both Londoners by birth, brought up their large families in this richly small neighbourhood.

Ernest was the second son in a country-born family of eight children; his eldest brother died on the threshold of manhood, and at sixteen or so Ernest inherited the place and duties of the eldest son. His father was an original, a remarkable teacher, vigorous of mind, and the soul of justice; and the remoteness and congeniality of the neighbourhood encouraged him to develop a rugged personality which was uprightness itself, but, odd, individual, strict, humorous, and always soundly reasoned. Ernest's schooling was at his father's school; I think he also taught a little there as he grew older; but his intellectual abilities were outstanding in that company; and everyone agreed, when he went up to Cambridge, that it was no more than his gifts fitted him for. Remembering the date now, and the modest finances of the family, I suppose it is not to be wondered at that his

going to Cambridge produced a feeling of special respect in his neighbours and in his own family. We country folk heard of his achievements with increasing homage as his father reported them to us. "My son Ernest" lit his eyes with a special geniality and pride.

In vacations we saw Mr Ernest (as we called him) about the lanes and fields and coppices again, or in his long vacations he would take over a class of boys from his father and teach them Political Economy, something quite new on our horizon. He taught then, as he always spoke, quietly and confidently, with an intonation that had certainly grown more musical and precise than that of our masters. Discipline was no trouble; he had no more than a dozen of us at a time, but we came at once under the spell of his remarkable young serenity—and looked forward to the strawberry-tea he would call us to when the examinations were over.

My own home, all the year round, was also at Curtisden Green, so that I have recollections of many times when, because he and I were both sons of schoolmasters at one school, the families united in a Christmas party big enough to be held in the school itself. Ernest took to frolics with a certain aloofness, but was looked to with expectation for the more demure games that came later in the evening, and here he distinguished himself with the same smiling economy of words, and an air of unconcern. He was twenty-seven and I was thirteen, and I watched and listened more than I was watched or listened to; but the really grown up were seen to joke with him, to appeal to him for a decision sometimes, and to get from him often the pursed lips and wordless smile characteristic even then, or sometimes his sudden, brief, and almost silent laughter.

I knew him well by sight; I knew his family very well indeed. His sisters taught us our letters, and the hand I write shows her letter-forms even now; his brother Stephen was later on my master in physics and mathematics and chemistry, and his father, my only headmaster, saw to it that I was grounded as well as I could be in the amenities—French and Scripture and History; but the difference in age between Ernest and me, and his early call to Cambridge, meant that I knew him then by repute more than by personal contact.

Yet it was Ernest who, in 1920, took the trouble to find me out and to urge me to take advantage of the grant to soldiers demobilized. Certainly but for him I should not have done so. But he brought my name to the Master, R. F. Scott, and obtained his acceptance, and so it came that my first tutor was the man whose remote birthplace I shared.

In 1949 he came back to school to unveil a joint memorial to his father and mine. There the special virtue in his father to which he paid tribute was his gift as a teacher.

"He was a man," he said, "who could not only teach, but could not abstain from teaching, and it is only after passing my life among teachers that I realize how good a teacher he was. Free to act, fertile in ideas, trustful of experience rather than theory, he planned a school curriculum, with wide programme, diversified interests and stimulating method—so many of the novelties of to-day seem to me to have been in the course or tried out there."

Though I never (except as a budding economist) sat under E.A.B. as a learner, I judge, from what I know now of the sureness of his sympathy, that he must have inherited his father's touch. Yet his most memorable quality was not professional or academic. There was about him, young or old, a sweet and quiet reasonableness in his dealings with others. As of every man, his intrinsic worth was his humanity, and his contribution to Cambridge, to St John's, and indeed to all who had to do with him was unstintedly himself. Perhaps I may be allowed to believe (as I do) that he owed something of this to the countryside—its richness, its constancy, its beauty, its freedom—into which he was born and under whose spell his youth was formed. We know of the historian, the tutor, the Master, the Vice-Chancellor; but we do not know all. He did not rush into print; but there were literary gifts practised and modestly put away; and in these he kept private record throughout his long life, as many a man may do, of the profound and mysterious happiness of living in the natural life of earth. What he learned in the Weald he kept, and he treasured to keep.

F. S. H. K.

13 FEBRUARY 1952

A LIFE has ended. So we lose
That quiet wisdom, which has guided us
Along the years.

Closed are those kindly eyes,
Far seeing, ever spent
In loyalty.

And we, within his House, who meditate
The measure of our debt,
Know his memorial.

ANON.

CAMBRIDGE IN THE LAST HALF CENTURY

A SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE LATE MASTER
AT A DINNER OF THE ASSOCIATION
OF EDUCATION OFFICERS IN THE
COLLEGE HALL ON 28 JUNE 1951

Mr Chairman, Gentlemen,

I take this opportunity to welcome you to St John's. We are honoured by your presence and I hope that you are finding your surroundings congenial for your deliberations. Here at least you tread in the footsteps of one of the first of modern directors of education in England. Four centuries ago Roger Ascham was teaching Greek here and acquiring that experience which he was to make an inspiration to all teachers since. Schoolmasters, too, are on our roll of fame, but the most eminent of all, Richard Bentley, lives in history as Master of Trinity and not as Master of Spalding School.

I want first to congratulate the President on the high office you have entrusted to him, and as we have been friends now for many years, I venture to congratulate the Association too on their President. He did me the honour to ask me to address you this evening. I have much sympathy with the Head of an Oxford College who on a somewhat similar occasion said he did not know anything about education. However, Mr Magnay kindly suggested that my recollections of an earlier Cambridge half a century ago, and its passing, would not be inappropriate, and though it would be safer to leave them a little longer, I yielded and will offer you a few.

A good many years ago I asked the President of this College, Professor Liveing, then well on in his nineties, if he would not write his reminiscences. He came to Cambridge before the railway, and at a time when, in this College, the spot from which I address you was the Fellows' Combination Room, and the Hall was heated by a charcoal brazier under the lantern. He himself had played a large part in introducing experimental science into the University, and had been also the confidential adviser of two successive Chancellors. No living person knew more of the great changes in the University in the second half of the nineteenth century. But he said: "No, I never look back; I always look forward, and I intend to burn all my confidential correspondence before I die." To me as a historian this was sad news, but I have no doubt he did it.

Well, Gentlemen, I do not draw the bow of Ulysses and shall confine myself to more humble observations than lay within his power.

I came up to the University at the moment when the Boer War broke out in October 1899 and it lasted during the whole of my undergraduate days. The C.U.R.V., the "bugshooters", as they were then called, rapidly grew in numbers, and I remember forming fours with the present Master of Trinity* and others of that generation under the trees in the Backs. A few men volunteered for oversea service and went away, and some did not return, but normal life was scarcely affected. The relief of Ladysmith and then of Mafeking were the occasions of tremendous "rags": war had not yet acquired for the University the meaning it has since assumed. In the midst of the war, a Boer, an undergraduate of this College, was elected President of the Union. Mr Justice H. S. van Zijl, Vice-Chancellor of Stellenbosch University, I am told, has not forgotten that event in his University career.

The matriculations of my year were under a thousand. Trinity was a good deal the largest College, with St John's second; several of the Colleges were quite small. The whole University numbered little more than 3000.

The large triposes were Mathematics, Classics and Natural Sciences; of middle size were Law and History, with small schools in some old subjects, Moral Sciences, Theology and Oriental Languages, and in the new subjects of Modern Languages and Engineering. A good many men took the Ordinary Degree—Previous, General and Special Examinations.

My Tutor was Sir John Sandys, eminent classic and Public Orator, chilly but kindly and efficient, and willing to let you sink or swim, a wholesome régime for the right man. My business was with History, a subject not then broadly based in the University and College system. Lecturers were organized on an intercollegiate footing, and the whole business appeared to be run by Trinity, King's and St John's. No other Colleges, I think, had Lecturers in History. I found myself the first Entrance Scholar in the subject in this College, an experiment regarded rather doubtfully by the older men. Supervision was weekly for the first term, and occasional for the remainder of that year, and, after that, it came to an end. But I would pay a grateful tribute to Dr Tanner, my Director of Studies, who understood what he was about.

Mathematics and Classics received a good deal of College teaching. All mathematicians coached—the great mathematical coaches, the makers of Senior Wranglers, were among the personalities of the

* Dr G. M. Trevelyan.

University. The scientists disappeared to their laboratories during the day and complained that they got nothing from the College. A duality was already apparent.

In College there was no gas, electric light or baths—most men affected the cold sponge in the morning—a pail of hot water could be ordered from the kitchen for use after football. But there was plenty of coal, though it needed a big fire to get much warmth from the Victorian grate.

It would be a mistake to suppose there were no poor men. Some men were very hard up, living on a College Scholarship, perhaps with help from their school, but without the State or Local Authority Grant which ensures a man in these days a reasonable sufficiency. So that poverty, where it existed, was more felt than to-day. One of time's good changes is to be seen here. There was ample, if not always very efficient, service; and the Halls were good, though of course always the subject of complaint. Relations with the High Table were distant, but some dons were already trying to bridge the gulf.

Chapel was compulsory—a regulation not very strictly enforced, and exemption could be obtained, if wished, by non-Anglicans or on conscientious grounds, but the latter was not a common plea. This regulation continued until after the Great War. I remember when we voted to abandon it, all agreed save one Senior Fellow, and when the motion had been carried over his dissent, he remarked: "And now what are you going to do with the Chapel?" In this he was unduly pessimistic, and it is certainly not my observation that there is less religion amongst the present generation than amongst my contemporaries.

Small as the University was, there was a considerable number of outstanding men whose stature time has not diminished. In my own subject were Acton and Maitland and Gwatkin and William Cunningham and Alfred Marshall, and Lowes Dickinson, all of them great scholars and great teachers, whose influence remains. I will not venture into other branches of learning. And there were more of the type of people we call personalities to be found in Colleges. I may mention one of them as an illustration—J. B. Mayor, Professor of Latin and President here in my early days. His knowledge was endless, and was poured out on any occasion, so that he did not excel as Chairman. I recall the first College meeting I attended as a Fellow. The Master had decided at the age of sixty-seven to take a wife and the Fellows wished to give him a present. Mayor presided and an hour passed, pleasantly for me, but somewhat restively for busier people, while he sketched the history of household furnishing from Roman times.

Proposing the health of the Master and his bride at the first College Feast after the wedding, Mayor took his opportunity again and dwelt at considerable length and with considerable freedom on the marital history of the Lodge.

Such men were by no means the type Wordsworth describes in the "Prelude" as among the grave elders. They were eminent persons, generally amiable, if not crossed; and as an Indian undergraduate said to me of one of them, very interesting to talk to if you can spare the time.

Next door was a society rich in talent and personality. There was Lord Acton who had cast a spell on the young historians Clapham, Laurence, Figgis, Reddaway, Winstanley—a power at the right moment to discipline and guide the young historical school, so soon to expand. I only heard him once and that was in this Hall—a large brow and beard—and large utterance and magisterial authority. William Cunningham, another imposing person, of fiercer regard, was making the new subject of economic history: historian, divine, politician, I remember no man who did more in more fields for less recognition than he. Other famous men, who made themselves accessible beyond their own College were Henry Jackson, J. G. Frazer, and MacTaggart—not to add the suave and hospitable Master, Montagu Butler, round whom so many good stories gathered. I remember when Henry Jackson was made Professor of Greek in 1906, Mayor brought him to dine here and we at the Scholars' table stamped our approval. This welcome sound was of course taken up by other tables, who no doubt thought someone had got his blue; so that the new professor had a very good reception. It pleased him greatly and I still keep the letter he wrote to me as Senior Scholar in acknowledgement. The idea was C. R. Reddy's, an Indian and a Liberal to whom he had been very friendly.

Looking back on that time I am impressed by the great and rapid expansion of studies that has taken place since. A century ago, outside of the ancient Mathematical Tripos and its young rival the Classical Tripos, there was no career here for a man of any ability. Cambridge, wrote Leslie Stephen, virtually said to its pupils: Is this a treatise upon Geometry or Algebra? No! Is it then a treatise upon Greek or Latin Grammar or on the grammatical construction of classical authors? No! Then commit it to the flames, for it contains nothing worth your study.

But the change was then just coming.

This year is the centenary of the Natural Sciences Tripos. The first name at the top of the first class in 1851 is that of Liveing, Professor of Chemistry from 1861 to 1908. And the second name that of Hort, equal in fame in other fields, Professor of Divinity, who

had taken a first in both the newly founded triposes, Natural Science and Moral Science, in the same year.

The expansion of scientific studies in Cambridge, the leading feature of our time, has been almost entirely in the one great school of the Natural Sciences—the Arts have grown by budding off—new schools and triposes being formed. To-day we have sixteen honours schools in all, of which six have come into being since 1900. The recently formed Chemical Engineering Tripos is the one new tripos in my time which is not a branch of Arts.

The expansion of scientific studies has influenced here as elsewhere the spirit of other studies. I still seem to hear Bury in his inaugural lecture in 1903 saying and repeating that History is "simply a science, nothing less and nothing more". In the Arts subjects it is to be observed how generally the historical approach is now accepted and historical knowledge brought in as part of their content. The new triposes founded here in this century—Economics, English, Archaeology and Anthropology, Geography, Music—all include historical papers and make the study of background and historical causes part of their discipline. The older subjects on the Arts side—Classics, Law, Oriental Languages, Modern Languages—show the same tendency—broadening their historical foundations. Recently, too, courses of lectures on the history of science have been initiated.

The Arts are still in the ascendancy here—by number of students as four to three: at Oxford I think it is three to one. History has long been the most popular of the Arts subjects.

And if the Classics have not increased proportionately in numbers they are not fewer than they were fifty years ago. This is well, for these studies are still invaluable for so many men. One home from Nigeria said to me: "As an administrative officer what I have chiefly needed are judgment and understanding in human relations and I would not exchange my little knowledge of Thucydides for anything else." While so many young men are now turned to the study of nature, society needs the balance of some who will keep for us the company of those great minds, the fathers of our thought and the critics of all our feeling.

The expansion of studies has been of course one cause of the growth of our numbers. When I came up the University was barely 3000. A decade after, it had passed 4000, and, after the Great War, it increased to 5000. The latest figures show that we have a good deal more than doubled our numbers in these fifty years.

Almost all Colleges have added to their accommodation, and some to their beauty—but they have not increased their accommodation in proportion to their numbers, and there is to-day much doubling-up of men in College rooms, for lodgings have been increasingly hard

to find. A greater growth of buildings has been due to the University—the new Library and lecture rooms, but chiefly the laboratories—adding to the old Collegiate University a red-brick University slipping away from Collegiate influence and tradition.

I do not think the University, the whole body of us, are less anxious to have beautiful buildings and beautiful precincts, perhaps the reverse—nor do I think we have been less successful in this respect than our immediate predecessors; I will not carry the comparison further back. But finance is a stern master and laboratories may not offer the opportunity that the old Courts with Chapel, Hall and Library created.

Tastes indeed change; in the painted gateways of to-day we revive the delight in colour of the sixteenth century. But modern conceptions abound. I was brought up on Ruskin's opinion of our Second Court as the most beautiful in the ancient universities, and the older dons cherished its dark pointing, while our New Court was regarded as something of an imposture—but all these opinions are questioned to-day.

Another cause of increasing numbers was the institution of Research degrees after the Great War. This has brought us far more older students and far more oversea students than we formerly had. Of research students we have to-day over 700. Some people think that Cambridge should particularly lay itself out to be an academy for research. Others fear lest we should sacrifice too much our unique possession of the Colleges, the best home of the undergraduate. A good many research students take a real part in College life, but others live separate from it and find themselves too old to mix easily with the younger men. Athletics is of course "a good mixer", but not all research students have this inclination.

In my time the older students were a limited class of postgraduate students called Advanced Students; oversea students were chiefly Indians, mathematicians and lawyers seeking to qualify for the I.C.S. or the Bar.

This rapid expansion has tended to carry the University beyond the College bounds. A large number of University teachers are not Fellows of Colleges, some not even members of Colleges. In the scientific departments a rival form of organization has grown up threatening the traditional importance of the Colleges, and the non-collegiate problem is a more serious one on the level of the teachers than of the students.

Great changes came to the University when, in the War of 1914-18, it was discovered by the Government. This brought us new contacts and duties, and in due course brought us money—both stimulating and novel things. Did it bring consciously or unconsciously new direction of our thoughts? That we can hardly judge as yet.

The business world also discovered the University—first its laboratories and then its young men, and this has been a fact of evergrowing importance.

As a place of education in the late nineteenth century the University was sought chiefly by men intending to enter the professions—the Church, the Bar, medicine, education, civil service at home and in India, and there were a fair number who went into a family business and others who became country gentlemen; these last two did not treat their University courses as vocational, nor always take them very seriously, though they were not allowed to be as idle as the Fellow Commoners of an earlier time.

I do not think the University is less a place of independent thought, but its thoughts have been turned perhaps more to the activities of the world around; and its work as a place of education much expanded to prepare men who are entering into industry, commerce and social services of all kinds. This change has made it a more active place and the increasing numbers have raised standards and gradually excluded those whose business here was leisure.

My impression of the University in Edwardian days is of quiescence. We talked of reforms, but they seemed remote and not very important. The questions which exercise our mind to-day were hardly yet on the horizon. Finance was then a stern master and any suggested change was treated as impracticable.

The new Statutes of 1926 which were based on the Report of a Royal Commission and the State aid which followed are another great landmark of the period. They transferred to the University the control of public teaching and reorganized it to discharge again its ancient duties. Individual and class teaching, what we call supervision, remained with the Colleges, and most Fellows engaged in education since then have served two masters and not unsuccessfully. Having lived through twenty-five years of the new régime, I think the change has been to the advantage not only of the country, but also of both College and University. To the poorer Colleges, unable to provide a staff for the increasing range of subjects of study, it was of great benefit, and enabled them to grow—perhaps too much. To all it brought financial relief, for the University, aided now by an increasing Government Grant, bore the heavy charge of public teaching with its rising cost.

Most of all, it favoured the increase of learning and research, for the University had now the means with which to promote them. When the Economics Tripos was founded, Professor Marshall paid the first Lecturers out of his own pocket, as I can testify. And when I first sat on the General Board, there were a few University Lectureships to be distributed and little more. As J. J. Thomson

once remarked: the University had not enough jobs for everyone and so gave one man the work and another the stipend. But the forty-five Professors of 1900 have now become seventy-eight, Readers are four times as many as they were, and University Lecturers ten times as many.

When I say the new Statutes constituted a great advance, I do not mean that there has not been needed, and continuously needed, a good deal of adaptation to the new system, but I believe both College and University are now more effective for their purpose, and the whole more integrated and more powerful as a national institution.

From these changes emerged a reconstructed University, dependent on State aid. Without that aid the changes could not have been effected. The Colleges underwent some changes too, were indirectly relieved but remained independent. With the large increase in the Treasury Grant in the last few years our financial dependence on the State may be said to be complete, for we could no longer carry on without its assistance. We have received, I am told, about a million pounds in the past year, a sum nearly equal to the interest on all the money ever given to all the Universities and Colleges of the country.

With the transfer of all this business to the University the control of educational policy and administration passed into its hands and the growth of an official class began. Before this there was scarcely any outward and visible sign of the University. It is recorded that a harassed Professor conducting a foreign friend round Cambridge when asked where is the University, caught sight of the late Dr Keynes, then Secretary of the Council of the Senate, and pointing to him replied: "That is the University." Now our ancient buildings house a growing staff organized under what we may call the permanent heads of departments—a mighty factory of reports and regulations.

It is not for me to say whether dons are different from those under whose influence and authority I came. We are now far more numerous and our life could certainly not be described as the life of a College Fellow was in the seventeenth century: "We are here at perfect ease and liberty, free from all other cares and troubles than what we seek...entirely vacant to the pursuit of wisdom and the practice of religion." I remember a senior don saying a man ought to write a book before he becomes a Fellow—he never writes one after. That would hardly be true to-day. On the whole I think Chaucer could say of the modern don what he said of the clerk of Oxenford—"and gladly did he learn and gladly teach". The descendants are true to type.

In the Colleges, too, the relations of old and young, variable as those relations are with persons and times, seem to me more friendly. And when one considers how busy the young don of to-day is, for he is almost invariably married, and more concerned than his fore-runners with how to live, this is much to his credit. Though entertainment is more difficult than it used to be, closer social relations seem to be far more generally valued and accepted as in the spirit of College life.

Between the senior members of the University, our expansion has made this less possible. "All M.A.s know one another," I remember J. W. Clark, Registry at the beginning of the century, saying to me—and in those days it could be true—there was a great deal of inter-collegiate entertainment. Now numbers are great and feasts are few, and there are far fewer chances of meeting the Fellows of other Colleges.

As for the undergraduate of to-day, the tree of knowledge certainly seems to him a tree to be desired far more than it did to my contemporaries. Whether that is because, as was said of Greek, it may lead to offices of emolument, and the modern undergraduate is more concerned with that than his predecessor, I do not know. But he seems to delight in supervision and regularly presents his essays. Not that he does less in other ways. There are far more societies of all kinds than distracted my leisure and far more activities.

Ascham laid it down in his "Schoolmaster" that learning should always be mingled with honest mirth and comely exercises. Our young men are certainly mindful of that injunction. I am impressed by their varied talent outside their triposes. If on the home ground I may draw my illustration from our own Society, I saw on one afternoon in May Week our Lady Margaret Players present a Restoration Comedy in the Wilderness with great enjoyment to themselves and their audience, and on another evening the Lady Margaret Boat come over at the head of the river. Honest mirth and comely exercises.

*Est remigium decorum,
Suavis strepitus remorum.*

When I consider all that has happened in these fifty years—years so pregnant and so poignant in our history—one would not be surprised if the outlook of the younger generation were more serious than in earlier days. With their national service to perform and their obscurer future, their conditions are very different from what ours were. But I think they yield in nothing of good to my contemporaries, exhibit more varied and more cultivated talent, and I do not think

they are less happy. I think most of them would say with Wordsworth, looking back at their years here: "This was a gladsome time." And we should indeed do them ill justice if we did not, so far as they are concerned, look hopefully into the future.

The great university movement of the nineteenth century, which in Cambridge removed religious tests and many restrictive conditions on ancient endowments, and was followed by this considerable expansion of studies and of numbers, still left the women beyond the pale. They were here; admitted to lectures and examinations, but the Senate when I came up had just refused to admit them to degrees (1897) in a vote that seemed decisive. "Ask me no more." All Universities but the ancient Universities had by that time accepted co-education. After the Great War, Oxford opened its doors, and Cambridge then yielded so far as to give women titular degrees. Under the new Statutes of 1926 further steps were taken; women became eligible for teaching offices and their numbers were permitted to rise to 500.

This anomalous status gave no promise of stability. Opinion showed signs of change: "Ask me no more, for at a touch I yield." And in 1947, as a result of a spontaneous movement in the University, women were given full membership, their Colleges made Colleges in fact as well as name, and their possible numbers increased to one-fifth of the number of men.

This last concession of numbers, however, remains a magnificent gesture, for nothing has yet been done to give it any other meaning, and without a third institution empowered to matriculate women no more can come. Thus, with the growth of our numbers, the women have fallen to 8 per cent of our student body, a lower proportion than when I came up. In this respect I doubt if our policy is yet aligned with public opinion and the public interest. The women have had an obstinate hill to climb.

What is the future of the Colleges? Will the hungry generations tread us down?

I sometimes recall the choice that Newman posed in his *Idea of a University*.

"If I had to choose," he wrote, "between a so-called University which dispensed with residence and tutorial superintendence, and gave its degree to any person who passed an examination in a wide range of subjects, and a University which had no professors or examinations at all, but merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years, and then sent them away as the University of Oxford is said to have done some sixty years since, if I were asked which of these two methods was the better discipline of the intellect—which of the two courses was the more successful in training, moulding,

enlarging the mind, which sent out men the more fitted for their secular duties, which produced better public men, men of the world, men whose names would descend to posterity, I have no hesitation in giving a preference to that University which did nothing, over that which exacted of its members an acquaintance with every science under the Sun."

It seems to me that we have another and better choice and that is to have both. Certainly throughout the University world to-day I see everywhere a desire to capture something of what the ancient Colleges stand for—their emphasis on education, their social life, their surroundings. In these respects their ideals are accepted. The younger Universities multiply halls of residence, students' unions, common rooms, refectories, playing fields and seek the larger staff which makes tuition possible.

A College is more difficult to create than a University. Time is an element. Atmosphere and personality come with the years. Freedom and responsibility are necessary. Sir Richard Livingstone, in a recent lecture here, said that we, or our ancestors, in a few institutions, among which I think he included Cambridge, have done what Plato wished, and created places of education with atmosphere, "where the winds bring health from healthy lands".

It is a tribute to collegiate life that some reproduction of it is sought by other Universities to-day. But the greatest tribute to it is that so many who have lived it, who have known its impartiality, freedom and companionship in learning, believed in it and sought to ensure its continuance. Our great company of benefactors have been for the most part our own members through all the centuries and still remain so.

The ease and abundance of Edwardian days have disappeared in the austerities of post-war years. But how little the material shortages affect the essential spirit of College life. The things that matter remain—the traditions, the discipline and stimulus of its life and purpose, the beauty of its precincts. From these flow influences and impressions that fortify the spirit and enrich the memory.

Old institutions cannot live on memories; they must live by the service they give to each successive age by forever renewing their youth. It seems to me that the Colleges in my own time, supported by the loyalty of their children, have shown a wonderful power of adapting themselves and of giving to the new generations a more stimulating environment than they gave to the old. But can they be multiplied as the University grows? Or is the University going back to its medieval days and forming itself on a dual system? Or will they change and succumb to the intensity of our times—to the

pressure of an officialized University, to financial difficulty, or to other influences yet unforeseen? These are questions which I shall not attempt to answer, but I think no happier school of learning for youth has yet been fashioned.

Well, Gentlemen,

The changes which have come over the University in my time do not seem to me to be changes that could have been foreseen, nor to be due to causes that could have been foreseen. Who could foresee the Great Wars, their cost in men and money, the new and challenging external contacts, the rising prices, the progress of scientific discovery or the immense stream of State money, stimulating, perhaps over-stimulating, us? These are the things that have influenced our destiny. Nor do I think the problems of the future can be foreseen. Let us therefore fix our minds on values. Events will set the problems, but the values we must make for ourselves. That is why I attach importance to the preservation of the balance of studies; the balance of education and research; and such union of University and College as retains the virtue of both.

THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

By the REVEREND OWEN CHADWICK, B.D.

Dean of Trinity Hall

"The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom." Job xxviii, 28.

IN 1827 that eminent Johnian, Samuel Butler, then Headmaster of Shrewsbury School, issued a charge in which he examined the dangers which face any person whose work is the pursuit and imparting of knowledge. The pamphlet is in the University Library: and if we analyse his argument, we find that the dangers which he feared are reducible to two: arrogance and aridity. Arrogance, in a failure to recognize the limits of intellectual capacity, in over-confidence and dogmatism about conclusions, in contempt for opposing opinions. Aridity, in the separation of the intellect from the full life of man, in the cult of the "academic" in the narrow and disparaging sense of that word, in the pursuit not so much of truth as of what Butler called "ingenious logomachies".

These temptations to which Butler pointed have ever attended the work of research and higher education. We have studied thinkers and writers of the past who seem to us to fall into one or other, sometimes both, of these temptations. And we have also studied thinkers and writers in the past and have met them in the flesh, whose work was ever guided by humility of spirit, and to whom, though they were academics, the pejorative sense of the word academic never applied; their work sprang from a gentleness of heart and spirit, a wholeness of outlook in which their rational faculty was integrated into the whole life of man.

The saintly founders of this College intended that the relationship of its members should not be merely haphazard and fortuitous, as though they were a group of strangers thrown together for a few nights into the same inn. The Lady Margaret and Bishop Fisher both expressed with perfect clarity the aims which they wished the members of the College to pursue. The aim was learning: but not learning alone—for they believed that the quality of learning was affected by the devotion and goodness of the learners. And therefore the common life which they were founding was to be not merely a convenient method of housing a number of independent students: the full life of the community was itself to be at once a cause and a result of the goodness of the members of the College, upheld and united as they were by a single spirit and a single worship.

They intended that the study should be integrally related to the common life of the students. And, however much opinions, circum-

stances, beliefs, may have altered since their day, it is surely still true that it is this link between study and common life and religion which constitutes the peculiar quality of a College. If we have not this link, then we are a mere hall of residence for purposes of convenient housing, discipline, or association. If we have this link, then it may be that, just as the learning will all the time affect the quality of the community, so the quality of the community life will affect the learning, particularly by diminishing the perils of which Butler wrote, arrogance and aridity. Pride cannot stand before a criticism which issues not from bitterness nor from hostility, but from friendliness and well-wishing—just that criticism which the right sort of community ought to provide. And the aridity of mere intellectualism cannot survive if study is being enriched by a community of mind and heart.

These abstractions can best be seen and understood in persons. And in one of the College's benefactors by way of example, we see this interpenetration of personal life and study: the historian of the College, Thomas Baker. No one doubts the greatness of his scholarship: and that scholarship is marked by three principal characteristics—humility, tolerance and serenity. His humility was so profound that he published little in proportion to the depth of his knowledge. But the learning was not wasted. In generosity and selflessness he gave away his material for the use, not only of his friends but of anyone who applied to him for help. Men like Strype, Hearne, Archbishop Wake, and a long list of lesser men, owed him manuscripts, information, criticism. Gilbert Burnet's famous *History of the Reformation* owes a proportion of its accuracy to Baker's comments: but Baker would not allow Burnet to make even a bare acknowledgement in the preface of the help which he received. Quietly he worked away in his rooms in Third Court, deprived of his Fellowship for refusal of the oath, receiving no recognition but the friendliness of the College and the admiration of a few scholars in the outside world. If one works on his manuscripts, one begins to feel an affection as well as an admiration for this gentle creature with his legible rounded handwriting, always unhurried, tranquil and careful, whether he is transcribing an obviously important discovery or whether he is deciphering some abominable and trivial specimen of an Elizabethan script. And the famous work published in his lifetime, 1700 (he published it anonymously as "By a Gentleman") was not historical, but the *Reflections on Learning*: that book directed against over-confidence and dogmatism in every field of study:

"We busy ourselves", he wrote, "in the search of Knowledge, we tire out our Thoughts and waste our Spirits in this pursuit, and

afterwards flatter ourselves with mighty acquirements, and fill the World with Volumes of Our Discoveries; Whereas would we take as much pains in discovering our weakness and defects, as we spend time in Ostentation of our Knowledge, we might with half the time and pains see enough to show us our Ignorance, and might thereby learn truer Wisdom." (p. 245.)

And this humility is most evident in his tolerance. One of the excellencies of the tradition of the College was its loyalty to its past, despite the changes of opinion. Bishop Fisher died for a principle which his successors in the College regarded as a wrong principle: the vehement Johnian Puritans of the 1580, when William Whitaker was Master, might have been expected to neglect Bishop Fisher—but they continued to honour him. Thomas Baker, as a Non-Juror, could not be fully sympathetic to the Puritans: yet in his history he called William Whitaker "one of the greatest men the College ever had". Despite the swing of the pendulum in opinion, the continuity and loyalty of the College remained.

In Baker it is plain that the quality of the scholar springs from the quality of the man. His work was humble, serene, tolerant, because he was a humble, serene and tolerant person. Undergraduates sometimes used to say of the gentle Master, who was taken from us this year, that if he even said "Good morning" to you, you felt as though you had been blessed. Almost the same was said of Thomas Baker in his time.

The inner spirit of the man proceeded from his religious faith. The reason why he could work on without ambition or need for recognition, the reason why there is no atom of hurry in his work, is that he saw his life in the perspective of eternity. He was not working only for his lifetime: he was not working for ambition or for the display of knowledge, or to propagate a particular set of controversial opinions. He was working to contribute some little fragment of history to the pattern of eternal truth. Here are couplets from the unpoetic poem which he wrote in praise of God's mercy:

Thou that breathe'st life into the unthinking Clod
Be Thou my light, as Thou hast been my God.
Thou took'st me from the womb: since, me upheld,
Be Thou my strength, as Thou hast been my shield,—
As surely, so Thou art—from Deaths, from Tears
Thou oft preserved me—oft renew'st my years,
Dispelled my sorrows, banished all my fears.

And he goes on of God's mercy,

In that my Refuge, there I place my rest,
Nor hurt by Frowns, in spite of Fortune, blest.

Though his expulsion from the Fellowship could not help ranking in his mind (for, rightly or wrongly, he believed that the Master could have protected him from the demands of the Government), the expulsion affected in no way that love for the College which stands out on every page of his history—the history of the College which he did not even publish and which had to wait for another loving hand more than a century later.

Here then was one member of the College for whom the fear of the Lord was wisdom. It is easy to think of others. Men like this believed that this was a society which was giving them of its best and to which they must give their best in return: that this society was formed for two purposes, learning and the living of a common and religious life, and that these two aims were not diverse aims but were both essential to the full life of the society.

And so in commemoration of the benefactors, we should have three thoughts in the mind: gratitude, self-examination, and resolve; gratitude for their material gifts, their contributions to knowledge, their persons and characters which have affected the tradition of the society. Self-examination and resolve, in that we cannot look back without also looking within, to ask ourselves what is the purpose of the society and the intention of the benefactors, and how far is that purpose and intention being fulfilled?

I will end with three quotations: the first, a phrase of a late beloved President:

It is always a joy to me that in the College Prayer we pray that love of the brethren and all sound learning may ever grow and prosper here. For you cannot divide those two, love of the brethren and all sound learning.

The second, from Bishop Fisher's last instructions to his College:

We admonish and adjure the Master and Fellows that, as far as in them lies, they look to the advantage of the entire College . . . and that they seek to hand down the College to their successors in no respect worse than they have received it, but rather do increase its fame.

And the last, from a book which the Lady Margaret herself knew intimately, for she helped to make the first English translation of it, the *Imitation of Christ*:

Every man naturally desireth to know: but what availeth knowledge without the fear of God? Better surely is the humble countryman that serveth God than the proud philosopher who considereth the course of the heavens and neglecteth himself. (1, 2.)

ALLEGORY

DEAD, once, the train
 Forgot its journey through.
 Dead, all scream—gone
 All wishing, pulling
 Loosely abandoned—
 In tired rust
 Train stood
 Stood in fields
 Sandwiched by sky
 And flat, slow fields.
 Dead, once, the train stood
 The remnant of a silent ill—
 Wind now in the fields,
 Wind now in the cracks
 Wind now under doors
 Over train-stained carpets
 Through field flowers
 Field coloured,
 Wind all around—
 Oh wind of the plain
 Purify this train
 Riddle it with your thousand stabs
 Gnaw yourself into it
 Clean scream through—
 Until
 Clean picked skeleton
 All bonds lost
 It will shiver
 Against a jig-saw sky.

S. C. D.

SOLILOQUY

A LAST review of things
 Before I take my parting bow
 A last valuation of how
 Attitudes that I assumed
 Of life love death wings
 That skimmed above the froth
 Of fabricated ecstasies
 And gigantic moods
 Which set me as the regulator
 And creator
 Of formulated harmonies
 How
 They swayed me
 In their sickening absurdity

And in deliberation
 I found that no relation
 Refuted incongruity

And all became dark
 Empty vast and I became the stark
 Emblem of a tomb

Therefore I shall accept
 The grey extravagance
 Of crossing the bar
 And try my luck beyond.

S. C. D.

HARVEST HOME

FORGOTTEN here the memory beat
 And the thin time of clocks
 Too fine for our ears.
 This is the sweet mist;
 And there, the hyacinthine sea
 Breaks into ebony slabs,
 As slowly, emerging out of absence,
 The six straw-laden ships,
 Magnificent, tempt the Thunder-God.

S. C. D.

IMPRESSIONS OF GREECE

SUMMER 1951

THREE of us decided to go out to the British School at Athens during the Long Vacation. Our objects were slightly different, two being "classics", with a particular interest in ancient history; one, a student of English, who, having studied Greek drama for Part II of the tripos, felt a desire to visit the theatre sites. However, all were endeavouring to "return to the fountains" of our culture, to visit the land where the "mind of Europe" (the phrase is Mr Eliot's) put forth its first and freshest flowers.

Some of our time was spent in Athens, the rest we used in a journey round the Peloponnese, and in visiting places of interest, like Delphi, within easy reach of Athens. The impressions which we offer are of course personal, but not, we hope, totally unrepresentative of those who make this journey for the first time.

The most lasting memory is that of the Acropolis, seen in the evening light from the Hill of the Muses. The wonderful elegance and symmetry of the buildings provide a touchstone for real classic beauty, quite unsurpassed, even in Greece. Peculiarly delightful was the colour change as the sun slipped—quite quickly it seemed—behind the mountains, and the dusk gradually deepened. The Parthenon changed from a rich yellow to strawberry, and then to a light green, as the sky slowly darkened, and Mount Hymettus became a rich deep purple. In the extreme clarity of the atmosphere, with all the extremities of the buildings and mountains standing out with a "wiry bounding line" reminiscent of some of Blake's paintings, one realized how in this setting there occurred such a remarkable efflorescence of intelligence.

It is noteworthy, that each site visited had a most distinct and individual atmosphere; ranging from the mystical loneliness and rugged grandeur of Delphi, where, during one of the frequent thunderstorms or watching an eagle soaring over the mountains, one caught something of the ancient awesomeness: to the fir woods of Arcadia, still with sheep grazing in the shade, and shepherds piping under the trees. Of great charm is Cape Sunium, its temple with slender glistening white columns, its myrtle bushes, and sparkling sea, across which labours a heavily laden motor caique. Mycenae and Tiryns, with their cyclopean walls, give a sense of citadels belonging almost to pre-history; while Pindar's Odes come newly alive at Olympia, with its soft beauty, and bright green aromatically scented pines. We tested the acoustics of the theatre

at Epidaurus, and found lines recited in the orchestra distinctly audible at the extreme top of the tiers of seats. Of course there are many ruins of theatres to be seen, in varying degrees of preservation—one reflects a little sadly that future archaeologists may judge us by ruins of our super-cinemas. The theatre of Dionysus at Athens, set in the side of the Acropolis, naturally appeals most to the student of the drama, enhanced as it is by an unusually fine “backcloth”—Salamis, the sea, and Mount Hymettus. Here the great tragic contests and the rich comedy of Aristophanes seem not so very far off.

There is so little left at Sparta that one remembers the strictures of Thucydides: “If Sparta were one day to be devastated, and there remained only the sanctuaries, and the foundations of the public buildings, the posterity of a distant future would have difficulty in believing that her power corresponded to her renown.” But the natural beauty of the mountain ranges around Taygetus remains intense.

We did not, however, confine our attention to things classical; the varied remains of Byzantine civilization presented an equally fascinating study. One remembers particularly the village of Mistra, perched on the hillside near Sparta, with its tiny churches, steep tortuous streets, and spacious palace. The mosaics at Daphni, especially the magnificent *Χριστὸς παγκράτωρ* in the dome, show the spirituality and formalized beauty of the finest Byzantine art; while a visit to the monastery of Kaisariani, on the slopes of Hymettus (if one perseveres through the worst slum in modern Athens) provides an interesting example of eighteenth-century painting still in this mode and idiom.

Now at this point the reader may remark (not without a modicum of justice) that we seem three junior Ruskins, who have collected only romantically aesthetic impressions. However, even if we had set out with this somewhat old-fashioned intention, we should have soon been brought face to face with its limitations. For Greece, unlike Italy, is anything but a tourist's country. There, one does not find the ubiquitous C.I.T. with its streamlined buses and uniformed guides. The irregularly timed motor coaches in the Peloponnese bump slowly over narrow rough roads, pitted with potholes and strewn with boulders. On the train from Olympia to Athens there is no provision for meals, and at the stations only a bunch of questionable grapes are on sale. The steamers lack the smooth internal organization of the Channel packet boats, and one doesn't find excursions to the islands. There is a displeasing monotony about Greek cooking, not entirely hidden even by liberal draughts of *retsina* and *ouzo*.

Yet we found everyone eager to help—especially the police—one of whom took us to just the sort of hotel we wanted in Tripolis, and interviewed the staff for us! On occasions we remembered the remark of the Egyptian priest quoted by Plato, “Ye Grecians were ever children”, as when talking English at a street corner provoked twenty listeners within two minutes; or when the production of a street plan caused half a dozen fingers to be thrust over the shoulder pointing out where we were. Readiness at explanation was evinced by a Greek-American at Argos, who, after we had vainly endeavoured to find anyone in the American School at ten in the morning, explained, “I guess they just don't get up so early here as you boys do.” Perhaps the fact that during the sophistication of “our excellent and indispensable eighteenth century”, the country was still under the Turk, and was not liberated until the age of romantic individualism, explains the not always happy naturalness of the inhabitants. However, it would be churlish and unjust to end on this note; the real friendliness and welcome we met with everywhere far outweigh any observations of a critical nature.

Particularly impressive is the activity of the Orthodox Church; large new churches are going up all over the country, while the most popular children's paper (sold by the children themselves) is of a religious character.

It is far from infrequently that we feel a nostalgia for the scented breeze whispering among the bright green pine needles on the hillsides, or for the golden sparkle of a sea of the deepest azure.

J.W.B.

SEA CROSSING

ABOVE the grey waters gulls skim,
 Stiff-winged puritans, spurning
 The soft air, turning
 With firm-feathered thrust,
 Crinkling the slow wind's courses.

The cormorants, curved beak, trim
 Breast, sail planing
 Down, complaining
 With shrill-voiced lust
 Of gaunt grey hungry breakers.

Tourists, pince-nez and thrift-slim,
 Watch the clinging shore
 From the rails, ignore
 The hungry gulls and search
 Manfully for the right emotions.

J. P. S.

SHE

TONED in quiet hope and preparation
 was the room on the evening;
 the mind was easy to the melody
 that through the fire-thrown shadows
 came from the floor above;
 a lamp let fall a cool cone
 of light upon a page of Keats
 that would be the thing
 at such a time.

"Knock" and
 the heart beat with the door,
 and missed a beat and knocked
 again.

"Come in" was said
 in nothingness, stifled at birth.
 And it was heard now and
 would be answered in
 the opening of the door. And some
 inglorious He broke in upon
 the shattering of the dream.

A. M.

BUTTERFLY

I SEE a butterfly
 Fly across a sky
 Of pale blue.
 It is a sky
 To marry with cavorting daffodils.

I see a mower
 Describe a pattern
 Of halcyon,
 Scything the grass
 Which falls as if
 A comforter were cradling it.

I see suddenly
 Through the window
 A sunset.
 Colours blinding in a liquid circle:
 Running red, and a green for peace.

I move away,
 For to remain
 Would seem irreverence.

I. K.

POTS ERRANT

IT must be placed on record that in the course of replanning the College Grounds top-soil from Mr R. J. Green's gravel-pit at Milton has been incorporated in the New Garden now being planted, and that on the site of the orchard opposite the Wilderness Romano-British potsherds have been found during the Long Vacation of 1951 in this imported top-soil. Future archaeologists please note.

J. I'a. B.

"RESURRECTION"

BY W. B. YEATS

"ON NE BADINE PAS AVEC L'AMOUR"

BY ALFRED DE MUSSET

Performed by the Lady Margaret Players in the
Lent Term, 1952

THE Lady Margaret Players have always been limited in their choice of play by the places in which they have had to act. Now they have the Palmerston Room, looking like one of London's intimate club theatres, with a tiny stage, a foot or so above floor level, and the audience unusually close to the actors. They need no longer search desperately for worth-while religious plays to perform in the Chapel, nor expose their summer audiences to the May Week rain. However, even the Palmerston Room imposes its restrictions, and not every play will stand up to the intimacy which must exist between audience and actors in this confined space. Musset's *On ne badine pas avec l'amour* was an ideal choice for these surroundings. All the characters soliloquize from time to time, bringing the audience into their confidence and making them a part of the action. The play, too, is written like a charade, with clear-cut secondary characters and short scenes of dialogue, which well fitted the family atmosphere of a college production.

The great difficulty in a production of this play is its mixture of Comedy and Tragedy. It can be solved in a number of ways. One of these is to play up both equally and to attempt to fuse the two worlds of Perdican and the Baron—an attempt which is almost bound to fail, even in the professional hands of the Comédie Française. Another way is to separate them quite clearly by making the comics complete caricatures, and playing the romance with full sincerity as high tragedy. This was presumably what the producer, Joseph Bain, attempted in this production. It was produced rather like a Restoration Comedy. The costumes and the performances were English eighteenth century rather than French Romantic. This worked excellently for the comic scenes, for the Baron and the clerics are rich caricatures in the style of Vanbrugh and Wycherly. The costume, however, was positively wrong for the romantic scenes between Perdican and Camille. Perdican is the mouthpiece of

Musset in his romantic condemnation of book learning, his attraction towards the country girl Rosette, and his attack on the clergy. If the contrast between Perdican and the Baron, which is also the contrast between Comedy and Tragedy, is to be complete, Perdican must be dressed as a romantic, and must act with more sincerity and passion. As it was, Perdican's costume identified him with the Restoration world of the others, and made his affair with Rosette appear not as a search for simple love, but as a callous bit of wenching.

The lovers suffered too from the staging. The play is divided into hundreds of little scenes, some only a few lines in length, alternating between the Baron's château and his estate. The movement is cumulative; scene piles upon scene, the pace grows steadily faster, the dialogue more naturalistic, until the climax, with its discovery and reversal of fortune, in the final scene in the chapel. Everything points to Camille's declaration of love and her announcement of the death of Rosette.

The producer tried very hard to keep up the pace, while introducing a change of setting for each scene; but sheer technical difficulties overcame him. The changes of scene were swift, but not swift enough. Every second wasted between scenes detracted from the effect of the climax, and the climax, when it came, was not a tragic discovery but a rather awkward dismissal of what had gone before. This is a difficult problem of staging, which could, I think, only have been solved with a permanent set for the entire action.

The play, therefore, appeared mainly as a comedy, and as such was thoroughly enjoyable. Brian Cannon, John Sullivan and Iain McGlashan all acted with relish and enthusiasm, and the comic chorus of peasants won the sympathy of the audience from the rise of the curtain. Michael Cooper and Judith Isles, as Perdican and Camille, did not attempt to rise to the tragic heights of their two great scenes, but suggested that the lovers, like the other characters, should not be taken too seriously. This was a delightful entertainment, and was certainly one of the best offerings of the Lady Margaret Players so far.

It was preceded by a performance of Yeats's *Resurrection*, an interesting, though not very rewarding experiment. On reading this play one wonders whether in fact it should be staged at all. Personally, after this production, despite a performance of great dignity by Christopher Stephens, I feel it should not. On paper the play is an interesting record of Yeats's ideas and intellectual development, but on the stage its close-packed imagery and philosophical content are too much for an audience to digest immediately. In this it fails in the same way that Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners* fails, but, unlike Fry's play, its depth increases on examination. The play fails dramatically, but we should at least be grateful to the Lady Margaret Players for proving this beyond dispute.

J. S. W.

"EPICENE"

BY BEN JONSON

Performed by the Lady Margaret Players in
May Week 1952

DRYDEN, in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, makes Neander, the character in that dialogue which voices his own views, say:

I will take the pattern of a perfect play from Ben Jonson, who was a careful and learned observer of the dramattick laws, and from all his comedies I shall select *The Silent Woman*; of which I will make a short examen, according to those rules which the French observe.

The examen which he offers, with its mechanical and external application of the Unities, has become outmoded; it is hardly a piece of criticism which the modern reader will find brings fresh light to the play, or which stimulates his own appreciation. Also, the more discerning of the modern critics have seen the centre of Jonson's achievement, not in the early prose plays, but in the mature verse comedies, *Volpone* and *The Alchemist*, where the gaudy swelling inflation of the verse contains within itself the explosive deflation of the underlying greed and lust, later wrought externally by the plot. However, the delightfully polished and invigoratingly lively performance of *Epicene* which the Lady Margaret Players gave in the Fellows' Garden, as their May Week production, showed that this neglected play can still provide refreshing, and at times uproarious entertainment. The producer, Christopher Stephens, is to be complimented, not merely for the technical finish of the performance, but more especially for its unforced vivacity and essential faithfulness to the spirit of the dramatist.

The choice of modern dress was most felicitous, bringing out the lastingly human and typical rather than the ephemeral qualities of Jonson's art. Of course, as Mr Eliot points out, Jonson's art is "two-dimensional", in contradistinction to the "three-dimensional" art of Shakespeare, but the fact that his characters are felt not as rounded individuals, but rather as flattened and somewhat distorted types, lends itself perfectly to slightly exaggerated "typical" dressing.

The three young gallants were pleasantly differentiated by dress: the dashing Truewit (Frederic Raphael) with flat cap and brilliant carnation in buttonhole, the gay Ned Clerimont, (Robert Busvine)

with check waistcoat, and the disingenuous Sir Dauphine Eugenie (Christopher Penn) with Lady Margaret blazer, flannels, and brown and white shoes. These "coney catching" rascals gave a spirited and interesting performance, Frederic Raphael in particular carrying forward the plots and counter-plots with extraordinary verve, ease and sophistication. His entrance on a bicycle, sounding the horn with mad abandonment, for the particular annoyance of Morose (Brian Cannon), was a piece of peculiarly happy "business". Christopher Penn was delightfully naive when receiving the adulation of the Ladies Collegiate, while Robert Busvine, as ever, brought spontaneous merriment and youthful high spirits to his sympathetic part.

In this play, as always in Jonson, there is a gallery of grotesques, of gulls like the foolish knights, Sir Amorous La-Foole (Iain McGlashan) and Sir John Daw (Joseph Bain); together with eccentrics like Morose, whose "humour" is that he can stand no noise, and Captain Otter (Patrick Cullen) with his obsessed attachment to his drinking-cups—his "bull", his "bear", and his "horse". All these characters brought distinction to their parts; Brian Cannon was convincingly baited and exasperated throughout, except when he took revenge (a magnificent *coup de théâtre* this), on his tormentors, and drove them out by firing pistols over their heads. Iain McGlashan's Sir Amorous was a piece of fine character-acting. His costume, morning suit with ludicrously short trousers, and white top hat, was perfect; while his use of gesture was singularly apt. His big moment was when he appeared in the white *regalia* of a chef, and split a bread board with fantastic aplomb. From Joseph Bain one expected, and received, a notable performance. His costume was perhaps a little disappointing, but his acting—whether he was reading his ridiculous verses, or regurgitating his ill-digested scraps of learning, or boasting of his prowess with the ladies, or being terrified at the prospect of a beating from Sir Amorous—was polished and inimitably grotesque. The confrontation of these two gulls, each paying the other the fantastic compliments proceeding from extreme relief, was a memorable effort.

However, the crowning performance of this quartette was given by Patrick Cullen as Captain Otter. He had only two strings upon which to play—his servile subjection to his "Princess", metamorphosed when drunk into scurrilous railing, and his devotion to his cups: but upon these strings he gave the performance of a virtuoso. "The world of Jonson," says Mr Eliot, "is a sombre one." Certainly in his work the real world is seen as a caricature of itself, through a distorting and somewhat darkened glass. This was the effect rendered so powerfully by Pat Cullen. His costume was superb in its

frowsy disorder—no tie, but a prominent gleaming stud, the trousers gaping slightly at the top over a protuberant paunch. His limp was an unusually happy thought, while his elaborate gesturing and delightfully modulated elocution were masterly. The scene where he drinks with Sir Amorous and Sir John was the most uproarious of the play; his glowing satisfaction in drinking from his "bull" had in it a breath of inspiration.

It is a commonplace that Jonson did not depict the more romantic varieties of love; as Dryden puts it:

You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to raise the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height.

Consequently his female characters are usually more satiric than sympathetic. Epicene herself (Brenda Henry) gave a pleasing performance, being most lively when rating her husband Morose. Of the Ladies Collegiate, one remembers particularly Jane Llewellyn's Mrs Otter: she rendered the racy vulgarity of her part with great verve. Her costume was appropriately in exquisitely bad taste, while her nagging of the Captain was frighteningly convincing. The other ladies—Lady Haughty (June Blott), Lady Centaure (Jill Kelly) and the attractively sensual Dol Mavis (Joan Rowlands) were amusingly faithful to Jonson's intentions.

Of the minor characters, Andrew Le Maitre's Cutbeard had cockney vigour and sprightliness, and Don Bray's Mute the requisite clownishness. Derek Baty's Servant was dignified, David Ridley's Hedge Parson sufficiently ridiculous, and degraded.

David Waddell's music was delightful, his racy arrangements of some of the naughtier popular songs were appropriate, and were charmingly rendered by the orchestra under David Gwilt. Jolyon Kay's pleasantly stylized blue and red setting was very much in keeping, and provided a suitably attractive background. J. W. B.



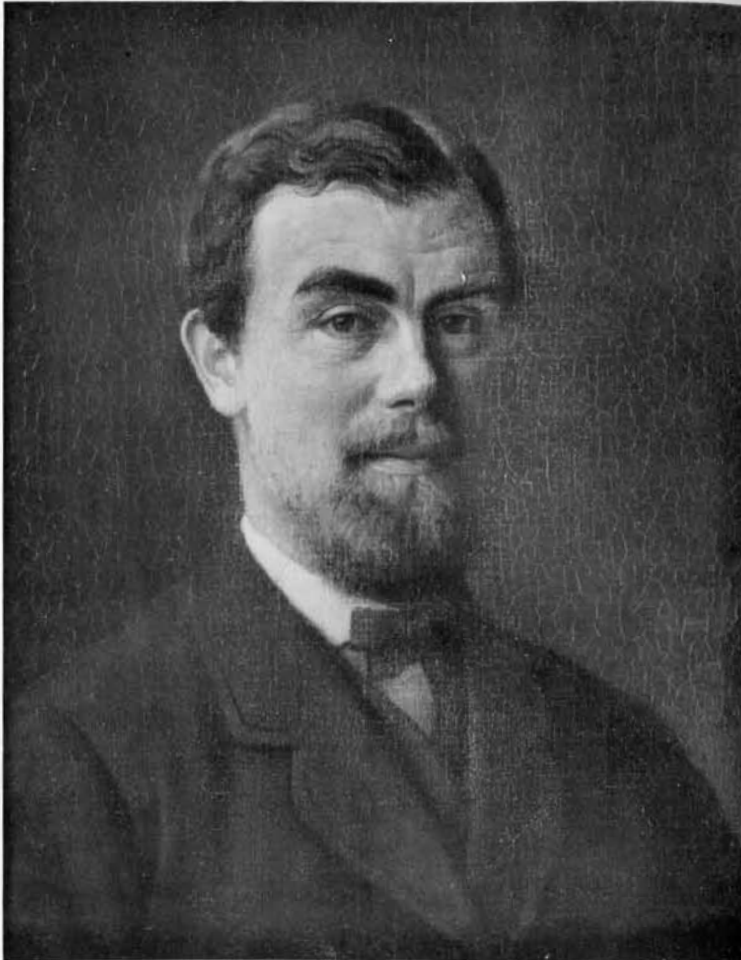
SAMUEL BUTLER

FIFTY years ago there appeared the first edition of a work by a celebrated Johnian: *The Way of All Flesh*, by Samuel Butler. Butler came up to St John's from Shrewsbury School in 1854. He read classics, dabbled in music, and coxed the Lady Margaret First Boat. He took a First in the Classical Tripos, and was a good amateur composer, but was apparently not so successful as a cox, for in the Lent races of 1857 he narrowly missed steering the boat into the river bank.

"The scene is one which can never fade from my remembrance", he wrote to his mother, "and will be connected always with the gentlemanly conduct of the crew, in neither using opprobrious language nor gestures towards your unfortunate son, but treating him with the most graceful forbearance."

The Eagle was founded while Butler was at St John's, and in its first issue he saw his first published work, an essay *On English Composition*. For the fifth number of the magazine he wrote an account of a long vacation tour of France and Italy, showing that a three weeks' holiday abroad could be managed satisfactorily on the prophetic sum of twenty-five pounds. The article ends with a description of the view from his rooms on D staircase, New Court:

Next day came safely home to dear old St John's, cash in hand 7d. From my window in the cool of the summer twilight I look on the umbrageous chestnuts that droop into the river; Trinity library rears its stately proportions on the left; opposite is the bridge; over that, on the right, the thick dark foliage is blackening almost in sombreness as the night draws on. Immediately beneath are the arched cloisters resounding with the solitary footfall of meditative students and



SELF-PORTRAIT BY SAMUEL BUTLER, 1878

suggesting grateful retirement. I say to myself then, as I sit in my open window, that for a continuance I would rather have this scene than any scene I have visited during the whole of our most enjoyed tour, and fetch down a Thucydides for I must go to Shilleto at nine o'clock tomorrow.

Butler went down in 1859, and left in the same year to become a sheep-farmer in New Zealand.

Long after his return from New Zealand, when he began his long residence in London, at Clifford's Inn, he met the kind, witty, strong-minded blue-stocking, Miss Eliza Mary Ann Savage, of whom he wrote

For she was plain and lame and fat and short,
Forty and over-kind. Hence it befell
That though I loved her in a certain sort,
Yet did I love too wisely, but not well.

Butler valued highly the companionship and literary judgment of Miss Savage—she was, in fact, the only woman he ever tolerated. And when he began to write *The Way of All Flesh*, he sent along sections of the manuscript for her criticism and approval. The progress of the novel may be traced in their correspondence, from August 1873, when he sent her the first fifteen pages, until the day she received the complete manuscript ten years later. Butler began to revise the book shortly afterwards, but Miss Savage died in 1885, and the manuscript remained untouched from that time until Butler's death. It was published posthumously a year later.

The Way of All Flesh is Butler's best novel, and the key to his whole work. Any discussion of Butler's work must centre upon his character, which was moulded for life by the experiences of his childhood. *The Way of All Flesh* is a strongly biased account of this childhood—a miserable time spent in a Nottinghamshire vicarage, under the tyranny of an austere, sadistic father, against whose authority Butler gradually gained strength to rebel. In all his writings he attacks authority, whether it is Christian morality, Darwinian evolution, or the English criminal laws. His childhood had put him in the habit of rebellion. Few people will be convinced now by his revolutionary theories supporting Lamarck against Darwin, exalting Handel and condemning Beethoven, or proving that the *Odyssey* was written by a female in Sicily. But his account of his own life, out of which the revolutionary spirit sprang, continues to find a wide reading public.

Butler's readers are, however, not as numerous as he hoped. His works were not especially popular during his life, but he always comforted himself with the thought of posthumous fame. One of

his characters escaped from the land of Erewhon in a balloon, and on returning some years later found that he was being worshipped as a sun-god. Butler half-hoped that if he returned after death, he might discover a similar situation. He has not been canonized, but his relics are being kept safely in a cupboard of the College library, ready for the event. In the College are kept the drab remains of his sparsely furnished rooms at Clifford's Inn, among which are his paintings (including the self-portrait reproduced here), a tiny bust of Handel, and a kettle-holder, knitted for him by the indefatigable Miss Savage.

J.S.W.

SIR JOHN CHEKE AND THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE

IT is very generally agreed that the College passed through one of its most distinguished periods in the later years of the reign of Henry VIII. This is the golden age to which Roger Ascham looked back with so much admiration in a passage of *The Scholemaster* which ought to be, and no doubt is, well known to every member of the College. We had then, he says, "soch a companie of fellowes and scholers in *S. Iohnes* Colledge, as can scarce be found now in some whole vniuersitie: which, either for diuinitie, on the one side or the other, or for Ciuill service to their Prince and contrie, haue bene, and are yet to this day, notable ornaments to this whole Realme." And it is quite clear, both from Ascham's writings and from those of other Cambridge men, such as Haddon of King's and Smith of Queens', that the outstanding intellectual influence, the "seminal" mind of this great period of the history of the College was Sir John Cheke. What is less clear to us now is the reason for Cheke's great influence. It is clear enough from the details of his career that he combined academic and practical abilities of a high order: the former was needed to make him the first Regius Professor of Greek in the University, the latter to secure his selection as tutor to Prince Edward, later Edward VI. It is clear too that he stood for something definite in that troubled age, that he was no sitter on fences. He used his influence at the court energetically on the side of the Reformation, and after the death of his old pupil, Edward VI, he had the resolution to become one of the few distinguished supporters of Lady Jane Grey, and served as the Secretary of her Council until the very last day of her reign. A man of ability and distinction, certainly, but there is hardly enough here to explain why, nearly a century later, he should have been regarded by Milton not merely as a great man, but as the typical, the representative man of his age, at any rate in the sphere of learning:

Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward Greek.

The modern reader finds this a lame ending, the more so because it was Milton's habit to lead his sonnets up to powerful conclusions; but to Milton, the evocation of Cheke was itself a powerful conclusion. His name still had authority and resonance.

Yet the explanation of this authority is hardly to be found in the

SIR JOHN CHEKE A

details of his public career, still less in his published works, which are few and not in themselves obviously remarkable: there is no work of his that is commonly read to-day, even by students of the period. We have to look elsewhere for the secret of his great reputation; we have to see both the man and his ideas set more closely against the background of his time and place.

Cheke left so deep and clear a mark on his own age mainly in two ways. First, as a teacher at Cambridge in his twenties he wielded an almost magical power over his contemporaries and pupils; second, when he went to Court, he used his influence there to place these contemporaries and pupils in positions from which they, in their turn, could develop and apply the ideas of their teacher. Compared with his influence on other minds, the whole body of his writings is of small importance; he is one of those men whose greatness is the harder to recapture now because he taught more than he wrote, and left behind him men rather than books. It is, however, one of the natural compensations of life that such men produce pupils who are both willing and able to pay tribute to their masters, and hand down to posterity materials from which it is not hard to reconstruct their teaching. It must be remembered too that in the sixteenth century, the age of undergraduates was much lower than it is now; a powerful teacher would impress them more deeply and more irrevocably because they were so much at his mercy, for good or ill. This impression, moreover, could only be made on young minds by a man of few and simple ideas, very clearly and very often repeated. And Cheke was just such a man. He had none of the wide-ranging curiosity and variegated speculation of a Coleridge: fortunately, for Coleridge would have been able to give very little to the Cambridge of the sixteenth century. The main conceptions that concerned Cheke were few, simple, and closely knit together into an outlook, which could be, and was, effectively transmitted to his young pupils.

Among them, the ablest writer, and most faithful portrayer of his master, was Roger Ascham. In *The Scholemaster*, Ascham gives what seems to be a careful, almost verbatim, account of one of Cheke's College lectures, from which we can gather more clearly than from any of Cheke's own writings his leading ideas:

My dearest frend, and best master that euer I had or heard in learning, Syr *I. Cheke*, soch a man, as if I should liue to see England breed the like againe, I feare, I should liue ouer long, did once giue me a lesson for *Salust*, which, as I shall neuer forget my selfe, so is it worthy to be remembred of all those, that would cum to perfite iudgement of the Latin tong. He said, that *Salust* was not verie fitte for yong men, to learne out of him, the puritie of the Latin tong: because, he was not the purest in proprietic of wordes, nor choisest

in aptnes of phrases, nor the best in framing of sentences: and therefore is his writing, sayd he neyther plaine for the matter, nor sensible for mens understanding. And what is the cause thereof, Syr, quoth I. Verilie said he, bicause in *Salust* writing is more Arte than nature, and more labor than Arte: and in his labor also, to moch toyle, as it were, with an vncontented care to write better than he could, a fault common to very many men. And therefore he doth not expresse the matter liuely and naturally with common speach as ye see *Xenophon* doth in Greeke, but it is caried and driuen forth artificiallie, after to learned a sorte, as *Thucydides*, doth in his orations. And how cummeth it to passe, sayd I, that *Caesar* and *Ciceroes* talke, is so naturall and plaine, and *Salust* writing so artificiall and darke, whan all they three liued in one tyme? I will freelie tell you my fansie herein, said he: surely, *Caesar* and *Cicero*, beside a singular prerogatiue of naturall eloquence geuen vnto them by God, both two, by vse of life, were daylie orators emonges the common people, and greatest counsellors in the Senate house: and therefore gaue themselues to vse soch speach, as the meaneest should wel vnderstand, and the wisest best allow: following carefullie that good counsell of *Aristotle*, *loquendum ut multi, sapiendum ut pauci*. *Salust* was no socy man. . . *Caesar* being dictator, made him Pretor in Numidia where he absent from his contrie, and not inured with the common talke of Rome, but shut vp in his studie, and bent wholly to reading, did write the storie of the Romanes.*

So deeply was this lesson fixed in Ascham's mind, that he was careful to repeat the substance of it in his *Toxophilus* before he gave this fuller account of it:

He that wyll wryte well in any tongue, muste folowe thys counsel of Aristotle, to speake as the common people do, to thinke as wise men do; and so shoulde every man vnderstande hym, and the iudgement of wyse men alowe him. Many English writers haue not done so, but vsing straunge wordes as latin, french and Italian, do make all thynges darke and harde.†

And not only in Ascham's mind had Cheke left this doctrine; it is found also, and again twice over, in the writings of another of his disciples, Sir Thomas Wilson, writer of our first *Arte of Rhetorique*. Here is the first version of it:

Emong al other lessons this should first be learned, that we neuer affect any straunge ynkehorne termes, but so speake as is commonly receiued: neither sekyng to be ouer fine, nor yet liuyng ouer carelesse, vsyng our speache as most men do, & ordryng our wittes, as the fewest haue doen.‡

* Arber's *English Reprints*, London, 1870, pp. 154-5.

† Arber's *English Reprints*, London, 1868, p. 18.

‡ The passage is on p. 162 of Mair's edition, Oxford, 1909.

The second is in a letter written in 1579 to another of Cheke's old pupils, Sir William Cecil. This letter was prefaced to a translation of Demosthenes, and Wilson took the occasion to praise Cheke, and recall his liking for this author:

Moreouer he was moued greatly to like Demosthenes aboue all others, for that he sawe him so familiarly applying himselfe to the sense and vnderstanding of the common people, that he sticked not to say, that none euer was more fitte to make an English man tell his tale praise worthily in an open hearing, either in Parliament, or in pulpit, or otherwise, than this onely Orator was.*

Certainly Cheke had driven his point home; and many times must he have repeated it, to many pupils, many friends, varying sometimes the illustrations and examples, but never the main point that wisdom and knowledge however rarefied should never express themselves remotely, should as a matter of duty, as well as of style, place themselves at the disposal of the common people, by taking on a form that lay within the common understanding.

But it would be a great mistake to look upon these repetitions merely as the result of Cheke's insistence upon them, of his force of personality, and of the loyalty of his pupils and friends. None of these things would have sufficed to place Cheke's point where it stood, at the very heart of contemporary controversies about the use of language. For this, it was necessary that he should in fact have put his finger firmly and exactly on a main problem of his time, and offered a solution of it. To see the real magnitude of his work, it is needful to look for a moment at this problem, and to consider his solution.

The great linguistic problem of the sixteenth century was new not in its nature, but only in its acuteness. It had been inherited, indeed, from the time when the Norman Conquest suspended the existence of English as a national language, and left it untended, untaught, and almost unwritten to the common people, while the serious business of government, religion, thought and literature was carried on in French and Latin. During this period of rustication, English gained its great simplification of grammar; but at the same time it suffered an arrest, even a retrogression of vocabulary. The words which might have dealt with government, religion, thought and literature were not added to it, or even kept in usage, and when, in the later part of the fourteenth century, the language again became a full mother-tongue, expected to cope with the whole range of human thoughts and feelings, this impoverishment of vocabulary became painfully clear, and a remedy for it was urgently needed. Two methods of enriching

* *Olynthiacs of Demosthenes*, London, 1570.

it were brought into wide use. First, there was straightforward borrowing from those fuller tongues which possessed the terms needed, chiefly French and Latin. Second, there was the modification of existing English words, either by expansion of meaning or new combinations, or any of the other ways in which a language can adapt itself to new needs, from its native resources.

The sixteenth century took over this problem still unsolved, indeed further from solution than ever because social and religious changes were combining to widen more rapidly than ever before the potential uses of English. The social changes were those that lay behind the invention of printing; the religious were those we may compendiously call the Reformation. Both tended in the same direction, to create a further and more rapid increase in the number of people who wished to read books, and who considered themselves entitled to understand and discuss whatever was written in English, whether or not they had received a clerkly education in Latin. For this new and wider reading public, it mattered a great deal what kind of English was to be used in the printed book. If it was to be an English full of borrowed terms, redolent of the learned languages, it would be of little more use to them than a book written in French or Latin. If, on the other hand, it was to be an English which represented the terms of theology and political thought common in Latin by means of adaptations of a purely English vocabulary, they would be able to hold their own. The problem was, in fact, to decide whether learned English should so far borrow from the older learned languages that it would effectively carry on the monopoly of culture which had hitherto been vested in Latin, or whether it should become a language open to anyone with the use of his native wits and his mother tongue.

This was the problem on which Cheke had put his finger so effectively, and to which he so emphatically gave the democratic, the Reformer's solution. The case he made out for it was all the more impressive because it came from one who was himself so incontestably learned in the ancient tongues, and because it was based upon the use of these tongues in their days of glory. His criticism of Sallust, for example, really implies something of this kind, in sixteenth-century terms: "this man wrote bad Latin, because it was recondite, studious, remote from the common people; good Latin was the language of men who wished to make themselves understood by the ordinary Roman. In the same way, bad English will be recondite, studious, clerkly, removed from the common people by its wealth of borrowed terms; and good English will be the language of men who genuinely desire to share their thoughts with the ordinary Englishman." Sir Thomas Wilson put exactly the same view, in simpler terms, when he said:

either we must make a difference of Englishe, and saie some is learned Englishe, and other some is rude Englishe, or the one is courte talke, the other is countrey speache, or els we must of necessitee, banishe al suche affected Rhetorique, and vse al-together one manor of language.*

It is, then, Cheke's great and incontestable achievement that he lent the whole weight of his immense influence and authority at this critical moment to English as a language fit to stand on its own feet, fit to be used, as he said, "cleane and pure, vnmixt and vnmangeled with borrowing of other tungen."† From him springs that attitude which runs through the minds of all who spoke of "inkhorn terms", and to him we owe it in no small measure that English did not indulge in such an orgy of borrowing that it would now be little more than a bastard Romance language.

But he himself planned to achieve even more, or to secure this in fuller measure. And he saw very clearly, as an earnest Reformer and a practised politician, that the future of English, and indeed of England as he saw it, would necessarily depend on the kind of language used in the printed translation of the Bible. Here, more acutely than anywhere else, would be fought the battle between those who wished to preserve in new forms the old clerkly monopoly of learning, and those, like himself, who wished to throw learning as well as salvation open to the people. Among the papers in Archbishop Parker's Library at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is a translation of St Matthew and part of St Mark. It is clearly unfinished, even as it stands; but it is, even in this form, a remarkable sketch of what the English Bible might have been, had events turned out differently.

This manuscript was published in 1843 by James Goodwin, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, together with an introduction which, if not fully recognizing the broader issues involved, at least examined carefully Cheke's actual practice as a translator, and left to succeeding scholars a clear account of his innovations in English. The table on p. 114, showing how he kept his version free from borrowed words, is still the best of its kind.‡

It is perhaps unnecessary to point out (though very disastrous to forget) that we are liable to find Cheke's terms both strange and unnecessary, because we are quite familiar with the borrowed words,

* On p. 164 of Mair's edition.

† *A Letter of Syr J. Cheekes To his loving friend Mayster Thomas Hoby*, prefixed to *The Book of The Courtier*, ed. W. Raleigh, 1900, p. 12.

‡ *The Gospel according to Saint Matthew, etc. Translated into English from the Greek, with original notes*, by Sir John Cheke, Knight etc. James Goodwin, B.D., London: William Pickering. J. J. and J. Deighton, Cambridge, 1843, p. 15.

but that the ordinary reader in the sixteenth century would have been in a very different position. Our familiarity with words such as "centurion", "apostle", "parable" and "proselyte" is due entirely to the Authorized Version, and even to-day it may be suspected that the word "publican" gives rise to many curious misunderstandings in the minds of the great majority of those who hear it. The actual course of history has been against him, and has turned into a mere philological curiosity what might have been a profound change in the whole direction of the language.

CHEKE		WICLIF. 1380	TYNDALE. 1534	AUTHORIZED VERSION. 1611
outpeopling,	ch. i. 17	transmygracioun	captivite	caryingaway.
wiseards,	ch. ii. 16	astromyens	wyse men	wise men.
moond,	ch. iv. 24	lunatik	lunatyke	lunaticke.
tollers,	ch. v. 46	pupplians	publicans	publicans.
groundwrought,	ch. vii. 25	foundid	grounded	founded.
hunderder,	ch. viii. 5	centurion	centurion	centurion.
frosent, note,	ch. x	apostlis	apostles	apostles.
biwordes,	ch. xiii. 3	parablis	similitudes	parables.
orders,	ch. xv. 2	tradiciouns	tradicions	tradition.
freshman,	ch. xxiii. 15	prosilite	(circumlocution)	proselyte.
crossed,	ch. xxvii. 22	crucified	crucified	crucified.

The obvious philological curiosity of these terms, moreover, has drawn so much attention to itself that little has been left for the other qualities of this version, perhaps less tangible and demonstrable, but of no less significance. It has, for example, besides these specially striking terms newly coined for particular purposes, a simpler range of more or less common English words, used where other versions, both earlier and later, brought in terms from French or Latin. It has also, as it seems to me, a pervasive directness and simplicity, almost a raciness both of words and of sentence-structure, which makes it more emphatically *vernacular* in tone than either Tyndale or the Authorized Version. These qualities can only be seen in considerable quotations, which I am the more willing to make because Goodwin's edition must now be inaccessible to most students of English. The following passages show Cheke at his most typical, and Tyndale's version is added as a measuring rod:

Cheke

Hord not yourself vp greet hoords on the earth, wheer nother moth nor rust can wast them, and wheer theeves mai dig vnto them and steel them. But hoord yourselves

Tyndale

Gaddre not treasure together on erth, where rust and mothes corrupte, and where theves breakes through and steale; But gaddre ye treasure togedder in heven,

hoords in heaven, wheer nother moth nor rust can wast them, and wheer theves can not dig vnto them nor steel them. For wheer your treasur is theer be your harts. (ch. 6, 19-21.)

Theerfor I sai vnto yow, be not thoughtful for yowr life what ye eat or drink, nor for yowr bodi what ye put on. Is not your life of moor valew then food, and your bodi then clothing. look apon the birds of th' aier. Thei sow not, thei reep not, thei gather not into theer garners, and yowr hevenli father fedeth them. Be not yow much better then thei. Which of yow bi ani thought taking can put an half yard mete to his haight. And whi be ye thoughtful, for clothyng. Learn how the lilies of the feld encrease, thei labor not, thei spin not, and yet I sai vnto yow, that Salomon in al his glori was not clothed lijk on of thees. And if god doth clooth the gras of the ground, that this dai is, and to morow is cast into the furneis, how much moor ye smalfaieth men, wil he cloth yow. Be not thoughtful theerfor, saieng what schal we eat, or what schal we drink, or what schal be clothed withal. For the hethen looketh for thees thinges. But seek first for the kingdom of god, and his rightuousnes, and al thees thinges schal be provided for yow besides. Be not thoughtful theerfor for to morow, for let to morow taak thought for itself. Eueri dai hath inough adoo with her own troble. (ch. 6, 25-34.)

where nether rust nor mothes corrupte, and wher theves nether breake vp, nor yet steale. For whearesoever youre treasure ys, there are youre hertes also.

Therefore I saye vnto you, be not carefull for youre lyfe, what ye shall eate, or what ye shall dryncke; nor yet for youre boddy, what rayment ye shall weare. Ys not the lyfe more worth then meate, and the boddy more off value then rayment? Beholde the foules of the aier, for they sowe not, neder reepe, nor yet cary into the barnes; and yett youre hevenly father fedeth them. Are ye not better then they? Whiche off you though he toke tought therefore coude put one cubit vnto his stature? And why care ye then for rayment? Beholde the lyles off the felde, howe thy growe. They labour not, nether spynn; And yet for all that I saie vnto you, that even Solomon in all his royalte was nott arayed lyke vnto one of these. Wherefore yf God so clothe the grasse, which ys to daye in the felde, and to morowe shalbe cast into the founace, shall he not moche more do the same vnto you, o ye off lytle fayth? Therefore take no thought, saynge, What shall we eate? or, What shall we dryncke? or, Wherewith shall we be clothed? Afre all these thyngesseke thegentylys; for youre hevenly father knoweth that ye have neade off all these thynges. But rather seke ye fyrst the kyngdom of heven and the rightewesnes ther of, and all these thynges shalbe ministred vnto you. Care not therefore for the daye foloynge, for the daye foloynge shall care

Cheke

Then cam zebedais mother and her children vnto him, and sche bowed down herself, and asked a thing of him. What wilt yow said he vnto her. Comand saith sche, that thees mi ij sones mai sit th'oon of thy right hand and th' other of thy left hand in thy kingdom. then answered Jesus ye know not saith he what ie ask. Can ie drink that cup that I schal drink, and be wasched with that wasching that I schal be wasched withal. We can sai thei to him. ye schall then drink mi cup saith he, and be wasched with that wasching wheerwith I am wasched awai, but as for sitting on mi right hand and mi left hand, it is not in mi power to give but vnto them to whom it is prepared for of mi father. And the x. heering yt, and thei weer greved with the ij brothern. And Jesus called them vnto him and said. Ye know that the princes of the hethen do overmaster them, and the greet men do overrule them. It schal not be so amongst iow, but whosoever wil be great amongst iow let him be iour waiter on, and whosoever wil be chief among iow let him be iour servaunt. even as the son of man cam not to be waited on, but to wait on other, and to give his soule for the ransoming of the people. (ch. 20, 20-28.)*

Tyndale

ffor yt selfe; eche dayes trouble yis sufficient for the same silfe day.

Then cam to hym the mother off Zebedes children with her sonnes worshippyng him, and desyringe a certayne thyng off hym. He sayde vnto her, What wylt thou have? Graunte that these my two sonnes maye sitt, one on thy right hond, and the other on thy lifte honde, in thy kyngdom. Jesus answered and sayd, Ye wot not whatt ye axe. Are ye able to drynke off the cuppe that Y shall drynke of, (and to be baptised with the baptim that Y shalbe baptised with?) They answered to him, That we are. He sayd vnto them, Ye shall drynke of my cupe, and shalbe baptysed with the baptim that Y shall be baptysed with; but to syt on my ryght hond and on my lyft hond, is not myne to yeve; but to them for whom it is prepared of my father. And when the ten herde this they desdayned att the two brethren. But Jesus called them vnto hym, and saide, Ye knowe, that the lordes of the gentyls have dominacion over them, and they that are great, exercise power over them. It shall not be so amonge you; but whosoever wyll be greate among you, let hym be youre minister; And whosoever wilbe chefe, let him be youre servaunt. Even as the sonne off man cam not to be ministred vnto, butt to minister, and to geve his lyfe for the redempcion off many.

The comparison can be left largely to speak for itself, but it needs perhaps this reminder: we are so accustomed to the words and rhythms of Tyndale's translation, through the Authorized Version, that a positive effort is needed to give a fair hearing to other words and other rhythms. If this effort is made, however, there can surely be no doubt that Cheke, both in his choice of words and in his phrasing, had achieved in great measure that simplicity, that approximation to the actual speech of the common people, for which his views on the English language led him to seek. To take but one phrase, "Each day hath enough ado with her own trouble" is surely more racy, more genuinely vernacular, than either Tyndale's "eche dayes trouble is sufficient for the same self day", or the Authorized Version's "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof". Had Cheke's theories and example enjoyed a greater influence on later translations of the Bible, we might well have had a version much more genuinely colloquial, less learned in tone; and such a version would have exercised as important an influence on the whole history of the language as our present Version has done, but in a different direction.

The course of events, however, was otherwise. Cheke's translation lay unread and unheeded among the Archbishop's papers, and of all the versions made before that of 1611, it had the least influence on the future. Yet to recall it now is to do something more than to amuse ourselves with an historical curiosity. For it serves to show rather more clearly the actual character of the Authorized Version itself, and of its influence on the use of English. The translators of 1611 well knew what they were about; they were aware of the two extremes of language, one remote from popular usage and full of borrowed terms, the other based on the vernacular, making new compounds where no English words could be found. And in a spirit of compromise which was altogether typical of their Church, they deliberately chose to make their path midway between the extremes. As their Preface put it:

wee haue on the one side auoided the scrupulositie of the Puritanes, who leaue the olde Ecclesiasticall words, and betake them to other, as when they put *washing* for *Baptisme*, and *Congregation* in stead of *Church*: as also on the other side we haue shunned the obscuritie of the Papists, in their *Azimes* *Tunike*, *Rational*, *Holocausts*, *Praepuce*, *Pasche*, and a number of such like, whereof their late Translation is full, and that of purpose to darken the sence, that since they must needs translate the Bible, yet by the language thereof, it may be kept from being vnderstood. But we desire that the Scripture may speake like it selfe, as in the language of *Canaan*, that it may bee vnderstood euen of the very vulgar.*

* I omit references, since the pagination of editions varies so greatly. The passage will be found at the close of the penultimate paragraph.

* In transcribing Cheke I have retained his spellings, but filled out the contractions. I did not wish to make the impression of his version any stranger than was necessary to my present purpose.

Their profession was surely more than their practice here. "Understood of the very vulgar" their Version has never been, for though it indeed avoided such use of the "olde Ecclesiasticall words" as darkened the Rheims New Testament, it kept enough of them to create many difficulties for any reader without a tinge of letters. And this Anglican compromise over the English of the Bible has exercised a formidable influence over the whole subsequent development of the language. The whole weight of its authority, its iterated ring in the ears of Englishmen, has operated in favour of a vocabulary with a considerable borrowed element, and against a pure vernacular such as Cheke desired. The Authorized Version, in fact, is one, and not the least, of the factors which have made English irretrievably a mixed language, with all the special benefits and disadvantages of such a mixture. And it is perhaps the best reason for remembering Cheke's version that it reveals the Authorized Version so clearly in this light.

H. S. D.

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THE FABRIC OF SURGERY

(LINACRE LECTURE, 1952)

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I AM well aware that to be asked to give the Linacre Lecture is a high academic distinction, and I thank you for it.

I have had much difficulty in selecting a topic: in fact, so much that at one time I entertained the idea of constructing a lecture around the mental processes involved in considering, and in turn discarding, a number of possibilities which occurred to me. At the outset I have to confess that I am not in the enviable position of some of my predecessors, who used this opportunity to make epochal pronouncements concerning their own researches. Nevertheless I reflected that I had always been prudent enough to follow the advice of the Duke of Wellington about public speaking: "I never speak about what I know nothing, and I never quote Latin." To maintain this laudable consistency, it seemed inevitable that I should choose a surgical subject on which I could speak with some authority however technical it might be, and indeed such an one was my early choice. And then in the course of my reading I came across a piece of advice by Mr G. M. Young on the conduct of a University. "In every department a lecture should occasionally be given by a student in another department: so that everyone should have some experience in conveying in the language of common discourse ideas which are usually expressed in technical language." I thought this an admirable idea, and resolved to introduce it in my own Department in Edinburgh. Then, almost subconsciously, I began to wonder how a surgical student would set about speaking to a class in another Faculty; I foresaw his difficulties. And finally I began to doubt if even a Professor of Surgery could give such a lecture. I resolved to try on the occasion of the Linacre Lecture, for I had been told that my audience would be a mixed one. Linacre must have had something of this sort in mind when he founded the College of Physicians as a meeting place where men of differing interests could interchange their experiences and their views. This lecture then will be both an attempt to describe to you my own conception of the Fabric of Surgery, and an academic exercise in what the pundits would call cybernetics. After the manner of Joseph Conrad, it will be punctuated

by third-party reflections on my own technique; and I shall double the roles of lecturer and third party.

How should I begin a lecture? Clearly it would be undesirable for me to plunge at once into my topic: I must give my audience an interval in which to compose themselves for attention or inattention and this I conceive that I have already done. Shall I continue in the traditional way by first defining my subject? Or shall I hope that a proper definition will emerge from my lecture? There is so much misconception about the purpose of surgery that I would choose the former opening, and would offer, as my notion of the aim of surgery, "the multiplying of human enjoyments, and the mitigation of human suffering"; in other words, to enable as many people as possible to continue to lead happy and useful lives. You will observe that this definition does not necessarily entail the recounting of recent or dramatic advances in surgical technique, for I must neither puzzle nor dazzle. My audience must realize from the beginning that the greater part of a surgeon's work has to do with common affections, and that much of his time and much of his thought are devoted to the designing of small improvements in the care of these, improvements which will add factors of safety to undertakings already without great hazard. To consolidate these improvements the active co-operation of the patient, of his family and of his friends is often indispensable. Thus my lecture must be more than merely informative: it must indicate the need for willingness to give this co-operation as a result of an intelligent appreciation of the surgeon's problems. It follows that my lay audience must understand what modern surgery does, and even more importantly how it came about that surgery can do what it does.

That settles the background for the lecture: obviously it must be an historical one. This in turn involves the immediate settling of another problem: shall I include eponyms? As I construct the lecture in my mind, I foresee that it will inevitably have defects which should be avoided in spoken communication: that it will contain too much and too varied information. In my teaching experience the constant addition of names accentuates these defects and so, with few exceptions, I shall deal with facts and not with persons. Moreover time is limited, and the history of surgery is long. There must be a point of departure.

I think that I should begin the study of the fabric of surgery at the time of John Hunter, who flourished about 1760. He was—as you may have anticipated—a Scotsman, although early in his life he prudently migrated to London, where he made his home and his reputation. His position as the "point of departure" he owes to the general agreement of surgeons that he was the father of scientific

surgery. This sweeping claim in human genetics is well based. Three ancillary sciences are generally regarded as providing the basis of surgery: anatomy, the science of structure; physiology, the science

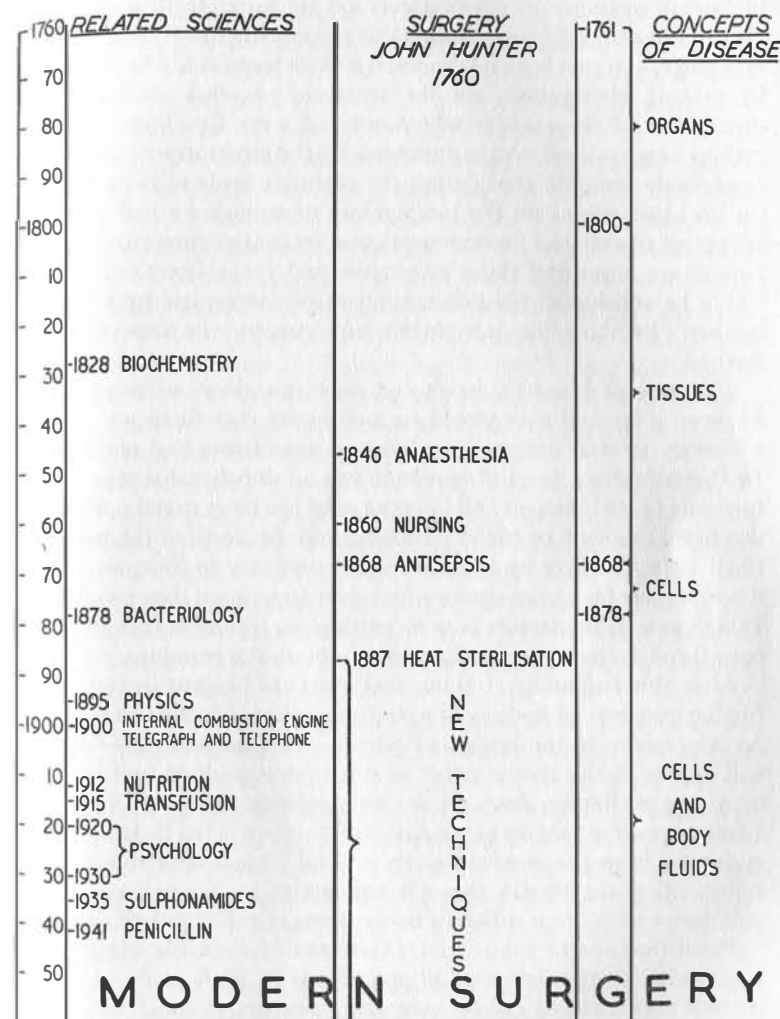


Fig. 1. A calendar of surgery.

of function, and pathology, the science of disease. In Hunter's time only one of these was relatively complete. This was anatomy, almost the whole content of which had been published in 1543 by Vesalius, when he was only twenty-eight years old. (Not only written, but

written so completely that his *Fabrica* cost him his Chair and his security; in these days the theologians did not care for a layman to be too right.) How then did John Hunter use the proverbial dullness of human anatomy to start surgery on its progress to a science? He did this through his realization that surgery was merely one branch of biology, and that both its exactness and its scope could be widened by making observations on the structure of other animals—his dissections of these ultimately numbered over five hundred; by making observations on the functions of the structures he isolated, remarkably accurate considering the scientific tools at his disposal (in his observations on the temperature of animals he had not the advantage of a clinical thermometer), and by constructing stimulating hypotheses regarding those structures and those functions about which he considered his information to be incomplete or possibly inexact. In short, he introduced into surgery the experimental method.

The date of Hunter's heyday at once introduces a temptation: for even a lay audience would be well aware that there was about a century to wait before the advent of anaesthesia and antisepsis. In Hunter's day a surgical operation was an unbelievable tax on the fortitude of both patient and operator, and the most trivial operation was often followed by blood poisoning and the death of the patient. Shall I try for effect by introducing my audience to illustrations or descriptions of the grim scenes which every operation then provided? I think not. If my lecture is to be persuasive, it must secure its purpose through the understanding, not through the emotions.

After this beginning, I think that it would be best to trace the further progress of surgery as a continuous one, now fast, now slow. As is common in the history of science, the considerable advances will appear as the results either of one man's intuition and labour, or of a contribution from an ancillary science. It would be best, I feel, to portray surgery as a main stream, which is fed by tributaries springing from the ancillary sciences: and I shall have to add—as representing the terrain through which this main stream and its tributaries flow—four different conceptions of the nature of disease.

From the time of John Hunter until the first notable advance in surgery itself—the discovery of anaesthesia in 1846—only two important events would call for comment. The first is concerned with a considerable change in the conception of the nature of disease. Macroscopical pathology—the first concept of disease processes—had been set out in book form about Hunter's time, in admirably accurate descriptions of the changed appearance wrought by various diseases in the organs of the body. The microscope was not yet the constant and indispensable tool of the pathologist; the most highly

thought of method of investigating structure was the delineation of the blood vessels of a part by the injection of some resistant coloured material, and the subsequent removal of the tissues surrounding them. This method emphasized unduly the importance of blood vessels, and the other tissues in an organ were often ignored. Their importance was realized with the increasing use of the microscope, and in 1800 it began to be understood that in any given organ or structure one kind of tissue alone might be involved in a process of disease. This second concept of disease processes was highly important, for it marked the beginning of the idea of conservative surgery—the removal of only diseased tissues. It retains some of its significance to the present day, because although in 1800 the possibility was not known, the concept was to provide the structural basis for the present selective therapeutic use of certain drugs; for example, the giving of the recently discovered drug cortisone, to affect certain particular kinds of tissue. I think that I should have some doubt about my ability to explain this concept to my lay audience: but on balance I should hope to make clear to at least a proportion of them the great significance of this change in outlook.

The second event happened in the year 1828, when the substance urea was manufactured in a laboratory. Urea is a compound found in the living body: and although it was to be many years before medical men appreciated the whole significance of urea in both physiological and pathological processes, this was the first hint of the future usefulness of that linkage between organic chemistry and the study of organic compounds in the living body to which the name biochemistry is properly applied.

With these two exceptions, surgical science made no spectacular advance for nearly ninety years after Hunter's heyday. There were few—too few—who adopted or inherited Hunter's outlook, and the great bulk of surgery was undertaken by anatomical surgeons, whose greatest asset in their profession was speed in operating, whose difficulties were measured in terms both of the suffering of any patient submitted to operative treatment and of the appalling death rate from the blood poisoning which might follow the most trivial operations.

Then in 1846 there came anaesthesia: first with ether in the United States, then with chloroform in Edinburgh, then with a throw-back to nitrous oxide in London. But the names of the places and even of the anaesthetic agents themselves do not matter so much. For here again I would be in a dilemma. Should I proclaim anaesthesia because it eliminated human suffering? Or should I examine the results of its introduction on a wider basis? I think, on the whole, the wider basis.

It would, of course, be attractive to emphasize the relief of suffering which these various drugs brought to the patient: a one-sided view, for the relief to the feelings of most surgeons was certainly as great. It would be pleasantly malicious to record the objections to anaesthesia, particularly in childbirth, which thundered from certain pulpits. If I am to avoid these attractive if meretricious approaches, I must examine the advent of anaesthesia in the light of its impact on the whole practice of surgery. The real blessings conferred by anaesthesia were in number two. The first was that, instead of an operation being an experience limited in time by the fortitude of both patient and surgeon, it became an experience in which rapidity of completion was no longer *the* essential. There was now time for the accurate observation of the effects of disease in the living subject, for the display of diseased parts by unhurried dissection, and if practicable for their anatomical isolation and removal. This was a revolutionary step, because it narrowed the gap between that conception of disease processes which had hitherto been the prerogative of the pathologist in the post-mortem room, and the conception of the surgeon in the operating room. After 1846 speed was no longer of necessity the stamp of the accomplished surgeon.

The second blessing, and one which is still accruing, was that with anaesthesia there came the possibility of exposing and observing during life parts of the human body which had hitherto been denied to the surgeon. It is vital that my audience should not regard this as a merely technical advance. Its supreme importance was that, for the first time, the surgeon was enabled to be the creditor, and not the debtor, of physiology and pathology. He was able to disclose, at varying stages before they might prove fatal, processes of disease which might interfere with the functioning (or physiology) of the human body: a step at first limited in its scope by the high death rate from infection which attended these bold adventures. Bold, but not rash, for this was the beginning of the science—so termed by Moynihan—of “hominal physiology”: or better perhaps, though a contradiction in terminology, of “pathological physiology”. These contributions by surgeons were to be of increasing importance as surgery became safer.

At this stage of my lecture I think that it would be convenient, if somewhat untidy, to try to complete the story of anaesthesia, because all the subsequent advances have been those of techniques. In 1896 local anaesthesia was introduced, a procedure by which parts could be made anaesthetic by the local injection of drugs: a not wholly beneficent addition to the resources of the anaesthetist because the original drug used, cocaine, led to a number of cases of addiction in surgeons who—unaware of this potentiality of the drug—tried it out

upon themselves. After 1905, when the fluid-containing space round the spinal cord was successfully tapped, it was a short step to the introduction of anaesthetic agents around the origins of the nerves which carried the sensations of pain. Then came drugs which could be distributed throughout the body by introducing them into a vein, drugs which produced unconsciousness by their action on the brain. From time to time many new volatile fluids or gases which could be inhaled were introduced: after absorption by the blood, they too produced unconsciousness. The primary disadvantage of many of these general anaesthetic agents was that they acted on the nervous system by poisoning it—in the broad sense of the term poisoning. If allowed to persist or to exceed the required intensity, this effect might be dangerous to life. Although if recognized in time the “poisoning” was usually reversible, in that respect it was often dangerously slow. Modern anaesthesia obviates this by employing a combination of agents or of techniques which achieves several specific effects; taken together these provide safety for the patient, and unembarrassed operating for the surgeon, in that order. Although it has made revolutionary advances, modern anaesthesia has still one considerable contribution to make—the complete and continuous control of pain after operations or injuries.

The next date on the calendar of surgery is 1860, the year in which Miss Nightingale established the first school of nursing. This is an important date, because it marks the beginning of the emergence of the surgical nurse from Gampness to membership of a profession. This process should not be over-dramatized, because it represented but one phase of the emancipation of women which began in the Victorian age. Nowadays the nurse shares with the surgeon the task of dispassionately balancing the practical application of her scientific knowledge, and her emotional call to her great office. It is possible for her to be guided too far in either direction, although her behaviour is to some extent determined by the temperament of the country in which she serves. I do not think that the lecturer should elaborate this topic: but he should not leave any doubt in the minds of his hearers, that good nursing is irreplaceable in the fabric of surgery.

The year 1867 is the watershed of surgery: it has been said that there are but two periods in surgery, before Lister and after Lister. In that year Lister gave to the world particulars of his antiseptic system, a quite revolutionary event: and, at the risk of being thought smug, I should point out to my audience that, although revolutions in the scientific world may be attended by conflicts of opinion, they do not run the risk of being carried out partly by irresponsible and amoral extremists, a risk which has attended many political

revolutions. It would be quite essential for my audience to grasp the implications of Lister's work, although they were not necessarily immediate. The first result was that henceforward it was possible for surgeons to perform operations without fear of blood-poisoning as the result of the entrance of bacteria into operation wounds. Again I must avoid the temptation of considering this result solely from the point of view of the patient's safety, although quite properly that should be placed first. Indeed, this change in mortality after surgical operations had and has that dramatic quality which might appeal to the more phlegmatic listeners. While naturally most important to the individuals concerned, the reduction of mortality was of great importance in a number of other directions. Thus it rid the surgeon of his haunting dread of a complication which could offset all his skill; now he could concentrate on his immediate technical problem. Then the correct and timely application of Lister's principle prevented the development of infection in a large proportion of accidental wounds, and ensured that the absence of the injured person from his trade or profession was as short as possible: thus it had sizeable repercussions on the economic activity of workers.

Lister deduced from the work of Pasteur that the cause of infection in wounds was bacterial. His antiseptic method sought to destroy these bacteria; in the air by a spray of carbolic acid, on and in the bodies of patient and operator by a solution of the same chemical. This was an example of the value of imagination in scientific research, for the problem of wound infection was largely solved by Lister before the emergence of bacteriology as a science. The organization of bacteriology into a science had to await the discovery of a method of isolating individual types of bacteria and growing them in the laboratory, a discovery which was reported by the German doctor Koch in 1878. It would be absolutely necessary for my audience to comprehend this matter, for the following reason. When the germ theory of wound infection (and of many other diseases) was definitely established, an inevitable corollary was the search by surgeons and others for an agent or agents which would kill bacteria—if possible *all* bacteria—without injuring the cells of the body. Obviously the initial step in any such enquiry was a study of the effect of each agent under consideration upon each of as many different types of bacteria as possible—outside the body, in the laboratory. I shall have to return to this matter later, when I come to chronicle the great advances made when “sulpha” drugs and penicillin were discovered. Time was to show that heat was the best way of killing germs contaminating the inanimate materials used at a surgical operation, such as dressings and instruments.

Anaesthesia and antiseptics became the guarantors of safe surgical

access. On the whole this was a good thing, but the background against which it appeared provided an almost inevitable pitfall. I have already told my audience that hitherto anatomy had been the dominant basic subject. For a generation of surgeons trained in the anatomical tradition and familiar with normal human anatomy, it was easy to assume that variations from normal position were the primary causes of many surgical diseases, and perhaps particularly abdominal diseases. In the new safety quite a number of operations were introduced and widely practised, in which various organs that happened to be slightly displaced were returned to the exact positions which they occupied in standard text-books of anatomy. It was, as a distinguished surgeon of my acquaintance remarked, the era of “cut well, sew well, get well”. The phenomenon of a burst of uncritical activity is one which tends to appear when any freedom is newly found, and has not been peculiar to surgery. It has conspicuously attended newly found political freedoms, and in such circumstances has been labelled by the surgical term “latchkeyitis”. In surgery it usually takes the form of confusing the newly possible with the ultimately advisable.

I think that it would be logical to indicate at this stage of my lecture the factors which led to the abandoning of this passion for anatomical tidiness. They included both physiological and pathological reasons, and although it is to my way of thinking the wrong order, it would be convenient to consider the pathological first. The publication of Virchow's text-book on pathology in 1858 changed the emphasis in conceptions of processes of disease from tissues to cells, the behaviour of which might or might not be affected by malposition; and as a corollary the criteria regarded as essential to identify disease became microscopical rather than macroscopical: this was the third concept of processes of disease. Although the emphasis shifted from tissues to cells, on the whole it was still concerned with cellular form, perhaps not a surprising inclination in the industrial age; but at any rate Virchow's teaching was the beginning of the disappearance of the temptation to regard as pathological all anatomical displacements of structures or organs. It made one other supreme contribution. By its insistence on the importance of cellular form, it encouraged the search for and identification of diseased tissue throughout the body, and thus laid the foundation of accurate knowledge of the processes by which certain diseases spread throughout the human body, processes about which we have now fairly comprehensive information. The modern surgeon uses this store of knowledge as it were in reverse; because, having identified a primary focus of disease, he can use the knowledge to seek for evidence of the spread of the disease to other parts. This enables him to separate

certain types of disease—for example, malignant growths—into two broad surgical groups: the operable and the inoperable.

In considering the physiological factors which led to this change of outlook, I think that it would be best to begin by stating the modern view, that in a large number of surgical conditions what matters is disturbance of function, and that normal or adequate function does not necessarily depend upon anatomical normality. Modern surgery has to do with the restoration of normal or adequate working of the human body, and not with the restoration of so-called normal structure. This objective imposes on the modern surgeon the need for two kinds of knowledge: a knowledge of normal physiology, and a knowledge of methods of detecting deviations from this. I ought now to explain the steps by which he has acquired this knowledge. First, it would be necessary for me to return to one important result of the introduction of anaesthesia and antisepsis, the significance of which is often overlooked. This was that the new safety in operating could be utilized in the experimental laboratory as well as in the operating theatre in the hospital. Both natural and artificially induced processes of disease could be studied in animals, and their correction attempted, under the same technical conditions as in man: that is, painlessly and without the fear that infection would vitiate the observations of the investigator. I cannot recall a branch of surgery in which the experimental laboratory has not initiated some advance, and greatly accelerated the adoption of many others. Moreover in many cases the study of any local function is best begun in the laboratory.

The pursuit of the goal of restoration of normal function which so dominates surgery to-day, owes much to the investigations and teaching of Claude Bernard, a French physiologist who in 1878 crystallized his views by saying that the fluids of the body had a constant composition, and that the maintenance of this was a major object of normal physiological processes. Disturbance of the composition of the body fluids represents the fourth conception of processes of disease. The normality of the body fluids depends upon the complex co-ordination of certain chemical and physical reactions: and it would be necessary for me to indicate how it has become possible to investigate these. The chemistry of the living body implies a knowledge of its components (organic chemistry) and their behaviour during life (biochemistry). I have told my audience that this knowledge dates from 1828, when the organic compound urea was synthesized. Since that date it has been possible to isolate and to estimate quantitatively a great number of organic compounds occurring in and often manufactured by the living body, and to compute the range of normal values for these in tissues and especially in the circulating blood and in the secretions and excretions of the

body, such as the gastric juice and the urine. This knowledge of body fluids had to wait for the introduction of antisepsis, which permitted samples to be taken of such complex mixtures as blood, without the risk of introducing infection by the use of unclean hollow needles. Quantitative analysis of these tissues and fluids, and the detection in them of abnormal constituents, provided medicine and surgery with methods of detecting abnormal function: or it might be that a specific function (such as the function of the kidneys) could be assessed by testing their ability to excrete a harmless foreign substance (such as a dye) introduced into the blood stream. The problems of the actual sites in the body in which each particular function was disturbed were largely solved in experimental laboratories. Again, the modern surgeon uses this mass of information in reverse: for example, failure of the function of the kidneys can result from a variety of causes, and can present a variety of clinical pictures; but clinical examination and the results of clinical tests will point to the kidneys as the structures affected.

Physics has aided the investigation of function in many different ways. My audience would easily understand that, by the use of simple mechanical contrivances, it is possible to measure and to record changes in the size and changes in the rhythmic action of many organs. Electrical devices increase the accuracy and the scope of such measurements. Electronic apparatus allows of the magnification of the smallest changes in size and in rhythm, of their continuous recording and of the representation of the records in a variety of ways, for example, either visual or auditory, a choice which in turn poses physiological (or should it be psychological?) problems in the science of communication. The invention of electric light enabled surgeons in search for disease to inspect the cavities of the body, and awkward corners could be turned by the embodying of optical systems of lenses. An important date for the surgeon is 1895, the year of the discovery of X-rays. At first used to delineate structure, their value as a diagnostic accessory was greatly increased with the introduction of various radio-opaque fluids. These may be used to fill and outline directly either constant spaces in the body such as abscess cavities, or hollow muscular tubes such as the stomach whose movements thus become visible to the radiologist. On the other hand, they may be chosen because they are got rid of from the body by a particular physiological process, for example by the kidneys, and then their employment not only outlines the structure of the organs concerned, it may also be used as a test of their ability to excrete; that is, of their function.

Surgery is something that is woven into the fabric of everyday life, and it is essential that I should remind my audience of this more than

once in the lecture. The most accomplished surgeons with the best equipment at their disposal are useless without some administrative machinery for bringing the surgeon to the patient, or the patient to the surgeon: except in war, the latter is the better course. This problem is to some extent a matter of professional relationships, but the situation was greatly improved about the beginning of this century by two of the most useful gifts of physics—or better perhaps applied physics—to surgery: the invention of the internal combustion engine, which will bring surgeon and patient together in space by transporting either by land or by air; and the facility for rapid intercommunication provided by the telegraph and telephone, both cable and wireless. Moreover these inventions, like the invention of printing, helped in the rapid diffusion of knowledge of surgery, in the speedy interchange of ideas and even, in circumstances of emergency, of advice. On my travels it has always seemed to me odd that in spite of these contractions in space and time, each country appears to retain something identifiable as national in its practice of the art and science of surgery. This is probably well enough, provided that it is not pushed to chauvinism.

I have chosen 1912 as the next significant date, and here in Cambridge I should be professionally ungrateful did I not link it with the name of Gowland Hopkins. This was the beginning of an era in which provision for the nutrition of the human body, from being rather a haphazard affair, became a matter of great importance to the surgeon and to the surgeon's patients. There were three main reasons for this. The first was that it was realized that the process of healing of accidental and deliberately inflicted wounds—the process of repair—depended for its speed and for its completeness on the adequacy of the nutritional state of the patient. It was realized that the state of nutrition must be estimated and adjusted not only as to quantity of diet but also as to its balance, the latter including a supply of those accessory food factors whose existence and importance Hopkins did so much to determine. The second was the recognition that certain surgical lesions led to profound disturbances in nutrition. It was gradually realized that the immediate correction of such a lesion, without any previous attempt to correct the nutritional disturbance, might turn the scale against the success of an operation; I shall have to say more about the importance of this when I come to assemble all the threads of my fabric. The third was the discovery of methods of controlling established nutritional disturbances (such as diabetes) to enable the patient to withstand the added burden of surgical interference.

During the nineteen twenties and thirties, and partly no doubt as the result of experience in the first World War, there was a growing

realization of the importance of treating the patient as a whole—both his mind and his body—and of the way in which psychological disturbances could be reflected by disorders of bodily function. This is a vast subject, with which I would not be particularly competent to deal: but I should emphasize that its repercussions on surgical practice were two in number. The first and most important was the attempt to secure for the patient mental quiet—the attempt to solve or to adjust the many problems now seen to be inseparable from the direct treatment of a surgical condition: personal problems, social problems, economic problems. To this end there contributed: on the part of surgeons, a better understanding of the need for it, and the efforts of such indispensable allies as almoners. The second influence was the additional care taken to exclude from operative treatment patients whose illnesses had a psychological origin, however closely such illnesses might mimic processes due to somatic diseases, and the realization that such cases were more common than had been thought.

The year 1915 is an important landmark in surgery. In this year there became available a safe and simple method of transfusing blood from one person to another. The advantages of being able to do this are many: surgeons can replace blood lost as a result of injuries, and blood lost at operations during which bleeding (and sometimes excessive bleeding) is inevitable. Thus the procedure can be life-saving in otherwise relatively minor conditions such as the wounding of a large blood vessel: in addition, it makes possible operations in which haemorrhage is the most dreaded complication, and it adds a factor of safety to operations in which unexpected bleeding might prevent a successful outcome. There is no substitute for the red cells of the blood. There are many substitutes for its fluid part, of which the heart demands a quantitatively adequate supply for its work: many such substitutes have been provided by the researches of organic chemists in their laboratories. At this stage it would be convenient for me to record also the benefits to surgery which may derive from the introduction of fluids other than blood into the blood stream. Water and salt lost by vomiting can be replaced in this way. Water and food can be provided in the form of solutions of certain sugars. After solution many drugs can be most rapidly distributed throughout the body by the blood stream.

The introduction of the "sulpha" drugs in the year 1935 marked the first part-realization of the dream of having available compounds which had a selective action on bacteria of certain types; this was followed in 1941 by the production and clinical application of penicillin, still the most perfect of antibiotic drugs at our disposal. The list of these antibiotics grows. In the search for moulds or

bacteria, extracts of which would conform to the criterion that they must kill other bacteria without killing the cells of the human body and without having any other harmful effect on the patient, tests have been made of samples of earth and other material from all over the world. The planning of this search illustrates the permeation of modern life by surgery (or science). To obtain one particular drug more than 100,000 samples were tested. These were furnished by, amongst others, foreign newspaper correspondents, explorers, travellers, and friends. The samples came from Alaska to Australia, from the banks of the Amazon to the shores of the Ganges, from the swamps of Florida to the Swiss Alps. The advent of such selective antibiotic drugs has had two main effects on the practice of surgery. First, their use has reduced the number of patients in whom direct surgical intervention is required in the treatment of infective processes. Secondly, their administration before and after operation has reduced the risk of infections arising during and after surgical procedures. Any surgeon of experience has haunting memories of patients whose deaths, often in the most tragic of circumstances, might have been prevented had these drugs been available. In clinical work the choice of the correct antibiotic depends on the vulnerability to a variety of them of the germ which is causing the mischief, and this must be determined in the laboratory. Some varieties of bacteria are insensitive to all known antibiotics and some become insensitive in the course of treatment: so the search must go on. Most antibiotics produce their effect by interfering with the nutrition of the bacteria: what the bacterial population of the world is doing about repelling this attack by mankind is a matter for surmise—and perhaps for some human disquiet. It might well occur to my lay audience that the availability of these powerful substances has permitted surgeons to relax some of the rigid precautions which they take against the introduction of infection, particularly in their operative work. Laymen should understand that no such relaxation is permissible. The late Lord Moynehan spoke of surgical ritual as a religion. During his training the young surgeon may make an error, which is corrected. A second error becomes a crime, which is punishable. Any subsequent error is a sin—irremediable except, as in other matters spiritual, by a change of heart.

If I add to this outline of the progress of surgery the information that from Lister's time each year has seen one or more advances in surgical technique—often derived from the experimental laboratory—I shall have provided almost all the threads that I shall require. But before I draw together the threads of my lecture into a fabric, I ought to scrutinize their spinning. If I am to succeed in conveying an idea of surgery in "common discourse", which, you will remember, was

the object I set myself, I must examine the constituents of my communication from four points of view. The first is that of vocabulary: has it been possible to convey to the audience a general idea of surgery in words which do not in their turn demand explanation? Obviously a surgeon is not the right person to judge this, for he is habituated to his own jargon: and so, before making my definitive attempt to enlighten members of another faculty, I ought to submit my material to an intelligent—and candid—non-medical critic. He too would judge of the second aspect: the clarity with which the material was to be presented. The third aspect is the continuity of the account: and here I should be content with the simple scheme which has been before you throughout this lecture (Fig. 1). I am quite unrepentantly opposed to the employment in a university of artistic or other devices to retain the attention of an audience: and I never myself quite trust a voice speaking in the dark, or from a sound-track. Finally, I should have to be quite sure that I had not fallen into the trap of trying to educate my audience in matters of disease: whether this be in principle a right thing to do, or a wrong, it is not the purpose of my lecture, though it cannot be denied that even the most erudite sometimes retain a morbid curiosity in such matters, and might expect some free advice. Were I so tempted, I should, I hope, remember in time the wholesome practice of Oliver Cromwell, to think less of what people want and more of what is good for them.

An audience from the Faculty of Arts would contain many students of history: for them, the history of surgery (or indeed of any science) would not conform to any of the patterns created by the professional historians of eras or of peoples. It most certainly does not repeat itself. There is no gloomy decline and fall, or other teutonic pessimism. Surgery has been influenced by a variety of at first sight unrelated episodes, occurring in a haphazard way that would not have surprised H. A. L. Fisher, and would-be systematists must accept this. Each past achievement of surgery must not be analysed in the light of present knowledge and practice, but on the background of the period when it was made. To some extent the history of surgery, or rather the position which it has reached at present, may be used to predict trends, or even future accomplishments (if the period involved be short).

My audience would, I hope, now be prepared for the statement that, with all the wealth of his own and of other disciplines at his disposal, the surgeon's first care when confronted with a problem is to try, so far as is possible, to adjust the patient as a person to the crisis which has arisen in his life. His next duty is to ascertain what, if any, general or local disturbance of physiology attends the surgical

condition, and to restore this as nearly as possible to normal (by such procedures as for example the injection of solutions into the blood stream) before carrying out any operative procedure. My distinguished predecessor in Edinburgh, Sir David Wilkie, emphasized this outlook by remarking that operative treatment should be prompt, but never precipitate. Then comes the operation itself: an incident, often perhaps the most important incident, in the plan of treatment. After the operation, there may be need artificially to maintain normal physiology, while the affected part of the body is recovering a function deranged both by disease and by surgical interference. The ability to provide this background of artificial physiology represents as great an achievement in surgical practice as is embodied in any list of new operative techniques: and indeed the application of new techniques must sometimes await the devising of new adjustments in the provision of artificial physiology.

My lecture must include some account of the purposes to which such a fabric can be put. It is general knowledge that there are occasions—all too many occasions—when the efforts of the best of surgeons, exerted in the best of circumstances, are unavailing. These cases excepted, it is nearly always possible to restore to a patient ability to work, and I regard this as one of the most satisfying rewards which can come to a surgeon, irrespective of whether the work be the lessons of the school child, the tasks of a trade, or the activities of a profession. In the case of adults, it may not always be possible to return the patient to activity on the pre-operative physical or mental plane. Sir Frederic Bartlett, who has done so much to clarify this field, would I think agree that the plane to be aimed at is one which the patient can manage without obvious allowances being made for any residual physical or mental disability, even if it be a less remunerative activity. The choice is of fundamental psychological importance. If these be accepted as the surgeon's immediate aims, I should put to my audience the modest claim that there are each year a decreasing number of conditions where the possibility of surgical treatment arises, in which the surgeon alone, or the surgeon in co-operation with other professional colleagues, has no partial or complete solution to offer.

My audience being by definition of undergraduates and therefore youthful, might well expect some estimate of the future trends of surgery. As in any other science, prophetic estimates can be only short-term ones. In spite of the introduction of some new procedures, I can foresee a gradual restriction in the ambit of surgery. Bacteriologists and chemists will provide new substances effective in infections which resist those remedies now in use. Pharmacologists will unravel the chemistry of certain glandular disturbances which

still require active surgical treatment. The incidence of accidental injuries can be lowered by general education and by the application of what has been learned of industrial psychology. I cannot foresee any revolutionary change in the treatment of tumours. Above all, operative procedures will become safer, largely as the result of a combination of small improvements in methods, possibly as the result of some more momentous addition to the surgeon's resources.

There remains *the* matter to which an audience composed of members of a university might properly expect some reference. Is it

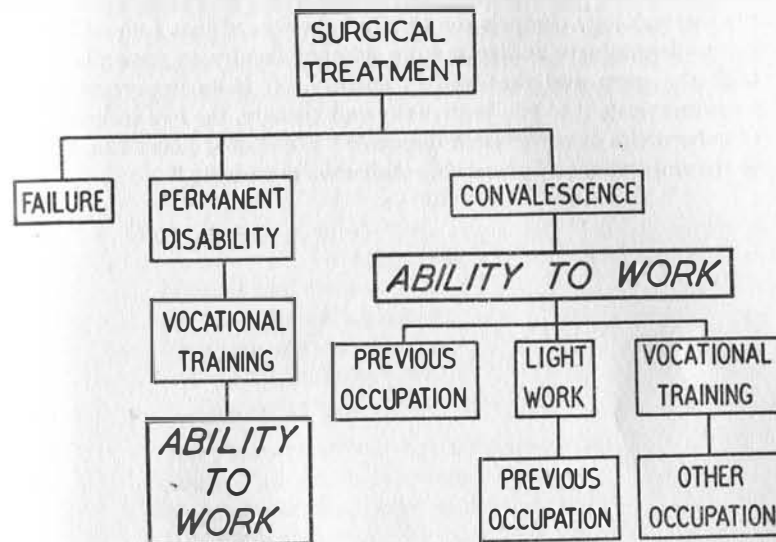


Fig. 2. The objectives of surgery.

possible for the modern surgeon, whose work is of necessity often concerned with technical matters, to derive spiritual and intellectual satisfaction from the pursuit of his profession? I would reply that he can. His spiritual satisfaction is drawn from the knowledge that he is one of an international body of men and women who are bound together by the same ideal: the restoration of useful and happy lives to a proportion of their fellow men. Intellectual satisfaction he can obtain in much the same way as does the classical scholar, the historian or the literary critic: by making himself familiar with every aspect of some one part of the body of knowledge common to his profession.

I am unrepentant enough to believe that the systematic lecture, so established in Scottish universities, is the most suitable way "to

Human formed; judge of men
 Imaginative judicatory;
 And they dance to the woodland
 Pipe, dance with the Nymphs.

And led Odysseus to the midnight
 Mystery of the grave; and then away
 And home to Ithaca.

F. M. R.

ZEYΣ ΠΕΠΤΩΚΩΣ

YOU sat there sunned in shadeless marble;
 Your indicated hair an undulation in rivered stone;
 Your lips some deftly shaped declivity.

Wide-eyed, not humanized by pupils, Zeus stared
 Into the flake-petal whisperings of the grove.
 His temple, fettered with clinging ivy,

Arched against the tall caerulean sea, twin-pillared
 Stood short of the bubbling spring, and some old priest
 Pottered among the flowers with a watering can.

Zeus, couched in marble, full-eyed faced the sun.
 Birds flitting, drifting, dimpled the cheek of the sky;
 Away the thoughtful plashing of the sea saved mystery.

A boat hushed across the yielding water. A man,
 Bolt-jawed, raised a weal across that sky. His sullen
 Jolting of the oars offended the easy waters.

He landed. The flashing sands received him trustingly.
 His boots left welts along its submissive back
 And passionately he flung back the lush foliage.

The full-lipped grass crushed to black bruises;
 The willing twigs snapped at his wanton fingers.
 He entered the grove and flung through the temple.

His footfalls ringing set the quiet hall to thunder,
 His angry glance startled the birds to silence.
 He pushed the priest from off his path and set against the hill.

Zeus watched the pathless sea. You climbed that hill
 And flung his image down; you broke that quietude
 And flung him to splinters with a Christian cry.

F. M. R.

FEBRUARY 1950

WHERE are our great men,
 Whose very whisper caused a continent
 To whimper for forgiveness?

Where are our Olympians,
 Whose vision gave a people strength,
 To fight for trite ideals?

Where are the tall leaders,
 Who gave our history climax
 With their magnificence?

I saw a small man in homburg hat
 And sleek black overcoat begging
 Pause from newspapermen.

I wandered up, thinking to find
 Some petty swindler or divorcé
 Who'd lacked a bed in a wagon-lit.

A minister of state, peeked of nose
 And small of eye, hunched there
 Against the granite pillars.

A lion was frightened by a mouse.

F. M. R.

THE ORGANS IN THE CHAPELS OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE

ST JOHN'S CHAPEL is considered by some to be the biggest architectural misfortune that has befallen the College. It seems scarcely to belong to its surroundings, so little does its style harmonize with that of the other college buildings. But it contains many good things, and of these one of the best is the organ, which gives cause for little regret and much rejoicing. The history of the four organs which the College has possessed since 1511 is obscure in many places, and there are many gaps in it which will probably never be filled: but what we know of it may be of interest to readers of this magazine.

Three organs were built in the old chapel between 1511 and 1869, and the fourth, built for the new chapel, remains fundamentally unchanged to-day. The first seems to have stood in a room above the chantry chapel of Bishop John Fisher, in the old chapel. This chantry was built between 1525 and 1533, on the north side of the chapel sanctuary, and was connected with the sanctuary by three arches in the north wall. Above the chantry was a large chamber which also opened into the chapel, by a single arch placed above the central chantry arch. This room was later referred to in one of the Prizing Books as being "called the organ chamber", and the organ itself is mentioned in an entry in the Audit Book for 1557—"Item, for makynge a lecturne for ye orgaines in the queere, iijjs." The lectern was presumably a music desk for the organist. The organ seems therefore to have been on the first floor at the north-east corner of the chapel—a position not unlike its present one. Of the instrument we know little. It was built in about 1528, as in that year "sondry and divers marchauntes in London gave emongist theyme XII (£10) towards the buying of the newest orgaynes".* In 1560 or thereabouts the organ chamber was converted into an apartment "for the advantage of the Master".† What happened to the organ is not known. It may have been removed altogether, or may have been transferred to the roodscreen. The latter had been denuded of its rood at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when alterations had been made to the ornaments of the chapel.

The second organ was built in 1635, by Robert Dallam, a famous organ-builder of the time. The Master from 1633 to 1644—the last Master before the Commonwealth period—was Dr William Beale.

* MS. List of Benefactors, 1528.

† Baker, *History of St John's College*, p. 153.

He, being a Laudian High Churchman and so attaching importance to ornament and ceremony, carried out several works on the "ornaments of the chapel, which having been left very naked by some of his predecessors was adorned and beautified by him, . . . besides the cost that was bestowed about the organ, cherubims, and other furniture".* This was not the only connection between Beale and Dallam; the former had been Master of Jesus College before coming to St John's, and Dallam had built an organ there, for £200. In 1635, then, an agreement was made between "Dr Beale and the fellows and scholars of St John's, and Robt. Dallam of the City of Westminster, organ-maker".† The latter was to build

one payre of organs or Instrumentes to conteyn six severall stoppes of pipes every stoppe conteyning fortynine pipes (viz.) one diapason most part to stand in sight, one Principall of Tynne one Recorder of Wood one small Principall of Tynne one two and twentieth of Tynne with Sound boords Conveyances Conducts Roller boord Carriages and Keyes two bellows and wind trunks with the case and carving onely with all other necessities thereunto belonging finding all maner of stuffe both of yron, brasse, tynne, timber and wainscote incident to the making and finishinge of the said Instrument which the said Robert Dallam shall make up and finish and sett vp in the Chappell of St John's Colledge aforesaid between the day of the date of these presentes and the first day of July now next ensuing 1636.

The cost was to be "9 score and five poundes of lawfull money of England". Apparently there was a little trouble anticipated about finding the money, and steps were taken to provide it which were unnecessary. For at the end of the Rental for 1635 appears the following: "Memorandum that these pieces of Colledge plate here after specified being growne old and vselesse were sould att London by order of the Master and Seniors who did then purpose that the money should goe towards the Organs which since was wholly paid for with Mr Boothe's money." Robert Booth was appointed Fellow in 1573, and Senior Bursar in 1588.

Whether this organ had five or six stops it is impossible to say: the apparent contradiction in the agreement seems inexplicable. It was placed, it seems, on the rood screen, the latter being altered for the purpose, as there is a record of "Sawyers' billes for the Organ loft and staires to it, £32/0/6". It was enclosed in a case, which remained in the chapel till 1869, when it was removed to the church of Bilton in Warwickshire.‡ The organ had a short life. In 1643

* Baker, p. 217.

† This and the following two quotations come from the Lease Book of 1627-68.

‡ See the account of the old organ screen and cases, by Mr Aylmer Vallance, *The Eagle*, January 1938.

it was removed, as these entries in the Audit books for 1642-3 and 1643-4 show: "Item paid by Mr Heron the Junior Bursar for taking down the pictures and the organs and whiting the walls £2/8/6", and "Paid to old Dowsy when the Organ case was taken away £0/6/8".

The Puritans had their way with the chapel and its contents; but they did not destroy the organ, as its subsequent history shows.

At the Restoration the College had a new Master—Peter Gunning, a Laudian like Beale, and a leading ecclesiastic of the time. He left money for the building of a new chapel: this purpose was not carried out till 1869, over two hundred years later. But he also improved and restored the existing chapel, especially repairing the losses suffered during the commonwealth period. He rebuilt the organ and reconstituted the choir "whereby", to quote his instructions, "God's service may be more solemnly performed and decently sung upon the Lord's Days and other holy days and their eves, and their commemorations, by what way my very reverend friends the master of the college and Dr Humphrey Gower and the senior fellows shall contrive". Perhaps it was at this time that the organ became a "double organ", i.e. one possessing two manuals, great and choir. For in 1642 the Audit book describes the instrument as "one pair of organs": in 1669 there appear

To John Ivory for painting the case of y^e great organ and
grounding y^e pipes with blew and gilding the armes and
balls at y^e top, per bill

02 00 00

To Mr Tho. Thamer for 3 weekes work and materials
for mending both y^e organs, per bill

04 00 00

The phrase "both y^e organs" makes it probable that the organ had two manuals from this Restoration building. The organ remained thus, with some additions, until 1838. It stood on a screen at the west end, filling the ante-chapel arch. Its polygonal gallery projected into the chapel, and had a seat for the Master. He could leave the Lodge, then situated to the west of the ante-chapel, and walk along a sort of bridge which connected the Lodge and the organ loft through the ante-chapel at first floor level. In 1664 the Warden of New College, Oxford, wrote of a visit to Gunning: "he showed me his passage from out of his lodgings into the gallery where their little Organ stands: and a seat there for himself, if he please, to hear Prayers, seeing all the Chapel, but the Scholars not seeing him. . . ." In 1691 there was paid "for a Turkeywork Carpett for y^e Master Seat in y^e Organ Loft 5s."* There is an old photograph in the Library of the organ as it was between 1661 and 1869, and it is

* Audit Book, 1691-2.



THE WEST END OF THE OLD CHAPEL SHOWING
THE ORGAN CASE

reproduced here (Fig. 1). The choir organ overhangs the loft, the great organ rising to fill the arch behind. The keyboard was probably behind the choir case, as in the organ at Emmanuel College chapel. This choir case was also disposed of in 1869, to Brownsover Church, near Rugby.

The history of the organ between 1700 and 1838 is obscure. In 1710 Renatus Harris, another famous organ builder, added six stops at the cost of £150. In 1777 a local builder, Mr Argent, was paid £80 for cleaning and repairing the organ, and "tuning it to concert pitch". In 1796 a Mr Lincoln received £63, also for repairing the organ. By 1800 it must have been in bad condition; it had been there for 140 years, parts of it for 170. By 1830 a new organ was necessary; and its building was directed by Dr T. A. Walmisley, who had become organist of St John's in 1833.

The new instrument was built by Messrs Hill and Son, at a cost of £800. It had three manuals, and probably incorporated some of Dallam's old pipe-work. Its position remained the same: the great and choir cases must have stayed in their old places, though two wings were added to the casework which were considered incongruous by A. F. Torry.* The organ at this time was quite small, as its specification shows:†

GREAT ORGAN, 10 stops FFF-f ³ in alt		CHOIR ORGAN, 6 stops FFF-F in alt	
1] Open	6] Clarabella	11] Open	14] Flute
Diapason		Diapason	
2] Stopped	7] 12th and 15th,	12] Stopped	15] Principal
Diapason	on one slide	Diapason	
3] Double	8] 15th (no. 2)	13] Dulciana	16] Cremona
Dulciana			
4] Principal	9] Sesquialtera		
5] Flute	10] Trumpet		
SWELL ORGAN, 9 stops FF-f in alt		PEDAL ORGAN, 1 stop	
17] Open	22] Sesquialtera,	26] Open Diapason, to FFF	
Diapason	4 ranks		
18] Stopped	23] Hautboy		
Diapason			
19] Dulciana	24] French Horn	Couplers	
20] Principal	25] Clarion	Swell to Great	
21] Harmonica		Octave Swell to Great	
		Choir to Great	

This may well have been the first time that pedals were built on the chapel organ: they may have been added during the previous century, but there is no evidence for this. An organ was considered complete without a pedal board until comparatively recently; and

* Torry, *Founders and Benefactors of St John's College*, 1888, p. 104.

† Taken from Hopkins and Rimbault, *The Organ*, 1855.



THE PRESENT ORGAN CASE

if this was the first pedal board on the organ, the single pedal stop may be accounted for. The possibilities of the pedal department would hardly be exploited if pedals were being added for the first time. It may be noted that the lack of a 2' stop on the Swell was to some extent made up by the Octave Swell to Great coupler, and that there were no pedal couplers. The action was of course tracker, or mechanical, action.

The 1838 organ lasted as long as the old chapel. In 1869 the present chapel was built, and Messrs Hill and Son rebuilt and enlarged the organ for the new building. The organ screen and cases were disposed of, and the organ placed in its special chamber at the north-east of the chapel, in a position rather like that of the first organ in the old chapel. The specification was sufficiently enlarged for us to consider the 1869 organ the fourth the College has possessed. Here is its specification:

GREAT ORGAN		SWELL ORGAN	
CC-g ² , 56 notes, 16 stops		CC-g ² , 56 notes, 13 stops	
1] Double Open Diapason	metal, 16'	17] Lieblich Gedackt	wood, 16' tone
2] Open Diapason	" 8'	18] Open Diapason	metal, 8'
3] Open Diapason, no. 2	" 8'	19] Stopped Diapason	wood, 8' tone
4] Stopped Diapason	wood, 8' tone	20] Pierced Gamba	metal, 8'
5] Cone Gamba	metal, 8'	[from tenor C]	
6] Clarabella (from tenor C)	wood, 8'	21] Voix Céleste [from tenor C]	" 8'
7] Quint	metal, 6'	22] Suabe Flute	wood, 4'
8] Gemshorn	" 4'	[from tenor C]	
9] Harmonic Flute	" 4'	23] Principal	metal, 4'
10] Principal	" 4'	24] Fifteenth	" 2'
11] Twelfth	" 3'	25] Sesquialtera	" 4 ranks
12] Fifteenth	" 2'	26] Double Trumpet	" 16'
13] Full Mixture	" 3 ranks	27] Hautboy	" 8'
14] Sharp Mixture	" 4 ranks	28] Horn	" 8'
15] Posaune	" 8'	29] Clarion	" 4'
16] Clarion	" 4'		
CHOIR ORGAN		PEDAL ORGAN	
CC-g ² , 56 notes, 10 stops		CCC-F, 30 notes, 9 stops	
30] Double Dulciana (from tenor C)	metal, 16'	40] Great Stopped Bass	wood, 32' tone
31] Open Diapason	" 8'	41] Great Bass	" 16'
32] Stopped Diapason	wood, 8' tone	42] Violon	" 16'
33] Dulciana	metal, 8'	43] Principal	metal, 8'
34] Flute	wood, 4' tone	44] Flute Bass	wood, 8' tone
35] Gedackt	" 4'	45] Fifteenth	" 4'
36] Viol di Gamba (from tenor C)	metal, 8'	46] Mixture	metal, 3 ranks
37] Cremona	" 8'	47] Great Trombone	wood, 16'
38] Principal	" 4'	48] Trumpet	" 8'
39] Flageolet	" 2'		

COUPLERS		
Swell Octave	Swell to Choir	Swell to Pedal
Swell to Great	Great to Pedal	Choir to Pedal
Tremulant to Swell		Tracker action
4 composition pedals to Great Organ		Hydraulic blower
2 composition pedals to Swell Organ		
2 composition pedals to Choir Organ		

This scheme was planned by Dr Garrett, organist of the College from 1857 to 1897. The most striking improvement is the great enlargement of the pedal organ: the increase of couplers and the addition of composition pedals are also of great importance. It may be noted, too, that the size of the keyboards was changed to what is now standard size. No organ case was built: Scott designed one, but there was not sufficient money until in 1888 a "distinguished member" of the College gave £2000 for an organ case. By this time Scott's design had been lost, and so his son, J. Oldrid Scott, designed the pleasing case we have to-day (Fig. 2). It was erected in 1889, being executed by John Thompson of Peterborough. At the same time some important additions were made to the organ itself. The action was made pneumatic—pneumatic lever action on the great and swell, tubular pneumatic on the pedal organ and drawstops. A second hydraulic motor was installed for this action, and a Dulciana was added to the pedal organ. The new action was, however, noisy; in 1892 the lower part of the case-work was altered to check the sounds which used to emerge from it. Dr Rootham, writing in *The Eagle* in 1902, describes the organ as in need of a thorough overhaul and rebuilding at the end of the nineteenth century. He comments on the noisy action, the harshness of the reeds which overpowered the softer stops, and the bad state of the hydraulic motors. Once again the organ had become too bad to be endured, and so in 1902 it received its last big rebuilding, by Messrs Norman and Beard.

The specification was little different from that of 1869: the following enlargements were made. All the stops which had ended at tenor C were completed. A Hohl Flute, 8', was added to the great, and a Lieblich Bourdon, 16', to the pedal organ. The old Voix Céleste on the swell, of two ranks, was split to give two stops, an Echo Gamba and a Vox Angelica (to tenor C only). Two couplers made their first appearance—a Choir to Great coupler, replacing the Octave Swell, and the Great Reeds to Choir. The latter transfers the Great Posaune and Clarion to the choir manual, and thus these reeds may be used as solos against an accompaniment on the great: on an organ with no solo manual it is a very valuable device. The Swell Octave coupler has never re-appeared, unfortunately, although the swell organ can do quite well without it. The action was entirely new, and of the

tubular pneumatic variety; several combination pistons were added to the great and swell manuals, and all the reeds were put on heavy wind pressure. To cope with all this wind supply, two new hydraulic motors were put in, and the 1869 one removed: there were thus three motors to supply wind for the action and the pipes. The whole of the pipe-work was revoiced. Dr Rootham, in the 1902 *Eagle*, remarks upon the completeness of each department, due to Dr Garrett's scheme, and the success of the revoicing. The rebuilding lasted from June to November 1902, and the organ was opened on 4 November with a service and recital by Dr Parratt, the then Organist of St George's Chapel, Windsor. During the Long Vacation and Michaelmas Terms the choir had been forced to sing the services unaccompanied, and it was now decided to sing evensong unaccompanied every other Saturday. This presumably began the present custom of singing Saturday evensong without the organ.

Since 1902 there has been no fundamental change, but a good deal of work was done in 1921 by Messrs Harrison and Harrison of Durham. They cleaned and overhauled the instrument, rearranging the interior to some extent. The only change of stops was the reconstitution of the great and swell mixtures. The two mixtures on the 1869 Great became the present 5 rank mixture called "Harmonics". The 1869 swell Sesquialtera of 4 ranks became the present "Mixture" of 5 ranks. The greatest visible alteration was that done to the console (Fig. 3): new drawstop and piston action, and a re-arrangement of the drawstop jambs, changed the appearance of the keyboards, and many of the stops acquired new names. A comparison of the 1869 and 1921 specifications will show how little the pipes themselves were altered. Lastly, several new combination pistons appeared on the keyboards and pedals, giving the organist more ease in stop-changing. This 1921 specification has not since been changed: before giving it we may mention the installing of a "Discus" electric blower by Messrs Harrison and Harrison in 1931—the last major piece of work on the organ. Here then is the present specification:

GREAT ORGAN, 15 stops

1] Double Open Diapason	16'	9] Octave	4'
2] Large Open Diapason	8'	10] Quint	5 $\frac{1}{3}$ '
3] Small Open Diapason	8'	11] Octave Quint	2 $\frac{2}{3}$ '
4] Spitz Flute	8'	12] Super Octave	2'
5] Hohl Flute	8'	13] Harmonics	5 ranks
6] Stopped Diapason	8'	14] Great Reeds to Choir	
7] Harmonic Flute	4'	15] Trumpet	8'
8] Gemshorn	4'	16] Octave Trumpet	4'



THE PRESENT CONSOLE

ORGANS IN CHAPELS OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE 147

SWELL ORGAN, 14 stops

17] Lieblich Bourdon	16'	25] Fifteenth	2'
18] Open Diapason	8'	26] Mixture	5 ranks
19] Stopped Diapason	8'	27] Double Trumpet	16'
20] Echo Salicional	8'	28] Horn	8'
21] Echo Gamba	8'	29] Clarion	4'
22] Vox Angelica	8'	30] Oboe	8'
23] Flute	4'	31] Tremulant	
24] Principal	4'		

CHOIR ORGAN, 10 stops

32] Contra Dulciana	16'
33] Open Diapason	8'
34] Dulciana	8'
35] Stopped Diapason	8'
36] Viola da Gamba	8'
37] Suabe Flute	4'
38] Lieblich Flute	4'
39] Principal	4'
40] Flageolet	2'
41] Clarinet	8'

PEDAL ORGAN, 11 stops

42] Sub Bass	32'
43] Open Wood	16'
44] Violone	16'
45] Dulciana	16'
46] Bourdon	16'
47] Flute	8'
48] Principal	8'
49] Fifteenth	4'
50] Mixture	3 ranks
51] Ophicleide	16'
52] Posaune	8'

COUPLERS

Swell to Great
Swell to Choir

Choir to Great
Great to Pedal

Swell to Pedal
Choir to Pedal

Reversible thumb-pistons for Great to Pedal, Swell to Great, and Choir to Pedal

Reversible foot-piston for Great to Pedal

6 combination thumb-pistons to Swell Organ

6 combination thumb-pistons to Great Organ

Reversible thumb-pistons for Pedal Ophicleide and Great Double Open Diapason

4 combination thumb-pistons to Choir Organ

6 combination pedals for Swell and Pedal Organs coupled

6 combination pedals for Great and Pedal Organs coupled

Full Pedal and Pedal Cancel pedals

Tubular pneumatic action

"Discus" electric blower

Notable qualities of the organ are the selection and variety of quiet stops, the individual quality of these, nearly all of which can be used singly with good effect; and the excellent ensemble, wherein the part played by the full swell is notable. That it includes some of the 1635 pipes by Dallam is almost certain, and thus we may regard the present organ as an enlargement of the old one, if we please.

J. H. D.

*A 'Programme of four recitals... 1956'
contains an account of the rebuilding
carried out in 1955, with specification.*

SONNET

I HAVE grown old in Troy. Now you depart,
 My old man's wit is empty of disdain
 That I still loved, when wisdom said refrain.
 Serenely through the rough roads of my heart
 You paced, securely through the twisting years
 That neither I nor Time had yet made straight
 And braving my high battlements of hate
 You left my grey-haired wit too dumb for jeers.

While you were there, weak wisdom found no room
 In our high Troy and sense besieged in vain,
 Though conscious of our future in its womb.
 So while you paced the walls it could not gain
 Admittance, though the walls without you fell
 And left to sense heart's ravaged citadel.

ANON.

AU REVOIR

FAREWELL, you trees and air of morning,
 I am leaving, loving
 Still your tenderness in loving me.

O! what charming cure is here
 Within thy shade, in this cool bowl
 That pulses with the levity
 Of leaves... here, when the day
 In birdsong fills the air,
 Spilling its light as the day broadens,
 Thrilling the broadening day!

Here have I stood alone
 And been at rest at morning—
 With the new sky and the sun,
 Whiteness
 In the air, aquivering to rest.

And I have been at peace—
 And seen the mystic music that is life

Poised

In the air, as though the morning sounds
 Did freeze from their abstraction;
 Did fuse to something visible and soft.

Yes, I am leaving, loving
 Still the memory they shall not take.

And all our leaving is a gentle one;
 To freshen and to prove
 My cherishing of thee,
 Till in an evening I return
 And in a morning, love.

D. I. M.

MILTON'S "SAMSON AGONISTES"

Performed in the Chapel by the Lady Margaret Players
in the Michaelmas Term 1952

LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE was a French grenadier captain of such legendary courage that, though he fell in action at Oberhausen in 1800, his name is still called on the roll of his regiment at ceremonial parades; and on each occasion an N.C.O. answers, "Dead, on the field of honour."

The sentence might serve as an epitaph for this Lady Margaret Players' production. The life of a Cambridge man is short, only three or four years, but in spite of this the pressure on the repertory of possible plays is enormous, so that it is almost an axiom that if it hasn't been done it isn't worth doing. In these circumstances, for a college dramatic society further to limit its choice of play, argues courage verging on the foolhardy; and when the limitation is that of finding a religious play—and producing it in St John's College chapel—the odds against success become astronomical. There is no satisfactory religious play in English, and if there were it would not have been written by Milton.

All this should be said in fairness to the producer and cast, who did far more with *Samson Agonistes* than we had any business to expect. This is a most undramatic play. Unity of time and space is strictly maintained, and all the action takes place in a secluded spot to which Samson, released for a time from his labours, has retired, and where he is confronted in turn with Manoa his father, Delilah his wife, and Harapha of Gath, a champion of the Philistines. In these three encounters, and the comments of the chorus, the character of Samson and the tragic dilemma are revealed.

Wisely, Joseph Bain made no attempt to modify this static quality with any tricks of production. He accepted the play for what it is, more oratorio than opera, and gave most of his attention to the speaking of the verse, and especially to the chorus. In this he was triumphantly successful. He is one of very few people in Cambridge with an instinctive feeling for the subtlety of a well-wrought line of blank verse—and Milton's use of blank verse in *Samson Agonistes* is extraordinarily flexible and subtle—and he had drilled his chorus till they almost always realized his conception. Indeed the chorus was more effective in unison than individually. At least two of the voices were sufficiently different to suggest character and to break the anonymity of the chorus; but they blended into a wholly satisfying composite which was, surprisingly, more audible

than many of its components. That is a measure of the producer's skill.

Visually the production was less happy. Not only was the lighting fussy and the costumes poor, but there was a lack of any unifying style, which seemed to trouble most of the actors, Christopher Stephens's Messenger being the notable exception. For the chorus, either much more stylized movements or better still none at all, even where the text plainly permitted them, would have been preferable to the rather vague gestures we saw. They looked just what they were—ten people remembering a trifle late that they had been told to raise an arm or turn towards Samson.

The three main subsidiary parts are ungrateful ones, and Iain McGlashan in his first scene as Manoa remained somewhat withdrawn, a little unwilling to become involved. Age and weakness he conveyed, but not anguish. He had his moment later when with elegiac voice he spoke in the last moments of the play some of Milton's finest lines. Of the three parts, Delilah's is the most important and most difficult. She hardly comes to life—Milton, after all, was hardly the man to have much insight into a *femme fatale*—and the purpose of her visit is not apparent. Its dramatic purpose is plain enough. As Samson says,

God sent her to debase me
And aggravate my folly.

Her visit illumines Samson's character; but why did she come? What were her motives? The actress playing Delilah must balance between the sincerity which would swing the sympathy of the audience to her—we, after all, have no such cause as Samson to know her wonted arts—and the patent insincerity which would make her coming merely a joke in bad taste. Miss Hume declined to walk this tight-rope. She stayed firmly on the ground, struggling unavailingly with a hard and unpleasing voice, an odd trick of swinging one arm and not the other, and far too much green eye-shadow. (This was an incredible piece of make-up—Delilah looked like an anthropomorphic insect at a ballet school parents' night.) "There can be no doubt", says Professor Hughes in a fine sentence, "that Harapha is what Herr Christian Kreipe calls a collectivismus." Mercifully, however, we were spared the political implications of the play, and Harold Cannon gave us Rhodomont, all brawn and bluster. If many of his words boomed round the roof and were lost, that was hardly his fault—the acoustics of the chapel must take the blame—and unimportant anyway. The effect was made.

But the play is Samson's. The part is greater than the whole. A tragic hero Milton could create, though his smaller, more human

figures may fail to convince, and his personal reason for special insight into Samson's mind has been stressed often enough. Frederic Raphael as Samson gave a performance of real stature. From his first speech with its great agonized cry,

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon

to the resigned dignity of his final response to the Officer's summons he brought the part to life, acting both with power and, more difficult, with restraint. He conveyed the sense of despair held in iron control.

So he departed; and the bumbleings of Manoa were cut short by the tremendous climax of the play, the fall of the Theatre of Dagon. This was admirably done. The audience jumped in their seats, the organist had great fun and the boys and girls of the cast were provided with an opportunity of shrieking such as they too rarely enjoy. This was fine, full-blooded stuff; but no cast could do anything with the reaction demanded of them on the Messenger's stricken arrival. The play may be thoroughly Greek in construction—critics can spend long happy hours debating to which of the Greek tragedians Milton owed most—but it could hardly be less Greek in spirit. Manoa and the chorus receive the news of wholesale destruction not with awe but with primitive delight. Samson's got his own back. Shucks to silly old Dagon. "Nothing but well and fair." Politics again, no doubt. This is near bathos till the attention is drawn again to Samson himself and the beauty of Milton's threnody silences criticism.

It is difficult to know how to review a college production for a college magazine. It is easy, and rather insulting, to treat it as a Caucus-race—"Everybody has won, and *all* must have prizes." This production deserves better. It was a brave, able and interesting attempt to do the impossible. Dead on the field of honour? Yes, but there are worse epitaphs; and this reviewer can only say of the Lady Margaret Players what archy said with wistful respect of a moth:

...at the same time i wish
there was something i wanted
as badly as he wanted to fry himself.

A. E. C.

THE JOHNIAN SOCIETY

THE Society was lucky this year in being allowed to meet for the Annual Dinner in the charming and dignified setting of the Armourer's Hall. In proposing the toast of The College, Mr Brian Tunstall spoke movingly of the important place it occupied in the hearts of all Johnians; he presented to the College, on behalf of a number of old L.M.B.C. men, a picture of the original Lady Margaret rowing at the head of the river in 1829, and asked that it be held in memory of the late Master. The present Master, who took the chair as President of the Society for 1952, replied to the toast and gave members an account of the College's continuing prosperity.

Later in the evening the Master presented the Marshall Hall cup to Mr Arthur Beard, winner of the golf competition, and he reminded members that modesty about their golfing ability should not deter them from competing and enjoying a cheerful Saturday in September on the College's own course at Sunningdale.

At the Annual General Meeting Sir John Cockcroft was elected President for 1953.

A number of Johnians working in London met for an informal lunch recently, and hope to make it a regular fixture when they have found a suitable and inexpensive meeting-place.

D. N. B.

PRESENTATION TO THE COLLEGE GARDENER

ON 9 January 1953 a silver dish was presented to Mr R. E. Thoday, College Gardener, by the Master on behalf of "The Master, Fellows and Scholars" of the College. The presentation was made in recognition of the many awards which have been made for fruit grown at the College Garden while he has been in charge, and in particular of the award made by the Royal Horticultural Society of its Silver (Hogg) Medal in 1950.

JOHNIANA

THE following are reproduced from *In praise of Cambridge*, an anthology compiled by Mervyn Horder. It is published by Frederick Muller, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d.

St. John's was an universitie within itself, shining so farre above all other houses, Halles and hospitals whatsoever, that no colledge in the Towne was able to compare with the tithe of her students; . . . in which house once I took up my inne for seven yere altogether lacking a quarter, and yet love it still, for it is and ever was, the sweetest nurse of learning in all that Vniversity.

THOMAS NASHE (sixteenth century)

St. John's College Garden is very pleasant for the fine walk, both close shady walks and open rows of trees and quikeset hedges, there is a pretty bowling green with cut arbours in the hedges. . . .

The Journeys of Celia Fiennes (1697)

The evening being so beautiful we proposed to walk out, and accordingly at ten set out in our curious costumes: Albert in his dress coat, with a macintosh over it; I in my evening dress and diadem, and with a veil over my head, and the two Princes in their uniform, and the ladies in their dresses, and shawls, and veils. We walked through the small garden, and could not at first find our way, after which we discovered the right road, and walked along the beautiful avenues of lime-trees in the grounds of St. John's College, along the water and over the bridges. All was so pretty and picturesque—in particular, that one covered bridge of St. John's College, which is like the Bridge of Sighs at Venice. We stopped to listen to the distant hum of the town; and nothing seemed wanting, but some singing, which everywhere but here in this country we should have heard. A lattice opened, and we could fancy a lady appearing, and listening to a serenade.

Queen Victoria, *Diary* (1847)

Quoted by Sir T. Martin, *Life of the Prince Consort*

I certainly like St. John's College best. I had seen least of it, having only been over it once, so, on the morning we returned, I got up at six o'clock and wandered into it by myself—by myself indeed, for there was nothing alive to be seen but one cat, who followed me about like a dog. Then I went over to Trinity, but nothing hailed me there, not even a cat.

Mary Lamb (1815)

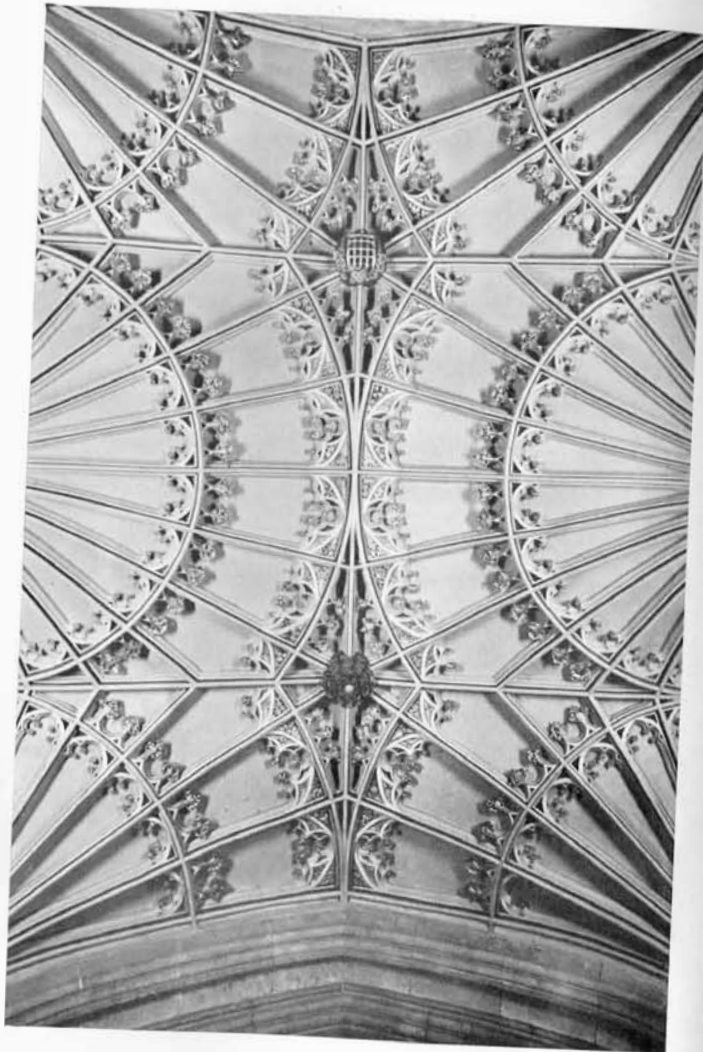


THE COBBLING OF SECOND COURT

DURING the last twelve months a carpet with a pattern of paving, cobbling and grass has been slowly unrolled across Second Court; slowly but, it seems to be a general opinion, successfully; successfully because slowly.

It may be of interest to readers to know something of the mechanism lying behind these alterations. On the College side three bodies are concerned: the Governing Body, the general body of Fellows; the College Council of the Master and twelve elected members, in general executive charge; and the Old Buildings Committee presided over by the Master and consisting of half a dozen Fellows with the Bursar for Buildings as Secretary. The Old Buildings Committee supervises major repairs to all buildings within the precincts of the College; active for many years as the College Buildings Committee, its name was changed in December 1933 to distinguish it from the New Buildings Committee (first appointed in 1930, but not at first so called) which was responsible for the erection of the new buildings completed in 1940.

The problem of the floor of Second Court is part of the larger problem of the renovation of the Court as a whole, but it had become particularly urgent as a result of the installation of new services through the College begun just after the last war. These were a new gas main, a new electric main, ducting for telephones, and alterations to water supply and drainage. Ideally these new services would all have been put in a specially constructed service trench either round the perimeter of the Court or inside the buildings, but there were substantial practical difficulties in the way of such a scheme and in the event each service was installed separately. This involved a series of trenches across the old cobbling of the Court, which



CEILING INSIDE FRONT GATE FLOODLIT FOR THE
CORONATION 1953

deteriorated progressively until further repair was impossible. Accordingly rough estimates (in the event very rough indeed) for the resurfacing of the Court were obtained and put before a meeting of the Governing Body held in June 1951. Various possibilities were considered; it was decided that paved paths should be laid down the middle and across the Court, that the grass plots should be enlarged and the remaining area recobbled. The first part of this decision restores an earlier arrangement: there have been no paved paths in the Court recently, indeed within the limits of living memory or oral tradition, but narrow paved paths were present at the latest in Restoration times, and may have been an original feature of the Court.

Even within the framework of the Governing Body's views many possibilities faced the Old Buildings Committee. In threading their way through these they had at all times the assistance of Mr Peter Bicknell, the architect who had been engaged on a general consideration of the renovation of the Court.

The first problem concerned the width and arrangement of the paved paths themselves. So small were the grass plots and so extensive the old cobbled area that it would have been possible to lay a main central path equal to the width of the archway through the Shrewsbury Tower, and such a course would have had the attraction that an interesting pattern of surface could have been introduced on a path of this width (about 12 feet). It was, however, decided that it would be better to continue a path of 6 feet (approximately the same width of that in First Court, with which it would be aligned) and across the narrower axis from C to M Staircases to have a 4-foot path ending level with the edges of the grass plots opposite M staircase so as to emphasize the fact that this was not a thoroughfare (this appears to have been a feature of the earlier paved paths). Having decided the shape and size of the paths there were various possibilities of surface treatment which divided themselves into those involving the use of stone, sawn or otherwise mechanically worked, and those involving the use of split stone retaining the natural face of cleavage. The latter seemed obviously more suitable for the aged buildings of Second Court with their absence of long straight lines and right angles, and the discussion then turned to the material to be used. The Committee were anxious to include a tinge of red in the paving in order to reflect the pronounced red of many of the cobbles, but at first they had no success in finding a suitable stone. Many samples were examined, reports on their wearing qualities were obtained and it had been almost decided, regretfully, to lay the whole paving in the range of the bluish grey, light stone and creamy brown of the hard wearing Elland flags when a fortunate chance gave the Committee fresh hope.

One of its members had been driving south on a dreary and wet December afternoon when, going up a hill out of Leek in Staffordshire, he saw an area of pink paving stones on the right-hand side of the road. Following up this clue during the following vacation the architect and two members of the Committee paid a visit to Leek where they were most helpfully received by the Borough Surveyor. The area of paving was quickly identified and many other specimens were found in the town, but it was clear that none had been laid for decades and there were no written records to indicate whence the stone came.

This difficulty was resolved by the Foreman of Works whose grandfather and father had been in the service of the Council before him. He not only identified the stone as having come from a quarry on a hill called Teg's Nose in the foothills of the Pennines between Macclesfield and the Cat and Fiddle Inn, but knew that the present owners of the quarry were the Macclesfield firm of Messrs Ashton and Holmes. The party, having collected samples of broken paving from the Council dump, accordingly proceeded to Macclesfield where they alighted from the car on to the selfsame paving. Although the Teg's Nose quarry was closed and had not been used for the supply of paving for many years, it appeared that a quantity of these stones had recently been taken up for replacement by the more convenient and modern compressed concrete slab. However, on inquiry it was found that these old stones, which would have been very suitable for laying in Second Court, were not available as they had been broken up and used to make a rock garden behind the Town Hall.

This time the deadlock was broken by Messrs Ashton and Holmes who volunteered to supply a sufficient quantity of the pink paving as a special order when they reopened the quarry in June in order to extract refractories for furnace linings, which is apparently nowadays the main use of the stone. With this offer in mind the party continued northwards in order to make arrangements the following day with the Johnian firm of Messrs Brookes for the supply of the remainder of the paving in the three colours already mentioned, all of which an inspection showed to be present in flags from the same quarry at Hipperholme in Yorkshire. It was also discovered that occasionally two colours were present in the same flag and some of these were included in the order. The final proportions decided on by the Old Buildings Committee were one part each of the pink, blue grey and creamy brown stones and two parts of the light stone coloured ones.

The Committee were now free to settle the problem of the jointing, and here there were three possibilities. Longitudinal jointing was rejected on account of the appearance of tram-lines which would

have been produced across the Court, while the random square jointing, such as can be seen at the entrances of the New Garden near Queen's Road, was also rejected as producing too consciously quaint an effect. There remained cross jointing, the uniform effect of which was broken by using sections of varying width and length of stone. A detailed plan of the whole paving was then prepared showing the size and position of every stone with all the pink stones marked; and on this basis the stones, in about a score of different sizes, were ordered from the quarries.

One or two miscellaneous notes about the paving may be of interest. Both the Elland flags and the Teg's Nose stone are of Upper Carboniferous age; that is to say they were laid down some 300 million years ago. Both are exceptionally hard-wearing stones. In a busy street in Leek, Teg's Nose stone paving can be seen which shows very little wear and negligible signs of cracking after being in position for over 70 years, while, for example, in Halifax the same can be seen to be true of the Elland flags. The same range of colours including a very similar pink stone can be seen in some of the old pavements of Bath, notably in the very wide paving of South Parade, laid over a century and a half ago: and a similar range is also to be found in the paving of the forecourt of Hardwick Hall. Here, however, the pink stones are fewer, forming only perhaps one-twentieth of the whole area. Hardwick was built by the mother of our Countess of Shrewsbury, within the same decade as Second Court, so that its paving is of particular interest, although the arrangement of the forecourt bears little relation to that of Second Court. The paving is very wide and consists of three longitudinal lines separated by cross jointings very similar in character to the pathway from the Screens to the Shrewsbury Tower.

Together with the paving the question of the size and arrangement of the grass plots had also been under discussion; the arrangement adopted involved increasing the total area of grass by more than a half, from approximately 5425 to 8425 square feet (the eastern pair of plots in the old arrangement measured $32\frac{1}{2}$ and $29\frac{1}{2}$ feet in breadth, both being $38\frac{1}{2}$ feet long; both have been increased to 39 feet broad by 49 feet long: the measurements of the western pair have been correspondingly increased from $32\frac{1}{2}$ and $29\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad by 49 long to 39 by 59 feet). The old grass plots which were somewhat raised were retained at the corners only by slabs of stone: these slabs were reused in the corresponding corners of the new plots as can be seen in the photograph. The work of enlargement, involving removing the turf, releveling and relaying was carried out most effectively by the College staff in the early autumn of 1952. The turf of the old plots was relaid in a rectangle adjacent to the main centre

pathway, and round the margin of the remainder of the new plot. The extra area was then filled with new turf. The Committee had meanwhile not neglected the perennial problem of preventing people walking over the corners, a problem which is seen to be acute by a casual inspection of Chapel Court and First Court. The lines of a possible solution were, however, indicated in Third Court where the raised grass plots with their steep cobbled slopes remain intact even at the sharp corner between the Shrewsbury Tower and the Library door, and the Second Court plots were accordingly arranged to conform to this model. The steep cobbled slopes lead naturally to a drainage gutter and here the levels of the Court turn out to be convenient. The Court slopes from the Screens to the Shrewsbury Tower and from the centre of the Court towards both sides. It was accordingly decided to reduce the number of surface water drains to four, one situated at the lower and outer corner of each grass plot. As drain-covers it was fortunately possible to use the pierced centres of four old stone drains which had been irregularly sited along the edges of the old grass plots interspersed with others having iron covers.

It may be thought on reading this leisurely discussion that the Committee was frittering away the time without taking any actual steps to do anything in Second Court; and Cornford's phrase about the University don, relative to whom Hamlet is "the typical man of action", springs at once to mind. This impression would be mistaken; as soon as the broad outlines of the plan were decided, specifications were prepared, tenders invited, the contract was let to the firm of William Sindall, of Cambridge, and application was made for the necessary permission to proceed. The Committee were then able to give exhaustive consideration to all the preliminary details by courtesy of the Minister of Works whose licensing system prevented work from beginning until 1 June 1952. It was thought that there might be objections to pulling up the surface of Second Court on 1 June and the start was postponed until 1 July, by which time it was hoped that the paving-stones would have arrived.

The Committee was then faced with the knotty problem of the method of cobbling itself and here they felt they could not do better than to reproduce in broad outline the arrangements of the fine piece of cobbling between the two grass plots opposite C Staircase which had emerged unscathed from the trench digging. A photograph of a corner of this as seen from the centre of the Court looking towards C Staircase is shown in Fig. 1. It will be seen that it showed three features seldom present together in an area of cobbling. First, the oval cobbles were laid on their sides with the flattest surface uppermost, producing a surface much easier to walk on than the nail-head type

of cobbling met with in some Cambridge Courts, where the cobbles are arranged like eggs in an egg-box. Secondly the cobbles were also laid with their long axes all pointing in the same direction, thus producing a regular texture which can easily be made out in the photograph and which can be compared for example with the random arrangement of the cobbles in First Court. Thirdly, the cobbles were graded, there being a larger proportion of big cobbles nearer the gutter and of small cobbles near the centre pathway (this feature is less clearly seen in the photograph, which does not extend from the centre to the gutter and covers only the middle part of the range of size). The photograph also shows a fourth feature, a kind of false mitre joint formed by a line of large cobbles extending at an angle of 45° from the innermost corner of the grass plot towards the centre of the Court, and cutting across the regularly arranged cobbles of the broad central pathway. As can be seen from the photograph of Fig. 2, taken from the same standpoint as the previous photograph, the first three features have been retained and the last omitted from the new cobbling, so that a broad central pathway of the full width between the grass plots runs from the Screens to the Shrewsbury Tower, emphasizing that this is the main thoroughfare through the Court. It was also a fairly simple matter to decide that between the grass plots along the minor axis from C to M Staircases the lines of cobbles should again run at right-angles to the paved pathway; but the question then arose of what would be the best arrangement where the minor axis crossed the broad cobbled surround of the court. It was agreed that this latter would most effectively take the form of a frame with mitre joints at the corners, just as if a vast picture frame had been laid down all round the outside of the Court, crossed only by the central path and the narrow paving at C Staircase. Accordingly all round the Court lines of cobbling run down at right-angles from the wall to the gutter and the change of direction in the corners of the Court is emphasized by a defined line of larger cobbles. Use is also made of defined lines of larger cobbles to divide the large outer areas of the Court into panels. The effect of this will be that when, inevitably, one or other of the services under the Court has to be repaired it will be possible to take up and relay a complete panel, thus avoiding the patchwork effect which accompanies any attempt to fill up a small hole. One other new feature was also introduced to combine neatness with utility. Round the outside of the Court, about a foot away from the walls, runs a treble line of large cobbles, reflecting the gutters round the grass plots; and between this line and the wall of the Court is a filling of small cobbles. Beginning near O Staircase this was made to rise sharply up to the wall, thus tending to shed off water and prevent the deterioration of the foot of the



Fig. 1. Part of the old cobbling in Second Court, looking from the centre of the court towards C Staircase, showing the paving and the new grass plot



Fig. 2. The new cobbling from the same viewpoint

brickwork which is so noticeable in some parts of the Court. However, admirable as this notion may have been in theory, in practice it produced the illusion that the whole of the outer cobbling sloped very steeply, and consequently at L Staircase a change was made and the remainder of the outer cobbling carries on the line of the main area. This arrangement will have the effect that when it is necessary to repair the lower part of the brickwork, the cobbling outside the treble line can be taken up and replaced without any obvious repair having been done.

As work proceeded round the Court one last refinement became possible. There is no reason why a modern system of levels laid out in straight lines should conform to the shape of an old building like Second Court, originally having inadequate foundations and showing traces of centuries of movement. At the same time, where the cobbling abutted on the brickwork, crossing the courses marred the neatness of the effect, as can be seen along the south range. In the last part of the cobbling to be laid, between C and G Staircases, the levels were laid out so as to avoid this, at the expense of an extra step outside E Staircase. This does not look out of place, corresponding as it does to those at A and O Staircases. Badly worn steps were also replaced at L, I and F Staircases.

All these arrangements are very different indeed from those of almost any other piece of modern cobbling and to carry them through successfully a high degree of skill and adaptability was required of the men actually doing the work. In Mr Parker, the foreman, his firm were fortunate to employ and the College to make use of an exceptionally able and conscientious craftsman, who took endless pains to ensure that the desired effects should be achieved, in spite of the fact that he and his team of workers had to do the bulk of the cobbling throughout one of the worst winters of recent years. Naturally as the work progressed, starting from the Screens and working first southwards and then westwards round the Court, their skill improved; the lines of cobbles appear less regimented and a greater feeling of ease and smoothness is obvious in the work. Arrangements are being made so that this skill can be used to recobble Third Court in a similar style. An account of the problems which this raises together with the questions of the origin of the cobbles themselves and the age of the old cobbling must be left to a subsequent contribution.

G. C. E.

THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

By MR C. W. GUILLEBAUD, on 10 May 1953

'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' Matt. xix. 19

IT is now 43 years since the first time when as a Freshman I stood in this Chapel and heard the names of the Benefactors of this College read out. During that period the list has lengthened considerably and it now contains the names of quite a number of men whom I have known personally, while others, like some of the founders of our Close Exhibitions and Prizes, seem like old friends because I have had so much to do with the administration of their bequests.

We do well to honour the memory of these our Benefactors, for it is to them that we owe our buildings, endowments and scholarship funds, and so much that on the material side goes to make a College. But though a College cannot exist without buildings and money, it is the men who live and work in it, who build up, maintain and hand on its traditions through succeeding generations, who are likewise its benefactors. Not a few of those whom we commemorate today have a claim to our gratitude on both of these grounds.

Then too, there are men who have brought honour to the College and won renown for themselves by making outstanding contributions to the field of knowledge in which they have specialized. It is about one of these that I wish to say a few words today.

Alfred Marshall came up to St John's College from Merchant Taylors' School in 1861; he was Second Wrangler in 1865, the year that Lord Rayleigh was Senior Wrangler, and was at once elected to a Fellowship. For a year or two he taught Mathematics until he had repaid to an uncle the money lent by him to enable his nephew to come up to Cambridge. At the same time he was reading Philosophy, especially Kant and Hegel, and becoming increasingly interested in questions of social welfare, which led him on to Ethics and Psychology, and so finally to his life's study—Economics. I would like to quote to you a good characterization of Marshall as he was soon after he took his Degree:

It is possible to see, then, what manner of young man it was who ceased his mathematical lectures in 1868 and took up a new lectureship in Moral Sciences, specially founded for him at St John's College at the instance of the Master, Dr Bateson, where his weight listed the ship sharply to the side of political economy. A brilliant mathematician, a young philosopher, carrying a somewhat undigested load of German metaphysics, utilitarianism and Darwinism; a humanitarian

with religious feelings but no creed, eager to lighten the burdens of mankind, but sobered by the barriers revealed to him by the Ricardian political economy—one sees the background of the man who was to be to his students sage and pastor as well as scientist; whose objective scientific approach was to give economics a renewed public standing; whose sympathy for social reform was to rank him among the progressives of his time; whose high gifts were to be dedicated with a single-minded devotion to his life's work.

This is not the place to talk of Marshall's actual achievements in the field of Economics. It must suffice to say that he is generally reckoned to be amongst the greatest economists who have ever lived: in the direct line from Adam Smith and Ricardo, with a much more original and profound mind than that of John Stuart Mill. It was at his instance that the University in 1903 created a Tripos in Economics and Politics, and he was the founder of the Cambridge School of Economists; thereby and through the continuity of his influence making Cambridge one of the foremost centres of economic teaching in the world.

Two outstanding characteristics of Marshall as an economist were his intense moral purpose and his practical sense. He had a passionate desire to increase human welfare and he believed that Economics had a very important contribution to make to that end. But he never forgot that economic welfare is only a part, and ultimately by no means the most important part, of human welfare as a whole. It may be difficult or impossible to lead "the good life" without having sufficient of the material bases of existence; but even if the whole economic problem were to be solved, in the sense that poverty vanished from off the face of the earth, all the major problems of the meaning and purpose of life would still remain; indeed, if the banishment of poverty brought with it, as it presumably would, a large increase in leisure, the importance of these problems would become greatly accentuated: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" is on balance probably more of a blessing than a curse for the great majority of the human race. On a different plane I might remind you of a characteristic aphorism of Dr Johnson: "There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money."

Marshall, taking a wider and more comprehensive view than Karl Marx, considered that there were two great sets of influences which had been the major formative agencies in history—the religious and the economic. In the short time that remains to me I wish to say something of the relations of the former, as represented by the Christian Churches, to the latter.

As I see it, the proper role of the Christian Churches is not to seek to function as an expert body drawing up blue-prints for a future

economic organization of society, which would be in conformity with the ideals of Christianity: for this they have neither the knowledge nor the competence; and there are serious dangers in seeking to identify Christianity with the social theories and ideals which may happen to appeal to the authors of manifestos of this kind. That great and good man William Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, was not exempt from this failing when he wrote *Christianity and the Social Order*, and he exposed himself to a quite polite and kindly but none the less devastating criticism, which appeared in a pamphlet with the felicitous title *Archiepiscopal Economics*, written by Hartley Withers, who I may recall became late in life a valued member of this College and who is also to be numbered amongst our Benefactors. Nor do I think that the peculiar blend of sociology, economics and somewhat highly coloured economic history fashioned by Canon Demant in his recent Holland Lectures on *Religion and the Decline of Capitalism*, is or could be successful in providing objective conclusions capable of being combined in a new synthesis with religious principles.

The role of the Christian Churches should in my opinion be to uphold constantly and tenaciously the relevance of Christian principles in terms of which men's actions in the conduct of their economic affairs may be appraised and judged.

The main body of Christ's teaching in regard to social duties is surely to be found in the Sermon on the Mount; it is to this discourse above all that appeal should be made by those who would stress the claims of Christianity as a social gospel. From one aspect the teaching is extremely simple and direct, and it is valid for every time and place. From another aspect it consists of a body of precepts which, in common with so much else that pertains to the Christian religion, require perpetually to be re-interpreted and applied to practical issues in terms of the changing forms and needs of our social life. For only thus will Christianity remain a living reality which will command the faith and allegiance of mankind, and, I would add, in particular, of youth.

One thing is certain, that the standard laid down in the Sermon on the Mount is so high and makes such demands on our fallible human nature, that it is beyond the unaided reach of mortal man. But the standard is there, and what is decisive is not the possibility nor indeed the probability of failure to attain to it, but rather the recognition of that standard as expressing the true ethical basis for human conduct.

Christianity has vitally affected the course of the world in the last 2000 years: first, through the conception that human life has a centre and point of reference independent of any earthly community; secondly, by its insistence on the reality of a moral law which tran-

scends the desires and impulses of man; and thirdly, by its insistence on the ultimate importance and significance of human personality.

With regard to this last point a writer—he was writing during the last war—has well said:

It is the denial of this truth about man by totalitarian systems that constitutes the crisis of our time. The fight today is for the status and dignity of man, for the freedom of the human person, for the possibility of human community. What has to be preserved and re-established in face of deadly assault is the substance of man's humanity—the values of personal, social and political freedom, of social obligation and responsibility, of neighbourliness and fellowship. These are not values peculiar to Christianity, but they are the presuppositions of a society in which the Christian message can have significance.

The gospel of Christ is first and foremost a personal gospel: but it has also a vital message for man in society—for man as a social being. More than ever today is needed the reminder that no man can live unto himself and that we are each of us personally responsible for the effects of our actions upon the lives and the well-being of others. If the Churches would preach insistently the doctrine of personal responsibility, as well as the gospel of love, and would show their relevance to the daily life of men and women, not only in the way in which they earn their living, but also, and this is perhaps even more important, in the way in which they *spend* their incomes, the Churches would be helping to bridge the gulf that is still far too wide between the principles and the practice of those who call themselves Christians.

There is an immense task that lies before us in the shaping of this Western civilization of ours which is still in process of becoming: a civilization of factories and machines to be liberalized and humanized, of mastery over nature to be employed for the benefit of man rather than for destruction, of possession of wealth to be regarded as entailing obligations towards the community and not merely enabling the satisfaction of private wants for the individual.

Let us strive, not primarily for our own personal advancement, but rather for the greater glory of God and for the well-being of our fellow men.

In conclusion, as an example of the right sort of objective for Christian social action, I will read to you a prayer for the socially distressed, which comes from an old Elizabethan prayer-book and which seems to me to contain much that is both true religion and sound economics:

They that are snared and entangled in the utter lack of things needful for the body cannot set their minds upon Thee as they ought to do; but when they are deprived of the things which they so greatly desire,

their hearts are cast down and quail for grief. Have pity upon them, therefore, most merciful Father, and relieve their misery through Thy incredible riches, that, removing their urgent necessity, they may rise up to Thee in mind.

Thou, O Lord, providest enough for all men with Thy most bountiful hand.... Give meat to the hungry and drink to the thirsty; comfort the sorrowful, cheer the dismayed and strengthen the weak; deliver the oppressed and give hope and courage to them that are out of heart.

Have mercy, O Lord, upon all forestallers, and upon all them that seek undue profits or unlawful gains. Turn Thou the hearts of them that live by cunning rather than by labour. Teach us that we stand daily and wholly in need of one another. And give us grace, to hand and mind, to add our proper share to the common stock; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

NORTH POLE, 1952

WITH no toes, and accompanied by the American Negro Hansen, Commander Peary of the U.S. Navy in 1909 was the first man to reach the North Pole. After years of enterprise and effort he had at last succeeded in travelling to that inaccessible and exciting point by dog sledge across the pack ice of the Arctic Ocean. No one since has reached the Pole on foot, nor by ship. But those who have flown through the sky above the north geographical Pole increase now from day to day. The first aviators in the 1920's and 1930's still were few and included Amundsen, Byrd, Papanin and others who had a faith in the efficiency of their engines.

The second world war stimulated, perhaps as nothing else could, the realization, long prophesied by the few, of the aerial importance of northern high latitudes. Since the mid-1940's the U.S. Air Force has been making regular flights to the North Pole from airfields in Alaska, for purposes meteorological and otherwise. These flights have taken place several times each week, so far without a single loss of an aircraft or a man. Our own Royal Air Force did not visit the North Pole until the research flights in 1945 associated with the aircrafts' name Aries. That series of remarkable flights in May 1945 were of great scientific value in two respects, first in connexion with the shift of the north magnetic Pole, and secondly in the development of the "Greenwich Grid" system of high latitude navigation. That Aries flight of 1945 is important to readers of the *Eagle* because it included the first Johnian to reach the North Pole, Wing-Commander R. H. Winfield, D.F.C., A.F.C., now Director of Medical Studies in the College, then "Doctor, medical observer and assistant to the Senior Observer".

Since 1945 the R.A.F. has undertaken a series of high latitude flights, a series whose frequency now increases to more than an annual visit. These flights are made as exercises in high latitude navigation by the staff and students of the R.A.F. Flying College at Manby, Lincs. The coming senior navigators and pilots of the R.A.F. must acquire personal experience of the joys and problems of Greenwich Grid flying. The Grid is a system by which position above the earth's surface is defined by co-ordinates more convenient than the awkwardly convergent lines of longitude. The change over from normal to Greenwich Grid navigation takes place normally at 70° N. lat. and requires a great effort in trust and co-operation between pilot and navigator.

In September 1952 I became the second Johnian, so I believe, to fly over the North Pole, a fortunate chance which arose from the

courtesy and kindness of Air Commodore Ubee, in charge at Manby, to me as Director of the Scott Polar Research Institute. It was an opportunity and an occasion which I still greatly cherish and appreciate. Apart from the geographical interest there was the happy friendship with serving men in the R.A.F., the middle and upper levels of commissioned rank, who did much to allay the rather gloomy views upon the R.A.F. which College Tutors are apt to assimilate from their ex-national service pupils who have passed through the lower levels of that Force.

So it came about that we flew off from Manby on the morning of Friday, 5 September 1952, in the long distance training aircraft Aries, the third of her name. Photographs were taken and the reporters gleaned enough to magnify my rucksack of spare clothing into next morning's banner headlines, about the polar scientist with his secret instruments not yet off the restricted list. Aries is a converted Lincoln Bomber, stripped of armaments and filled with additional petrol tanks, so that her total fuel capacity and range are enormous. To the newcomer, travel in her tail-end is a progress within an elongate and chilly aluminium tube, 6 feet in diameter, cluttered with people, parachutes, emergency equipment and festoons of electrical and oxygen cables and connexions. Narrow slits enable sufficient views of the world around.

We flew direct from Manby to Keflavik, the U.S.-administered airport outside Reykjavik in Iceland. There we were delayed by problems of petrol leakage from our enormous tanks when they were topped up finally for the long polar flight. So we did not leave until the Sunday morning at half-past nine. Our course was due north up longitude 23° W. to the Pole. Leaving behind the rain and skerries of Iceland we saw the first pack ice an hour and a half later and, soon after, Cape Brewster, the southern headland of Scoresby Sound, the world's biggest fjord, on the east coast of Greenland. Then, in brilliant sunshine, we flew straight up Hurry Inlet and I could see with nostalgia and satisfaction the precise spot where with two others from Cambridge I had spent a most happy summer nineteen years before. In 1933 we sailed in our cockleshell among the flocs, listened to the cries of the loons, and admired the bears and musk oxen: now we rushed through the air above, our metallic tube filled with the roar of Merlin engines, ourselves swollen with polar clothing and maewests. Variety, as is well known, is the stimulant to the appreciation of life.

The east Greenland coast is an area of great beauty; an intricate fjord system; glistening ice as pack, berg and glacier; rocks pink, yellow and grey; sea blue and sparkling; distant ice-cap; crevasses green and tumbling icefalls. Meteorological good fortune shone

brightly upon us and we were grateful. Soon we were level with Queen Louise Land and the radio enabled me to exchange messages with Commander Simpson, R.N., leader of the British North Greenland Expedition, far below us and some miles to the west. The Master of St John's and I had long been with him in the committee room and now I could see the land and ice cap awaiting his survey and seismic teams.

Flying northwards one strongly gains the impression of long-term ice recession and rock emergence. The topography becomes less mountainous, less ice-encumbered and shows the distinct marks of an arctic desert. By a quarter to six in the afternoon, with the beauties of Peary Land on the port beam, a general haze developed and there was a mock sun travelling with us under the starboard wing. Greenland soon disappeared astern and we were over the Arctic Ocean with no land between us and the Pole, sky and cloud above, cloud and pack ice beneath.

Just before half-past six, after roughly nine hours in the air we reached 90° N. and turned to port heading for the Mackenzie delta. The navigators asserted that we had reached the North Pole. So far fortune had favoured us, but troubles soon began. A transfer cock from one fuel tank to the general system ceased to operate so that our effective fuel supply was, by that tank's capacity, diminished: we could not make Barter Island, the first emergency landing ground in our desired direction. So we turned for Thule, the great new U.S. air base in N.W. Greenland, and soon came in over the magnificence of northern Ellesmere Island and its great United States range. Thule was not far off when my watch indicated 11 at night and I wrote in my note-book that the fjord complex contained no heavy ice. No further observation was set down until after the passage of some uncomfortable hours of stress, both physical and mental, for all of us. We finally landed four hours later, after a flight of nearly eighteen hours with no more than twenty minutes of available petrol in the tanks. The flight had all too admirably served its dual purpose as an exercise both in high latitude navigation and in flying towards the extremity of the fuel supply. Had we been living in earlier days we should on landing, like mariners saved from the sea, have at once set about building a chapel.

The problems of landing were real, and great praise must go to Squadron Leader J. T. Lawrence, the captain of the aircraft, for his final success in getting us safely to earth after many abortive attempts involving sudden changes of altitude which worked havoc with the internal arrangements of some of us less experienced in such near-acrobatics. The difficulties were considerable: there was heavy cloud from 200 up to 8000 feet: the runways were in process of alteration:

the radio techniques used by the R.A.F. and U.S.A.F. were perhaps insufficiently co-ordinated in practice. Further problems were those inseparable from the uselessness of magnetic compasses not distant from the magnetic pole and the uselessness of gyro-compasses after a few tight turns. So, after each abortive run in we were forced to soar to 8000 feet, take new solar observations and dive down again for the unseen runway. The Thule air base served us nobly in sending up another aircraft in an unsuccessful attempt to meet us above the clouds and guide us down, and in setting out scores of motor-trucks with headlights blazing to form a makeshift flare-path in the dusk.

Great was our relief at last to land, neither on the sea nor on a nearby ice cap, but with our wheels down on a runway; and to step out from the now sordid interior of the aircraft to a cool high arctic dusk filled with hospitable Americans.

This is not the place for descriptions of Thule, neither of the old Eskimo settlement with its cheerful and quiet-loving inhabitants, nor of the technical and personal aspects of the new strategic air base. The juxtaposition of the old and the new is weird. Military police on the hill-tops prevent the movement of men and the mixture of races. The Danish authorities in their benevolence have always done their utmost to conserve Eskimo interests and to protect them from the world as it has become.

We stayed three nights in Thule; Aries, having at last reached the ground in safety, seemed to need a new engine which had to be flown out from Manby. Then another Manby aircraft came in, one of three Hastings which had set off with us for high latitude exercise but which had taken circuitous tours of the Canadian arctic archipelago. Some of us boarded her and, in comfort but some oxygen lack, flew direct across Greenland, across the sea and across Iceland and more sea and Scotland to Lincolnshire in the space of twelve hours.

To me aerial travel is like dreaming: the scenes change all too swiftly, there is a lack of control and a lack of reality. Peculiar beauty abounds high above the earth, but it is a distant beauty, intangible, transitory and not fully satisfying. The contentment of spirit that can come from polar life and travel largely derives from the peace and silence of the icy land, the physical contact with the elements in all their moods, and the slow progress into the distance ahead. Friendship with one's dogs is real: I have never yet felt friendship for an engine.

G. C. L. B.

THE TRIALS OF A STEWARD

WHEN I was made Steward of the College in 1946, Mr F. F. Blackman wrote to me wishing me well, and expressing the hope that I would have an easier time at the hands of the Fellows than he had had. Blackman was Steward for six years from 1908 to 1914: he succeeded William Bateson when he was elected Professor of Biology in 1908, and was succeeded by H. H. Brindley. Recently Mrs Blackman found some interesting letters and papers belonging to her late husband's days as Steward, and has very kindly allowed their publication. The first letter is from T. G. Bonney and is splendidly characteristic of his forthrightness.

26. iii. 09

9 SCROOPE TERRACE
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Steward,

I wish you would impress upon the College cook that unless he brings the standard of cookery for the Fellows' table to the level of a household where they give a female from five and twenty to thirty pounds a year, there will be "reactions"—If I can get any to back me. To take yesterday's dinner for an example. It began with what he calls Scotch broth—a coarsely flavoured compound full of little bits of insipid meat—I wish my cook, who is a Scotch woman, could give him a lesson. With the meat, the grated potatoes were "sopped", as they have been for some days past—and in the next course the "Sherry Jelly" was tasteless—just the stuff which would be bought from a grocer in a glass bottle. I am sure, so far away was any vinous flavour, a Rechabite might have eaten it.

I do not want a more luxurious dinner than we have, quite the reverse; but I do object to getting bad dishes for good money in consequence of a servants sloth, negligence or rapacity.

yours very truly

T. G. BONNEY

Blackman was away when this letter was penned by Bonney and did not receive it until he returned to London. He sat down in the Royal Societies Club to answer Bonney's complaints, and kept a draft of his reply. Here it is:

ROYAL SOCIETIES CLUB,
ST JAMES'S STREET, S.W.
19 Ap 09.

Dear Bonney,

Returning from a trip to the other end of the continent during which I have eaten meals in some ten countries of Europe with my digestion unimpeded by pursuant letters, I find your complaint awaiting me.

I know that the dinners run downhill in vacation time and I hope to find the explanation and prevent it. Something must be allowed for differences of palate. I and many others think "Scotch broth" is an uncommonly good soup. Jellies I never take but will look into the matter and transfer some of your protest to the person of the cook when I come up.

All Stewards, past and present, will appreciate the delightful restraint and firmness of the phrase "my digestion unimpeded by pursuant letters". But this did not stop the letters which continued to pursue Blackman. On Sunday, 13 June 1909 the following dinner was served to the Fellows:

POTAGE A LA REINE
*
SALMON MAYONNAISE
*
ROAST LAMB
COLD CHICKEN AND TONGUE
FRENCH SALAD
POTATOES SPINACH
*
COLD LEEDS PUDDING
HOT AND COLD CHERRY PIE

Sunday, June 13

This did not satisfy Bonney who pleads not for luxury but for "careful performance". He sent the menu with the following covering letter:

June 14th. 1909
9, SCROOPE TERRACE,
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Steward,

Would it not be possible to get the cook to pay a little more attention to the Sunday dinner than to that of weekdays, because that is the day on which "weekenders" are present and one wishes a good impression of the College to be produced—not of luxury but of careful performance. I enclose that of yesterday as an example of what I mean. I presume it was planned on Saturday, but it has, except for the kind of soup, a dominant note of "coldness";

though the thermometer then was abnormally low. White soups should be barred on Sundays, for those made in our kitchen are about on the level of what you would get at a second or third class hotel. I gave up taking them some time ago, because they were so bad. Then the green vegetable was spinach. When this is sent, there should be an alternative, for so many actually dislike it—just as some like it very much. For instance I notice that Stevens and Ward, as well as myself, who generally sit near me, do not take it.

These are small matters, but they produce the impression of negligence; and the result of a year's observation after I returned, was that a kind of "slouch" had notably pervaded the domestic as contrasted with the educational departments of the College.

yours sincerely

T. G. BONNEY

There was obviously a friendly exchange of letters, but Bonney is writing again at the end of the month, pressing for special attention to be paid to the Sunday evening dinner. The postscript explains why no menu was included this time.

30. vi. 09

9 SCROOPE TERRACE,
CAMBRIDGE

My dear Steward,

I am sorry again to trouble you, after your friendly answers to my complaint, but I enclose the menu of last Sunday's dinner. Again a white soup which I took care to taste and found of the usual second class hotel type, though I must admit some grated cheese was served, which, for those who like that condiment, served to disguise its defects. Then he sends up his worst and most tasteless entree, a chicken omlette (sic). Omlette au jambon is good, and so is that aux herbes, but that which our cook delights in is the flavourless seasoned by the insipid—Fortunately there were no guests. Had I brought one I should have been ashamed. It is, I believe, really important that special care should be given to the Sunday dinner, so that it may become a habit to bring a few guests. Neglect of such matters has, I know, done much to pull down the College and attention to them in small matters will help to pull it up. "Nil mihi reseritas attamen ipse 'rebuke'."

yours very truly

T. G. BONNEY

P.S. The confusion of private papers due to press of examination work, which has delayed the writing of this, has made the menu vanish.

No further letters from Bonney were kept by Blackman. The only other thing he preserved with these letters was a menu from 1914.

Here it is with four annotations: the annotations were by T. R. Glover, and are reprinted here without comment.

BRUNOISE SOUP

*

FRIED SOLE.¹ LEMON SAUCE

*

SADDLE OF MUTTON⁴ROAST FILLET OF VEAL.² BACON

POTATOES CAULIFLOWER

*

BLACK CAP PUDDING³STEWED PEARS AND CREAM⁴

Friday, May 22.

¹ No flavour.

³ Generally refused.

² Served tepid.

⁴ Supply ran out.

G. E. DANIEL

WHO'S WHO IN ST JOHN'S

Sir Frank Thistlethwaite, Minister of Matriculation, Chairman of the Royal Commission on Praelectoral Reform, Heir Presumptive to the Rockefeller Millions.

Count Alexis Michael Panther Brookes, Master of the Rolls Royce. Viscount Hoyle of Linton and the Mysterious Universe.

George Colin Lawder Bertram, Prince of Whales, Lord Keeper of the Arctic Seal, Consul-General at the North Pole.

His Beatitude Edward Craddock Ratcliff, Archimandrite of Stuntney and the Fens.

Sir Nikolaus Pevsner, Knight Commander of the Victorian Gothic Order.

Roland Henry Winfield, Count Cocaine, First Baron Benzadrine.

The Venerable James Stanley Bezzant, Archdeacon of New Court, Warden of All Souls, Honorary Chaplain to the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board.

Field Marshal Earl Walker of Johannesburg and Ditton Corner, Keeper of the Imperial Oar.

Admiral of the Fleet Baron Hinsley of Bletchley and Berchtesgaden, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Home Affairs and War.

Air Marshal Lord Howland of the White City and the Cocos Keeling Islands.

Frank Samuel Jennings Hollick, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of the Countess of Shrewsbury.

Henry Albert Harris, Archdruid of Merthyr Tydfil, Ex-Anatomist Extraordinary to Ex-King Farouk.

Sir James Mann Wordie of Wordie, Laird of the Falkland Islands, Hereditary Bailiff of Baffin Land.

Sir Claude William Guillebaud, Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Copper Belt, Comptroller of the Privy Pills.

Frank Leonard Engledow, Marquis of Lucerne, Supreme Sower of Soya in the Sudan, Meritorious Manager of Mealies for the Matabele.

Glyn, Duc de Camembert, Marquis of Alexandra Palace, Earl of Lyonesse, Vicomte de Veau Rôti, Baron Stonehenge, Chevalier of the Légion de Bonheur (deuxième classe), Steward of the Stilton Hundreds, Gentleman of the Chamber Tomb, Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of the Scholars' Buttery (and Bar).

THE PROFESSOR AND HIS PUBLIC

IN the days when academic achievement was a passport to respectable fame, when a chance encounter in the Park led almost invariably to two or three hours of strenuous conversation on the eccentricities of Colenso or to a heated dialogue on the statistical approach to social problems, the Professor would have been a lion. He would have flourished in the memoirs of the period, and his love affair with a Camden Town barmaid would have ranked with the amatory history of Hazlitt or Ruskin in the esteem of the writers of middle articles. But, born out of his time, the Professor had come to realize that his painfully worked-for career had been a short-cut to obscurity, which, since he could have become even more successfully obscure without twenty-one long years in the Faculty of Oriental Languages and several nerve-racking encounters with an irascible Professor of Persian Literature at Cairo, which had only been settled when the Professor published *Whither Philology?*, he found both disconcerting and frustrating. He gazed at the portrait of a long dead Professor of Arabic, resplendent in robes befitting his subject, which hung in the Senior Common Room and mentally ran over one or two of the more fiery passages of condemnation of infidels from the Koran. Then he moved aside to allow a young Natural Sciences don, whose picture had that day appeared in the *Daily Mirror*, with the caption "The Professor keeps England's security—in his head", to make his dignified, but slightly self-conscious, way to an armchair. The young were all round him, clamouring for that success which Fate had denied him; even Omar would have wilted in face of the stinging implied reproof of absence from the newspapers, and only a very occasional appearance in the *Radio Times*. In Hall that night he was distraught and forgot to make a comment which had demanded three weeks' preparation on the parallels to the Grace to be found in the Talmud. Even the earnest young men who concerned themselves with the standard of discussion at the meetings of the Deutsch Society, and whose homage he normally received with favour, now seemed to offer nothing beyond a continuation of his present state of unseen blushing. He was unnoticed. The conscious oblivion of his surroundings with which he walked through Market Square, reading a learned quarterly, the minutes of tense expectation in which he waited to greet his colleagues with an air of myopic surprise, had all been wasted effort. The Professor retired to his rooms and thought about the injustice of a barren age.

He was visited next day by a young man whom he remembered to have been a scholar of the College, and a double first in Theology.

The young man had quarrelled with the chaplain about the form of interdenominational services and had strayed towards Rome, but after one or two Benedictine tea parties he had gone down unconverted and now worked for a Sunday newspaper. He wanted the Professor to make a statement about the functions of the hierodouloi in the temples of Attis, and promised payment at the normal rates. When the newspaper carrying the article appeared, the Professor was surprised to read "Says religious orders front for vice traffic. Professor exposes old racket". The factual information was all retailed correctly, though without due regard for historical location. But all such qualms were quieted by the respectful hush which marked his entering the Senior Common Room that night, and when the man who had proved (and on the Light Programme) that chlorophyll had no effect on the condition of man called him "Sir", the Professor's conscience went blissfully to sleep. The next day's post brought an offer to publish a book on the same subject from the Freedom of Man from Superstition Press Association, and an inquiry about a historical novel from Art and Beauty Books Limited. The novel offered better terms, and was free from the taint of enthusiasm which seemed to cling to the other book. To one of his linguistic attainments, the slightly heightened translation of a Sanskrit chronicle presented no difficulty. The book appeared in due course, and though the Professor was grieved to observe that the publishers had thought best to omit his notes, in which he had administered a stern rebuke to a recalcitrant Oxford lecturer, the payment for the novel put down all other considerations. Although it did not figure in the pages of the quarterlies which had always treated his work with great deference on previous occasions, there was a marked public reaction to his new production. A city councillor of Newcastle called for its banning: in Birmingham harsh things were said about the Lord Chancellor, and Paignton declared it unfit for the maidenly shelves of its Municipal Library.

All this did not distract the Professor in any way: he was constantly besieged with invitations to parties of all sorts, and Art and Beauty Books Limited asked him to undertake another novel. He spent an increasingly larger part of his time in London, and he was elected to the Rectorship of a Scottish University. In January he spoke to the League of Loveliness on Moslem marital ethics, and in February he became engaged to Dolores Cinati, who was appearing in "The Caliph's Pleasure", a play on which he had worked as technical adviser. Then, almost exactly on the fifteenth anniversary of his election to the Victoria Chair of Oriental Languages, the Professor was elected to the chair of Television's newest, and most lavish parlour game. He had found his public.

ANON.

THE LETTER

No soul is left here now to listen,
 Where the evening gathers from the road
 Its sparkling thread of light.
 No soul to know my tiredness,
 As the silk and perfum'd rose
 Is drifted heavenwards—soft
 And easeful tiredness at evening;
 None to feel the heart
 That is alone and needs alone
 To share it knows not what.
 No soul—but some warm spirit
 Lingering on the page: no life,
 But warmth in her long dress,
 Listening in her whiteness
 To the heart of evening,
 Smiling as she waits.

D. I. M.

POEM

LACKING the picture-postcard eyes,
 I scarcely see the sights abroad.
 Only the children and the flies
 And wineshops stop me being bored.
 I notice small and unimportant things—
 Shopkeepers' souls and monuments of kings.

ANON.

DANCE TUNE

YOU are gone, the bright Now and I must go back alone
 Down the dark alleyways of time,
 The labyrinthine city,
 Of my mind.
 Here's the old cinder path to school,
 Now down the soft lit lane,
 (Where adolescence did the light effects.)
 But the show's all over now.

Could I walk through the backcloth
 Down the old street
 Into the garden, stand again
 Upon the doorstep of reality.
 Went to see my baby
 Knocked at her door;
 But an old lady answered,
 She don't live here no more.
 I am a stranger in this city
 For fantasy has built it, that sly old man
 Father of Religion and the Five Year Plan.
 He built the Republic and Easy Street,
 The age of gold, the People's State,
 That little cottage by the sea.
 Speeds with the Shaman space ship
 To boredom at the speed of light.
 Fills the whole universe with his gimcrack creations
 Shouts his products from the hoardings.
 The packaging is smart; but the goods disappointing.
 The clock of eternity has no hands
 Infinity's a shapeless rubber toy,
 The road you never walked down,
 Was rather like the rest,
 The valley over the hill,
 Was nothing in particular
 And a mystic in the desert which bears no fruit
 Dreamed one day of the absolute
 But the present comes in a handy size,
 The day soon ends, the dark night never.
 What does the Evangelist offer?
 Eternity to get through—
 And no fags.
 Friends take a retiring collection,
 Buy me twenty cigarettes
 And keep your immortality.

H. B.

"THE VULTURE"

We print below, without further comment, and without corrections to grammar or punctuation, a notice which recently appeared on the J.C.R. Notice Board.

Contributions are invited for publication in "The Vulture". Intending contributors are reminded that length and dullness of article will not by themselves ensure publication, although very necessary qualifications.

Subscribers are reminded that while the subscription is voluntary, payment must be made before coming into residence next term.

An exciting new serial begins in the next issue, "Organs I have Known" by Samuel Butler, this edition also contains a number of Greek limericks published posthumously by an old member of the College.

MR B. HINDE, *Editor*

REFLECTIONS OF AN ALIEN

TO the man who comes up to Cambridge after having spent several years at a University in Holland, life here does indeed seem strange at first. He is used to living in digs, having his own key and coming in or going out at any hour of the day or night he pleases. He will have gone through a rather severe freshmen's time in the first few weeks he was an undergraduate—all his hair was shaven off and, though he would not have acknowledged it at the time, he did not like that very much! Afterwards, if he has become a "good" member of the "Societeit", the students' club, he will have spent many of his nights there. He will have taken his exams when he "felt ready" for them—and probably have failed them the first time he took them.

How very different is life in Cambridge! Most striking to the foreigner are perhaps the comparative luxury of the surroundings—the writer had rooms in Chapel Court!—the numerous tea-parties, and the amount of time devoted to games. When a student comes up to a Dutch University, he will try to find some digs as near as possible to the club-house, he will buy or collect at home or from relations some furniture as old as possible, and in the morning of the day the freshmen's time starts, he will go to the hairdresser to get his hair cut off. Trembling all over he will go to the Societeit, where he will be received by the older students in an everything except friendly manner. For the next two or three weeks he will be kept continually busy, from 8.30 in the morning, when he has to go to prepare breakfast and clean shoes for an older man, till midnight, when at last he can go home to get some sleep before the next day starts. Most of the day he will spend cleaning boats in the University boathouse or doing some other job, and in the evenings he usually has to go to some society or other. At last the great day arrives when he will become a club-member—in a ceremony that lasts from noon one day till six or eight the next morning, and that is of far greater solemnity than the conferring of any degree.

A few days later the lectures will start, but our freshman will as yet, if he is wise, think more about becoming a good societeits-member than about the actual course of study he is supposed to follow. By Christmas he has to be known to most members of the Societeit, lest he be stigmatized as "obscure" and be, in a literal sense, thrown out the club-house. And as societeits-life really only starts at eleven or twelve at night, except for an hour or so at dinner time, the freshman will often be found in bed at the time of his early morning lectures.

When the years go by people naturally spend less and less time at the Societeit—the only centre of social activities—and more time studying. In general people do not work less than in Cambridge, but they probably do it less regularly. The personal responsibility is greater and there are always a few people who cannot stand up to it.

There is little comparable to this to be found in Cambridge. Undergraduates here are, especially in their first year, perhaps a bit more serious than in Holland. But the fundamental difference is perhaps that the Dutch idea of University education is "Give them their freedom, and they will undoubtedly, by trial and error, find their own responsibility". In England the risk of trial and error is not taken.

Games, with the possible exception of rowing, are far less popular than in England. And even rowing is only generally popular in the beginning of May, the time of the races between the Universities. Tea-parties are wholly unknown. People do not drink tea—and if they do they will keep it quiet from everybody else. People only give parties after exams, especially if they have passed one. Giving a party means that a man offers a drink in the club-house to everyone who comes and congratulates him, and usually he invites his more intimate friends to dinner afterwards. As people can decide themselves when they will take their exams, which are all oral, there is a continuous succession of these parties all through the year.

Which life would be preferable if one had the choice? To the freshman who is solely out "to have a good time" a Dutch University undoubtedly offers more opportunities than Cambridge. To the man who has already been a student for several years, college life in Cambridge has a very special appeal.

B. C. D. J.

"THE FANTASTICS" BY EDMOND ROSTAND

Lady Margaret Players' May Week Production, 1953
In the Fellows' Garden, 3-5 June

A MAY WEEK production bedevilled by grey and severe weather prompts almost as many painful half-congratulations as a rained-off Test Match. The "might-have-been" reigns supreme, and the unfortunate producer and cast are likely to be left with a review that resembles an obituary. But even without marking up credits for courage in the face of climatic adversity, there is still much to be said for Jolyon Kay's production. He very wisely followed Rostand's lead, and over-produced the play. There was nothing subtle in Andrew Le Maitre's business with a bucket of water, nor in the characterization at large, and the set appealed outrageously for help from the willing suspension of disbelief. But then there is nothing subtle in the play itself, even as Rostand wrote it—and the translation used for this production should be ignored by anyone with the slightest spark of charity. This was a production which demanded that the cast should throw off all inhibitions and overact—though some may be born to ham, these actors had hamminess thrust upon them. Clearly this demanded a good deal of confidence—and it was not surprising that a not very experienced cast should sometimes fail in the task and appear rather self-conscious about the whole affair. Joe Bain was all that the play demanded as the blustering Strafovel—his whole bearing showed confident bravado, and he was at his best as the soi-disant Marquis of Astafiorquercita. At times one was definitely surprised that there were no moustaches to be twirled.

John Hargreaves as Pasquinot evidently decided to play a stonewall game: with his first entrance he achieved a voice and stance of episcopal solidity and self-assurance. Rostand gave him little chance to achieve any change. Andrew Le Maitre, puffing and blowing in opposition to John Hargreaves as Bergamin, rather contradicted himself: his painfully comic hobbling consorted oddly with his youthful voice. We could not really believe that Mr Le Maitre was old and stupid: Mr Hargreaves has only himself to blame if we sometimes thought that of him. Trevor Williams, as Percinet the young and self-deceiving lover, seemed to have no plan of action—he fought rather well with a rather silly part, but fluctuated too much between believing in his character and caricaturing it. Sylvia McLean started with the advantage of our sympathy—she was scarcely

fittingly dressed for such an evening, and it would be easy to believe that some of her whimperings when confronted with the terrifying Astafiorquercita had rather more than a dramatic significance. Her performance was uniform, and ranks for confidence with that of Joe Bain. A final word of praise should go to David Hardy, whose brief appearances as Blaise the gardener provided a gradually freezing audience with some exercise.

By and large the production was, within its limits, a success; the uneven tone of some individual performances was not fatal, and, we decided while feeling almost frozen, perfectly understandable.

F. J. B.



THE NEW GARDEN

THE photograph reproduced as the frontispiece of this Number shows the new garden recently made in the College Grounds on the piece of land adjoining the Broad Walk and lying to the north of the Wilderness. The photograph was taken in July 1953 by Mr Kendon and shows the view of the garden from a point near the entrance gate at its south-east corner, not far from the iron bridge.

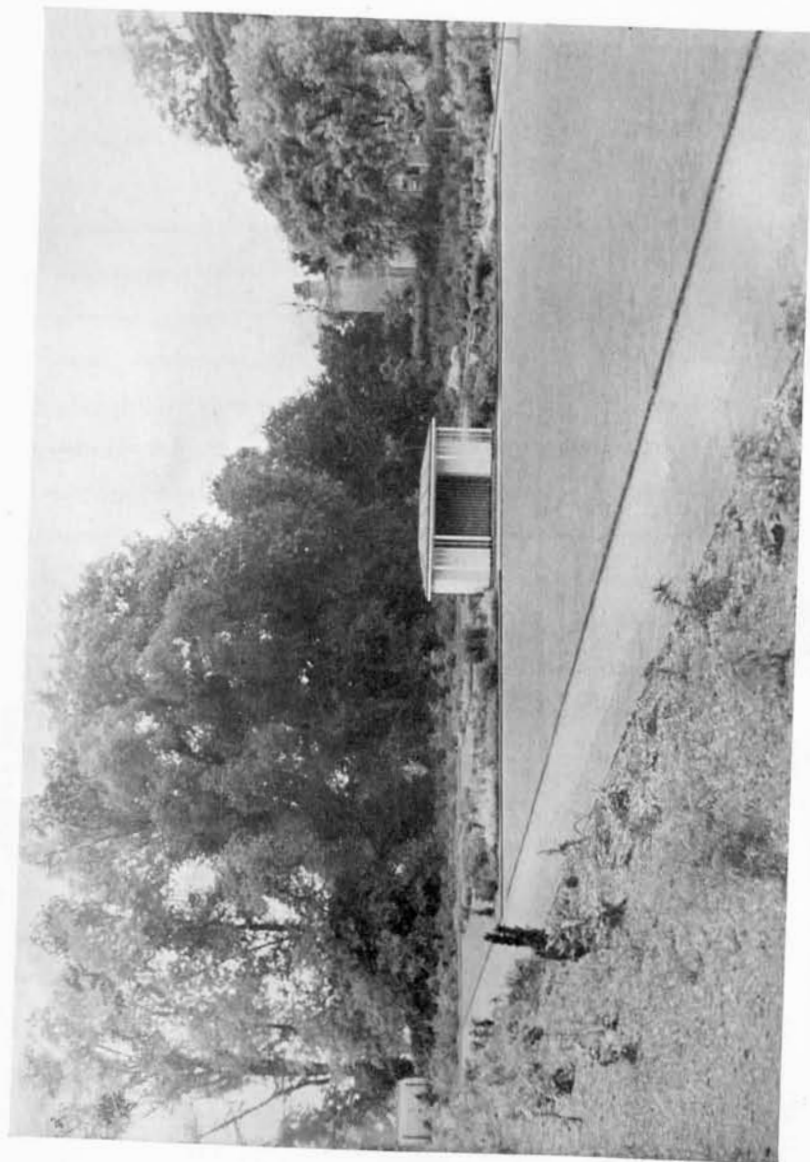
The site of the garden, until 1951, was an orchard. It was apparently already an orchard when the College acquired the land by exchange in 1805, and it is so shown in R. G. Baker's map of Cambridge of the year 1830.* But that old orchard was largely replanted in about the year 1894, when William Bateson, afterwards Professor of Biology, was Steward. The trees then planted were mainly apples, selected to give a succession of fruit in a normal store from August to May, but there were also plums, some pears, and at least two quinces, one of which has been retained in the new garden. At that time there was a boarded fence along the boundary adjoining Queen's Road; the fence remained until it was ripped down to feed a bonfire in 1900, when it was replaced by the present iron railings.†

* *The Eagle*, Vol. LIII, p. 150 and Fig. 4; Vol. LIV, p. 307.

† I owe these details mainly to Mr R. E. Thoday, Head Gardener of the College, and to Mr Charles Gawthrop, formerly Porter. Mr Gawthrop, who entered the service of the College in March 1888 and retired in January 1946, helped to plant the fruit trees. He was then employed in the Kitchen. He became a Porter at the Gate in 1897 and so continued, becoming also Assistant Head Porter, until his retirement. He must know and be known to more Johnians than any other man living.

The bonfire was probably that on Market Hill on Thursday, 1 March 1900, when news reached Cambridge that Ladysmith had been relieved on 28 February (*Cambridge Chronicle*, 2 March 1900, p. 8; cf. 9 March, p. 8). Some

THE NEW GARDEN



The conversion of the orchard into a garden was a part of Dr Thomas Sharp's scheme for the replanning and replanting of the College Grounds and Playing Fields as a whole, and he himself has given an account of the scheme and of the ideas that lay behind it.* His plans received the general approval of the Governing Body on 28 November 1950, though a decision to proceed with the new garden was not taken until the following January. The work began in the spring of 1951 and was completed in the autumn of 1952. The garden was laid out and planted by Messrs J. Cheal and Sons Limited, Nurserymen, of Crawley, Sussex, who carried out the whole of the work in the Grounds and Playing Fields, except the initial felling and removal of trees.

The orchard, with its blossom, was an attractive feature of the Backs in spring, and again in summer when the wild parsley, which grew there in abundance, was in flower; but it had often been felt that the area was not used to full advantage, and it would be true to say that since the College had acquired it a century and a half before it had never been fully incorporated, either physically or in feeling, in the College Grounds. Its conversion to a garden has made it for the first time in a full sense a part of the College precincts, and a part of the Backs.

In a letter of 11 July 1950 Dr Sharp, after a first inspection of the Grounds, wrote:

I think that by far the best use that could be made of the present orchard is to convert it into a garden. Since this is the end of the Backs proper, the firm definition given by a closed garden will be beneficial to the local landscape as a whole...

In his formal report to the College of 9 October he reaffirmed this recommendation and proposed a simple design, formal in character, so that the garden might be "supplementary to the Wilderness and contrasting with it". Thus the garden was designed, not only for itself, but also as part of the general scene. At first it was suggested that the hedges—those on either side of the new avenue of limes along the Broad Walk, the one forming the northern boundary of the Wilderness and the other the southern boundary of the new garden, and also those round other sides of the garden—should be of beech; but, on Dr Sharp's recommendation, it was later decided that all these hedges should be of yew. It was also decided, in order not unduly to increase the costs of maintenance, that the borders in the garden should be planted mainly with flowering shrubs, including memories have come to associate it with the rejoicings that followed the relief of Mafeking on 17 May 1900; but that is less likely (see *Cambridge Chronicle*, 25 May 1900, p. 7).

* *The Eagle*, Vol. LIV, pp. 314-19. For the new garden, see p. 317.

shrub roses, and that herbaceous borders should be limited to a small section.

The garden is laid out in two parts. The eastern and larger part consists of an unbroken rectangular lawn surrounded by gravel walks, outside which, on the north, south, and east, are wide borders planted mainly with flowering shrubs. These borders are backed by yew hedges, that on the south running the whole length of the garden and forming the northern boundary of the avenue of limes along the Broad Walk and thus corresponding with the new yew hedge along the northern limit of the Wilderness that bounds the avenue on the south. The smaller western part of the garden has as its central area a parterre of grass and beds planted with prostrate plants and shrubs, with gravel walks on the north and south and west, those on the north and south being continuous with the walks of the eastern part. Outside these, similarly, are wide borders planted with flowering shrubs. The two parts of the garden are separated by a yew hedge running north and south, broken only by the gravel walks that run continuously through both parts of the garden, and by a summer-house in the centre, which looks on to the large lawn of the eastern part. To the east of this dividing yew hedge, and flanking the summer-house on either side, are borders of perennial flowering plants. In the north-west corner of this large lawn is a weeping ash, and near the middle of its eastern end is a quince tree, the sole survivor of the orchard trees. Along the northern limit of the whole garden, outside the yew hedge, is a line of limes which will balance the avenue of limes along the Broad Walk to the south. The garden is entered from the Broad Walk at the south-eastern and south-western corners, where there are wrought-iron gates set in the yew hedge. Drainage is provided for the gravel walks, and there is a main-water supply for watering the garden. In the short space between the eastern end of the garden and the Bin Brook white horse chestnuts have been planted, and under these Redstem Dogwood.

The great variety of flowering shrubs and other plants, which include bulbs, were chosen and arranged by Miss Sylvia Crowe, working in association with Dr Sharp. The wrought-iron gates and the summer-house were designed by Mr David Wyn Roberts, University Lecturer in Architecture and a member of the College. The gates were made by Messrs George Lister and Sons, of Cambridge, and the summer-house by Messrs Coulson and Son, also of Cambridge.

Mr Kendon's photograph shows the garden late in the summer that followed the planting: the shrubs are small, the hedges un-grown, and the summer-house over-prominent in initial isolation. Moreover, at present the whole garden is open to the view of persons

passing to and fro along the Broad Walk. All this will change in a comparatively short period, though it will be many years before the limes on the north and south reach their full stature. This opportunity should be taken to place on record two opinions expressed by Dr Sharp in a letter of 30 January 1953, when the making of the garden was completed. He wrote:

My idea has been that the yew hedges to the Garden and the Wilderness shall ultimately be of an architectural form, up to a height of 6 feet or 6 feet 6 inches, so as to give complete and sharply defined enclosures.

And further:

I think that ultimately gates should be fixed on the paths between the two parts of the New Garden.

Looking forward in imagination some fifteen or twenty years, we may suppose ourselves to be walking through the College Grounds along the Broad Walk towards Queen's Road. Crossing the iron bridge, we enter the avenue of limes, now grown to some size. The avenue extends in appearance across the road and out into the Playing Fields, and the lines of trees being set more widely apart than the elms of earlier days, the whole composition of the Field Gate with its flanking walls and railings is visible within the width of the avenue. On either side of us, under the trees, is a wide strip of grass; and beyond the grass, on both sides, are yew walls cut square at the top and grown to a height above eye level. Beyond the yew wall on our left is the wild garden of the Wilderness, still very much in its old form; and beyond the yew wall on our right is a garden of formal design, now well established. The Wilderness and the formal garden, contrasting with each other, yet complementary, are visible from the Broad Walk only by glimpses, first as we pass their entrance-gates near the iron bridge, and then again as we reach their other entrances near the Field Gate. Or, instead of walking down the avenue, we may suppose that we turn into the formal garden to the north by the gate at its south-eastern corner and so enter its eastern part. It is a complete enclosure, surrounded on all sides by square-cut yew walls, with borders of roses and other flowering shrubs. In the centre is an open lawn with an old quince tree at its eastern end and a weeping ash in its north-west corner. In the centre of the western end is the summer-house, with a yew wall extending on either side and reaching towards its eaves, broken elsewhere only by iron gates across the two gravel walks which give access to the western part of the garden. We walk through the southern gateway and enter the western part, which is screened from Queen's Road by a high bank of shrubs and trees and sharply divided from the eastern part; and, after walking round

the central parterre, we return by the northern gateway to the eastern part of the garden again. In front of us as we do so, between us and the New Court, is a row of horse chestnuts growing beyond the limit of the garden, and on our left, between the garden and the grounds of Merton Hall, is a line of lime trees, grown as tall as those of the avenue.

The new garden, if developed on these lines in accordance with Dr Sharp's intention, will be a contribution to the gardens of Cambridge; for formal gardens in Cambridge are few. It will also add a new feature, and further variety, to the College Grounds and to the Backs as a whole. It will, in fact, be the completion, after a century and a half, of the extension and replanning of the Grounds begun in 1822 and made possible by the new areas acquired in 1805.*

J. S. B. S.

* *The Eagle*, Vol. LIII, pp. 147-61.

PSYCHOLOGY IN MEDICINE

(LINACRE LECTURE 1953)

By SIR FREDERIC BARTLETT, C.B.E., F.R.S.

ALL people who make a habit of attending lectures will know well that a lecturer may often say things that everybody in his audience knows already, with impunity, and even with approval. I am therefore well within tradition when I remark that the fact that I was asked, by my own College, to deliver the famous Linacre Lecture, gave me very deep pleasure. Whether, in the event, it can give comparable satisfaction to anybody else remains still to be seen. I can only hope for the best, and this I do with considerable trepidation.

No doubt most people to whose lot it falls to deliver a lecture in honour of some great man of the past, must at some time wonder what that great man himself would think and feel, if it were possible for him to walk in and listen. Would Thomas Linacre, for example, now be annoyed, or flattered? Would he be critical, or amused, or would he be merely tolerant? Probably he would be a little of all these; but on the whole I do not think that I should have any great reason to be disturbed.

He was a humanist before he was a doctor. He travelled widely, and since he seems to have won golden opinions wherever he went, he must have known very well how to get on with all kinds and conditions of people. I believe that every Linacre lecturer, from the first onwards, has pointed out that he translated the works of Galen, including the celebrated treatise on Temperaments. But it would hardly be right to build much on that, for Galen's Temperaments were more physical and physiological than psychological, and their frequently alleged psychological significance may perhaps be largely a matter of the exigencies of translation and of modern interpretation. More to the point is the fact that he became a personal physician to King Henry VIII. It must have been a fairly adventurous job, but he seems to have performed it with considerable success. In the style of the time he was appropriately rewarded by a number of ecclesiastical preferments. None of these provoked him into residence, but their results enabled him to make his two famous endowments for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. With all this he was, and ever since has been, regarded as a man of the most upright and blameless character.

Clearly, whatever Thomas Linacre might have thought about the more modern developments of psychology, he must have been a practising psychologist of the very highest order, and from this I may legitimately derive some little encouragement.

It is likely that the title "Psychology in Medicine", will at once suggest some excursion into the long and strange history of Psychological Medicine. The story of the slow development of psychiatry, with its short periods of advance, or of apparent advance, and its long intervening periods of standstill or retardation, has not yet, I think, been fully and wisely told, in a way both appreciative and properly critical. But no single lecture could tell that story, and it is in my mind now to try to speak of more ordinary and everyday affairs both in psychology and in medical practice.

Numerous people have pointed out that the physician, in the regular exercise of his vocation, has an unrivalled chance to appreciate for himself the mingled comedy and tragedy of human life. Often it has been said that the medical man becomes a psychologist willy-nilly, whatever his views about psychology as an alleged science may be. Indeed even now there are plenty of people who honestly believe that these views about scientific psychology are almost, if not quite, bound to become more critical, more disapproving, the better "natural psychologist" the doctor may be.

There seems to be some truth in this. For long I have wondered how much and of what kind. And now I am going to set out to try to discover the answers.

My own first fairly direct contact with medicine was the same, I suppose, as that of most other people of my own age. It was through the family doctor who was also the family friend. He had a wide-ranging country practice, and when I think of him now, for some reason, I picture him as wrapped in a vast and impressive fur coat, gloved and muffled, with a diminutive coachman in livery by his side, perched high upon the driver's seat of a light gig, about to set out upon, or returning late from, his journeys in wind and storm, frost and snow. Or again I see him on summer days and evenings, going his rounds and making his special calls, on the horse which always preferred caution to valour. He was, like many others of his kind, a compound of great kindness and great irascibility. It now seems to me that the outstanding thing about his medical activities was not the doses that he used—rather few in variety on the whole, and either somewhat inert or decidedly drastic—but the fact that he appeared to be as interested in his patient's healthy avocations as in their ailments and he was apt to dangle the promise of a return to these before the sick man's sniffing nose as a kind of item in his dispensary.

In his different way, and for his different purpose, he must have been something like those Master Mendicants of whom Sir Thomas Browne wrote:

There is surely a physiognomy which these experienced and Master Mendicants observe, whereby they instantly discover a merciful

aspect, and will single out a face wherein they spy the signatures and marks of Mercy. For there are mystically in our faces certain Characters which carry in them the Motto of our Souls, wherein he that cannot read A.B.C. may read our natures.

I think he had no formulated or systematic psychology at all. In all his training he had probably never heard that there was such a thing. Much later on, when I used to go back home, he would ask me to go in, and I would talk about dreams, and Freud, and even venture to relate the old story of Œdipus. He would listen gravely, and apparently with deep interest; and with a twinkle in his eye. I never imagined that it would make the smallest impression on the methods of a reasonably successful medical practice; and for a certainty it never did.

Was he a living illustration of psychology in medicine? Clearly in some sense he was, and so were many others like him; but not, I now think, in a particularly important or helpful sense. His "natural psychology" came in only at the stage of treatment. Sometimes it helped him, sometimes it hindered him, at that stage. It had almost no part, perhaps no part at all, in his more strictly medical procedure of diagnosis, or even of prognosis. He was often wrong in both of these and while I don't for a moment want to suggest that even the most professionally expert doctor never would be wrong, still the principal reasons are interesting. His habit was to look for nice sets of accredited physical signs and symptoms, and then to apply the equally accredited, established, tidy and conventional medical classifications. He did not go as far as that well-known character in the Medical Apocrypha who used to tie a string round the waist of the patient to help him to localize the pain. If the pain was above the string, the patient got an emetic; if it was below, he got a purgative; if it was on he got both. But he was somewhere along that line.

I believe that by far the most important part that psychology can play in medicine is the indirect one of putting, and keeping, the doctor on guard against the many pitfalls that await anybody whose practical work must begin by the accurate observation of human beings in disease and in health. It is not the "natural", rather proverbial kind of psychology that will best do this, but a study more experimentally directed, more stringent, more scientific and more critical. What it means perhaps is that before we begin to think very much about the psychology of the patient, we should give rather more attention to the psychology of medical procedure itself. What are the methods by which the doctor himself must try to meet his basic human problems? There seem to be peculiarities about observing and experimenting and thinking about human beings

which maybe the physician needs to know in a more practical and effective manner than almost anybody else.

Before I try to develop this, however, there is another matter that I wish to raise. The fault here lies rather with that kind of medical psychology which is concerned almost solely with emotions and motives and all sorts of human irrationalities. I do not for a moment dispute the importance of these, but they are not the only things in human behaviour, and great preoccupation with them has not a little to do with the still fashionable tendency to regard medical psychology as concerned chiefly with human faults, superstitions and beliefs in quack remedies. This tendency is well illustrated in a book called *The Corner of Harley Street*, much and rightly appreciated in its time, setting forth some of the intimate correspondence of Peter Harding, M.D. One of the prominent correspondents was Aunt Josephine.

My dear Aunt Josephine

With regard to your rheumatism there are, as you say, several kinds of this complaint. . . . And I think it is quite likely that the wearing of a ring upon your third finger may probably benefit your own particular variety, though I am much more doubtful about its efficacy in the case of your coachman's wife.

And later:

I am glad to hear that the ring has been so completely successful in driving away the pain from your joints. I haven't actually heard about the wearing of a ring round the waist for pains elsewhere. With regard to the pills, so much depends of course on what you mean by being worth a guinea. . . . No, I don't think there is the least risk in your taking four. I am sorry to hear of your gardener's trouble. But I should hardly have thought it would be necessary to send him to Torquay. Has it ever occurred to you to suggest that he should sign the pledge?

This may be first rate "natural psychology" but too often it is thought of as the sort of thing that represents psychology's most important contribution to medicine. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a doctor, a Professor of Anatomy, a wise man, and in his way a psychologist, said: "So long as the body is affected through the mind, no audacious device, even of the most manifestly dishonest character, can fail of producing occasional good to those who yield it an implicit, or even a partial faith." Maybe psychology in medicine has the job of making the best of human failings, and if so this is an honourable occupation, but it is not the first, or the last, or the best that psychology could do for the doctor.

Like every other branch of natural knowledge, medicine is based upon direct observation. The outstanding character of immediate

and unaided observation is the power of differences to attract attention. A few differences among many similarities are vastly easier to detect than a few similarities among many differences. Yet differences by themselves are of very little use for building up scientific knowledge whether theoretic or practical. When, as in all natural science, thinking has to be called in to help observation, it can make little headway on differences alone. The differences which mark the individual instances have to be grouped or classified in some way, or studied for important underlying and hidden similarities. By far the easiest and most natural way to do this is to seize superficial and often dramatic likenesses from a very few cases, and to generalize upon these alone. This is the way of folk lore, of popular proverbs, and when the problems that arise have to do with human beings, of "natural psychology".

Any survey of the development of medicine will show how often this has happened and how excessively difficult it can be, at every stage, but especially the earlier ones, to avoid broad and sweeping categorizations and classifications of human disorders. A curious thing is that the most sharply defined of these categorizing efforts have almost always been made by people who particularly prided themselves upon their acute psychological observation.

An extreme example is "large dose Brown" who, about the middle of the eighteenth century observed that healthy human life depended upon continuous external stimulation, and that human disorders must therefore be due, sometimes to excess, but more often to defect, of stimulation. All diseases were sthenic or asthenic, and diagnosis became very easy. Since asthenic troubles were by far the most common, the remedy was to administer large doses of stimulating drugs. It is said that he became one of Nature's most successful allies in keeping the human population within due bounds.

The trouble is fourfold. First, direct observation is bound to be preoccupied with differences; secondly, systematic knowledge cannot develop on differences alone; in the third place, where unaided observation must seek the underlying likeness there is a very strong chance that the likenesses found and used will be superficial ones; and last and most important of all, once a generalization is achieved it is apt to alter the whole balance of direct observation. The preoccupation with differences is swept away, and it is now the differences themselves that are most likely to escape observation. This danger is greatest of all in the fields of observation of human behaviour and human experience. The danger and its possible remedies, however, are just what the scientifically trained psychologist ought to, and I believe does, know something about. The busy physician, faced with a problem of diagnosis, has got to try to combine original

observation with some kind of accepted classification. His greatest risk is that the "slumping" influence of generalization should obscure differences in the particular case. There is then practically only one remedy. The ordinary methods of direct observation must be improved so as once again to sharpen up the differences which may have become blunted and merged in the generalities of the class. Every doctor, of course, uses instruments to aid the observations of his senses, and to that extent becomes an experimenter. But very rarely indeed is any care taken to design the instruments so that they can be most readily and accurately used, or to consider the ways in which they are to be used so that these may fit best the normal capacities and range of sensory observation.

There are, for example, a great variety of designs of the ordinary, common stethoscope. But as far as I know little or no serious consideration has ever been given to the distortion which the various adopted ways of conducting the sounds required are bound to introduce. No doubt there is something to be said for the design of instruments in such a manner that their use demands particular kinds of technological expertness. Yet, after all, instruments are but tools, to be applied with due care and thought. When their use demands very high technical skill there is some danger that this may become an end in itself and the skilful use of the instrument may threaten to step into the place of that function of thinking without which the tool may be of small genuine service.

Even apart from this, it is probably true to say that the method of unaided, direct observation, however much human understanding may be brought to its aid, has not, by itself, played a crucial part in any of the great medical advances of recent years. These have all come from a combination of clinical observation and knowledge with experiment, and experiment nearly always springs from the necessity to select and identify differences from among characters which, to a less analytical type of study, are all apt to be classed together.

If we consider carefully what people have generally said or believed about the place of scientific psychology in medicine, we shall find that for many years it has been held that its main desirable contributions lie in a detailed study of the special senses, and in the theories and practices of psychopathology. These are both highly specialized branches of knowledge. All doctors need some of them, and some doctors

the basic scientific foundations of medicine have been laid, and after much of the detail of its practice has been learned. What I believe to be far more important, especially at university level, is that the doctor, or the prospective doctor, should be able to learn something about the mechanisms, conditions and limitations of

human perceiving, remembering and thinking as these are applied to problems of human behaviour in health or disease. He should know how and when to experiment, and what must be the leading considerations in the design and use of experimental aids. No doubt many others are nowadays thinking about psychology in medicine in much the same way; but not, as yet, enough of them, or to sufficient purpose.

If what I have suggested could be achieved it would, I think, provide the best and most lasting safeguard against the threat of an encroaching staleness of an entirely routine diagnosis. Of course it would not be easy. So far as I can see there is, or there should be, nothing really easy in day by day medical practice. Anything that could help the physician to know how he could best make use of his own expanding experience with judgement and without undue prejudice would surely be a gain.

But if, in these ways, psychology could be of service in medicine, there is another direction in which, I believe, the doctor could most vitally assist the psychologist. Almost from the very beginning of medicine it has been recognized that diagnosis is only a first step. The future must be seen in the present. A prognosis must be made.

Nobody yet knows how a prognosis can be made. Often it is said to demand long experience, but most great prognosticians seem to have developed early and to have worked rapidly. Indeed it is obvious that the simple accumulation of knowledge and experience cannot by itself give any more sense of direction when the details belong to the past than when the concern is with current events. No reference to experience alone can point the difference, whether in medicine or anywhere else, between seeing or thinking descriptively, and thinking or seeing directionally.

What is it that does make this difference? I do not know, and I do not believe that there is any other psychologist who would venture to say for certain that he knows. Yet I suspect that when events occur, not merely in succession, but successively within a series, after they have proceeded some distance they acquire a character of "direction" which an alert and instructed mind is able to appreciate. This is not something imported by the mind into the events. It is objective just as much as colour, and number, and shape, and distance are objective. It means that the serial unfolding of the events is seen, or known, to be moving, and to be moving, with increasing certitude, towards a terminus.

By what qualities of mind can this objectivity of "direction" be accurately assigned to serially related events before, as yet, the series has reached its end? This still remains one of the great puzzles. Many people have said that it is all a matter of intuition, insight and sudden illumination. This is the easy thing to say, but it means no more than to assert that directional perception and thinking do

occur. Whatever the qualities may be it seems that they are needed in medicine more than anywhere else.

When I have searched the records of the lives and work of those great physicians who have been outstanding for the power and accuracy of their prognosis, there seems to be one character that recurs over and over again. They have been men of wide and varied interests, not keeping these interests separate, but allowing the ideas appropriate to one to mix and mingle with those appropriate to the rest. Just like the scientific discoverer they have that habit of mind which searches for hidden functional similarities in fields which usually are regarded as separate. This habit of mind they take with them into their own special realms of study and practice, and so they see, or know, as serial, and with increasing definiteness and limit of direction, events which to a less experimental observation remain merely successive.

But at most this can be only a general character which lies behind "directional" thinking. There must be more to it than this. It may be that if the medical student, the physician and the psychologist could agree to work at it together, something more would be learned, and it might well turn out that the successful practice of prognostic thinking is both more controllable and more a matter of acquisition than has frequently been supposed.

I have come then to this conclusion: Psychology in medicine has been, and in fact in most quarters still is, far too exclusively considered for its specialist *medical* implications. When this means a detailed exploration of the activities of the special senses it is not only concerned with problems that are now fast moving out of the field proper to psychological study into neurology and physiology, but also it is bound to travel into detail that to the ordinary practising doctor must appear remote and of little direct use. When, as more frequently still, it means a preoccupation with the more eccentric wanderings of the human mind, it can very easily appear to the "natural psychologist", as every practising doctor to some extent must be, as over elaborate and fanciful.

There are, I think, two main functions for psychology in medicine: the one for everybody, including the specialist, and the one for the specialist. The second should as I have said come late in any period of preparati has been laid. The first ought to come early and be concerned with the basic nature of biological observation and experiment, and with the relations and differences of routine, experimental and prognostic thinking. This is to set a value upon psychology in medicine based upon its own specialist character, for it is certain that the only way of presenting these relations and differences successfully is in the psychological laboratory and by psychological experiment.

MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING SLAVIST (1953)

(On visiting a local D.P. Camp to talk on
the English way of life)

I

THOUGH some would have it that the British Empire is fast dwindling, and that our civilizing mission is coming to a quiet end, this is hard to believe when there is work to be done in the marshes of East Anglia, not twenty miles from Cambridge. The task is heavy and complicated; and involves explanation which must include several levels of English thought and action. One might begin with the economic structure of the public house, or move on to the incautious butcheries which result from driving on the right hand side of the road; there are the fierce ethics of not speaking to "certain people", or the vast arrangements for tea-drinking, or perhaps the ingrained moral law of the collar and the tie, as opposed to the Corsican scarf or the deliberate anonymity of the military tunic. There is that part of the national heritage which shows itself by being able to pronounce Leicester or Gloucester in a way which does not suggest a Ukrainian heavy engineering centre.

But the crisis and clash of cultures comes magnificently in the explanation of English politics, where respectability is at a premium, and one is forced to admit that assassination is not a heavy card in the hand of any particular group. It is fair to add this word of warning; under no circumstances, not even the threat of being lashed to a wild mare and being loosed among the Cossacks, should one attempt to explain the British Empire. Parry all questions by insinuations about the Croats.

II

It must have been the fiercest night in February when I made my first attempt to penetrate these brooding concentrations of alien peoples, who were fast becoming a part of the English way of life, though their idea of the sanctities of that ordained pattern was vague and often merely bewildered. The crisis at the moment was not one of culture, but of German measles, which necessitated my being rushed past huts and along tiny roads, until finally I was thrust into the largest room with the hottest stove, by which were huddled the non-bemeasled remnants of the population.

It has since occurred to me that the English are, in their wholesomeness, quite an informal people; for introduction at this stage followed the pattern of rhetoric and interrogation. That I was a member of "the Cambridge Slave department" was soon shouted across from stove to stove; that I was aware of the fact that there was a flourishing university in one Eastern European country before America had been discovered, was a dubious point in my favour. But on one point, I was under reprimand of the sternest kind. There was not a trace of hunting dog by me; I lacked an opera hat, tweeds, a monocle, an old but serviceable shot-gun which had taken me alive through the Sudan and the North-West Indian frontier. And finally and irredeemably, I was not a lord.

At such a juncture, I threw away my notes; it is not too much to say that I both plunged, and was hurled, into my subject. Three Galicians slept their lugubrious sleep, while the proverbial back-row heaved and mumbled in an ominous, conspiratorial kind of way. The middle brooded, and looked all too plainly sad. At last it was finished, and I was braced for the agony of the questions on the mother of parliaments, and eighteenth-century corruption. After the tension of a moment, a fur coat and all the unrestrained splendour of gold teeth rose from the back, and demanded of me that I forecast the result of the American elections. From the very centre, a heavy military gentleman, his hair style denoting his profession, his tightly fastened collar giving the lie direct to elegance, forced me to admit that the "Opposition" was superfluous, for if we had a good government, why have an opposition? The possibilities he suggested, and more so the memories he evoked, had all the malignancy of bayonet charges across the floor of the House.

I got the bus back to Cambridge, thankfully without German measles, but desperately puzzling the difference between culture and Kulchur.

III

The Coronation was my undoing, for although on the previous occasion I had fled into the Fen night and into that comforting hostility of the passengers which rides with every English bus, before the climax of June I went once again among them. The same room loomed up, though this time minus the indiscriminate curse of German measles, and the burden of the hot stove; but this time, I had strayed into a counter-attack. Each minority, every feverish national group, rose to claim for itself the foundation of our dynasty. The competition was bitter, and backed by an array of facts which scoured Europe, and did not stop at dragging in those curiously

active Danes of the tenth century, or remote but seemingly omnipotent princelings who evidently had not spent all their time skulking in the Pripet marshes, or being *blasé* about the Tartars. The symbolism of orb and sceptre, the tradition welded into the Abbey, wilted before the stride of these inexorable and ingenious facts. I began to suspect that our National Anthem, with its strange rhythms, had once been the battle song of a Poltava tribe, or was intoned by Igor on his way to the wars; I was taunted by the irony that Chaucer did indeed speak Russian with a marked German accent. And I looked surreptitiously but carefully at my boots for that tell-tale snow.

It was a joyous night, entirely lacking in fact or discrimination; it was the death of history, and a most gorgeous gesture at the spirit of politics. Dynasty had never undergone such a trial, nor had genealogy ever been used so tellingly, quite in the manner of the dialectic. My bus-ride back to Cambridge was a very sombre affair, for I was unaware of the sensible atmosphere of the bus; my pre-occupation was with an international arithmetic converting sixpence-halfpenny into złoty's and roubles, while my soul was threatened by that strange Eastern disease called "self-criticism".

IV

I am now ready to admit that both Gunga Din and Rudyard Kipling are better men than I; that strident poet has his own fascinations, which I am only beginning to discover. There can be no doubt that he knows the English, that he knew the English in India, and that not only can he explain the English to others, but also to himself. He is entirely free from my drastic Anglo-Carpathian bias, and I am certain that he is so sure that the Balkans begin at Calais, that he could have made my bus-ride full of his own accomplished arrogance, with a complete indifference to Kulchur, and a fine blasphemy against culture.

At night, when the east wind blows cold and hard, then I am lost in the thought that the same wind blows cold and hard in Eastern Europe. From that point, I surrender to genealogies, brood over the wise maxims about the role of the opposition, and consider the full and grievous difficulty of pronouncing a name like Cirencester, without making it sound too much like an English town; and I warn myself about the difficulties of explaining Croat political structure, and resolve to parry all questions by reference to the British Empire.

At that moment, but not an instant before, I open my Kipling and Mickiewicz.

JOHN ERICKSON

THREE POEMS

AUTUMN MOODS

BEFORE, in these spacious Autumn days,
the gracious ballet of the lichened trees
danced down the lanes
in the rustling moments,
the sun's soft, cool charm sang to me
as it stained her dark beauty with light
when I walked with her.

The moon I cried out for
was in the eyes and in the lips wherein I died
in tongue and eye and spirit kisses.

Autumn was soft then, and the dying light
of days was no end,
no end to love's light bubbling nights,
to the angry curved bow of her lips
shooting my heart's arrows
into the careless air.

But now, in this same Autumn,
in that laughing gold-memored lane,
I am stone amid the gentle leaves
which fall, and have no meaning in their fall.
I am wistful, and the night is damp,
its starry mask cannot hide me from myself.

Somewhere my manhood has been lost
in these dusty mounds of leaves,
without her I am
virile like marble for womankind.

DENIS SULLIVAN

PITFALL

FATALISM arises so easily;
 To stop and think
 Becomes irresistible,
 Mind hanging between
 Shaving, loving
 Between the shadow and the cross
 Between the profit and the loss
 The mirror's broken spirit speaks,
 Fallen to thinking why
 History is made slowly
 While prices run so high.

And paddling in a bath
 Waiting for the call,
 The pseudo-therapeutic
 Turning to the wall
 (life is rather sordid
 to the nurtured eye).

However there is always time
 For rest and all due recreation,
 A touch of wine, of procreation,
 Even at times some spiritism.

But few, too few, care much for schism,
 Content with picture postcard views
 And comments on the morning news.

DENIS SULLIVAN

ANTICIPATION

WHY do I not fear the end of my days,
 the ceasing of these, my acts and thoughts,
 when parted from my smiles and usual ways
 I'm there in the dull coffin's yellow rays,
 sallow and sweet, and mourned in a neighbour room,
 waiting.

Why do I not fear the spray of dirt
 from customary hands ere the judgement thud
 of harsher burial, when spadefuls spurt,
 alone but for dark worms which cannot hurt,
 drilling and squirming in my borrowed bones,
 waiting.

But there is no fear in obvious things:
 horror is in the decayed goodwill
 of a world's worn systems where no bird sings
 in the triteness of endeavour, which brings
 only man's sweet centre of earth and dust,
 waiting.

DENIS SULLIVAN

EXILE IN PARIS

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION OF THE RUSSIAN COMMUNITY

IN an era of which the refugee and the emigrant are perhaps the most characteristic phenomena, the Russian community in Paris has attracted very little attention. This is not remarkable, since modern society has scant sympathy for its ailing or unproductive units. The immediate concern of the foster-state is to absorb the immigrant community, break up its national homogeneity, and chop it into suitable fuel for the economic machine. France, unlike America, has found the Russian emigré community indigestible. It is undoubtedly dying, but slowly, and without indecent haste; and through no fault of its own it has been, on the whole, materially unproductive. In 1917, France opened her arms wide to the Russian exiles: but she soon discovered that she had inevitably attracted the type of exile who would be of little practical use to her. The Russians who sailed to America in the 1890's and early 1900's did so because they wanted to work and, if possible, achieve their ambition of owning a little land. The Russians who came to Paris after the Revolution did so because they had nowhere else to go, and because they came, for the most part, from a class which in every country has always regarded Paris as its second capital.

Among them were men and women of great cultural distinction, and the majority could already speak French fluently. While their money lasted, the emigrés provided the finest adornment to Parisian society. But they brought with them little material wealth or practical training. Those who possessed qualifications of an international character—doctors, engineers, and scientists—experienced little difficulty in resettlement. Many more, by hard work and perseverance, succeeded in adapting themselves to employment in the mines and factories of the provinces. Of the hundred thousand Russians who chose to spend their exile in France, nearly four thousand became taxi-drivers in Paris, and half of them are still in business. By no means all the emigrés, however, found it easy to gain a footing in French society; and not all of them wished to. A large number were already past middle-age when the necessity of earning a living faced them for the first time, and for many, the great handicaps of inexperience and foreign birth proved insuperable. The sympathetic hospitality of the French was considerable, but it had limits. An ageing professional singer who, after years of unemployment in the early 1930's, finally succeeded in securing a job as

labourer in a builder's yard, was dismissed after his first day's work for wearing gloves to protect his hands. Many incidents of a similar nature show that it has often been impossible to make a successful transference from the habits and values of old St Petersburg to those of working-class Paris.

In many ways the Russians who have been unsuccessful in adapting themselves, economically and socially, to the conditions of their new home, and those who have made little effort to do so, are the most characteristic element in the emigrant community. For in them, the desire to remain a distinct community is strongest. The professionally talented and the wealthy are now, after over thirty years, firmly tied to French society by the bond of material success. The successful emigré lives, of necessity, in two worlds: inevitably, the French world of his business or career is gradually ousting from his life the Russian world, which has little save memories to offer him, and from a material viewpoint nothing to offer his children. In the second generation of emigrés, the dichotomy is naturally even more pronounced: most of them speak French more fluently than Russian, although their parents almost invariably forbid the adopted language in their homes. Russian parentage comes to mean little to them, after a French education, except an additional circle of friends, the advantages of a second language, and, usually, a keener cultural awareness than their French contemporaries. For the aged, the unmarried, the widowed and the childless, however, there is only the one, Russian, world. Throughout their exile, they have rarely extended their real contact with France beyond what is strictly necessary for the task of living. The exclusively Russian life of the community is vital to them. They it is who attend the Russian Church most regularly: who take the most fervent interest in emigré activities, in Russian plays and concerts: and who speak French only to the shopkeeper and the concierge. In their homes, they preserve the past as carefully as Miss Haversham, but without morbidity; they live with it rather than in it. One wall of my host's sitting-room was completely covered with portraits of every Tsar since the first Romanoff, and their families; the others were filled with views of St Petersburg, Russian paintings, and photographs of Russian friends, grouped around the large ikon. Nowhere in the small apartment had France secured the merest foothold. Emigrés of this type still do not regard France as their home, and never will. The absence of new roots sometimes tends to give one the impression of a temporary holiday rather than of permanent exile. The holiday-makers have been stranded, and their money is running out. Paris, after so many years, retains the novelty of someone else's city; an excursion from the Russian apartment in Boulogne-Billancourt to

the boulevards and cafés of the centre is still a minor adventure. The effect is heightened by the attitude and temperament of the Russians themselves. Personal tragedy is a commonplace, and they spend very little time talking about it. Blessed with a livelier sense of humour than most Europeans, they extract the maximum of pleasure from very slender means. Despite their poverty, they probably enjoy Paris more than most native Parisians.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the contribution of the Orthodox Church to the sustained cohesion and *esprit* of the Russian community. The Eglise Russe in the Rue Daru, which possesses one of the finest choirs in France, is filled to capacity every Sunday for most of the three-hour service: but it is more than a place of worship. The small churchyard is the focal point of emigré life, the place where, on a Sunday morning, one can always be sure of meeting one's acquaintances. Churchgoers normally divide their time equally between their worship and the social gathering outside, which overflows into the street when the service is over. Opposite the Church, a Russian boulangerie does a good trade in *pirozhki* and vodka, especially if the sermon has been unusually long. Whether they are devout or not, the emigrés hold their Church in deep affection. Its Thursday Schools, the equivalent of English Sunday Schools, have done much for the education of their children, and it has been consistently active in the care of the old and the sick. Above all, it constitutes the one element in the Russian community which is likely to survive; the seminary is flourishing, and many Europeans have been converted to the Orthodox faith as a result of the emigration. The emigré finds comfort in the reflection that in fifty years' time, when Russian will be spoken in very few Parisian homes, Russian anthems will still be sung in the Rue Daru. Their religion shows signs of succeeding where their culture, in every sphere save that of the Ballet, has failed. Although many of the leaders of pre-revolutionary literature, thought and music came to Paris in 1917, the conditions of exile are seldom productive of great inspiration, and they have founded no tradition of emigrant culture. Ten thousand books were published by emigrants between 1920 and 1940, but the fusion of the Russian literary tradition with a Western environment has never been happy.

The tempo of Russian political life in Paris has, inevitably, become gradually slower, and will soon have died away altogether. Before 1939, innumerable anti-Bolshevik organizations existed, but they lacked a common figurehead and common political ideals; consequently, they achieved virtually nothing, and the emigrés rapidly lost faith in the possibility of effective action against the Soviet regime. During the war, the Russian community was politically

divided: many supported Nazi-ism against Communism, but many more opposed the evil which now affected them more nearly. When peace returned, the emigrés were split once more by the temporary improvements in relations between Russia and the West. The Soviet Embassy in Paris seized its opportunity, and founded the Soviet-sponsored Orthodox Church in the Rue Pétel. A Soviet newspaper, *Russian News*, was set up in opposition to the anti-Communist *Russian Thought*; the former now has a circulation of 3500 as opposed to the latter's 8000. This is no indication, however, of emigrant opinion, since most emigrés read anything in Russian they can lay their hands on, whatever its political flavour. Nevertheless, a considerable number of Russians have renewed their allegiance to their mother-country since the war, although only a few have carried their new loyalty to the point of applying for repatriation. Most of them have been discouraged by hearing at first hand the experiences of the small number of Russian refugees who have reached Paris since 1945. For the great majority of the Russian community, there is no prospect of a return to Russia, and no desire for it. Nearly all of them have had personal experience of the Communist régime, if only in its early days, and they prefer to remain without a country. Their intense faith in Russia, and in the mission of Russia, is not on this account one whit diminished. Whenever they see the genius of their people appearing through the clouds of politics, they applaud it unreservedly, even if it is in Soviet dress. They attend Soviet films assiduously, and praise them when praise is merited. If they read Soviet books but seldom, this derives from sound literary judgement rather than from political prejudice. Their love for Russia still eclipses their affection for France. As they firmly believe that the strength and intuitive wisdom of the Russian *narod* will eventually loosen and finally break the grip of an alien political creed, so they accept the approaching death of their exiled community with the greater equanimity. They suffer from no narrow delusion that the soul of Russia will be dying with them.

B. G. C.

THE GREEK EARTHQUAKE

AN earthquake is the most dramatic of natural disasters: it is unexpected, violent and inexplicable, very obviously a Visitation. Every other catastrophe ravages the surface of the earth, but in an earthquake the whole force of Nature seems to be turned against the security of solid ground. There is no escape from the shuddering and the indescribable subterranean grinding—you cannot run away. It strikes with incredible speed; instead of the slow relentless rise of a flood, there is a single, short, savage attack—an earthquake does not mount up and die away; it begins, and ends, suddenly. This adds to its uncanny aura of personality; any man can watch flood water rise against a measuring stick and appreciate the existence of some rule of nature governing it. But an earthquake is ungovernable—it appears and it disappears. Perhaps, indeed, it would be nearer the truth to say that it comes and it goes, for its caprice tends to make one think, not that there have been tremors in Corinth and Cyprus, but that the earthquake has moved there. The forces of man seem quite powerless. You can play a hose on a fire, but you cannot put out an earthquake; it goes on until it is satisfied. There is, common to all these aspects, a kind of animism, which perhaps provides an earthquake with its peculiar fascination—for that it is fascinating, and dramatic, is demonstrated by the great attention which the Press paid to the happenings in Ionia. For a short while news of the islands filled the front pages, and then, suddenly, the reporters realized that the earthquake had gone away, and they went too. News of the disaster diminished to a trickle until, on the day on which I finally disentangled myself from the Annual T.A. Camp, there was no mention of it at all. I had ample time to think of the islands in my journey across Europe—as my Turkish travelling-companion said, “The Orient Express, it stops at every fountain”—and I wondered whether, perhaps, the whole affair might not be over by the time that I arrived. I need not have worried.

I arrived at Argostoli by devious and unofficial methods. A humble letter to the Foreign Office having produced no reply in the ten days which preceded my departure (nor, as has subsequently transpired, in the four months which have followed it), I was not very sanguine about my reception in Athens, and my predictions were fulfilled. The Consulate were most polite and most noncommittal. They suggested that I try to find the consul at Patras, but I felt that though this was sound in principle, I might arrive more quickly by less official means. It was fortunate that I did so decide, for the Consul was on a tour of the islands, and I should probably have never arrived at all.

By great good fortune I fell in with a benevolent Cephallonian on the train to Patras, who, after describing me, to my great dismay, as a “mechanico”, secured me a passage to his island on a Greek naval vessel. I spent a disconcerting hour in a naval barrack-room during which sailors peered at me and departed muttering, and was then taken aboard the Patrol Vessel P14. One glance at my jeans, battered college blazer (in Greek, ‘one personal small blue sack’) and army boots convinced the officer of the watch unfavourably of my social status, and I was sent down to the mess deck. Here I spent twelve pleasant hours eating, sleeping, peeling potatoes, and watching the crew play backgammon with much shouting and banging of counters. The seamen were so kind that, although I could not speak their language, I was very sorry to leave the ship when we arrived at Cephallonia and the time came for me to try to find the British contingent.

I should have been even sorrier to leave if I had known that there was no British contingent. It is true that a good deal of search disclosed a naval helicopter and a detachment of men, but they, having finished their magnificent work, were “just pulling out, old boy”. For the next three hours I wandered about the ruined town, with no official pass, and, as I later discovered, under suspicion of being a spy. I was particularly anxious to find some useful work to do, for, although the Greek Embassy in London had assured me that all help would be welcome, it was no part of my plan to find myself as a useless mouth to be fed from the overstrained resources of the relief-workers. Happily, with the aid of a kindly wireless operator at the American Mission, I found the Greek Red Cross, who provided me with shelter and employment.

When I set out, I had decided to attach myself to a demolition gang, as this sounded arduous and mildly dramatic, and for a while the actual work which I did, which was helping in the distribution of clothing, seemed by comparison to be extremely unromantic. But, as I soon realized, a foreigner with no Greek in a Greek demolition gang was likely to prove more of a menace than a help—and certainly my clothing distribution provided me with plenty of hard work. Early each morning we set out with a grossly overloaded lorry, on the top of which I perched, alternately fending off olive branches, and calculating which of the many earthquake-weakened hairpin bends would prove to be my particular Nemesis. The combination of the damaged mountain roads, and the almost spiritual unconcern with which the driver treated the mundane laws of gravity and friction made each journey three hours of continual terror—far more alarming, in fact, than most of the earthquake tremors which were still taking place three or four times a day. The

less violent of these tremors were, if one was at a safe distance from anything which was capable of falling down, mildly stimulating breaks in a long day, although at first they seemed rather alarming. I had the misfortune to open my score on the night of my arrival. A feeling of vague unease penetrated my sleep-muddled brain and I suddenly realized that it was not I who was restless, but my bed. I rose hurriedly and left the tent, unfortunately forgetting to get out of my sleeping bag first, so that I fell heavily to the ground. After a while I realized that this was a very tiny tremor, which nobody else had noticed, and crept back to bed, blushing. On all future occasions I cultivated a determined nonchalance, which was strained only during the very few serious tremors which took place during my three weeks in the island. We even began to feel a perverse pride in our experiences, like bombing raconteurs—"Three already today and one of them *particularly* bad"—and developed a grim sense of humour. When a soldier dealt one of the pegs of a nurse's tent a sharp tap, and it disappeared into a concealed fault, we all thought it very jolly.

The lorry rides, on the other hand, were never amusing. Limp with relief we would arrive at the village selected for the day, and begin to give out the parcels of clothes. This entailed the operation of a ponderous but effective system designed to ensure that everybody received one bundle and no more, a task more difficult than those who do not know the Cephallonian peasant might expect. Our lorry load usually consisted of about seven hundred packages, and after these were given out we would have our meal. This was very welcome, as it is difficult to raise much enthusiasm for bread and jam and cocoa at six fifteen in the morning, and even that seemed a very long time ago. Our mid-afternoon break also provided the only real opportunity for relaxation in the day since there was a strict curfew in Argostoli, and most people had two glasses of ouzo in the ramshackle café on the sea front and went to bed at eight thirty. It was my custom at lunch to try to increase my Greek vocabulary, which consisted of the numbers and about fifty other words, concerned almost exclusively with the distribution of clothing. When I left London I had pinned my faith on a phrasebook, which proved to be a broken reed—the author must have been one of the most remarkable conversationalists in Europe. Unfortunately space does not permit me to reproduce any of his little dialogues for the use of travellers, but it is sufficient to say that amidst such useful offerings as "I am five years older than my sister" and "At last we are at Volos, here is the town hall", the only phrase which seemed to have any likelihood of being used by my friends was "I am sorry for what has happened to you", which had a rather ominous ring. I had also

hoped that memories of a year spent on ancient Greek would come flooding back to me, but when it came to the point I could remember only two phrases. They were "The general is in the camp", which was true enough, but of no particular value as a conversational opening, and "The in the market-place messenger". I had often wondered at school why the messenger was always "The in the market-place", and never "The on the road" or "The delivering the message", and had formed a mental picture of an ancient Greek agora positively crammed with messengers, sitting in the cafés. I never met any messengers, but I sat in many Athenian cafés, and I fully see their point.

The afternoon break also provided me with an opportunity of learning something of the way in which each village was recovering from the disaster. At first the complete destruction of their patterns of living had produced a numbness in the peasants which led some visitors, who did not stop to think, to believe that the islanders were merely taking their ease and expecting everything to be done for them. But when the first shock had lost its effect, the younger people began to reconstruct their lives with considerable energy. Only the old people found the effort of readjustment too great. They had spent their lives in a narrow and settled world, and when their way of life collapsed, they were resigned to sitting beside the rubble of their homes, waiting for the next thing to go wrong. For these an emergency relief service could do little; it might provide shelter and clothing, but could not rebuild their spirit.

The spirit of the people varied in a curious manner from village to village. After a while we became able to tell, within a few minutes of arriving in a village, whether it was going to be a "good" village, with efficiency, muddle and co-operation; or a "bad" one with exasperation, muddle and discontent: we were never able to determine the precise cause of this very real difference, although it undoubtedly depended in part on the qualities of the mayors. Universally, however (with the exception of one village in which we discovered that our driver, whom we found to be a Communist, had been telling the peasants that the clothing which we brought was verminous) we encountered genuine appreciation of the clothing which we distributed. Practically all the clothing came from Great Britain and the United States and, although memories are short, these countries will be thought of with gratitude in the villages in Argostoli. The work of the British Army will be remembered for evermore there: they did more to strengthen the already firm bond between Greece and this country than could a thousand diplomatic pacts.

the disaster, and took risks which even the other detachments who

helped so splendidly were unable to countenance. It was a matter of the greatest pride to me to hear our Navy spoken of in such terms, and to be shaken by the hand by Greeks who wished to thank *some* Englishman for the risks which our men had taken in digging their families out of dangerous ruins. And this praise does not detract in the least from the outstanding work of the American, French and Greek detachments, and of my hosts, the Greek Red Cross, by whose efficiency and gross overwork the inhabitants were saved from disease.

When one is doing routine work in the wake of a disaster it is neither possible nor desirable to see the scene as a whole; only the little vignettes which suddenly stand out from the deadly sameness of dust and heat and rubble make one realize that this is a disaster involving human beings, and not just the sometime dwellers in ruined houses—the nest in a tree in which the former owner of a heap of stones was living, with two umbrellas hanging from a branch forming all that was left of his previous life. The page of Tiger Tim's adventures, a Rainbow comic dated August 1928, which was blown to my feet in a gust of wind from a ruined house. The small girl, orphaned by the earthquake, standing expressionless, with dull eyes, in the line of laughing and weeping evacuees, allowing no one to touch her, open to no compassion. The blind old lady, who had lost her whole family and her home in thirty seconds, and, in the next village, the fine gentle young farmer who had seen his wife and four of his five children killed. The sad line of nuns walking back to the ruined nunnery, with the relics of their Saint who is the protector of the island.

I left Greece with many impressions, not all of them sad. I shall remember the small boy, who introduced himself as Douglas Fairbanks, and carried my heavy kitbag through the streets of Patras, vanishing before I could offer payment; the Nursing Sisters, humorous and kindly, and Mr Pospati, the President of the First Aid Section who gave much of his valuable time to entertaining me on my return to Athens, unperturbed by my disreputable appearance; and all the others who demonstrated so well the natural hospitality of the Greek people. I loved the Greeks, and I loved the islands with their people, and I do not forget that, after earthquake, hurricane and torrential rain, they face in tents and crude huts a mountain winter with three feet of snow.

M. J. M.

MARTIAN ELEGY

DEATH is not different on the plains of Mars,
Nor is the sorrow of a love departed,
For grief comes easily in space among the stars.
Those whom we loved we love—
Those whom we hated—the sorrow still bites deep.
A loneliness, an icy loneliness of knowing,
Of comprehension, half awakened, half forgot—
The icy stillness binds the spell around our hearts.

Some there are who say that years of seven score
Are far too short for man's estate
That life before it begins has ended,
Brought to ruins by the crumbling wind of time
Before the fruit of knowledge has been won.
But wisdom lies not in the years of life devoured
In eating . . . drinking . . . sleeping . . .
Nor in love, though that be teacher fair enough.
Rather 'tis from the inner soul it comes
From that strange union with the infinite
Devoid of shape or meaning, place or time,
But spun invisible through the gloomy deeps of space.

Strange indeed, and terrible these worlds of Sol,
Hung by a thread of thought from Parent Star,
And awful in their majesty the shifting,
Feckless seas of sand of ruddy Mars.

These few knew fear and hope and love
And ventured out lonely in the void
To seek the infinite expanse of truth.
And yet at home the world will say
"These lives, so carelessly laid down—
"Can it be right to die so young?"
And yet these few encased in the dust
Have known more than all the world did guess
And in their youth died happy to the last.

P. L. M.

12.30 A.M. CHAPEL COURT

THE rattle of the moon on this cold court
 Rings footsteps round the brick,
 Where the bright square darkness flings
 My shadow over my shoulder,
 Stark on the grass like a lonely boulder
 Poised on a peak of moor.
 Stretched like the shadow taut midnight's thought
 Sings tremors down the rock,
 Where the spark of an utter vision clings;
 I turn and look behind me
 Before the bony old man can find me
 And take me where the dead men are.

W. T. H.

BEYOND

THAT the pool of my concern
 Would reach beyond the India,
 And beyond
 to lap among the stars;
 Would stretch beyond this love,
 This lawn, this summer land of mine,
 To all the love-lorn lands.
 The summer-lorn;
 and cup its lapping
 At the lips of pain,
 Unto the least of lips that thirst
 Beyond this love of mine,
 Beyond this mine.

D. I. M.

TIGHTENING OF BELTS

(With apologies to Mr H. REED)

TODAY we have tightening of belts. Yesterday
 We had a rise in fees. And tomorrow morning
 We shall have some other imposition. But today,
 Today we have tightening of belts. Spaghetti
 Glistens like coral in all of the neighbouring restaurants,
 And today we have tightening of belts.

This is the large silver fork. And this
 Is the small steel knife, whose use you will see,
 When you are given your meat. And this is the large helping,
 Which in your case you have not got. The dons
 Munch on high table their silent succulent mouthfuls
 Which in our case we have not got.

This is the fruit jelly, which is always eaten
 With an easy flick of the wrist. And please do not let me
 See anyone using his biceps. You can do it quite easy
 If you have any strength in your wrist. The waiters
 Are fragile and motionless, never letting anyone see
 Any of them using their biceps.

And this you can see is the soup. The purpose of this
 Is to open the meal, as you see. We can pour it
 Quietly platewards; we call this
 Serving the Soup. And rapidly backwards and forwards
 The whitecoats are messing and slopping the tables
 They call it serving the Soup.

They call it serving the Soup; it is perfectly easy
 If you have any strength in your wrist. Like the spam
 And the plums and the meat-balls, and the value for money,
 Which in our case we have not got; and the curries
 Gleaming in all of the restaurants, and the spirits dropping
 downwards and downwards,
 For today we have tightening of belts.

ANDREW BRACEGIRDLE

RONALD DUNCAN'S

"THIS WAY TO THE TOMB"

Performed in the Chapel by the Lady Margaret Players
in the Michaelmas Term 1953

THERE are very few plays with a religious basis which are suitable for production in a college chapel, and even fewer suitable for this college chapel, which has peculiar and maddening difficulties of its own to be overcome—problems of audibility, visibility, lighting, entrances and exits, all of which enter into the choice of the play to be performed. In my opinion a wrong choice was made, but nobody can be criticized for that: it is difficult, in a week or so, to thumb through all the religious plays that have been written and pick a winner. The modest success of last year's production of *Samson Agonistes* was only due to the very hard work put into it by the producer. At any rate this play was chosen, and although the producer and a rather talented cast made a thoroughly good job of it, the play in part defeated their intentions. It is written in a rather slovenly variety of metres, and, if tedium is to be avoided, it needs either a certain amount of movement or a great variety of pace in the verse speaking. Much movement was impossible because a considerable part of the stage is invisible to most of the audience—as it was this reviewer missed a great deal of what went on round the corner—while variety of pace has to be sacrificed if the words are to be understood by the audience. And here there seemed to be a certain lack of discipline: a great deal of what was said *was* inaudible.

Trevor Williams managed the difficulty very well. This part was monumental, slow, and solemn, and therefore suited to the requirements of the chapel: he played it excellently. But David Ridley as Julian, in particular, and several others, went for their parts with a tremendous enthusiasm, which would have been admirable elsewhere but in the chapel, but with no control over the volume of their voices and the precise articulation of their lines—a control, which, it should be said in fairness to them, ought to have been imposed by the producer. Jeremy Trafford on the other hand sailed through on rather too even a keel in the first half, though in the second he had the success he deserved with his plummy-voiced father Opine. The women's parts were if anything rather underplayed; though certainly they were not helped by the author. Still one would have liked a little more sheer vulgarity in such things as the boogy woogy and the blues. As satire the antimasque is thin stuff, though one must admit it is not primarily meant as such: even so the author presumably

did not intend these songs to come over to the audience sounding rather like crystal clear music of the spheres.

Further criticism is difficult. The cast, and what audiences there were, probably know already what went wrong and what did not go wrong. The production was an honest and straightforward attempt on a very difficult play to stage anywhere. The play was produced with great simplicity and economy of means, and it was certainly not the producer's fault that it did not have the financial success it deserved.

A. C. L.

JOHNIANA

(i) *Mr Tanner, the Duke of York, and Mr Bagehot*

Queen Victoria was a sensible judge of human values. She had been quick to realize that Princess May, in spite of her early diffidence and self-effacement, was a woman of distinctive personality and one whose range of interests, intellectual standards and refinement of perception would be bound in the end to enlarge, deepen and enrich her husband's mind and tastes:

"She strikes me," the Queen had written to the Empress Frederick on May 14, 1894, "more and more as vy. clever & so sensible & right-minded & is a great help to Georgie. Helping him in his Speeches and what he has to write. They read together & he also has a Professor from Cambridge to read with him."

The Professor referred to was Mr J. R. Tanner of St John's College, an authority on naval and constitutional history, who in March 1894, had been engaged to instruct the Duke of York in the law and practice of the Constitution. It must be admitted that the visits of Mr Tanner to York House are recorded with less frequency than those of Mr Tilleard, the philatelist. Mr Tanner none the less did succeed in inducing the Duke to read and analyse some at least of the sparkling pages of Walter Bagehot's *English Constitution*. There exists at Windsor a school note-book, in the opening pages of which the Duke summarized in his own careful handwriting the precepts which Mr Bagehot, in his confident way, had laid down for the instruction and guidance of our English kings.

From *King George the Fifth: His Life and Reign*. By HAROLD NICOLSON. Constable and Co., London, 1952.

(ii) *An unusual visitor to the College*

One final vignette of St John's. I stood on the bridge that spans the river like a stone screen with delicate window tracery, iron grilles and pinnaced parapets. Built last century, it is known as the Bridge of Sighs. . . . The river was calm and unruffled. No punt, canoe, or human being was in sight. Suddenly I noticed a miniature wave fanning the surface. I waited to see what would happen. Very soon an otter poked his mask above the water. Seeing and scenting no danger, he began to quarter the river like a dog working cover for game. Twice in the next fifteen minutes he scrambled on the bank within a few yards of where I stood and each time proceeded to eat a fish, the crunching of the bones being plainly audible. Then, without warning, it gave a sharp whistle and dived. It must have winded me. An interesting episode reminiscent of the days before the New Court was built on swamp land where fish ponds used to be.

From *Life in Cambridge*. By LOUIS T. STANLEY. Hutchinson, London, 1952.



THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY PORTRAIT FORMERLY CALLED LADY MARGARET BEAUFORT

MR CHARLES KINGSLEY ADAMS, F.S.A., Director of the National Portrait Gallery, in response to a request, has kindly supplied the following Memorandum on the painting formerly regarded as a portrait of the Lady Margaret. The painting was reproduced as the frontispiece to the "Memorial Volume" *Collegium Divi Johannis Evangelistae 1511-1911* (Cambridge: printed at the University Press, 1911), which also contained (pp. 55-7) a note by Mr Blackman on the painting, then thought to be the only portrait of the Foundress that could claim to have been painted from life. Mr Adams has also provided the two photographs reproduced here in the accompanying Plates. The first shows the whole painting as it now appears. The second shows an X-ray photograph of most of the upper half of the painting. Mr Adams adds in a letter that he thinks the over-paint is of the nineteenth century and that the coat of arms was probably put on at the same time.

J. S. B. S.

MEMORANDUM

*The National Portrait Gallery portrait formerly called
Lady Margaret Beaufort, Register No. 1488*

The portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, which was said to be an early portrait of Lady Margaret Beaufort, and which used to be frequently reproduced as an example of early English portraiture and as a very important document as the only painting of Lady Margaret

early in life, was not replaced on exhibition when the Gallery was reopened after the war. All associated with St John's College naturally are particularly interested in the portrait and many would like to know why it was withdrawn. This is my excuse for sending the following notes for publication in *The Eagle*.

The earliest record at the National Portrait Gallery of the portrait is of 1883. It was lot no. 154, the last item in a collection of paintings sold on 19 May 1883, by order of the executors of George Tierney, Esq., late of 61 Pall Mall, deceased. It was bought by Lord Powerscourt, who wrote to the then Director of the National Portrait Gallery, Mr (later Sir) George Scharf, asking if he would look at it, as suspicion had been thrown on it and on another portrait which he had bought in that sale. Scharf went to see the portrait on 30 May and made a sketch of it on the back of Lord Powerscourt's letter, together with notes on colour, etc. At the top of the paper he wrote, "A fabrication". As far as can be gathered from his notes, Scharf did not doubt the genuineness of the other portrait, or, rather, two portraits, for the other item was a panel with a portrait on the back and front. Lots 107-154 in this sale included four items which were fifteenth- and sixteenth-century portraits, the others varying from a Crucifixion attributed to Dürer to a portrait and another painting by George Sant. The National Portrait Gallery painting was catalogued simply: "154. Margaret, Countess of Richmond." No size or artist was mentioned and no description.

Lord Powerscourt sold the portrait on 23 June 1883, at Christie's. The catalogue did not disclose the owner's name. It was almost certainly: "782. A lady, in nun's dress". It was bought by Henry Graves and Co. and sold to Mr F. W. Cosens on 12 July 1883. The next time it came into the ken of the National Portrait Gallery was when it was sold at Christie's on 27 January 1908, among property sold by the "Executors of the late E. J. Stanley, Esq., of Quantock Lodge, Bridgwater, Somerset". It was lot 59 in the sale and was purchased by Messrs Leggatt Brothers, who sold it very shortly afterwards to the National Portrait Gallery.

It was the subject of an article by Sir Lionel Cust in the July issue of the *Burlington Magazine* of that year and was reproduced on p. 206. Sir C. J. Holmes succeeded Cust as Director. He wrote a memorandum on the portrait, which is in the Gallery's files. He had evidently seen Scharf's sketch and notes and thereupon examined the portrait closely. This is what he had to say about it:

The peculiar cracking round the coat of arms, and on the dark drapery round the Sitter's neck suggests the possibility of a repaint—or something worse.

Close examination seemed to show that the arms were painted on a



THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY PORTRAIT FORMERLY
CALLED LADY MARGARET BEAUFORT

gold ground under-laid with a red size preparation, which shows through where the gold is scratched or partially abraded. The cracking seems to be due to the use of verdigris which has blackened and perished.

The whole painting seems to have been executed upon a very fine linen covered with a gesso ground, and to have been carefully repaired, retouched and laid down upon the present panel: perhaps some fifty years ago. The modernity of the panel, and the unique character of the workmanship may perhaps have influenced Sir George Scharf when he condemned the picture many years ago.

In 1939 Mr M. F. Serpell, then an assistant keeper at the Gallery, became concerned about it and at his instigation Mr F. I. G. Rawlins, the scientific officer on the staff of the National Gallery, took two X-ray photographs of the portrait. From these it became perfectly clear that a portrait of a later date of an unknown young woman had been painted over and a coat of arms added in order to sell the portrait as an early representation of Lady Margaret.

Nobody had, apparently, at any period believed that the coat of arms was of the sixteenth century. The costume of the lady before she was over-painted may be as early as 1510 and is probably not later than 1550. The portrait may well be of the period of the costume, but from the attitude of the lady there is more than a likelihood that it is an early copy of a donor, or donor's wife, in an early sixteenth-century altarpiece. It is painted on one board (without joins) which is bevelled at the back round the edges, so it is unlikely to have been cut from an altarpiece, unless Holmes was right in believing that the painting had been transferred to the panel on which it is now. The execution of the portrait underneath, as disclosed by the X-ray photograph, appears to be mediocre.

AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF PART OF THE PORTRAIT



THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

9 MAY 1954

By THE PRESIDENT

"Grant that love of the brethren and all sound learning may ever grow and prosper here."

I HAVE chosen as my text these words from our College prayer for two main reasons. First, because of their fitness to the day when we, the College, meet to commemorate our benefactors. Surely, those who gave us the material means must have prayed that we should use them for the advancement of learning and that brotherly love should reign amongst us. And when we remember our benefactors let us not forget those who, by their contributions to learning, both in its advancement and in teaching, and by their lives inspired by love of the brethren, have helped to make our College what it is. The second reason is personal. One of the concrete things I have taken away from the services in this chapel is the wording of our College prayer. Of course there is much more in the services which makes an impression on those who take part, but for me, less gifted in formulation, such a crystallization into words is a great help. It is something to take away, to ponder over—a source of inspiration.

That one who has spent much of his life trying to be a scientist should greatly dare to speak to the College on the subject of sound learning may well be surprising; but a generation ago when a young scientist felt, I do not say was given to feel, that the pursuit of science was only on the borderline of respectability it would have been more surprising. Today, although science is still thought to be the root of all evil by some philosophers with a preference for the philosophies of the East over those of the West yet others talk of the contribution science can make to religion and moreover scientists are invited to give their views on religion. What is said on this privileged occasion comes not from a scientist as such but from one who at times has had to reflect on the relation between his scientific and other activities.

In daring to speak to you on this subject of all sound learning I am deeply conscious that my words do not bear too fine an edge, but they may be none the worse on that account for their present limited purpose. What I have to say is not a closely reasoned argument but the outline of a point of view. For this no fine-pointed pencil is needed. I would suggest that man in gaining knowledge has three lines of approach: the quantitative which can be labelled scientific; the qualitative or aesthetic; and the third which can be called

religious. As an example consider a book or painting with a religious content. Man, as scientist, can examine the former from the purely quantitative aspect of length of sentence, frequency of certain words, and so on; and with similar knowledge of other books can make statements about the probability of the authorship. He could still be quite insensitive to the literary qualities. Although a knowledge of the quantitative aspects may contribute to an appreciation of the style of the book or picture I think most would agree that there is something in aesthetic appreciation over and above quantity. And lastly, unless our religious experience has given us something similar to that which inspired the creator of the book or picture we should not be able to read his message. The relation between artistic form and message is outside my present compass.

As I have hinted, these three approaches have some inter-connexions. Science, like other learnings, at the outset calls for an attitude which, as one of our professors of Divinity has said, is rightly called religious. "To hold oneself bound unconditionally to serve an ideal end recognized as sacred is to have a religion... its discipline is to be inviolate and its practice is to resist the vanity of maintaining theories because they are one's own and of challenging others because they are not." These words are just as true for the scientist as they are for all other searchers after truth. For some that belief, which all scientists must have, that a state of law and order prevails in nature, that the regulations valid for the world of existence are rational, is a faith springing from the sphere of religion—for others it is a working hypothesis. Need I say that, for the scientist, science is other than the latest bit of factual information about the behaviour of bees, the newest antibiotic, or "electronic brain". It may become for him the whole way of life. Science is no mere mechanical making of measurements and building of logical deductive systems. Science asks for an imagination, as a biologist would almost say a sympathy, in asking the right questions of nature. As one of our great nature writers has put it: "Unless the soul goes out to meet what we see we do not see it; nothing do we see, not a beetle, not a blade of grass." And in the formulation of their hypotheses scientists have acknowledged the influence of ideals of simplicity, beauty, and harmony of the Universe. Man, with his threefold approach, finds it difficult to act otherwise when he tries to be a scientist. But this interaction carries its risks as well. To speak crudely we can all agree about quantitative attributes, they are public, but ideas of simplicity and beauty to us limited human beings are personal, and as such depend upon our upbringing. If we prefer one theory to another on the grounds of beauty we are pronouncing an aesthetic not a scientific judgement; we are speaking about ourselves. Moreover, the scientist

must always remember that having adopted a beautiful theory his eyes may thereby be screened from much knowledge. It has been said that "the kernel of the scientific outlook is the refusal to regard our own desires, tastes and interests as affording a key to the understanding of the world". Even Aristotle was biased in his views about the movement of heavenly bodies by his idea that the circle is the perfect curve.

How man in his aesthetic and religious activities is affected by his scientific probings is perhaps a more important question and one on which certainly there is less agreement. A learned theologian has foretold a reconciliation of religion and science. But when this reconciliation excludes the science of measurement, which is blamed for the materialistic attitude, and is to come from a consideration of not clearly defined ecological aspects of living organisms I feel that this science is other than mine and would add that science is no more responsible for a materialistic view of life than it is for the use of the hydrogen bomb. Surely if a reconciliation of religion and science were necessary it would be strange for it to be with only one part of science. A distinguished morphologist has said that "the contemplative treatment of comparative form rather than its analysis from the standpoint of cause and effect becomes the morphologist's aim; he desires to see form both with the bodily eye and with the mind's eye. This process of mental visualization differs essentially from the thought techniques of the physico-chemical disciplines." Perhaps it is such activity to which the theologian refers which is to help in a reconciliation of religion and science. Perhaps it is the same which has led a mathematical physicist to find "fitness" and "pattern" in vitamin K when he was speaking of "A Way to God through Science".

I do not quarrel with the definition of the morphologist's aim but would add that scientists other than biologists are interested in form, that form and function are intimately connected, and further, that when man in his study of the inanimate or animate goes beyond quantity to quality and to purpose he is then being more than a scientist. Science can reveal wider and deeper aspects of the world around us, including our fellow men, but it is by the exercise of our aesthetic and religious activities that we shall discover beauty and harmony or chaos, good or evil. Here science cannot help us.

Some have thought that when the scientists, having pushed their present powers of measurement to the limit in dealing with small particles, had enunciated the Principle of Indeterminacy (perhaps Uncertainty would be better) a very small break had been discovered in the chain of determinism controlling our actions for free will to operate. Science and free will are in different categories. Science has no more to do with free will than that branch of it called physics has

to do with the beauty of an illuminated electrical advertisement or with the good or evil intent behind the message.

In a university which permits, or encourages, and in some studies even enforces specialization it is necessary to remind ourselves that for the growth of the whole man an appreciation of all the three activities is desirable. Specialization is necessary, but if other aspects are ignored the result is apt to be a monstrosity. Even in a scientific civilization many may manage with a minimum of attention to the quantitative aspects but if they are ignorant of what science is they tend to minimize or exaggerate what science can do. The scientist ignores the other activities with grave risk to himself and his fellows. The danger lies not in science but in scientists and others not realizing its limitations.

Sound learning can grow and prosper in other institutions than colleges, but a college can make a special contribution of environment if that religious activity, love of the brethren, flourishes there. The aspect of brotherly love which I would emphasize is that of sympathetic service. The disciple when protesting his love for his master was bidden "Feed my lambs. . . feed my sheep" and one of our poets has written

Love seeketh not itself to please
Nor for itself hath any care
But for another gives its ease
And builds a heaven in hell's despair

and contrasts this with self love which

Builds a hell in heaven's despite.

However adorable we may be to some when we come into this world we enter it as selfish little beings. We outgrow some of this selfishness, but there is much in the present state of affairs which encourages a distinction between self on the one hand and some remote entity such as the State on the other and discourages the development of relations between individuals. The former favours selfishness, the latter provides an opportunity for brotherly love. A Welfare State can confer many benefits on individuals but it can easily encourage that selfish attitude—"What can I get out of the State?" rather than "What can I put in?". This organization and centralization of activities such as Welfare is creeping into university life. Our own university is either insensitive to the niceties of terminology or is ignorant of human relations when it creates a welfare office to look after the welfare of thousands of its assistants. Whatever the intentions behind this creation the consequences are obvious to those whose real duty is the assistants' welfare—it tends to

be destructive of those important human relationships which encourage service to others.

As we develop, retaining or shedding some of the selfishness with which we were born, we become increasingly lonely. Even in the realm of quantity where we can communicate best, the relation of teacher to student reveals how difficult communication can be, while pioneers such as Newton were not understood for a whole generation. When we come to the realm of quality and religion we are yet more isolated—communication is yet more difficult. Some solitude for reflection is necessary; but not loneliness, which when it became utter, called forth from the poet this cry

I am: yet what I am none cares or knows,
My friends forsake me like a memory lost

And yet I am.

Love of the brethren demands not only service to others but calls for sympathy with them.

The more organization and centralization grow the more must we cherish the smaller units, the family and the college, where sympathetic service can more readily express itself.

If a scientist speaks with hesitation on the subject of sound learning, a layman faces greater difficulties in the subject of brotherly love. He can indicate a path, perhaps you are convinced that it is a path of duty, but even on a privileged occasion he finds it difficult to choose words which will help you in your exploration. Each must find his own path. To fall back again on the words of another, "Noble feelings are not communicated by reasoning but caught by inspiration or sympathy. . . from those we love and reverence. . . from those who, as poets or artists, can clothe those feelings in the most beautiful forms and breathe them into us". It is there we shall find the help and with that help we can work for the realization of our prayer, "that love of the brethren and all sound learning may ever grow and prosper here".

THE NEW GARDEN

A SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE

IN an article in the last number on the New Garden in the College Grounds (No. 244, p. 1) it was recorded that along the boundary of the present garden adjoining Queen's Road there was formerly a boarded fence, which was ripped down to feed a bonfire. It was suggested that the bonfire was that on Market Hill on 1 March 1900, when the news of the relief of Ladysmith reached Cambridge.

Mr L. A. L. King (B.A. 1901), formerly a Scholar of the College, who was in residence during the years 1898–1901, writes in a letter that during those years there were three bonfires in celebration of public events and that he noted them in a diary at the time. They were on 24 November 1898, the occasion of Lord Kitchener's visit to Cambridge, on 1 March 1900, when news of the relief of Ladysmith was received, and on 19 May 1900, following the relief of Mafeking. He writes that on the first of these occasions "lengths of palings from the Backs were carried into the Market Square on the shoulders of mixed groups from the Colleges". There can be little doubt that Mr King is right in thinking that it was on 24 November 1898 that the College fence was destroyed. Lord Kitchener visited Cambridge on that day to receive the Freedom of the Borough and an Honorary Degree in the University. The *Cambridge Chronicle* of the following day, 25 November 1898, contains (p. 8) a full account of the events, including the bonfire on Market Hill in the evening. The account records: "The greater part of the materials for the fire came from 'The Backs'. The fellows' gardens were completely stripped of the fences, and portions of the heavy fences next to the road were pulled up and taken to the fire."

J. S. B. S.

A SET OF ROOMS

SOME DISCOVERIES AND PUZZLES

EVER since the College was founded, changes have been going on in the mode of life within its walls: changes sometimes important and sometimes trivial, but often startling in their cumulative effect. The Hall is no longer heated by a great central brazier: no longer are the junior Fellows allowed out of College only twice a week.

There has recently been an opportunity of following one aspect of these changes over a period of more than two centuries, in the internal arrangements and decorations of an interesting set of rooms, K6 Second Court.

On the death of Sir Joseph Larmor, the last Fellow to keep there, this consisted of a keeping room 20 by 21 ft. communicating via a small lobby with a study 20 by 16 ft., which like the keeping room ran through the range of Second Court from side to side, both rooms having windows into the Court and into Kitchen Lane. From the small lobby a narrow and winding staircase rises to the second floor where there are three rooms.

In a number of respects this set of rooms is unique in the College. In the first place there are very few where one goes upstairs to bed. This used to be the case in the Shrewsbury Tower when the rooms there were occupied by the late Dean, Mr Raven, but the two floors are now separate as G2 and G4: there is also a small staircase in O3 Second Court to allow for the difference in level between the top floor of Second Court where the keeping room lies, and the top floor of First Court which contains the bedroom, but this is only a short flight of four stairs. Secondly, the set had no obvious gyp room and it is not easy to decide exactly how it was worked from the point of view of service. It seems likely that the northern of the three upstairs rooms, looking into Second Court, was used as a gyp room. Indeed a flap table is fixed to the wall beside the door, suggesting a gyp room rather than a bedroom; but it must have been extremely inconvenient to have to carry plate and china up and down the awkward stairs. The other unique aspects of the set concern its decoration and these we will consider presently.

Was this curious arrangement of rooms with a private internal stair part of the original room arrangement of Second Court? Similar problems of access to the centre rooms on the top floor arise at A, E and O staircases on account of the absence of stairs at B, D, L and N, but at A and E they are solved by having two large sets on the top floor into which the central rooms above B and D communicate.

In the case of O a short passage on the north side of the building leads to O2. This is made possible because, as we have already mentioned, O3 overlaps into First Court, but no such communication could be made with the upper rooms of K6 without ruining K9 which has a fine large keeping room also running through the block above the keeping room of K6.

On the other hand the problem appears more formidable today than it would have done in the sixteenth century, when it was still customary for rooms, including bedrooms, to open out of each other, and even large country houses were built without corridors.

On Sir Joseph Larmor's death in 1942 it is hardly surprising that there was no competition among the Fellows for this set. In addition to the disadvantages we have mentioned and the total absence of plumbing, the large keeping room had become dingy in the extreme. It was panelled to the ceiling with deal panelling skilfully painted and grained to resemble oak, but the years had taken the shine off the varnish and the fact that it overlaid twenty or more coats of old paint meant that all fine details of mouldings had disappeared and the general appearance was of a faded example of bad nineteenth-century antiquarianism. At a casual inspection of the set this impression was heightened by the fact that one of the three upper rooms was also panelled to the ceiling with a curious conglomeration of old second-hand panelling in which plain panels were mixed up with linen-fold of various patterns. Oral tradition suggests that this panelling came from the old Combination Room (or the old Master's Lodge) at the time of the construction of the new Lodge and the extension of the Hall from 1862 onwards.

In order to make use of the rooms at the time of great pressure on accommodation after the war they were converted temporarily to undergraduate use by installing in the keeping room an old bench screened by a curtain to act as a gyp room and putting a gas-ring on the hearth. All that was lacking to complete the décor of one of the more squalid Irish plays set in once aristocratic Dublin was a string of washing hanging across the room.

What to do with this College slum was a problem which exercised the minds of those responsible for some time. It would have been an attractive notion to have made the three rooms on the top floor into an independent undergraduate set, could any means of access have been discovered, but careful consideration of the plan of the building showed that this was not practicable without very extensive rearrangements elsewhere which would not have been justified by the result. For the time being the problem has been resolved by the Senior Tutor, who decided to earmark the set for three Colonial Service Probationers, and during the Michaelmas Term 1953 work on

setting it in order began. In the first place the derelict northern room on the top floor with old peeling wallpaper and worm-eaten floor boards was repaired and decorated as a third bedroom. In the second place the long study was divided across near its northern end to make a gyp room, which opens out of the little lobby at the foot of the stairs and looks into Second Court; and a study with a south aspect, the two communicating by a serving hatch. In the course of this work the old decorations of the study were found to present some features of interest. The successive wallpapers had been hung on canvas supported by battens fixed over earlier wall coverings, which had been torn off where they were loose and had the following inscription in large pencilled letters "Stearn Nov 2/4 45". As we shall see this must have been 1845. During the century which has elapsed since this canvas was fixed it had become loose and the successive wallpapers had formed a kind of thick cardboard which flapped backwards and forwards at a slight pressure. Such an arrangement used to be widespread in the College, but it has mostly been taken down. However, in this case under the battens and under a green flowered paper there were visible considerable areas of a fine brown and white flock paper, part of which is shown in the Plate. As such papers have never been common the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum was informed. A craftsman and his assistant visited the College in November and removed the part of the paper shown in the photograph together with the underlying wall. We have since been informed that the paper has been cleaned, mounted and accepted for inclusion in the permanent collections of the Museum. A good deal of it, however, still remains on the wall covered by a modern fibre board, which forms the foundation of the present decorations.

The Director says of this paper:

Our craftsman tells me that the main portion of wall-paper—the brown and white flock with a slightly chinoiserie border—appeared to be the first paper attached to the wall. The paper itself is very similar to one which was removed some years ago from the Offices of H.M. Privy Council, and because of this it can be dated to within a few years of 1735.

Over the flock paper in one corner was a fragment of another paper of perhaps the late eighteenth or very early nineteenth century. This has a small pattern in green, grey and black, printed in distemper colours from woodblocks.

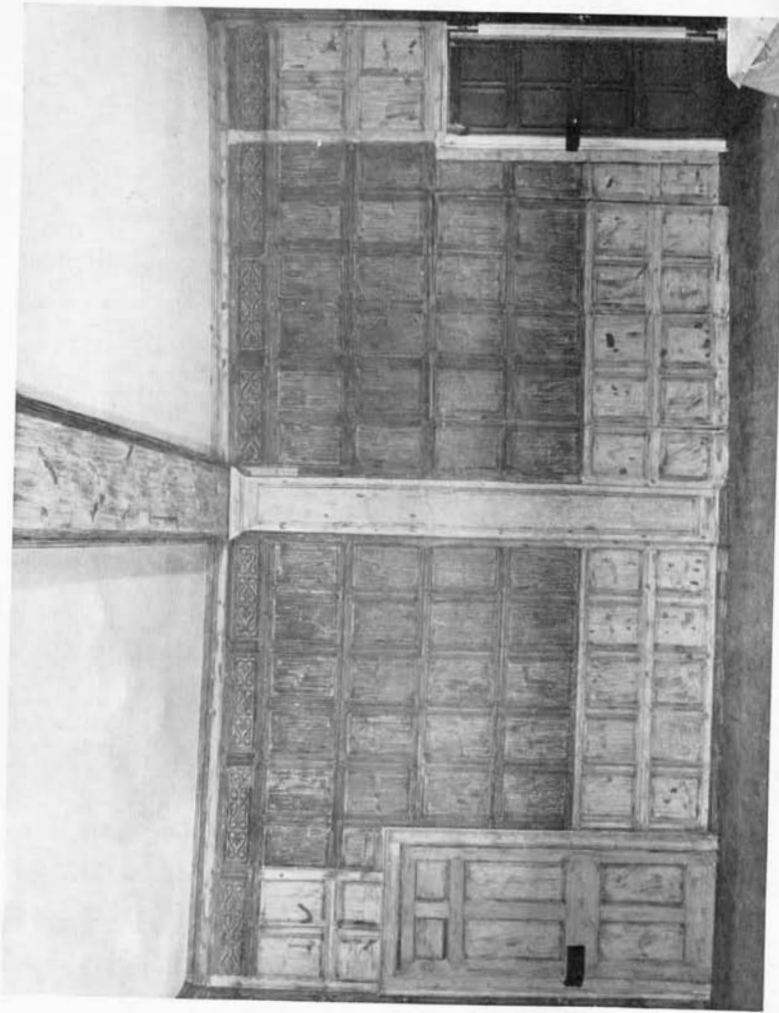
It is not easy to date wall-papers very accurately. Only in a few cases are the actual publication dates known and in many others the same pattern was published over quite a long period of years.

It is likely that the old arrangement of the study dated from the time this paper was applied. As we shall see, in 1727 the study was



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WALLPAPER ON THE WALL OF THE STUDY, NOW THE GYP-ROOM

THE EAST WALL OF THE KEEPING ROOM. BURNING-OFF
IS ALMOST COMPLETE



probably entered by a door from the keeping room at the Kitchen Lane end. This was subsequently blocked up and an early eighteenth-century deal panelling to dado height erected across it, apparently contemporary with a fine door which opened from the little lobby at the foot of the stairs into the study. This door is very similar in mouldings and proportions to the one in the panelled room of No. 26 Hatton Garden (about 1736) now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. All the study panelling, like that of the keeping room, was covered with a great thickness of paint so that all the fine mouldings were obscured. The portion of flock paper taken to the Museum with its underlying boards was from the wall dividing the study from the lobby and it turned out to be the first wall covering applied thereto. We may conclude that these features in the plan of the set date roughly from the period 1735-50, and probably earlier rather than later.

With a building of open construction, such as Second Court, where the walls, floor and roof are the main structural components and most of the partition walls are light and of no structural consequence, there is always a tendency over the years to accumulate certain irregularities of plan. We can say with confidence that the internal staircase and other curious arrangements of K 6 have persisted since the first half of the eighteenth century, but it is impossible at present to say whether they were an original feature of the building or not; any further clues there may be in the building itself are inaccessible, buried in the structure of the party walls.

The large outer keeping room has an interest of its own. Its panelling is unique in the College, and an inspection of its old painted surface would have led one to suppose that it had been designed and built for the room, so accurately does everything fit and so neatly do the repeats of strap-work decoration run round the cornice. The only signs of interference were a closed-up door in the panelling in the south-east corner, which has now been opened and made into the study door, and next to this two areas of panelling which had apparently at some time been cut away to give access to a large cupboard or press behind, and unskilfully replaced (see Plate). However, as soon as the burning-off of the paint began to advance curious discrepancies arose. The strap-work decoration of the cornice and chimney-piece and most of the upper part of the panels themselves proved to have a dark brown irremovable stain: while the lower parts, the pilasters, the parts of the panelling immediately surrounding the doors and windows, and in fact generally those parts which might well have been affected by a skilful move to a loftier room slightly different in size and arrangement, all appeared devoid of stain, presenting a plain wood surface which can be clearly seen in the photograph. Two possible explanations suggest themselves; either

the room was first panelled to a height of about 8 ft. 6 in., and subsequently raised to ceiling height by the addition of the lighter parts, or the panelling was not originally designed for the room, but was moved from some other room sufficiently similar in size to make a good fit with the addition of a pair of pilasters under the cased beam across the ceiling, and the question arises as to when this alteration could have taken place. It is, of course, almost useless to attempt to trace this kind of thing from College records—for over two centuries, up to the present day, Fellows have been responsible for the internal decoration of their own rooms—so that we have only available such evidence as can be gleaned from the panelling itself. As has already been remarked this was covered by a great thickness of paint which must represent upwards of twenty coats. Sir Joseph Larmor, who first occupied the rooms in 1885, was in residence so little during the last years of his life that there is no reason to suppose that more than the top layer of painting and graining, if that, has been added to the accumulation during this century: it seems accordingly impossible that the panelling of the room can have been a piece of nineteenth-century antiquarianism because the paint lies thickly on the old and new wood, and could not have accumulated in half a century. At the same time it seems unlikely that during the Georgian epoch anyone would have been to so much trouble in installing an outmoded Jacobean panelling at a time when, as can be seen in so many other rooms in the College, an elegant eighteenth-century panelling could easily be fitted. One would thus argue that the re-erection of the panelling in its present state goes back to some time in the seventeenth century, and that, faced with this intractable deal panelling, the eighteenth-century inhabitants of the rooms resorted to white or cream paint, repeated coats of which form the bulk of that found on the panels.

This conclusion as to date is false, and an illustration of how dangerous it is to argue about such matters on stylistic grounds alone, because one is always dealing with the idiosyncrasies of individuals. On the west wall of the room, in the second row down, the fifth panel from the south end has the inscription "George Deare 1727" lightly scratched on the wood itself below all the paints. As we have already seen, it is most unlikely that the panelling was erected in this room any later than this date; and as we shall see later the evidence of the blocked-up door into the study argues an earlier date for this panelling than for the study decoration, which we have already fixed independently as roughly 1735-50. Furthermore, being a patchwork of old and new wood, the panelling must have been painted as soon as it was put up. It follows that 1727 was almost certainly the date of this, and it is tempting to think that George

Deare was the painstaking craftsman who assembled the room in its present form. This inscription, so important in fixing the date, has been traced and reproduced at the top of the western pilaster. The problem of why anyone went to all this trouble in 1727 remains unsolved. Cambridge was not a very fashionable place in those days, and one's first thought is that it was done by some gentleman living in the past, a state of affairs not unheard of within living memory. But if so there was an abrupt change when the study was decorated, for that was in the fashionable taste of the day. Professor Pevsner has discovered instances, in work done by Vanbrugh at Audley End and by Kent at Hampton Court within a few years of 1727, of a deliberate revival of outmoded Jacobean decoration, the cigarette end to the forest fire of the Gothic revival. If so, we have a piece of ultra-sophistication, and it is pleasant, if implausible, to think of a young man sobering up enough to fit up the distinguished but more conventional study ten or fifteen years later.

At first the panelling appears to have been painted a pale blue-green all over, and this colour was well enough preserved on the dado and pilasters to make copying possible; a matching sample panel was accordingly made, by which means it has been possible to preserve the old colour and re-use it as a background to the strap-work decoration of the chimney-piece. The thinness of this paint suggests that the overall blue-green decoration was used only once, being succeeded by numerous repaintings in white or off-white. It is suggested that these cover the bulk of the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth centuries: then there seems to have been a single repainting in a pale buff or stone colour, followed by the elaborate sequence of under-painting, graining, overgraining and varnishing of the last old finish.

The doors in the eastern wall already mentioned present curious problems in themselves. The door which now communicates with the study in the south-east corner was obviously intended for use in the present room, for the fixed panelling is cut back to accommodate it: had it merely been an old doorway, in a job as carefully fitted as this, the vertical stiles of the panelling would have run down uninterrupted: on the other hand it did not continue in use for long after 1727, because the eighteenth-century dado in the study behind it, probably contemporary with the flock wall-paper, ran straight across without any sign of a door on this side. It is thus tempting to equate the period of use of this door with the first, green, coat of paint on the panelling, and to suppose that the permanent closing of the door coincided with the grand redecoration of the study and the painting of the panelling white.

The cupboard presents a problem full of contradictions. Behind

the two large doors is a shallow recess, the upper part of which is occupied by four deal shelves about 4 in. deep with a board back. These are obviously an older feature than the panelling, because the thickness of the party wall encloses a similar set, behind the pilaster and neighbouring panels, which were discovered when some of the board backing was removed in the course of refitting the study. Ever since the panelling was put up these have, of course, been completely inaccessible. The new and old panelling of which the cupboard doors were made were fastened together by vertical members at the edges, behind, and when these were removed the new and old work fell apart. It is thus obvious that the doors were intended to open in this position in this room: they are not merely an old feature worked in, for if so the new lower part of the panelling would have run uninterrupted in a horizontal band. In the centre, behind, were two small bolts, but otherwise not only were no hinges or means of fastening the doors present, but there was no sign of there ever having been any such: no nail or screw holes, no cutting away of wood to accommodate the thickness of the hinge. It would seem clear that the doors had never functioned as cupboard doors in this position: while the presence of one cut-out for a hinge with three screw-holes just to the right of the centre line in the old panelling would suggest that one at least of the doors themselves was an old feature, the second, lower hinge, being on the old skirting board, so that no trace of it remained when the panelling was moved. Thus far all the facts would be accounted for by a change of mind on the part of the occupant of the rooms; having at least one old door in a suitable position to give access to some of his existing bookshelves he decides at first to have a bookshelf with double doors: but after these have been made and before they are hung changes his mind and has the doors permanently fixed up. And now comes the puzzle: not only had the doors been constructed, but the inside of the aperture had been filled by a carefully fitted casing, within which the doors would have opened, rebated to the thickness of the edge of the door, and projecting slightly at the front as a bead, which can be seen in the photograph. If it were merely intended to nail the doors up, such an elaborate fitting would be unnecessary, and on the above theory this casing with its bead would date from before the change of mind; the bead would accordingly be an original feature of the panelling of the room, and therefore should be found to have been at first painted blue-green. This is not so: the first coat of paint was white. In fact, the bead is the only part of the visible surface of the painting we have found which was not at first painted blue-green: it cannot therefore have been an original feature. All very odd: the problem must be left to the ingenuity of readers.

In the writer's view the simplest solution is to suppose that the upper part of the right-hand door, at least, was a feature of the original panelling; that when the panelling was refitted in the present room, the door was made up, leaving the old bookshelves behind; and that the new panels below were continuous. Then, say a decade later, let us suppose at the time when carpenters were working in the rooms fitting the panelling in the study, the occupant decided to have the large cupboard made, to give access to shelving which he either remembered was there, or had discovered behind the study wall in the course of the alterations; and before it was completed changed his mind and had the doors fixed up.

The final problem of the room is presented by the chimney-piece, a typical Jacobean production with a lower part topped by a shallow mantleshef, and having strap-work decoration matching the frieze; and above, three panels framed by fluted pilasters supporting arches also ornamented with strap-work, and finally a long single length of strap-work frieze running the full width of the chimney-piece and, unlike the rest of the frieze, uninterrupted by a continuation of the stiles of the panelling below. From an examination of the surface of the wood it seems that the lower part up to the mantleshef, the three arches with their decoration, and the long piece of frieze are all old, contemporary with the older parts of the panelling in the rest of the room, and as far as the strap-work frieze goes exactly congruent with the frieze there. All the rest, including the panels and pilasters of the middle section of the chimney-piece, prove to be new wood. It thus appears that, like the rest of the panelling, the chimney-piece is a pasticcio of work of different ages; a state of affairs to be found in two other old chimney-pieces in the College, the one at the western end of the Combination Room and the one in the Hall of the Master's Lodge. But here again we come upon a problem. Assuming the panelling to have been moved from elsewhere, if the lower part of the chimney-piece came from the same room as the rest of the panelling, and from the similarity of the frieze one would at first sight imagine that this was so; and if this room was, as suggested by the rest of the panelling, from two to three feet lower than the present room; then not only would the lower part of the chimney-piece have been disproportionately wide for the height of the room, but the arcade would have been impossibly low, because the full difference in height of say 2 ft. 6 in. would have had to be subtracted from the length of the fluted pilasters. There seem to be two possible solutions: one is that the old parts of the chimney-piece come not from the same old room as the rest of the panelling, but from another room in the same house, greater in height, thus accounting for the similarity of strap-work and the proportions of the chimney-piece. The other possible solution is

to suppose that only the frieze and lower part of the chimney-piece came from the same room as the rest of the panelling, the middle part of the old chimney-piece having been removed and replaced by the present middle section with old arches from some different source. This latter suggestion derives some slight support from the difference in treatment of the strap-work in these arches and in the rest of the room, which makes it difficult to believe that they are from the same hand.

What the modern treatment should be presented a problem: paint it would have to be, as to prepare the wood for any other finish was out of the question. Even so, the whole time of Mr Toller, the College painter, was occupied for six weeks in carefully burning off the old paint and recovering all the decoration and moulding: twelve and a half gallons of paraffin were consumed in the biggest single burning-off job in his career of over forty years. To use a dark colour would be to leave the room gloomy: the effect of using a bright colour would have been overpowering. On the other hand, to cover the whole wall with an antiseptic hospital cream colour would bring monotony and uniformity unrelieved by the fine proportions of a typical eighteenth-century panelling. The solution seemed to be to emphasize the structure of the panelling itself by painting the moulded rails and stiles pale grey with the flat panels broken white; and to pick out the strap-work, the best feature of the whole, by having a blue-green background—a match to the old, probably 1727, colour on the chimney-piece; somewhat paler for the frieze; and reappearing as a pale tint in the ceiling after the separation of a chalk white cornice moulding.

The bulk of the credit for re-establishing this as one of the finest single rooms in the College must go to Mr Toller, whose painstaking skill in laying bare the old mouldings is beyond praise; but running him a close second for patience are the inhabitants of the set themselves, who put up with half a year's disturbance with unflinching amiability.

G. C. E.

STUDENT EXCHANGE BETWEEN ST JOHN'S COLLEGE AND THE UNIVERSITY OF UPPSALA

THE students of the University of Uppsala in Sweden are divided into a number of Nations, each Nation having a territorial basis. Thus there is a Stockholms Nation, an Upplands Nation, a Södermanland-Nerikes Nation, etc.

In the year 1949, through the intermediacy of Professor Broad, who had been a frequent visitor to Uppsala, an exchange of students was initiated between Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Stockholms Nation in Uppsala.

In December 1950 Professor Broad informed the Master of St John's that one of the other Uppsala Nations—the Södermanland-Nerikes Nation—would like to enter into a similar arrangement with St John's College. The negotiations which followed were successful: the exchange took place for the first time in the year 1951 and has continued annually since then. An account of the visit of the first exchange student to go from St John's to Södermanland-Nerikes Nation appeared in *The Eagle*, Vol. LIV, No. 239.

The arrangement, so far as St John's College is concerned, works as follows:

The representative from St John's, who is chosen by the Tutors from among the applicants, visits Uppsala for approximately one month (15 April to 15 May). To cover his fare and other incidental expenses, he is awarded a Strathcona Exhibition of £40 by the College. Whilst at Uppsala he is the guest of the Södermanland-Nerikes Nation, he has free board and lodging, and is generously and lavishly entertained. The whole of this is organized and financed by the students themselves.

The representative from Uppsala, who is elected by his fellow-students belonging to the same Nation, comes to Cambridge for one month during the period of Long Vacation residence. He is accommodated in College rooms without charge and the cost of his meals is borne by the College. His entertainment is in the hands of the undergraduates.

The purpose of the exchange is not primarily academic, but to afford the individual in question an opportunity of joining in the social life of the student body of which he is temporarily a member. A student may take advantage of any facilities there may be for pursuing his own studies, whether at Uppsala or at Cambridge, but he is expected to take a full part in student activities—this applies

particularly to the Johnian who goes to Uppsala in April-May, when the traditional student festivities are at their height.

The Södermanland-Nerikes Nation comprises women as well as men students, and recently the ladies have been pressing for a similar arrangement to be made on their behalf. Negotiations were opened up with Girton College early in 1954, but owing to the shortness of time and also other practical difficulties, they proved abortive, and the exchange with St John's College was arranged as usual for that year. This situation in the early part of the year gave rise to the receipt of the following letter from the Förste Kurator (the elected head) of the Södermanland-Nerikes Nation:

UPPSALA,
5 February 1954

Senior Tutor, St John's College, Cambridge

Dear Sir,

I sincerely suspect that you on St John's College regard us with a quite mentionable portion of suspicion as to our doings regarding stipendiary matters.

Please stay convinced that we value our connexions with you very much indeed, and that only the influence of female machinations has made us temporarily turn our face from you.

I have now received a letter from the Mistress of Girton College, and as far as I can see, it will be difficult for them to undertake an interchange just now. The matter is still open, but it is probable that our negotiations will end in a failure.

Thus I take the liberty of asking you, if you can prepare things so as to be able to send a man here in April (15 April-15 May) if the Girton answer will turn out to be definitely negative.

I hope you won't get the idea that we are just keeping you in reserve if we can't get anything better.

I hope your pipes and other plumbings have been able to resist the cold. Here in Uppsala our greatest difficulties have arisen from the fact, that the great cold has driven Lapps, reindeers and wolves south and thus made the streets unusually crowded owing to this affluence of people and animals, which makes it almost impossible to arrive to the lectures in time, especially as you have to dig your way through the snow, that has covered the city up to the second floor of our houses.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

(signed) LARS BREMBERG,
Södermanland-Nerikes Nations
Förste Kurator

C. W. G.

SÖDERMANLAND-NERIKES NATION, 1954

It was with some trepidation that I went as the fourth exchange student between St John's College and Södermanland-Nerikes Nation, following in the footsteps of a rugger and a swimming blue. But the warmth of the welcome I received soon dissipated all such fears, as well as removing all anxiety as to the extent of the influence of female machinations. During the first two days, a quick survey of the town and university revealed that the wolves, Lapps and reindeers had returned to the snowy north, but that there were a great many friendly people whose readiness to extend hospitality was overwhelming. As almost all of them were only too willing to speak English, the language difficulty melted away in smiles and laughter at one another's mistakes. For those who feel keen, I may say that Swedish is not at all difficult to learn to speak badly. In fact I was constrained to deliver a short speech in Swedish at the ceremonial dinner held in the Nation on the First of May. Södermanland-Nerikes also invite a German and a Finnish student, and we found ourselves, along with some twenty other foreigners, invited by the other Nations, being asked to all the festivities that were taking place. Our nationalities ranged from American to Yugoslavian, a situation which led to most interesting conversations, and was a really valuable source of international contact.

Södermanland-Nerikes (pronounced Surmland-Nerche) is one of the larger colleges in Uppsala. The present building is only sixty years old, but the residentiary annexe, in which I was given a most pleasant room, is comparatively modern. At the moment only about seventy students live in this annexe, three floors for men, and one for women, but plans are being made for larger development, and they hope sooner or later to approximate to the Cambridge system. One of the most revered institutions in Södermanland-Nerikes is their brass band, called Hornboskapen. This has been in existence for 130 years and has been endowed with money to buy instruments, several of which are almost antiques. One could wish that the quality of the playing was equal to that of the instruments, but at any rate Hornboskapen appears on every ceremonious and festive occasion. They even sent a group down to the Station to see us off, a tribute both to the success of our visit and to the leniency of the station staff.

The responsibility for my entertainment in Södermanland-Nerikes devolved upon the International Secretary of the college, whose kindness and generosity knew no limits. Ready to provide anything from a back stud to a Spring Ball partner, he was always a friend in need. Apart from our entertainment, the International Secretary had the job of co-operating with all the other colleges' secretaries on the

University International committee, which body arranged tours for us to see Stockholm and the neighbouring country.

It was this committee too which really sponsored the exchange studentships. Discussing one day with the International Secretary how these exchanges were working out, I asked him if he could tell me what lay behind the Swedes' desire to have these contacts. He replied that there had always been strong connexions between Sweden and Finland, ever since the Russian occupation of Finland in the last century. Now they were trying to extend their area of contact to include other nationalities. But this still did not explain why they were so keen on foreign contacts, and the reason was perhaps to be found in the fact that, having remained neutral during the war, Sweden was now trying to cement international relations, by means of these student exchanges. But even if this had been the prevalent attitude directly after the war, it was not so now, and there was no suggestion of either patronage or pity in their friendliness. Again there was no suspicion of a forced internationalism, as though Sweden were so remote that she wanted to grasp every chance of meeting foreigners. Of course there was always the idea that the Swedes liked having foreigners because they could demonstrate their fluency in foreign languages—a weakness not unknown outside Sweden—but I believe the best answer was given to me by an American when he said: "Spring has returned to Uppsala after the tedium and dark of winter. The Spring festivities are at hand, and the best way the students can think of enjoying themselves is to ask appreciative foreigners to come and share their enjoyment with them." As one of the foreigners privileged to share their enjoyment, I can only express my gratitude for such a good idea, and hope that my successors will be equally fortunate.

J.S.C.

POEMS

THOUGHTS BEFORE BATTLE

POETS have long tried with their shattered wrist
To break the hasp of the crooked century,
But pity alone will not knit the brittle flesh,
Nor the hasp succumb to the random fury.

Some cannot see the changing line of sea and sky,
Only deserts, bones that confront them unseeing,
Unsought on the terrace, and frail gay skulls
Shaking on the window sill, whitely grinning.

Dreamers scenting horror in the steel shadow,
Secure in despair, and with a slight disdain
For oracles their fathers died for, calling an end
To the bearing of sons beneath the flushed spring moon.

But no seducer ever broke the blood's strength
That lay within, remote and undefeated;
And how could we, whose loins they say are dry,
Break a coquette world that's unsolved, uncheated?

And earth will not die with us. Are we so alone?
Even these flickering despairs were bequeathed
With the house and furniture. The seedy palace
Falls without stir, as if we had never breathed.

Out of those strict ruins soft shoots will thrust
At the touch of the first rain, kissing those scars;
The sober and insane will reach singing hands
Together again from the torn caves without stars.

After our skies are laced with death's flowers,
That tingled to bloom in the lusting brain,
The sealed tiger will twist to life in the spring
And earth will have its songs and sons again.

DENIS SULLIVAN

JUDGEMENT INDEX

MANKIND should have no pain nor horror for us
 Until we feel our own sins sharply, until
 We fall prey to the indeterminate will,
 Our mind unfighting in the strumming impulse
 That ignores pity's symbols, or its racking cry,
 That muffles conscience's once resounding rings,
 That unshutters the delicate deep laid fangs
 That the mind and body shield from the judging eye.
 Hard against the gentle skin the hidden claw
 (Semi-sheathed in an understanding smile, caress)
 Is poised to scar some unmoving, godlike breast
 That counts, unresisting, each second's torture.
 We are not judges then, but ourselves that wheel
 Of unremorse (under which image we saw
 Those who had passed outside our tacit laws)
 Raking the mind's crude waters; then cringing, still.
 Only our own full fury our mind can cheat;
 We are, though we see the murky beast that lies
 Hell-deep in another's suspect voice and eyes,
 Blind to the animal in our own heart-beat.

DENIS SULLIVAN

FUTURE

LIFE is a cluster today:
 The grapes are bunched in hollow hands,
 Resting,
 To be lunched upon among the quiet pasture-lands
 And the white may.
 Oh! to take them one by one
 And save them, for the days
 When fruits are done,
 And even life decays.
 But life is a cluster today;
 Today I must eat, not save:
 And there—
 After the sadness has come my way,
 There are grapes in the grave.

D.I.M.



THIRTY YEARS OF TUTORIAL POLICY*

by C. W. GUILLEBAUD

WHEN it was intimated to me that I had been selected for the honour of replying to the Toast of the College at the Dinner of the Johnian Society, I cast about in my mind as to what I should say, and it occurred to me that it might be appropriate if I were to give a sort of lightning sketch of some aspects of the development of the College as seen through the eyes of a Tutor during the last thirty years or so.

I came up to St John's in 1909; was made a Tutor in 1926 and became Senior Tutor in 1952 in succession to our present Master, Mr J. M. Wordie, who had held the office of Senior Tutor since 1933.

Going back to 1913, just before World War I, the junior members of this College numbered 274—undergraduates, B.A.s and Research Students.

During World War I the College was almost deserted—in fact in 1916 there were only 33 undergraduates in residence.

The post-war bulge carried us to a peak of 450 in 1920-1. Thereafter numbers declined gradually to 370 in 1926-7.

During the next two years, however, they increased by as many as 80 to about 450 and kept at approximately that level for the whole of the ten years prior to 1939. This expansion, and then stabilization of numbers at a figure about 180 in excess of the pre-World War I student population, was a matter of deliberate tutorial policy, largely under the influence of the then Senior Tutor, our late Master, Mr E. A. Benians.

* This article contains, with some additions and subtractions, the substance of a speech delivered at the Annual Dinner of the Johnian Society on 18 December 1954, the first occasion on which this Dinner had been held in the College.

World War I affected us in three main ways. To begin with, it increased the desire of many parents to send their sons to the Universities. It woke people up to the advantages of higher education. Secondly, it led to a greatly enhanced interest in the scientific subjects—our expansion in numbers was greatest in the Natural Sciences (the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research was itself a product of World War I). Thirdly, it stimulated the Central Government and the Local Education Authorities to increase the number and value of their grants to students wishing to enter Universities.

One result of this was that we were able to pick and choose freely amongst our applicants. Now the moment a College finds itself in this position it is able to attract to itself a much larger number of the more desirable type of applicant. When we found that there was a continuous pressure of applications, and that we were turning down quite good boys, and that we could increase our numbers without in any way lowering our standards of admission, we did so up to a maximum of 450. The figure of 450 was the number of men that we reckoned we could have in residence while still having only two Halls each night—it was in a sense a physical bottle-neck. The other main limiting factor was, of course, the number whom we could teach; but we were also increasing the number of our Fellows in this inter-war period and could cope with a larger body of undergraduates.

I have referred to the expansion of the system of public grants. But it is important to remember that finance was still a very real restriction on entry to the University in the inter-war period—there was nothing like the present system of supplementation of College and other awards.

I well remember a meeting sometime in the early 1930's at which we were debating whether to give an Exhibition to a boy who had been placed in the Exhibition Class. Someone remarked: "It would not be much good giving him an Exhibition of £40; why, his father is a locomotive engine driver, he couldn't afford to send his son up on £40 a year." But Udny Yule, who was there, said: "All the same, I think we should give it him. Why, if the worst came to the worst he could always come up *in loco parentis*." We gave him the Exhibition and he did come up, having managed to collect the necessary funds from other sources.

In World War II, unlike World War I, the University was kept going on a considerable, though of course reduced scale. Our numbers at St John's never fell below 241, and they averaged 273 for the six years of war. They were mostly made up of scientists, engineers and medicals, with only a small number of arts men.

After the war there was another big expansion in the membership of the College, the post-war peak of our numbers being 653 in the

year 1949–50. Since then there has been a gradual decrease, and for this year, 1954, we are 580; and we have six Tutors to look after them.

Just by way of contrast, I might give some comparative figures for ourselves and Trinity:

	St John's	Trinity	Whole University
1913	274	672	3700
1938	454	710	5500
1954	580	736	7300

I turn now to say something about the causes of this latest increase in the size of the College, about its impact on the College, and finally, about our present position.

The growth in our numbers is a direct result of the new policy of State and County Scholarships, which means that any boy with good brains can (if he is accepted) come up to Cambridge and have the whole of his education financed for him. All his College and University fees are paid for him and he can get a maintenance allowance up to £288 a year.

The one important exception to this comprises the sons of middle-class and professional men, in respect of whom a means test operates with real harshness; so that, taking into account present-day costs and the level of income tax, a considerable number of them cannot come up to the University even if they could win public or University awards.

The removal, though with this one important exception, of the financial barrier which had hitherto prevailed, has brought with it a tremendous pressure on entry to Cambridge. They nearly all want to come here or to Oxford. Today we could fill the College to at least double the present size with men of really good type—and this certainly was not true on that scale for the inter-war period. If I am asked who these men are and where do they come from, I would reply that they are either men who pre-war could not or would not have gone up to a University at all, or who would have gone to one of the provincial Universities. The latter I know are feeling the draught as to quality. Their loss is, to some extent, our gain; on the other hand, I feel that we have more to give.

The most immediate impact of this change has been on our admissions policy itself. We have had to fix a quota for every subject, based largely on the number we feel we can teach.

What we do tutorially is to let applications accumulate, and then in the spring, eighteen months before the normal date of leaving school (18+), we deal with a batch of perhaps twenty applicants in, e.g., History, accept say four or five (more or fewer according to the subject) and refuse most of the remainder outright, letting a few wait

over to be considered later in competition with a second batch of applicants whom we deal with similarly in the Michaelmas Term; and so with all the other subjects.

We regulate our admission of commoners by age-groups, taking as many as we can accept from each age-group, and then moving on to consider those coming within the next younger group. Thus the men whom we will be considering next term for entry in 1956, belong to the age-group of those born between 1 August 1937 and 31 July 1938. We only rarely, and in exceptional circumstances, allow someone who has applied too late, or to whom we have refused a place in his proper age-group, to compete for a place in the next (younger) group. Nor do we permit a man whom we have refused for 1956, to be a candidate for 1958 after his National Service. We also do not take men coming out of the Forces unless we have already accepted them before they started on their Service.

At this point I might say something about our policy with regard to National Service. We strongly recommend men to do their Service before they come into residence.* But except in the case of law, economics, theology, moral sciences, and archaeology and anthropology (all non-school subjects), where we normally *require* them to do their National Service first, we allow men the option to decide for themselves. This is not without its inconvenience for the College as it leads to uncertain fluctuations in numbers from year to year; but this matter is one in which individual circumstances can vary so much that we think it better not to lay down binding conditions. It follows, and this can be of great importance for the man concerned, that if we have accepted a man to come into residence after his National Service and he is then rejected on medical grounds, we can always give him a place so that he can come up straight away.

In the current year, 1954-5, out of a freshman entry of 167 men liable for National Service, 85 came up straight from school, while 82 came up after having completed two years of National Service.

Reverting to our admissions policy, I would add that we hardly ever interview. We go on the results of the General Certificate of Education and on the Headmaster's recommendation—principally the latter, and it is remarkable how rarely we consider we have been let down. Where we can find the combination, we go for character, *and* ability *and* personality, including the capacity to play games. If a boy seems only to have ability without personality we usually tell him he must win his place by getting an award in our Entrance Scholarship Examination—we won't take him outright as a commoner. In general we do not use the Scholarship Examination as a

* I append at the end of the article a copy of a circular on this subject which we usually send to men when we accept them.

means of picking commoners, nor do we hold an Entrance Examination of our own, nor do we (save in exceptional circumstances) lay down specific educational requirements such as so many passes at Advanced Level in the G.C.E.

Our endeavour is not to fill the College with men of any one type, but to get a wide and representative cross-section of the schoolboy population, drawn from every sort of school, large and small, day-boy or boarding, from all over the country. All we want to feel assured of is that individually they are good.

The task of selection is often a very difficult one, especially in borderline cases. Both *A* and *B* may be thoroughly good and desirable candidates for admission, with not much to choose between them in their several ways; we would much like to have them both, but we can only allow ourselves one of them and the other has perforce to go elsewhere.

All sorts of considerations can influence the decision in the case of any given application—the factor of heredity; past, and possible future, relations with the Head or Housemaster concerned; College connections where they exist; the question of a future career; and so on.

Every method of selection is fallible, and we certainly do make mistakes; but we are convinced as a tutorial body that our method works well on the whole, and we do not think any other would be better or indeed as good. My own impression is that in addition to our large public school entry, we are drawing to ourselves a good deal of the cream of the secondary and day schools from all over the country. We are helped in this by the fact that we can offer a large number of Entrance Scholarships and Exhibitions; and by our system of Prize Fellowships, which are a big attraction for the really able boy. Furthermore, our athletic record, our prowess on the river and in ball games, our musical reputation, and other of our many-sided activities, all add to the attraction of this College for boys of different sorts and interests.

I mentioned earlier the different types of schools from which we draw.

In the late inter-war period about half our annual entry came from public boarding schools and half from day and grammar schools. Today the proportions are more like one-third from the public boarding schools, and two-thirds from the smaller boarding schools and the day and grammar schools; which I think is what might be expected as a result of the new educational policy of the Government.

On this I would comment, first, that the absolute number of men from public schools has not declined at all. Secondly, many parents of public schoolboys constitute the new poor—they may be able by

pinching and screwing and drawing on capital to afford the public school, but not by any means always an additional £400 a year for three years at the University; hence there may be some contraction in the supply from this source, especially where the professional class is concerned. Thirdly, a number of parents who used to send their sons to public schools have now to send them to the smaller boarding and day schools, which accordingly draw from a wider range of the population than they used to.

If we were failing to attract good boys from the public schools in adequate numbers, I should not feel at all happy, because they are a very important element in a College. But we *are* getting them, and at the same time are fulfilling what I feel to be a public duty to this new potential source of supply of undergraduates, much of it of first-rate human quality; and in this connection I would recall the saying: "We must educate our masters."

That our policy has not been unsuccessful on the intellectual side is I think a fair deduction from the fact that over a group of seven post-war years, for which I have figures, taking the percentage of men getting first classes in Honours examinations, St John's stood first of all the Colleges in one year; second in three years, and third in a fifth year. The order amongst the Colleges naturally changes constantly from year to year. Our *annus mirabilis* was June 1947, when out of 273 candidates who were entered for Triposes, as many as 65 were placed in Class I, or 26.4 per cent of the total number entered.

On the athletic side, the achievements of the Lady Margaret Boat Club are known to all, and this year we have earned the proud distinction of being able to put up a weather-vane on our boathouse, for that Lady Margaret have been Head of the River in the May Races for five successive years. So far as other sports go—Rugger, Soccer, Hockey, Cricket, Tennis, Athletics, I need merely say that we have a very high place among the Colleges in all of these.

There have been two main physical effects of the increase in numbers: we now have three Halls—at 6.20, 7 and 7.45 p.m., of which the second Hall at 7 is for various reasons much the most popular. We regret the necessity for this, but it is unavoidable if we are to feed our men.

The other effect is on rooms: when the war ended there was an acute shortage of lodgings and we were driven to double up men in College to the maximum amount possible. As the peak of numbers receded, we were able to turn some double rooms back to single; today we have 120 single sets, 118 double sets, and six triple sets—these last being large sets formerly occupied by Fellows. I might add that we always have more applicants for the triple sets than we can cope with. As a result of all this we now have 374 men living in

College and about 200 in lodgings, this latter figure including all the B.A.s and most of the Research Students. We would gladly convert more of the double sets back into singles, but the demand for double sets is still so great that we are holding them for the time being at the level at which supply and demand are evenly balanced.

World War II did one great thing for us, it enabled us to accomplish what we have long wished to do, but which ironically enough only a war could have made possible. We can now bring the great majority of all our freshmen into College for their first year. We keep the single sets rigidly for them. In the second year a man has the choice of doubling up in College with a friend of his own choosing, or of going out into lodgings. The vast majority prefer to double up in College, and so to spend two out of their three years in College. In the third year they go out into lodgings. From the point of view above all of work, doubling up is obviously open to considerable objections, though I think it does have some partially compensating advantages.

In conclusion, I would like to touch briefly on a very important question: I

of outgrowing its own strength?

Now in the nature of things there can be no clear-cut or positive answer to this. But I can say that most of the indications would seem to show that we are not suffering from the sort of evils one would expect if we were seriously over-expanded in size. We are certainly a long way from being "a mere geographical expression on the map of Cambridge". The undergraduates here are neither an amorphous mass of dissociated individuals, nor are they split up into a number of more or less self-contained cliques. They mix and mingle together with the greatest freedom, and I would say that an outstanding characteristic of the College today is its friendliness—perhaps an even better term would be the homely word, *mateyness*. I believe this to be due partly to the fact that we have nearly 400 men living together at any one time in College; and it is also encouraged by the doubling up of men in rooms. Partly too it is favoured by the fact that we provide a voluntary lunch in Hall, which is very widely patronized and where men come and sit anywhere where there is a vacant place. They are thus continually getting to know new people in the College; and not only men of their own year. Partly, again, it is due to our big Athletic Clubs. A Boat Club which can put ten Eights on the river comprises a very sizeable proportion of the whole College. Also the relations between the Clubs are good. You find the rowing men turning out to cheer the Rugger Club in a Cup Match—and vice versa. Then too there are the numerous societies—musical, dramatic, and many others that flourish in our midst.

But all this does not merely happen of its own accord: it is the result of the actions of individuals and of the influence of personalities. Just as, apart from purely technical considerations, the optimum size of a business depends in large measure upon the personal qualities and capacity of the people at the head of it; so in a College, apart from purely financial considerations, the question of its optimum size is essentially one of personalities. Only in this latter case *everyone* is involved—the undergraduates, the Master, the Fellows, the Tutors, yes, and the College servants.

When Sir Joseph Larmor died he left an unusual bequest to the College—a large sum of money with which to make substantial awards to the four or five men who each year are deemed to be of outstanding merit amongst the undergraduates: those who have made the biggest mark in the College. The Selection Committee consists chiefly of Tutors, on the senior side, and not fewer than four junior members of the College. Each year we have between twenty-five and forty names to consider, and no one who has served on that body could fail to be impressed by the high quality and variety of achievements of the men who are being discussed, as well as the extent of the influence which they can and do exert upon their contemporaries. So long as we can continue to draw men of this kind to the College, and there is no sign that the supply is drying up—quite the contrary—so long we need have no fear for the future of the College.

I hope I have not given the impression that I am merely being complacent. There is plenty of room for criticism, and doubtless many things that could be done better.

But all in all I believe this College to be a healthy and a flourishing society.

APPENDIX

I reproduce here the circular on National Service normally sent to men at the time when we accept them:

Since many boys are in doubt whether it is preferable to do their National Service before or after they come into residence, it may serve a useful purpose to set out some of the arguments, not all of which can be readily appreciated by boys still at school, in favour of their doing their period of Service before they begin their studies at the University.

1. A man is more mature after two years of National Service and, therefore, likely to derive more benefit from his University course than if he went up straight from school. In general, there is much to be said for a break between School and University in view of the great difference in the whole attitude towards teaching and learning in a School and in a University.

2. Experience shows: (a) that the overwhelming majority of men who come into residence after National Service find little difficulty in resuming their studies—it takes them only a short time to pick up the threads again. (b) That very few men who have done their National Service first, regret their decision later; while many of those who have postponed their Service do regret their decision by the time they have reached their third year of residence.

3. It is much more difficult to make arrangements for finding a job (e.g. interviewing Headmasters or other prospective employers) while a man is doing his National Service. The experience of the Cambridge University Appointments Board is quite definite on this point, and it is one of the most important practical reasons in favour of not postponing National Service.

4. The attention of Entrance Scholars, in particular, should be drawn to two important considerations:

(a) The sensible and obvious time for a man to begin his research, if he is going on to post-graduate work, is immediately after he has taken his Degree.

(b) While it is true that a man can obtain deferment to undertake research (subject to an age-limit of 26 years), this may not be desirable on other grounds, and the fact remains that National Service has to be performed before he reaches the age of 26, and that a break of two years might interfere seriously with the progress of his research at a time when his powers may be at their height.

5. A National Serviceman is under obligation to do part-time Service for three and a half years after he has completed his full-time Service. This obligation involves attendance at camp for two weeks annually as well as a certain number of drill hours during the year. A man who has done his National Service before he comes into residence can fulfil the greater part of his obligations for further training with relatively little inconvenience during the three years that he is up at the University. He is likely to find these obligations much more burdensome when he is holding down a job—the fortnight's camp, for example, might absorb a considerable part of his summer holidays.

6. It should be noted that the great majority of grant-awarding bodies make no difficulty in suspending a Scholarship or Grant until a man has completed his period of National Service.

WORDSWORTH AND THE SHAPE OF ENGLISH POETRY

NOT only is it incontestable, but it is also uncontested that Shakespeare is the greatest of English poets. He overtops the rest more obviously than Dante does the Italians, Goethe the Germans, and Pushkin the Russians. And a poet so placed must, of course, dominate much of the poetry written after him, both by the influence he exerts on other poets (and the better poets they are, the more they will feel his influence), and by his educative power over readers of poetry. Through reading him, we are led to form expectations of poetry, to make certain demands upon the poet, and he must at least take them into account in dealing with us.

About this far-reaching and profound domination of our poetry by Shakespeare there is a question to be asked: Is there any marked general bias in his poetry, a bias that may be reflected in his influence over his successors and over readers of poetry? Or were his qualities so completely central to our literary tradition that they produce no such bias? Was he, in fact, in thought and feeling and style, so much the expression of what is most typical in English poetry that he is not only its best, but its most normal writer?

The main answer must of course be that he is central to our literary tradition; that unless this were so, he could not have held for so long his unique position in it. But it must be added that he is rather a Common Denominator than a Common Factor: that he occupies his position above all because of the quality in him that Dryden called "comprehensiveness", which more modern critics generally find in him, too, though under names such as "universality". Without trying to usurp the sacred functions of Shakespearean criticism, it is difficult to indicate just what this quality means in detail, but it may be safe to point to some of its more obvious aspects. In thought, it is his sheer range that gives him this comprehensiveness. He moves through all the degrees between a homely and racy common sense that has made many of his lines popular proverbs among us, to high philosophic seriousness in *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and many other places. In feeling he has the same astonishing scope; from the heights of tough-minded bare tragedy, to a very English sentimentality and whimsy; from the most refined delicacy of romantic passion to a realistic coarseness that inflicts bewildered pain among less flexible temperaments. And in language he is pre-eminent for his complete command of all the resources of English, formal and informal, literary and colloquial, Romance and Teutonic.

But when the question has been answered on these lines, as it ought to be, it is nevertheless possible to add, not by way of any limitation or denigration, but simply for the sake of complete accuracy, that though Shakespeare's work is so centrally comprehensive in our literature, it has nevertheless some special characteristics of its own. And these, though they are in no sense defects in him, and though no one would wish them to have been different from what they are, are not inevitable characteristics of an English poet, though because they are found in him they are often taken for granted. It is in the prestige which his position lends to these special qualities that he produces a slight bias in English poetry.

The first of these special qualities is one of mind and education. His thought, with all its width and depth (perhaps because of these qualities), was little dependent on system, on books, on formal learning and the traditional disciplines of schools and universities. He had "little Latin and less Greek", as the more learned Jonson put it. And in this respect, at any rate, some meaning can be found in Milton's phrase about "native wood notes wild". Shakespeare's mind is acute, wonderfully balanced, well-stocked with knowledge of all kinds. It is all this and much more, but it happens to be almost untouched by books and academic learning. One would not wish it, of course, to have been touched by them, or any different from what it is. All that can reasonably be urged is that a poet might write well in English whose mind, besides other necessary virtues, had some tinge of books, of formal learning, and even of a University. And insofar as Shakespeare's example discourages this possibility, his influence exerts a slight bias.

The second special quality in him is one of style. It is what his earlier critics, such as Dryden, used to call his "wit", what Coleridge often called his "imagination", and what is nowadays often studied under the name of "imagery". Probably the best brief description of it is Coleridge's: "The wit of Shakespeare is, as it were, like the flourishing of a man's stick, when he is walking, in the full flow of animal spirits." He means, in plainer language, that while Shakespeare has a clear main direction of thought and feeling, which he neither forgets nor deserts—he is going somewhere quite definite—he is able to make, as he goes, side-references and by-thoughts, in a continual play of metaphor which does not distract him or us from the main path, but illuminates it in unexpected ways, adding richness and variety to the journey. Again, one would not wish it to be otherwise. On the contrary, it is one of his greatest qualities. All that can reasonably be suggested is that, despite the brilliance of Shakespeare's example, a poet *might* write well in English without this coruscation of wit and imagery around his main tenor. And so far as this example

has discouraged this possibility, Shakespeare's influence has imposed a bias on the whole course of English poetry.

There is then, in the abstract, the possibility of a kind of poetry in English differing from the Shakespearean in two ways: in having some tinge of books, of formal learning, and in using a style less loaded with imagery. How far these two qualities are connected, it is more difficult to say. At first sight there seems no necessary relation between them. But some connection, even if an accidental one, is established by our educational tradition. Until quite recently, education in the formal sense was inseparable from the study of the classics, and of some of the more classical modern languages, such as French and Italian. An acquaintance with books and formal learning usually involved some measure of acquaintance with these languages; and it was almost impossible to have this acquaintance, without getting from it the general feeling for a style of poetry much plainer than Shakespeare's, relying much less on imagery, much more on a careful exactness of word and phrase, a style spare rather than exuberant, with overtones and resonances rather intellectual and abstract than emotional and concrete.

Wherever the chances of educational opportunity have produced well-educated poets, we find this combination of formal learning with a hankering after a "classical" style. In Ben Jonson, in Milton and Dryden, Thomson and Wordsworth. The poets of the Romantic period to some extent turned their backs on this endeavour to achieve a plainer style of poetry, and at the same time turned away from the more traditional kinds of formal learning, but by the middle of the last century the older influences exerted themselves again, nowhere more clearly than in Matthew Arnold, most of whose critical work revolves round the problems of a possible "classicism" in English poetry. That, after all, is precisely the significance of his most ample and systematic piece of criticism, *On Translating Homer*: the problem on which it turns is exactly that of a plain style, also "grand", in English.

The shape of English poetry, then, is something like a mountain with one pre-eminent peak, but by geological principle saddle-backed, with a lesser peak which *ought* to exist, and which many poets have sought to make exist. There is no question about the poet of the major peak—it is Shakespeare; but about the lesser peak, there is much greater difficulty in deciding who should stand on it.

For a long time it was occupied by Milton, but there can be no doubt that modern criticism has deposed him, and that his place is vacant. There are, moreover, many reasons for believing that it is useless to try to put him back on it: that his place in English poetry

can never be quite the same as it was before the controversies of the last few years. The chief of them is this: that though there may have been a slight element of literary "hooliganism" in recent attacks on Milton, a tinge of unholy exhilaration in their manner, the substance of them was nothing new. Even when the dominant literary fashions were running wholly in his favour, his admirers found it hard not to grudge their admiration, not to qualify it by petty reservations and back-handed praise. It is enough to read Johnson's comments on *Paradise Lost* to see how half-hearted was his response to Milton; and the faintness of the praise becomes even clearer if it is compared with his criticism of Shakespeare in the *Life*. He approves Milton, but on principle rather than in practice, and the approval is extorted from the head, because *Paradise Lost* could not be denied to be a "classical" epic very nearly successful in putting flesh around the dry ossature of Aristotle, Boileau, and the rest of the classical theorists. Shakespeare, on the other hand, he enjoys from the heart, despite all kinds of principles which ought to have told against him. And that is the really awkward thing about Milton. One can admire his achievement, praise some parts of it, enjoy some perhaps, but in the end the whole fails to make a coherent impression on the reader, even the most sympathetic. He is, as Keats said, a "beautiful and grand curiosity".

The beauty and grandeur are certainly there, and it would be very wrong to depreciate them. Indeed, sometimes—in the opening lines of *Lycidas*, for example—Milton comes nearer than any other English poet to the sonorous simplicity of Virgilian classicism. But the curiosity is there too. And it is probably rooted in the fact that even in his own age he was something of a monster, an abnormality. A Puritan in matter, he was a Cavalier in manner; for those who agreed with him in his choice of subject cared very little for classical poetry, and those who liked the classical poetry cared nothing for the Puritan subject. He straddled, with almost perverse dexterity, the diverging tastes of his own time, and failed to represent either. Of his own party and opinions, Bunyan was the supreme and natural expression, and has been received as such into the main tradition of English literature. Milton represented nobody but himself, and that was not quite enough: it very rarely is. He was an oddity: a remarkable one, in many ways an admirable and astonishing one, but none the less an oddity. And it is not surprising that the history of his later fame is here and there touched with the pure bizarre. There is, for example, a locomotive that plies regularly between Cambridge and Liverpool Street that is called "John Milton": it is a blackly formidable Pacific, and is not, in its own way, wholly unlike *Paradise Lost*. And *Paradise Lost* is the last known book to have been bound

in the tanned hide of a murderer, not much more than a century ago: bizarre is surely not too strong a word for the taste that combined an interest in the contents with a liking for this particular mode of external decoration.

But if Milton can no longer be allowed to sit on the lesser peak of our poetry, who should, or who can take his place? There is, surely, no possibility save that of Wordsworth—always remembering that we must have a poet not in the “line of wit”, in the imaged, Shakespearean or metaphysical manner, but one who uses a plainer, more direct style. There are, in fact, very few poets who qualify for the position at all. Arnold would no doubt be one, Landor another, and possibly Dryden. And all these (and *a fortiori* other minor candidates) simply lack the sheer stature to hold a place at the head of one major stream of English poetry. They have merits, notable merits, but they remain inevitably in the lower ranks of achievement. Wordsworth alone has—possibly—the stature needed for the position. And he has, what Milton so conspicuously lacks, the ability to exert a powerful influence on the thoughts and feelings of at least some of his readers. There were, in the nineteenth century—one hopes there are still—“Wordsworthians”, in the sense that John Stuart Mill and Hale White were “Wordsworthians”. No one ever heard of a “Miltonian”, for neither the thing nor the word has come into existence.

But has he the special qualities we are looking for—the tincture of formal learning, and the plain style? As to the first, the answer is fairly clear. He was at the College. And while it would be utterly wrong to claim that his Cambridge studies contributed much to his poetry, it would also be wrong to suppose that they contributed nothing. There were, after all, certain educational experiences to which he referred later, which clearly wove themselves in with the main fabric of his thought and feeling. For example, he had to read Euclid, and though the reading of it did not turn him into a geometer, it certainly played a part in his intellectual life, as the passage quoted below shows. And as for the rest, the Greek and Latin and rhetoric, while their direct influence was—fortunately—very small, they must surely have contributed a little to one of his outstanding qualities, his ability to compose an argument, or to arrange a sequence of reflections, in an orderly development, subordinating parts to the whole, and so well that some of the long paragraphs in *The Prelude* have as much shape and force as Burke's best periods. He was not a bookish poet, then, but there was in his work more than a superficial tincture of books and their influence.

As for the style, the only fair way of judging it is to consider a specimen. I have chosen the following passage for two reasons.

First, it is long enough to show his sheer power of composition, of writing in verse-periods; and second, its content is, while not in any way untypical of him, at least not too closely knit with the subjects and moods that are most powerfully and notoriously his own. It is a passage which, as it were, makes no imperative demands on the imaginative attention, and leaves the reader a little more free to contemplate the style itself. It is from the first book of *The Prelude*, and it serves as summary of the introductory lines, which tell of Wordsworth's difficulties in choosing his theme, of his many hesitations and retreats, alternations of confidence and doubt. This is it:

But from this awful burthen I full soon
Take refuge, and beguile myself with trust
That mellow years will bring a riper mind
And clearer insight. Thus my days are past
In contradiction, with no skill to part
Vague longing that is bred by want of power
From paramount impulse not to be withstood,
A timorous capacity from prudence;
From circumspection infinite delay.
Humility and modest awe themselves
Betray me, serving often for a cloak
To a more subtle selfishness, that now
Locks all my functions up in blank reserve,
Now dupes me by an over-anxious eye
That with a false activity beats off
Simplicity and self-presented truth.
Ah! better far than this, to stray about
Voluptuously through fields and rural walks,
And ask no record of the hours, given up
To vacant musing, unreprieved neglect
Of all things, and deliberate holiday;
Far better never to have heard the name
Of zeal and just ambition, than to live
Thus baffled by a mind that every hour
Turns recreant to her task, takes heart again,
Then feels immediately some hollow thought
Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.
This is my lot, for either still I find
Some imperfection in the chosen theme,
Or see of absolute accomplishment
Much wanting, so much wanting, in myself,
That I recoil and droop and seek repose
In listlessness from vain perplexity,
Unprofitably travelling towards the grave,
Like a false steward who hath much received
And renders nothing back. Was it for this

That one, the fairest of all rivers, lov'd
 To blend his murmurs with my Nurse's song,
 And from his alder shades and rocky falls,
 And from his fords and shallows sent a voice
 That flow'd along my dreams?

Now perhaps the most obvious positive quality here is the controlled rise and fall of the sentences. They are managed with a firmness of line that might be compared with the draughtsmanship underlying the compositions of the great painters. There is freedom and sweep and variety, but there is no looseness anywhere. For example, the phrase about "contradiction" in the fifth line is steadily, but not monotonously expanded through the different kinds of contradiction in the following eleven lines, at first in short antitheses, "timorous capacity, prudence", then in longer and wider definitions, still held in a sequence of formal contrasts. The next "paragraph" is admirably linked together by the repetition of "better far" and "Far better" five lines on—the change of emphasis enforced by the metre makes much of a simple phrase. It is, in fact, for these and a good many other reasons, an admirable piece of composition: it is to be hoped that Wordsworth's Tutor would have been pleased at least by the "rhetoric".

The most obvious negative quality is, for most readers of modernized taste, the absence of images, of metaphors in the Shakespearean manner. The solitary exception is "interdict", which looks a little like the legal imagery common in both Shakespeare and Donne, but it is isolated, and it is in fact the only occasion when Wordsworth used the word. For the rest, the images are gentle, almost commonplace. They draw no attention to themselves, and certainly have no trace of wit or obscurity: *mellower* years, *riper* mind, *bred* by want of power—humility and modest awe *betray* me, *serving* often *for a cloak* to a more subtle selfishness, *locks* every function up, *beats off* simplicity, *hollow* thought. These moribund metaphors are the opposite of the Shakespearean coruscation. And the more interesting metaphors are as quietly managed: "recreant" and "baffled", for example, which unobtrusively recall the world of chivalry and knighthood, of "recreant" knights who were unfaithful to their calling, and suffered the ignominy of being *baffled*—of having their arms tied upside down over their tents. In the same way, the "false steward" glancingly summons up one of the best-known proverbial passages in the New Testament.

Indeed, the puzzle is to know how such writing can have the force of poetry at all; and certainly it is a puzzle beyond the capacity of most of the methods of analysis that have been developed in recent years by the admirers of the Shakespearean type of imagery. The

examination of Wordsworthian metaphors leads nowhere, save to the commonly accepted usages and mental habits of mankind; they offer no scope for tracking down curious associations, for the catalytic blendings of thought and feeling that Donne is said to have discovered in the odour of a rose. If the power of Wordsworth's poetry can be analysed at all (and very probably it cannot), it must be by other methods than these. Indeed, it might be added that if the qualities of the plainer, the more classical style, are to be analysed at all, it cannot be by the same methods that have grown out of the study of the opposite, the imaged style.

The only possible starting-point for the analysis of this style is the strong impression that it is characteristically Wordsworthian; the reader who has read any of the other poetry will feel, the more strongly the more of it he has read, that the manner is familiar to him. The next step forwards is often to the assumption that this characteristic manner is nothing more nor less than the imprint of the writer's character, and that the proper way to explore it is biographical. No doubt that is why so much of Wordsworthian criticism takes the form of biography, an examination of his life and beliefs. But it has the effect of running away from the actual text before the critic—it almost makes him seem to have admitted the impossibility of talking about it directly. The only possibility of keeping close to the text, and at the same time giving weight to the biographical side of the work, to the impact of the personality, is to study the actual words used, and above all to see how far they are *personally* used. It is no doubt a tedious procedure, but it has the merit of being faithful to the subjective impression of one reading Wordsworth that he is moving within a powerful, but limited vocabulary—that the same words recur often, gathering strength by the frequency of their use and the interlinking of their contexts. How far this subjective impression can be established objectively will best be shown in a few examples.

In line 11, the phrase "blank reserve" carries a good deal of weight, and "blank" looks like a personal, individual use of a not very common word. This impression is borne out by the Concordances. They show that Wordsworth used the word no less than 34 times. Just before him, Cowper used it 8 times, and among his contemporaries it occurs thus: Coleridge 13, Shelley 8, Keats 7. And of more significance than this very crude numerical test (which does not, of course, take into account the relative bulks of these writers' works) is the fact that in Wordsworth "blank" is used in a powerful sense, in several passages central to his poetry, while in the other writers it is used in a simpler, more literal meaning, save for Keats's phrase "blank splendour" from *Hyperion*, and one passage in

Coleridge mentioned below. Typical of the Wordsworth contexts are these:

Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized.

(*Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*)

In Book I of *The Prelude*, the incident of the stolen boat ends with this description of the boy's guilty fears:

my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts
There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion.

And in *The Excursion*, the mood of the Solitary Man on his way to America is referred to thus:

And, in this blank and solitude of things,
Upon his spirit, with a fever's strength,
Will conscience prey.

The only use of the word comparable with these is in Coleridge's *Dejection* Ode, in which he describes his own loss of the faculty of perceiving Nature in Wordsworth's manner: "And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!" He has, probably by instinct, seized upon a typically Wordsworthian word to express this vacancy, this failure of spirit, the negative aspect of these experiences.

Typical of the more positive side of Wordsworth's experience are these three words: "insight" (line 4), "paramount" and "impulse" (line 7). Here are notes on them:

Insight. Used by Wordsworth 15 times, not at all by Cowper, Keats, Shelley, only once in Coleridge's poetry.

It occurs in that odd little poem, so typical of Wordsworth's combination of profundity and *naïveté*, on "Star-gazers in Leicester Square". He sees the night-walkers there paying their pennies to look at the sky, and observes "What an insight must it be!"

Here is a more central passage, showing the relation between "insight" and some of the other key-words in his thought, such as Imagination and "power" (this word he used no less than 600 times—it would be well worth studying his uses of it).

This spiritual love acts not nor can exist
Without Imagination, which in truth

Is but another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood.

The dictionary throws some further light on this word. It was common especially among the theological writers of the seventeenth century, for the power of seeing below the surface of things to their inner essence. But after them it seems to have dropped out of use, for the *O.E.D.* gives two quotations in the early eighteenth century, and then nothing until Wordsworth. It looks very much as if the word had been revived by him, literally brought back into the living language.

Paramount. Not a common word anywhere, but used by Wordsworth 13 times. Twice in Cowper, but in simple ways: "paramount lord", "paramount claims". Not found in the poetry of Coleridge, Keats and Shelley. In Wordsworth it links together a number of important passages. It occurs, for example, in his account of the influence of Euclid on his beliefs:

Though advanced
In these inquiries, with regret I speak,
No farther than the threshold, there I found
Both elevation and composed delight:
With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance pleased
With its own struggles, did I meditate
On the relation those abstractions bear
To Nature's laws, and by what process led,
These immaterial agents bowed their heads
Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man;
From star to star, from kindred sphere to sphere,
From system on to system without end.

More frequently from the same source I drew
A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense
Of permanent and universal sway,
And paramount belief. . . . (*The Prelude*, Book VI)

In these last few lines, the political and social idea of "paramountcy", feudal overlordship, is transferred to the "universal sway" of natural processes that are permanent, orderly and immutable; and the perception of these processes has the characteristic force on the perceiver, of causing in him "paramount belief". It was a kind of belief that Wordsworth valued the more, because it did not come to him easily, and because he felt a deep need for it. And in human affairs, he valued no less the "paramount impulse, not to be withstood", as a kind of reflection of the governing inevitable power that tops the universe. Thus in the less-known companion sonnet to "Milton,

thou shouldst be living at this hour", in which he laments the lack of great men and minds in revolutionary France, he says:

France, 'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
Perpetual emptiness, unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men.

(*Great Minds have been Among Us*)

And there is another use of the word, linking it with many of the other key-words of the Wordsworthian system, in Book x of *The Prelude*, where it falls into the description of the critical decision not to take an active part in the French Revolution against the extremists, but to return to England. Despite the fact that he was a foreigner, uneloquent even in English, obscure, he reflected that—

A Spirit thoroughly faithful to itself
Unquenchable, unsleeping, undismay'd,
Was as an instinct among Men, a stream
That gather'd up each petty straggling rill
And vein of water, glad to be roll'd on
In safe obedience, that a mind whose rest
Was where it ought to be, in self-restraint,
In circumspection and simplicity,*
Fell rarely in entire discomfiture
Below its aim, or met with from without
A treachery that defeated it. . . .

Well might my wishes be intense, my thoughts
Strong and perturb'd, not doubting at that time,
Creed which ten shameful years have not annul'd,
But that the virtue of one paramount mind
Would have abash'd those impious crests, have quell'd
Outrage and bloody power. . . .

In this way, then, all the different sides of Wordsworth's experience were brought to bear on the word "paramount": his studies at Cambridge, his perception of "universal sway" in Nature, and his painfully personal reaction to the French Revolution. It is not surprising that the word has, in him, an unusual frequency and a special force.

Impulse. This can be more briefly noted, for it is at once recognized as one of the typically Wordsworthian words: "One impulse from a

* Both words are in the passage from which this examination started. A comparison of the two passages illustrates very well the characteristic eddying recurrence of words and moods in Wordsworth.

vernal wood". He used it 39 times; Cowper 3 times, Keats not at all, Coleridge 10 times, and Shelley 17 times. There is, however, a great difference between the word as Shelley and Coleridge used it and the way Wordsworth used it. For them, it was nearly always "impulse" as opposed to a deliberate reflection, and had no more force than it has in the phrase "to act on impulse". It meant, indeed, nothing more than a random or inexplicable movement *within* the human personality. For Wordsworth, on the other hand, it represented a movement communicated from *outside*, an influence of the universe upon the individual human being. The dictionary again adds some interesting information about the word. Like *insight*, it was common among seventeenth-century theologians, who used it to describe the influence upon man of a good or evil spirit: the *O.E.D.* quotes the title of a book published in 1701, *Discourse of Angels. . . also touching Devils, Apparitions and Impulses*. And again the word seems to drop out of use until it occurs again in Wordsworth, who brought it back into the language, with his own twist to the meaning.

Coleridge uses it only once in this revived sense, again in the *Dejection Ode*, where it refers to the fading of the faculty of perception in himself:

The sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give.

It looks very much as if he had felt it—perhaps knew it—to be a characteristically Wordsworthian word, used in a personal way.

It will be only too clear that this kind of inquiry could be continued at enormous length: it is not at all difficult. But these notes are quite enough to show the kind of quality which takes the place, in Wordsworth's plain style, of the Shakespearean coruscation of wit. It gives the poetry a special power, elevates it above prose, mainly because a number of key-words have, through years of intense reflection and feeling, become as it were the recognized marks and rallying-places of recurring moods. They gather strength from one another, and from their recurrence in powerful and varied contexts, both for the poet and for his reader. And so far as the plain style can be analysed at all, studying them goes some way to show that it has, in its own way, a richness, a perspective of thought and feeling, not inferior to the range and brilliance of the highly imaged style, though of a very different kind. It is a quality that Wordsworth seems to possess pre-eminently, which might well put him in the place which used to belong to Milton—that of chief representative in English of the other, the non-Shakespearean kind of poetry in English.

It has become common in recent years to accept Mr Eliot's view

that a great poet must be a great "reformer of the English language". And whether this is altogether true or not, it certainly happens that great poets *change* the language in which they write, because their work acquires an exceptional position in determining the usage of their readers over many generations. It is well known that Shakespeare has contributed greatly to English, both in quotations that have become proverbial, in phrases, and in single words. It is equally well known that Milton contributed remarkably little to English. And it might appear at first sight that Wordsworth too contributed very little. But these notes may suffice to suggest that the Wordsworthian contribution, though quite different from the Shakespearean, was not by any means negligible. The difference between their linguistic influences is entirely characteristic of the difference between their styles. Whereas Shakespeare used a very large vocabulary, in which many words now in standard English occur for the first time in writing, Wordsworth used a much more limited vocabulary, in which there are no new words, but rather old words either brought to life again, or transformed and deepened in their sense by being linked together in the main framework of his thought and feeling. He exerted an influence on English less wide than Shakespeare's, less obvious, perhaps less rich; but in its own way, the more profound and penetrating because of its limitations. And this general influence on language is typical both of his own specific quality as a poet, and of the kind of poetry which he supremely embodies.

* * * *

(This article is rather like a lecture delivered at the University College of Hull in 1950. The College had been invited to nominate a lecturer to mark the centenary of Wordsworth's death.)

H. S. D.

COEXISTENTIAL BALLADE OF MILD CONFUSION

"THE TIMES" said "ought" last week instead of "might",
And pushed the global balance quite askew.
The ghost of Metternich appeared all white
And threatened very nastily to sue.
This was a sign. The battle is in sight.
The barricades are up at Waterloo.
Another drink? I feel the creeping blight.
The war's at six. It's nearly quarter to.
Prince, for Heaven's sake stop playing with that kite.
You know we've far more vital things to do.
Make sure your loins are girded for the fight.
The war's at six. It's nearly quarter to.
The Black Sea Fleet has reached the Isle of Wight.
Augmented Cossack choirs have circled Crewe.
The T.U.C. has cut off all the light
Till damages are paid for Peterloo.
There's no means now of telling left from right.
A MIG 15 has just obscured the view.
The glass has dropped. Or is it merely fright?
The war's at six. It's nearly quarter to.
Prince, you really should stop fiddling with that kite.
The Master would be livid if he knew.
I never dreamed they'd leave us in this plight.
The war's at six. It's nearly quarter to.
Stiff upper lips from peer to troglodyte!
The Cam's acquired a faintly pinkish hue.
The price of petrol's reached a hopeless height.
Why don't the Campbells come? They're overdue.
The prospect on the whole is far from bright.
Freedom farewell! Dear friends, this is my cue.
I'm making for the nearest Satellite.
The war's at six. It's nearly quarter to.
Prince, I wish you could forget about that kite.
Your flippancy has shocked me through and through.
We've sixteen thousand books to burn tonight.
The war's at six. It's nearly quarter to.

BERNARD SMITH

THE PIG CLUB

THE COLLEGE has kept pigs for many years, but they have lived in the decent obscurity of the Kitchen Gardens in Madingley Road, a matter of great concern to the Head Gardener, the Kitchen Manager and the Steward, but not to the College as a whole except for the annual audit—and until food rationing and the 1939–45 war. I had had experience of Pig Clubs in the R.A.F. during the war, and when I took over the Stewardship in 1946 I set about trying to organize a College Pig Club. Until then we had been unable to eat the meat of the pigs we fattened during the war in the Kitchen Garden. Martin Charlesworth, the President, encouraged me in my efforts, and a Pig Club was formed on 4 September 1946. The rules which the Club would have to follow were summarized in a letter which I circulated to members at that time:

Institutional Pig Clubs exist to fatten pigs from the waste of the institution. They are limited to a membership of 20. The membership fee is one shilling per year. Pigs cannot be killed until they have been the property of the Club for three months. Half the pigs must be sold to the Ministry of Food. A meeting of the Club must be held every six months.

The Club started with an advance of capital from the Steward of £100, and twelve pigs were purchased from the College Garden. The Club prospered, and whenever pork appeared on the menus in the rationed years following 1946 it bore a reference to a footnote saying "By courtesy of the Pig Club". The supplies of pork to the College kitchens were much appreciated and helped materially to eke out the rations. Meetings of the Club were held, as required by the rules, every six months. The Steward's advance of £100 was paid back. Interesting piggy subjects were discussed like visiting pigs, seedy cut, fish taint, deadweight certification, boars, rigs, stags, and gilts, and the Government's Transit Shrinkage Allowance.

On Martin Charlesworth's death, Professor Jopson took his place as President and Chairman of the Club—which he still is. Throughout the Steward acted as Secretary, Mr North of the Kitchen Office as Treasurer, and Messrs Wolfe and Thurben of the Bursary acted as Auditors, with Mr Thoday, the Head Gardener, as Keeper of the Pigs.

In November 1953 the end of meat rationing was in sight and the Secretary at a meeting of the Club said "it was probable that the Pig Club might cease to be necessary if and when food rationing ended".

After some discussion it was resolved that if meat rationing ended, an extraordinary meeting be summoned and that

- (i) a special party of some kind be held,
- (ii) a short account of the Club be written for *The Eagle*, and
- (iii) some consideration be given to retaining the Pig Club as a Club although the purpose for which it came into existence would have ceased.

Meat rationing came to an end and an Extraordinary General Meeting was summoned for 11 June 1954 at 12 noon. The business before the meeting was "arrangements for winding up the Club necessitated by the end of meat rationing", and the notice of the meeting went on to say: "It is hoped that the meeting will not take more than a quarter of an hour, and at 12.15 the President and Chairman has kindly invited all members of the Club to a farewell reception at which products of the pig will be served... At 12.30 Professor H. A. Harris will make a short speech on 'The Place of the Pig in Human History' and propose the health of the Club." But before the meeting of the Club the following was received signed by Mr Farmer and Mr Crook, two faithful and energetic members of the Club: "It being customary in matters of University business to circulate a fly-sheet when changes are under consideration, we consider it appropriate to circulate a pig-sheet... We think it desirable that the Club, far from being wound up, should continue its existence as a society for convivial purposes (there being in our view abundant precedent in the University for bodies—such as Colleges—which continue in existence although the original purpose of their foundation has been lost sight of). It would indeed be a valuable historical exercise for posterity to illuminate the origins of a Club with so peculiar a title." For these reasons Mr Farmer and Mr Crook gave notice that they would *non-placet* the winding up of the Club.

The meeting endorsed their view, and, by a joint resolution of the President, Secretary and the two Pig-sheeters, decided that the Club "should continue in existence for social and unspecified purposes as a glorious anomaly". Professor Harris then gave his address and spoke eloquently and with characteristic charm and directness about pigs, the origin of agriculture, Vergil, sausages, salami, King's College Chapel, Egypt, cosmetics, cowrie shells, missionaries, and civilization. Professor Jopson then pronounced the word 'pig' in all known (and several unknown) European languages and it was resolved that this should be done at all meetings of the Club. Maupygernons and wine were then served.

It is often wondered where lies the power in a complicated ancient institution like St John's College, and it is clear that, whatever the legal status of Council and Governing Body, ultimate power does not

lie there. It has been suggested that the power resides in the Book Club, or the Junior Book Club, or the 1945 Club—that dining club of war veterans, the Wine Committee, or even the Editors of *The Eagle*, or the six unnamed Fellows who, each year, set the Christmas Competition in *The Spectator*. The newly constituted Pig Club is clearly bidding for power, and with its pretence of only social activities, its broad representation, and its infrequent meetings, is to be watched carefully by future historians of College politics.

G. E. D.

THE L.M.B.C. HISTORY

THE Lady Margaret Boat Club has now been Head of the River for five years in succession, an achievement only equalled by two other boat clubs in the history of Cambridge rowing. Sir Hugh Casson has been asked to suggest improvements to the boathouse and to design a weather vane—the traditional privilege of such a record. With this triumph in mind, it has been decided to bring up to date the history of L.M.B.C. It is recorded at the moment only up to 1927, the last occasion when L.M.B.C. held the headship.

To this end some 400 Old Johnians, to the best of our knowledge all those who were in First and Second Boats during the period, have been circularized, in the hope of making this edition of the history an interesting and amusing account of the times and events recorded as well as a statistical record. The response to this circular has far exceeded the Editors' fondest hopes. So far over a hundred replies have come in, full of stories and reminiscences which make delightful reading, and we wish to take this opportunity of thanking those who have contributed so wholeheartedly. But this flow of information leads us to renew our request to those who have not replied, to wrack their brains and in any case to return the proforma which is our only reliable guide to the accuracy of essential particulars such as names and initials. Also may we take this opportunity of appealing for advice and assistance in the actual production and printing of the book, for in these times the expense of such a limited edition is likely to be high. However we feel sure that with the support of all those who have pleasant memories of rowing for L.M.B.C. no difficulties will be insurmountable and we hope that the result will be worthy of that support.

J. F. HALL-CRAGGS

D. W. T. HAGUE

Editors

A SET OF ROOMS

PART II

THE STORY FROM THE COLLEGE ARCHIVES

A PREVIOUS article left us with a number of puzzles connected with the history of the set of rooms now known as K6 Second Court. Who was responsible for panelling the large outer room in 1727, making use of a lot of earlier wainscot? What was the date and history of this? Whence came the chimney-piece, so similar in decoration and yet apparently originally higher than the old wainscot? Why was a cupboard planned in the wall between this room and the study, and then permanently closed up before the doors were even hung? When was the internal staircase made to give access to the three rooms on the second floor? Who panelled and papered the study at some date around 1735?

At first sight most of these problems appear insoluble, by reference to the College records or otherwise, but at least it seemed worth while to attempt to discover who occupied the set during the first century and a half of the building's existence, when the changes we have considered were taking place. Mr Moore Smith's "Lists of Past Occupants of Rooms in St John's College" begin in this case in the Michaelmas Term 1810, so that we have to examine the original records. Fortunately there are available a series of four "prizing books" and a "transfer book" which cover most of the period in which we are interested.

When Second Court was built Fellows were responsible not only for the decorations and furnishing of their rooms (as now), but also for their general equipment and for repairs—the College, indeed, provided little more than a shell. It was clearly only equitable that the cost of long-term repairs and improvements should be shared by the succession of Fellows who benefited from them, and some such arrangement must have existed from an early stage in the history of the College. The construction of Second, or as it was then called, Lower or New Court, with its numerous sets of rooms, each fitted up by a different Fellow, must have brought home the need for some system to keep track of all these transactions, and provide a regular means of steadily writing down the value of any particular improvement. A prizing (= appraising) book was started for the purpose, and p. 5 of this in its present form has the note "Memorandum that another appoyntment was made by the Maister and Seniors for the prizings of all chambers by the 2 Bursars and the 2 Deans or their deputies Decemb. 8. 1606. both in the Upper and Lower courts".

This system once started was carried on until towards the end of the eighteenth century, and the four volumes are a little-worked mine of information on the furniture, fittings and occupants of rooms during this period. The standard short account of these books was prepared by Mr A. F. Torry, at that time Dean, for this magazine (Vol. xiv, pp. 143 *et seq.* June 1886, and xv, p. 3, 1889) in connection with his account of the founders and benefactors. It is not entirely accurate; for example, he gives 1608* as the date of beginning the prizing books. This account is quoted in James Bass Mullinger's *History* (1901) and in the Preface to G. E. Moore Smith's lists of Occupants of Rooms (1895), though the latter made no use of these books in compiling his lists.

As in so many such sequences of records, the ideas of the keepers of the prizing books developed as their work went on. At first the entries are simply chronological, sometimes two to a page, made whenever necessitated by a considerable improvement or a change of occupant. A further change of occupancy of a particular room meant a fresh entry. It was soon found convenient if space allowed, to make this fresh entry below the previous one; one set of particulars then served for a whole series of changes of occupant, and it was only necessary each time to allow for depreciation on the total sum involved. Before long it became customary to allow a whole page, and then a double page, for each new set of rooms. At first many entries have a heading of the form "Mr Cecill's chamber in ye New courte prized to Mr Lane", without either date or any further identification of the rooms—after all, everyone knew where Mr Lane's rooms were, and how long he had kept there, so why bother to write it down? However, as time went on dates became commoner and identifications

* This date is probably derived not from the prizing books themselves but from the following annotation in the College copy of the Elizabethan statutes of 1580, printed from MS. Harl. Mus. Brit. 7050 in App. B to 5th Report from the Select Committee on Education etc., 1818, p. 405. "An. 1608. Feb. 23. A Decree, by Ric. Clayton, Master, and the seniors, That all fellow's chambers, with all studies &c. not already prized by the deans and bursars, &c. shall be prized before the 6th of May next, by the two deans and bursars, or two of them at least,—and the prices set down in a booke—upon pain that not being so prized, every fellow [so neglecting] shall have nothing allowed for his chamber, study &c., but his successor may freely enter, without paying anything for them;—and that every fellow afterwards shall take the price of his chamber, studies, &c. out of the College booke aforesaid, &c."

Vol. xiv of *The Eagle* has other features of interest. It marks the introduction of the present form of cover in place of the old purple one with the list of subscribers on the back: and the frontispiece is an architect's view of the "New Wing" (now the old Chapel Court building), work on which was just beginning.

more precise, until in the third and fourth volumes both are available throughout.*

The systematic index in book 4 lists, among the rooms in the New Court "the Low Chamb: on ye left hand of the entrance into the South West Corner" and then "the Middle Chamb. above it, page 157". This page tells us that Dr Chester occupied the rooms from some unspecified date to the 13 December 1718, and then gives a full list of occupants up to the 20 December 1763, when the rooms passed to Mr Robinson.

The corresponding reference in book 3 is p. 5, now missing; and at the same time books 1 and 2 contain no reference sufficiently specific to identify these rooms by itself. However, by a process which we need not consider in detail of eliminating the other two possible sets in the south-west corner, it can be shown with certainty that the corresponding entry in book 2 is p. 218, where under the heading "Mr. Pryse's chamber in ye new court being ye middle chamber next ye south west corner, prized to Mr. Coates. Jun. 1. 1641" we find a fascinating series of entries dealing with the fitting up both of the main first floor rooms (outward chamber, study and bedchamber) and of the upper chamber on the second floor. The sequence dealing with the former is given in full as an appendix. First, there are three entries dealing obviously with the first, basic, equipment of the set—the cost of doors, casements, locks and partitions—itemized and added up as a total. There are reasons (given in full in the appendix) for thinking that these refer to the first state of the rooms. They are followed by four sets of additions, with headings such as "Layd out since by Dr. Lane In ye outward chamber", indicating that Dr. Lane added wainscot, a chimney piece and a press to the bare outer room, bookshelves to the study, and painted wainscot to the bedroom; while Mr Price subsequently added shutters and another press in the outer room.

* If you had to deal with the first prizing book you were expected to know your way about in it. The second, third and fourth books had an index, but as the earlier books have suffered considerable attrition, only part of the index to the second remains, though those of the third and fourth are intact. Beginning with the second book there are references to the last page in the previous book dealing with the same set of rooms and in the fourth book these references (to the third book) are included in the index. Thus the easy way to identify entries in the first two volumes is to look up the rooms concerned in one or other of the last two, and trace the references back, providing that no page in the sequence is missing. All these peculiarities of the series will be found to concern our investigation, and one further peculiarity of the first volume must be mentioned—at some time it must have fallen to pieces and been rebound with some of the pages in the wrong order; then someone went through it, renumbering the pages in the new order.

Before considering the significance of these particulars, let us refer back to the "old book, page 196", the reference given at the head of them. There we find "Mr. Cecill's chamber in ye new courte prized to Mr. Lane", and underneath in a different hand: "Thesame chamber prized from Dr. Lane to Mr. Price May 8 1629." The entries are not dated, but as pp. 185–92 all relate to prizings in April and May 1616, p. 194 to October 1616, p. 199 to April 1618, p. 201 to 1614, and p. 203 to May 1618, we may conclude that Mr Lane (as he then was) first occupied the rooms between 1616 and 1618. Furthermore, as the entry on p. 63 is headed "Mr. Gwyn's chamber in ye lower court prized to Mr. Lane June 23 1612. The same chamber prized from Mr. Lane to Mr. Grace April 17 1616", and as there is no record of Mr Lane having occupied any other rooms about this time, we may conclude that he probably moved into K6 for the Easter Term, 1616. The entry in the prizing book may well have been delayed because of the extensive alterations which he contemplated.

Pages 196 and 197 of "the old book" contain, but for the sums of money, the same entries as book 2, p. 218, but in a different order, with a reference to "Mr. Lane" instead of "Dr. Lane". There are two sets of money columns, the sums being shown in Roman numerals, and we will compare them with those of book 2, taking the most interesting entry, "Layd out since by Mr. Lane in ye outward chamber", as an example.

	THE OLD BOOK			BOOK 2		
	First list		Second list	p. 218		
ffor firre deale boards...	viiij℥.	iijs.	id.	viiij℥.	7.	15. 11.
ffor working 69 yards of wainscot...		lvijjs.	lvs.		2.	13. 0.
ffor ye chimney peece	xxiiijjs.		xxijs.	vid.	1.	1. 0.
ffor iron worke to the three portalls		xxs.		xixs.	0.	18. 0.
ffor iron work to ye presse		xxd.		xviij d.	0.	1. 4.
ffor nayles, bradds...	iijs.		iijs.	vij d.	0.	3. 4.
ffor turning of knoppes		xij d.		xd.	0.	0. 8.
ffor turning 8 columnes		ijs.	vij d.	iis.	vd.	0. 2. 2.
ffor 2 new iron casements	xiijs.	iiij d.	xijs.	vid.	0.	11. 8.
Sum	14℥.	7s.	9d.	13℥.	17s.	5d. 13. 7. 1.

The entries in the last column relate to the prizing to Mr Coates in June 1641; consideration of the totals shows that those in the second column relate to Mr Price in May 1629; the first column must accordingly be Mr Lane's initial outlay, and if the rate of depreciation allowed were uniform, the work must have been done about 1617.

Putting together the information from the first, second and fourth books we have the following list of occupants, and dates at which the

tenancy began. The subsequent "Transfer Book" adds no new name to the list but continues Mr Robinson's tenancy to 1789.

	1602	Building ready for occupation	Prizing	
before April	1616	Mr Cecill		
May	1616	Mr (afterwards Dr) Lane	47s. (Probably)	
May 8	1629	Mr Price	£24. 10. 10.	
June 1	1641	Mr Coates	£25. 18. 0.	
June 22	1649	Mr Clarke	£22. 16. 0.	
April 8	1650	Mr Worrall	£22. 16. 0.	
November 16	1660	Mr Clarke (the former tenant)	£22. 16. 0.	
April 30	1664	Mr Worrall (the former tenant)*	£21. 10. 0.	
		[Gap in the record]		
before December	1718	Dr Chester		
December 13	1718	Mr Smith senr.	£13. 18. 3.	
May 10	1720	Dr Edmundson	£13. 2. 9.	
November 28	1724	Dr Lambert	£12. 5. 0.	
May 27	1727	Dr Drake	£11. 10. 3.	
September 20	1734	Dr Newton	£10. 11. 6.	
March 20	1734 (?)	Mr Parnham	£10. 0. 6.	
March 21	1738/9	Mr Cayley	£9. 3. 6.	
		"with ye Bill for a new floor makes in all"		
September 22	1743	Dr Taylor	£17. 5. 2.	
June 25	1751	Dr Price	£15. 19. 5.	
December 20	1763	Mr Robinson	£14. 3. 5.	
December	1789	End of the old prizing system	£11. 17. 11.	
		Mr Robinson still in occupation		

* All these men played their parts in the life of the times. Thomas Cecill wrote a play *Aemilia* which was performed by Johnians before King James I on one of his visits to Cambridge, and made the College funeral oration for Dr Clayton, during whose Mastership Second Court was built. Robert Lane was a crony of Dr Gwyn, the next Master, and Price a member of the Welsh party which secured his election under the able leadership of Williams, the donor of the Library. Coates vacated his Fellowship in 1643, though he appears to have retained his rooms—did he foresee the troubles ahead?—and Worrall took his place. Clarke was ejected by the Parliamentary visitors to the University in 1650, and brought back at the Restoration, in 1660, which no doubt explains the Clarke-Worrall alternation. But of all these Dr Lane was the most colourful character. In 1633, at the centre of the disputed election to the Mastership, which dragged on for nine months involving the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor and the King, he was at various times accused of drinking in his rooms when he should have been listening to sermons, singing drunken catches and having the nickname "Bottle", all of which he strenuously denied. Finally on 14 February 1633/4 King Charles I himself wrote to the Fellows: "...oathes were returned almost directly against oathes, and as many (if not more) depositions concurred for Dr Lane's iustification and sober carriage as for the contrary. . . by meanes whereof the fyer begon in that Colledge is in danger to spread it selfe into the whole Vniversity, if some powerfull remedy be not speedily applied", and he appointed Dr Beale Master. (The letter was reprinted in full in *The Eagle*, Vol. xxiii, No. 128, p. 30.) Dr Lane died in 1634.

December 21	1789	New system of room rents instituted
		No more names entered in the first Transfer Book
		[Gap in the record]
Michaelmas	1810	Mr Moore Smith's list begins

Let us now see what light is thrown on the problems of the history of the set which emerged from a consideration of the rooms themselves. In the first place it is clear that by the eighteenth century only repairs were allowed as additions to the prizings. There is no mention either of the work done on the panelling of the keeping room in 1727, or of the subsequent panelling of the study, while Mr Parnham was allowed to include a bill of £8. 1s. 8d. for a new floor.

Thus we have no direct evidence for the date of construction of the internal staircase, nor for the panelling and papering of the study, though there is a strong suggestion that the two coincided. Owing to the number of changes of occupant we cannot even decide with certainty who was responsible, though our independent dating points to either Mr Parnham or Mr Cayley, with the balance of probabilities in favour of the former, on the grounds that the new floor may well have been part of a more general reconstruction, the bulk of which was not allowed as a prizing on the grounds that it was not a repair.

On the other hand there can be no doubt that we owe the main keeping room in its present form to Dr Drake, who took over the tenancy from Dr Lambert when the latter was elected Master in 1727, the date we have already assigned for the reconstruction of the panelling.

The question now arises as to what were the respective contributions of Mr Lane and Mr Pryse to the "outward chamber". Mr Lane provided 69 yards (square yards) of wainscot and a chimney piece in addition: Mr Pryse 14½ yards of wainscot for shutters for the three windows, and "a presse and iron worke adioyning to ye Portall".

It will be remembered that an examination of the stained surface of the older panelling as revealed when the paint was burned off led us to the conclusion that it had originally been about 8 ft. 6 in. high, and raised to the ceiling in 1727 by the addition of new work below. The exact height is conjectural, depending on the height of the old skirting board, if any, which would have disappeared at the time of the alterations.

Measurement shows that the distance round the room, including the window reveals but excluding the windows themselves and the chimney-piece, is 69 ft., which would make up to 65 sq. yd. of panelling 8 ft. 6 in. high, or 69 sq. yd. of panelling 9 ft. high. At the same time the panelled areas under the three windows total 4 sq. yd.

The coincidence enables us to solve with confidence the problem

of the provenance of the old panelling altered by Dr Drake. It was designed for the room and installed by Mr Lane in one of two forms—either 9 ft. high leaving the areas below the windows bare, or 8 ft. 6 in. high and continued below the windows. Of these the latter is much more probable.

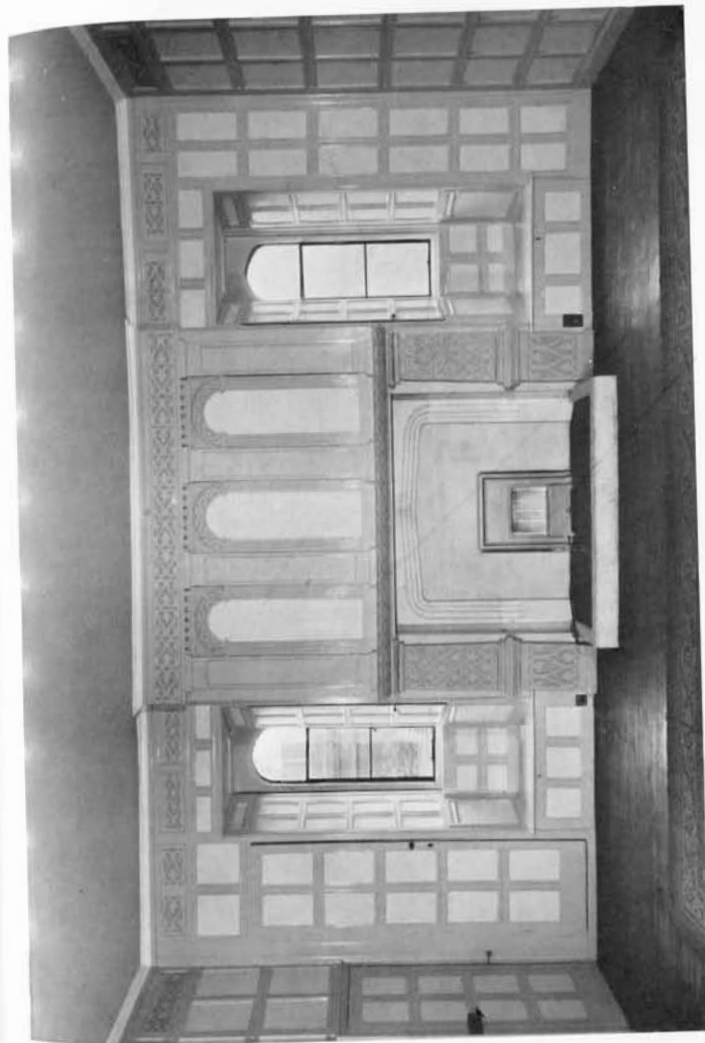
The reason for the exact fit of the long piece of strap-work across the top of the chimney-piece is now clear—it was made for this position; nor do the proportions of the original chimney-piece now present a problem, since it may have been much higher than the rest of the panelling. At the same time the areas of new wood in the middle section show that it was altered by Dr Drake—perhaps the “8 columnes” for which Mr Lane paid 2s. 8d., and which have now disappeared, formed part of the original middle section.

When Dr Drake altered the panelling some rearrangement of the strap-work decoration at the top became inevitable: at first it had run into the window reveals; when shutters were made the corresponding pieces were no doubt transferred to the top of the shutters. Now it had to run above the windows all round the room, interrupted only by the pilasters.*

As for Mr Pryse’s work, the shutter area (including the panelled back of the housing) works out by measurement at 12 sq. yd., whereas he paid for fourteen and a half. There may, therefore, have been some extra work, possibly to the window seats, one of which is probably meant in the reference to “ye cupboard in ye window next ye court”. At the same time the difference is not big enough to account for the whole panelled area under the windows (4 sq. yd.), thus reinforcing our conclusion that this formed part of Mr Lane’s original panelling. The “presse adioyning to ye Portall” must be the tall cupboard at the east end of the south side, next to the study door and seen in the Plate. At 12s. it must have been a considerable affair and it is likely that Mr Lane’s press is represented by part of one of the closed-up doors in the east wall.

It is convenient to summarize our conclusions thus far. The room was originally panelled by Mr Lane, probably in 1616–17, the

* The problem seems to have been solved as follows: (i) on the east and west walls the new pilasters running up to the ceiling made unnecessary two short pieces each of two units of the motif, and probably originally situated over the doors, which were worked in on the south wall just west of the fireplace; (ii) the tops of the shutters provided six still shorter pieces, each of one unit of the motif. Three of these went at the east and west ends of the south wall, as can be seen in the photograph, the remaining three going in a row over the north window; and finally (iii) the panelled door of the press in the south wall and the narrow piece of panelling at the west end of the same wall provided two short pieces, probably those worked in just east of the fireplace, slightly cut down.



K6 SECOND COURT, THE SOUTH WALL OF THE KEEPING ROOM
AFTER REDECORATION

The original three-quarter panelling of Mr Lane (about 1617) was rearranged and raised to ceiling height by Dr Drake in 1727

panelling being 8 ft. 6 in. high, running into the window reveals and under the windows, without having shutters, and forming the upper part of the present panelling. There was also a chimney-piece, which may have been higher. Three doors (of which only the one in the south-east corner remains) gave entrance from the staircase and opened into bedroom and study. There was a cupboard in the east wall. In 1629 Mr Pryse took possession, adding shutters to the windows and the tall cupboard in the south-east corner.

We are now in a position to consider the problem of the closed up cupboard in the east wall. It will be remembered that not only were there shelves behind the closed cupboard doors, but also behind the adjacent panelling and pilaster, where no access to them from this side can have been possible since the panelling was put up; furthermore that the cupboard doors have no marks of hinges, so that they must have been closed up without ever being hung; and yet the bead projecting at the front from the case, unlike the rest of the panelling, was not at first painted green, so that this alteration must be later than the first coat of green paint put on in 1727. The shelves behind the uncut panelling give us the necessary clue. Ever since Mr Lane panelled the room there is no suggestion that there was any access to these shelves from the outward chamber. Instead they almost certainly faced the other way into the study, and formed part of one of the two frames of shelves which he set up there (see Appendix). In this case the shelves now in the closed up cupboard must have done so too; the lowest shelf is about a yard from the ground, and Mr Lane's press in the outer room could have opened into the space below it. We may, therefore, conclude from the position of the shelves in the southern part of the partition wall, that the study faced south on to Kitchen Lane, and the bedroom into the court. On this interpretation the present back of the closed cupboard is formed by the boards put up in the study as a basis for the flock wallpaper of about 1735, and the apparent mystery of the post-1727 casing for the closed-up doors is simply explained. If up to 1735 access to these shelves was from the study, Dr Drake in 1727 had no occasion for doors giving access to them from the outer room. Accordingly his alterations to the panelling, culminating in the green paint, closed up Mr Lane's old press and had new panelling carried straight across below it. But the subsequent alterations to the study covered over these shelves with boards and wallpaper; it would then be natural to decide to make a new access to them from the outer room and the doors and casing were no doubt made then, but never hung. However, the bead projecting round the closed doors would be new work: it was not touched in to match the old green, and we may, therefore, conclude that the panelling of the outer room was first painted white at this time.

There remains only one of our original collection of puzzles, that of the staircase, and as this raises the whole question of the "upper chamber" it will be well to postpone consideration of it for the present.

G.C.E.

APPENDIX

There follows a copy of the entry in Prizing Book 2, p. 218, relating to the first floor of the building; the marginal letters have been added for ease of reference. This entry is itself a transcript of that in book 1, p. 196, with the sums of money reduced in the manner shown above on p. 153. There are other interesting differences. In book 1 entries (a), (b) and (c) are added up and prized separately as "Sum totalis xlvij s. prized by us { Dan: Horsmanden vi: Deane" [vice Dean] with, unusually,

only a single signature, although the bracket indicates that it was intended that there should be a second. There follows "Layd out synce by Mr Lane", and the other entries in order omitting (e) ("Added by Mr Pryse in ye outward chamber") and then, after some further particulars relating to the upper chamber, a further total and "prized by us { Dan: Horsmanden vi: D. ". We may argue from the coincidence of

unusual signature and the fact that all entries up to this point are in the same hand that they were all made at the same time; and hence, from their position in the book (see p. 153 above), before 1618. This fixes the date of the original panelling as the first year of Lane's tenancy, a conclusion already reached independently from the writing down of values, and also makes it highly probable that the first sum total and signed prizing relate to the rooms as Lane took them over from Cecill, the second to a total immediately after his additions had been made. When the rooms were transferred to Price in 1629, a second set of money entries was made in the right hand margin with all the values reduced as we have seen, and there was a further prizing entry "Sum total of the middle and upper chambers is xxiiij £. xs. xd.

Pryzed by us Tho: Smith Sen: Dec:
William Bodurda Ju: De:"

This brings us almost to the bottom of p. 197, and then, scribbled in the corner, we find entry (e) relating to Price's additions in the outer chamber.

I have preferred to give the later version, prepared when Coates took over the rooms in 1641, in spite of these significant differences, because its neat arrangement makes easy an accurate transcription into type: only a facsimile would do justice to the older entry with its additions and interlineations in different hands. There is the added advantage for the modern reader that the sums of money are given entirely in Arabic numerals. It must be remembered that they are about 7 per cent below the original prices.

	" Imprimis for wood, nailes, workmanship, a bolt & hinges	o.	1.	o.
(a)	to ye outward doors, above ye allowance			
	Item for a lock with screws, 3 keyes & a ring for ye doore	o.	4.	10.
	ffor an iron casement	o.	3.	2.
	Sum	o.	9.	o.

In ye Bedchamber

	ffor lathes & nayles & playstereing ye partition wall	o.	1.	o.
	ffor a wooden casement	o.	1.	o.
(b)	ffor a board to the window	o.	1.	o.
	ffor leaves to ye window	o.	7.	2.
	ffor a portall with lock & key to ye study doore	o.	6.	2.
	Sum	o.	16.	4.

In ye Study

	ffor ye partition between ye studie & coalehouse	o.	7.	6.
(c)	ffor lock and key with screws	o.	3.	4.
	ffor a board in a window	o.	1.	4.
	Sum	o.	12.	2.
	Sum total	1.	17.	6.

Layd out since by Dr Lane

In ye outward chamber

	ffor firre-deale boards to Atkinson p billam	7.	15.	11.
	ffor making 69 yards of wainscot at 10d. ye yard	2.	13.	o.
	ffor ye chimney peece	1.	1.	o.
	ffor iron worke to the three portalls	o.	18.	o.
(d)	ffor iron worke to ye presse	o.	1.	4.
	ffor nayles, bradds & holdfasts to set up ye wainscot	o.	3.	4.
	ffor turning of knoppes	o.	o.	8.
	ffor turning 8 columnes	o.	2.	2.
	ffor 2 new iron casements	o.	11.	8.
	Sum	13.	7.	1.

Added by Mr Pryse in ye outward chamber

	ffor 14 yards and an halfe of waynscot p. 2 s. 8 d. }	2.	2.	o.
	ye yard for shuts for ye three windowes			
(e)	ffor 6 payre of joynts			
	ffor a presse & iron worke adioyning to ye Portall	o.	12.	o.
	ffor 2 boards & two partitions in ye cupboard in			
	ye window next ye court	o.	o.	10.
	Sum	2.	14.	10.

Added in ye Bedchamber by Dr Lane

To Atkinson for quarter & halfe inch boards to mend ye wainscot	0.	11.	0.
To Dowsing for his worke about ye wainscot to fashion & sett it up	1.	10.	4.
(f) ffor a wooden casement	0.	1.	8.
ffor painting ye wainscot	0.	6.	0.
ffor ye iron to the portall	0.	3.	4.
Sum	2.	12.	4.

Added to the Studie

(g) ffor 10 boards for ye great frame of shelves	0.	5.	6.
ffor 9 boards for ye lesser frame	0.	3.	10.
ffor setting them up; & ye shelves under ye window	0.	4.	2.
Sum	0.	13.	6."

TO THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

WE left Santarem, bound for a citio called Cuçuru on the Rio Paetuna, whence we were to trek north-eastwards to the hills. Were we to find the insects, the ferns, snakes, lizards, and the bird-eating spiders that we had travelled so far to collect for the British Museum and for Cambridge? Were we to find the true rain forest in which we had intended to do most of our investigation when we got to Cuçuru? This was the area where we should spend most of our time, and on which the success of the expedition depended.

That day, 26 July, was much the same as all the others that we spent in our two months' stay during the early part of the dry season on the Lower Amazon: a shade temperature in the nineties, no clouds to ward off the vertical rays of the sun, and an oppressive sticky humidity coming up from the flooded, swollen, waters of the river.

We had to pass many miles downstream, keeping well to the north bank in order to avoid the dangerous whirlpools in the centre of the swift-flowing yellow Amazon, which here, five hundred odd miles upstream, is still two or three miles wide.

To reach the Paetuna was not easy in this labyrinth of waterways. We cut northwards first into a narrow canal through which water was pouring into a vast inland lake, the Lago Grande. This lake was forty miles wide then, but six months later it would be a mere pool. It was only with great persuasion that our boatmen took us across that day, for a breeze had blown up and our thirty-foot launch was in grave danger of being swamped. Besides, this area was renowned as a home of the sucuruju, the anaconda or great water-serpent, and few were those who would pilot a boat across at night. There was a strong likelihood that we should not reach the other side by nightfall.

We attempted the crossing, however, and as dusk approached great masses of floating grass and water-hyacinths came into view, blown by the south-westerly wind up to this part of the lake. These "barrancas" break away from the edges of the rivers and aggregate in slower-moving water during the dry season, thus making travel doubly difficult. Mile after mile we poled at night through this morass, not stopping for fear of the alligators and anacondas. The oppressive whine of the mosquitoes was offset by the chorus of innumerable toads and crickets. The swamp was illuminated by countless fireflies, and periodically the great yellow eyes of an alligator would be reflected in the rays of our lamp.

On either side stretched the campo country, now waterlogged, but at the end of the dry season good cattle country. Here was the breeding-ground of many species of water-bird. Frequently we would

put flocks of egrets to flight, sometimes up to five thousand in number; cormorants, darters, ibises, duck and herons crossed and re-crossed overhead, flew up as we approached and alighted again farther on.

Eventually the mouth of the Rio Maycuru was reached, a narrow river running down from the Guiana highlands. Campo gave way once again to the "Igapo" or swamp-forest, and several stretches of clear water told us that the barrancas were coming to an end. To reach the Paetuna it was quicker, owing to the fast unimpeded water of the Maycuru, to travel up this river and then across to the sluggish Paetuna, running parallel some miles eastward, through swamp forest.

We reached our destination one morning at three o'clock, having poled ourselves through the miles of swamp forest which separate the river itself from the dry land. Here was the base around which we made most of our collections, and from which we later journeyed farther north-east by land to the mountains. It was a hut built on a hillock, rising some twenty-five feet out of the Igapo, constructed in the customary manner from mud, bound together with a trellis of sticks, and supporting a roof of matted palm-leaves which was surprisingly waterproof. On three sides lay the expanse of the Igapo; the great trees with their heavy luxuriant dark-green canopies struggled with the sinuous lianas and strangling figs to reach the rays of the sun. The intertwined chaos of vegetation high up over the water cast a perpetual twilight over the dark brown swamp below, such that bats flew up and down the narrow channels by day as well as by night. Great deep blue calligo butterflies flapped languidly from thicket to thicket, and our torch made out the eyes of the alligators, staring at us from the impenetrable swamp.

The rain forest to the north of the hut stretched in deep green monotony to the horizon. In the daytime there was an ominous silence in the still, close air, save for the occasional screech of a red and blue macaw as it flew overhead. The forest seemed, in spite of its luxuriance, to be quite devoid of animals. Bands of marmosets and cecus monkeys we saw high in the trees, but where were the weird animals about which we had heard before coming to the Amazon? Were they absent or in hiding?

We were soon to find out, for as dusk approached on our first night there the whole matto began to wake up from its heavy sleep. The stillness of the air was broken first by the increasing hum of the myriads of mosquitoes coming out from the swamp, then by the crickets, toads, and frogs, the loud croaking of the tree opossums, and the whine of cicadas. The frogs and crickets caused a steady rhythmic beating in the forest, and an awful palpitation in the clammy air.

Now was the hour for hunting. One of us at a time, accompanied by a native hunter, would go into the forest in search of animals. In contrast to the daytime the forest was now alive with activity. As one's ears became accustomed to the hubbub, the grunting of the agoutis could be heard as they scampered off into the thickets, and frequently, on waiting in silence for a period in darkness, the armadillos which we heard all around us muzzling in the dead leaves would suddenly dash across the path in front of us, lit up in the moonlight for a moment like small white tanks. Armadillo meat is considered a delicacy among the native Caboclos, and after a diet of rice and manioc for several weeks it is delicious to anybody. Our torch picked out bands of animals high in the trees. Every so often the hunter would stop, and pointing the beam upwards we would see several pairs of orange eyes looking down on us, fifty or so feet up in the branches of the canopy. "Macaco da noite", he would whisper—the natives think that any animal living in a tree must be a macaco, or monkey. Usually, on firing one down, we would find that they were a party of yellow-brown fructivorous kinkajous. Occasionally a great grey form could be made out way up in the topmost branches of a Secropia tree. This was the three-toed sloth, a large long-haired animal, whose life is spent upside down hanging to the branches of the tree whose leaves supply its only food. There were also two common carnivores in the forest; the onça or jaguar, and the maracaja or ocelot. They are as much at home in trees as on the ground, and no animal is safe from them. One night, when out hunting several miles from our hut, unarmed but for a small stiletto, I came face to face with a full-grown jaguar. My hunter had a .410 double-barrelled rabbit gun with him but he was so agitated that he missed at two yards range! Three times the animal returned before he finally killed it.

After spending some time here we journeyed north-east, partly on foot and partly on horseback, making our way to the Serra da Lua, or Mountains of the Moon. We had heard rumours from the natives that there was a series of rock paintings, no one knew how old, along a cliff on the far side of this range, and it was from one of them that the mountains received their name. As we travelled farther from the water the forest became lower, and by the time that the Serras were reached it had given way to open sand and thickets of scrubby bushes which had now lost their leaves. Cereus cacti rose up in columns from the bare sand and the heat reflecting from the white surface made walking unpleasant and exhausting. Once we were separated from our food supply for some time, but found that these cacti, on removal of skin and spines, were cool and refreshing, and their flesh, similar to a bitter cucumber, was fairly palatable.

The Serra da Lua did not rise to a height of more than 1500 feet. The rocky hills, of volcanic origin, supported little vegetation but for the gnarled trees, tussocks of coarse grass, and cacti. Here rattlesnakes were common, and climbing was made doubly dangerous by their presence.

On the far side of the range, sheltered from the prevailing southwesterly winds, we found the paintings. Here, over an area of four or five miles, a more or less uninterrupted cliff face bore a series of primitive Indian pictographic inscriptions. The highly stylized figures could sometimes be made out; men and women, and the iguana—a great delicacy among many Indian tribes—were depicted, and also fish, dolphins, and most commonly of all, the sun and moon. But the great majority of figures were undecipherable to us. This was the only relic of an Indian tribe that must have existed here for at least a hundred and fifty years. We measured and photographed as many as we could, and obtained a comprehensive and accurate record of them. Though this could hardly be called the remains of a lost civilization, we felt it would satisfy the expectations of our friends who had read of Colonel Fawcett and who felt that we should try and solve some of his mysteries!

This is an interlude in the journey that J. P. Woodall (Clare), G. A. H. McClelland (Selwyn) and I made during the long vacation as members of the University of Cambridge Amazon Expedition 1954. We learnt far more about the plant and animal life of the equatorial forest in these months than many years of reading could teach us, and we brought back a very satisfactory collection. Cuçuru and the Serra da Lua proved to be a little-worked area, and the great variability of the country there made it an extremely interesting one.

PETER SHAW ASHTON

IN THE HOT BURSTING EARTH

IN the hot bursting earth
Rock is thumped upward, splaying
All the hard wedded crystals—flaying
Fingers of the sun.

In the hot bursting earth
Waters pulse hairlike lurching—
Into fine fissures crimson searching,
Blood-roots throbbing run.

In the hot bursting earth
Barren is blessed with breeding—
Clay into man's apparel kneading,
Primal creatures moil.

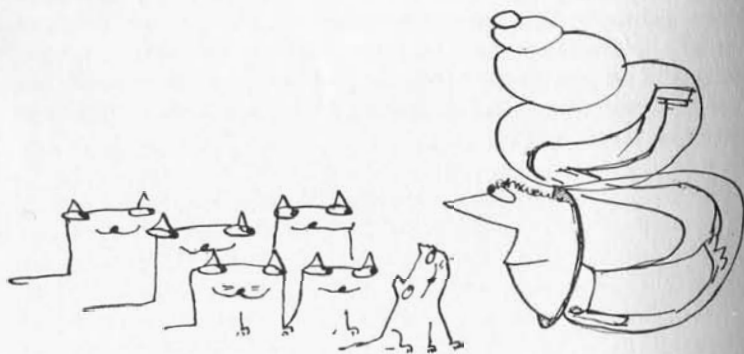
In the hot bursting earth
Hack weapons harsh advancing—
Crudely the vivid fingers lancing,
Tillers kill the soil.

MICHAEL DOWER

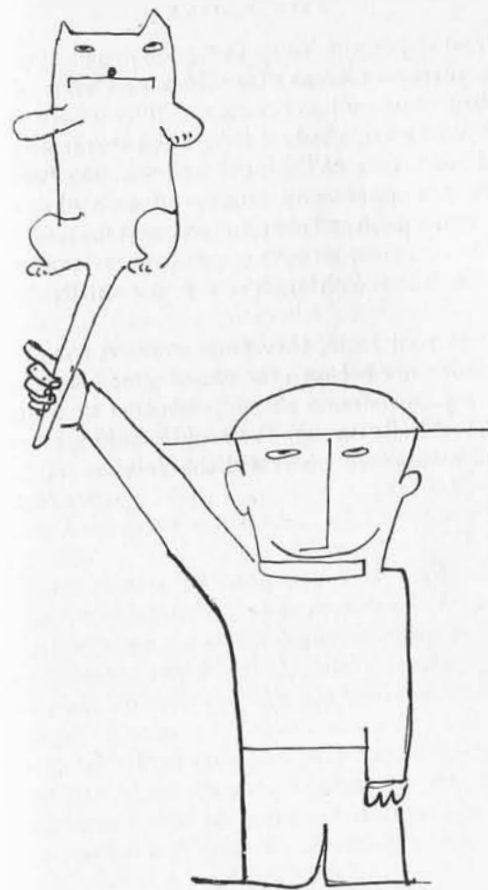
THE SPITTING IMAGE

MOST rooms are far, far too big and I feel utterly unfulfilled when in them: I must feel the surface of my own body before I am really content. *Solution:* people-shaped rooms into which one could creep, and sitting in the uterine grasp of a well feel GOOD and WHOLE. People-shaped rooms in a thousand postures. You courant, me rampant, him couchant. No more square holes for round pegs like me, say I.

Some time ago I seem to remember making a desperate plea for people-shaped rooms; all this was in the cause of proprioceptive self-realization, a *good* cause! Well shortly afterwards, gloomy, miserable people came running and said, "But there wouldn't be room to swing a cat in such a room". I hadn't thought of this at the time, largely, I suppose, because I hadn't realized how many people genuinely loved to swing cats. Short of making cat-swinging extensions, I see no way out of this one. No! This tendency should be curbed anyway, and what better way, than living, morning, noon and night, in the restrictive custody of a person-shaped room. For those stubborn enough to want the best of both worlds, it would be possible to have a sort of gymnasium, with hundreds of bars into which one could weave oneself at will; or glass helices into which one could



creep and lie snaillike and quiet, confidently aware of the geographical extent of one's limbs. Meanwhile, in the middle of the room would be an eager crowd of cats all waiting for you to rush out of your niche, jump amidst them with choked cries of enthusiasm, seize a lucky one and swing it madly round and round, until, vertiginous with exertion and revolution, one would sink exhausted into a soft pile of appreciative cats.



Cats apart for a moment, why all this fuss about people-shaped rooms, spirals and parallel bars? Glib Freudian psychologist Sir Alexandar Buldingden Knuk-Knuk replied to this question (glibly): "It's a primitive desire to get back to the womb, where for a few precious months we were clasped on all sides by uterine warmth."

Shrewd existentialist Squillian Bandazoo finds Sir Alexandar's explanation slick, and said in his Paris flat yesterday: "It is only when I am made aware of the surface of my own body, only when I am conscious of my body image, only then do I know who I am; until then I feel 'angoisse': for as Sartre says 'L'homme est ce qu'il se fait' and I make myself best in a close-fitting, skin-tight soup tureen."

Well, there you are, soup tureens, snail shells, wombs, tombs or telephone booth, there's no place like home.

This body image desire is queerly elaborated in other ways: not

only do we feel satisfaction in knowing the extent of what body we have but we yearn to assume other limbs and pour our awareness down into their most intimate contours. Why otherwise would one ever get the Woolworth's lust. I have often wandered gleamy eyed into this Aladdin's cave of "things" and strolling from counter to counter, have fondled sundry lengths of thin pink flex, cupped bulbs in my sweaty palm and clattered amongst the meaningless brass "fitments" almost comatose with acquisitiveness: and an hour or so later I emerge laden with useless but potentially "marvellous" things.

Hold them in your hand, they grow warmer; soon there is little temperature difference between the two of you: before long you can almost sense a helmet-frame shaped extension to your body: you could move amoebically through the world engulfing everything until your body image was co-extensive with the Universe.....

JONATHAN MILLER

HOLIDAY IN HELLAS

THIS story only affects a few of the seventeen people from Cambridge who landed at the port of Athens in September 1954. Eight of these were Johnians, one from Clare, five from Girton, two from Newnham and one from the city where spires dream and Morris works.

Now the Piraeus shares certain features with Hell: that is, it is hot, amoral, and difficult to leave; so we were glad to find the Metro which took us to Athens, eight miles inland. On the train we had our first lesson in Greek manners versus Greek politics.

Someone had asked the way to the University Hostel, and soon a grand babble of Greco-English clacked round us. Various people suggested we must be on our way to luxury hotels like the Grande Bretagne, or the King George: at last a helpful little man shouted: "I know, they want to go to that place off University Street—Hotel Enosis."

A momentary silence followed the fatal word—then a roar of laughter. That was the last most of us ever heard of the Cyprus union movement in conversation with Greeks: the papers were full of it, Constitution Square spelled out "Enosis" in neon lights, posters at every street corner denounced the English—yet as individuals the English were still friends.

Every visitor to Athens sooner or later climbs up to the Acropolis. Once upon it he has the choice of looking out over the white roofs of modern Athens to the encircling mountains and the sea, or in at the mellow columns which have dominated this dusty plain for so long.

For some reason it has a great fascination for the young conscripts of the Greek Forces. One young Greek Air Force corporal does not know how close he came to a quiet push over the cliff in his well-intentioned efforts to show a rabid Classic round the Parthenon.

There was plenty to see and do in modern Athens, which no longer shows the traces of a foreign and a civil war that were so obvious a couple of years ago. But on the whole we all preferred the country places and the islands. Between us we covered Greece from north to south and visited many of the Aegean islands and Crete.

The Greek transport system is not one of the most efficient in the world; as a result many of the most delightful spots in Greece have sunk into our memories as places that we were happiest to leave.

One of these was Delphi. A couple of us stayed a night at a small hotel there ("Très moderne, messieurs; voyez—l'eau courant!") and after a pleasant morning looking over the various abominations

of desolation, with pauses to drink fizzy lemonade cooled in the Castalian spring, they went off with their reserved tickets to wait for the 2 o'clock coach.

It came and went without them: "Restez tranquilles, messieurs, un autre partira en dix minutes"—and at 7 p.m. exhausted after violent tirades, appeals and menaces directed at bus officials, "tourist" policemen and innocent passers-by, they were lying on the steps of the Delphi Museum with just enough strength to hold their noses as the garlififerous local artisans passed to and fro, an eyesore and a hissing to earnest German parties making their pilgrimage.

Mycenae shared these travel problems, and sunny Corinth claimed other victims. But Mycenae, for many of us, was the greatest experience of the trip. It took little imagination to conjure up the ghosts of kings and warriors long dead when you stood on the summit of the steep hill which holds the massive ruins of the citadel and the royal tomb, and looked west into the sun setting redly over the black mountain ridges. This must be one of the finest views in a country of fine views. To the south-east the valley widens out into the flat Argive plain and the bordering sea: mountains and silence fill in the rest of the world—until a line of ponies silhouette themselves on a hill's long skyline, led by a gaucho-like horseman.

Later you walk back down the Royal Way through the Gate with its ponderous lions, surprised playing pat-a-cake, and take the valley side-track to the lights, the good food and drink of "La Belle Hélène de Ménélas" and the pleasures of a softer age. Not that there is anything soft about the proprietors of this famous little hotel. Agamemnon and his brother Orestes both did good work for partisans and British S.A.S. during the war, and have a citation from Field-Marshal Alexander to prove it. The local red retzina, "Hercules' Bloom" is drinkable enough to prove anything.

Three of our party climbed Olympus. They had been told that the mountain, which has four peaks, the highest 9600 feet, presented no serious rock-climbing difficulties, but some waterless country must be crossed before climbing could start. All maps of the Olympus area are restricted for military use by the Greek Government.

By devious routes the three arrived at Litochoron, the large village which is the nearest railhead to Olympus. Here the mountain massif rises abruptly from the flat coastal plain. Litochoron boasted a hotel, listed as "pas convenable" by the Guide Bleu, and a single restaurant whose unvarying menu of fish, omelette; omelette, fish, did not deter the proprietor from behaving like a dinner secretary of the Wine and Food Society.

By a series of heated conversations with the local agent for the Greek Alpine Club through a runcible American-Greek from Chicago,

mule and muleteer were hired and arrangements made to set off at 5 a.m. the next morning.

Being Greece, it was seven before the party were away. They had a large four-gallon jerry can of water loaded on the mule, five huge drum-shaped loaves of the general consistency of cement, and a large variety of Greek canned food liable to explode at any moment.

It was something above twenty-five miles to the Alpine shelter at 7000 feet, and the way was along a narrow track which climbed over hills and the sides of valleys, sometimes dropping down to the arid rocks of the valley floors.

The only spring this side of Olympus, Priene, made a welcome stopping place at 4000 feet, for the sun was hot. Many of the hillsides were covered with pines which brought shade and the slight breeze which always seems to linger in pine woods. There were mountain flowers here and there, but no roses in this region of Pieria.

Once, through a gap in the trees, they saw suddenly the famous and ancient monastery of St Dionysius, which looked like a white toy castle among its dark woods far away on the valley bed. The Germans bombed the monastery during the war in reprisal for the help the monks gave the partisans on Olympus.

The night was spent at the Alpine shelter, and early next morning the not very arduous scramble was made up three of the four peaks. From Mityka, the highest, the view was splendid: to the east the valleys and foothills wound down to the sea, thirty miles away, whose expanse climbed far into the sky. On the north-west the massif ended abruptly, and the whole of Macedonia spread out her lesser mountains, brown and green dappled with flecks of cloud floating below.

A Lady Margaret tie and two dirty handkerchiefs claimed the peak for Britain; but the United Nations have disallowed the claim. It was sad how disillusionment followed disillusionment on this trip. Not only were there no roses in Pieria, but another Johnian reported no grass on Parnassus. So much for a first-rate classical education.

No one is likely to forget the visits we paid to the Aegean islands, or indeed one particular trip which we failed to pay to them.

A professor at Athens University claimed he could charter a small "battleship" to take a large party to the famous volcanic island of Santorin. Everything was fixed and the fare paid to him. But when the whole party of English, Greeks, Germans and Frenchmen got back to Athens on the sailing day from every corner of Greece, they found no "battleship", no professor, and no money. The last was soon returned, but it is worth remembering that when your Supervisor next talks of hiring the *Queen Mary* to take a mixed party to the Isle of Wight you might be safer in the ordinary ferry.

Of the islands, many of us visited Aegina and used it as a stepping-stone to the Peloponnese, but it was the Cyclades that made the greatest impression; Mykinos, with the lovely curve of its sea-front, and behind, the white houses varied by the azure and lake-red cupolas of hundreds of tiny chapels and churches; Delos, the home of Ionian Apollo, once the religious centre of the South Aegean and much of the coast of Turkey: Tenos, the modern religious centre, with its nineteenth-century Italianate cathedral housing a miraculous Ikon of the Virgin. Every one of them bathed in the clarity of a Mediterranean sun, a sympathetic sun which brings out the charm in quite ordinary colours and ordinary people.

Unfortunately we had the tourist's worries about a time-table, and there was the usual element of uncertainty about transportation. Between the islands rusty little steamers ran to an indefinite schedule, and getting on board was something of an event.

The boat, due to leave at 10 p.m. would nose in cautiously at about 1 a.m. Amid yells and cries of encouragement a large and heavy gang-plank would fall unexpectedly from above, cutting a swath among the hopeful passengers on the quay beneath. The crew, who felt that to survive they must keep on the offensive, would then drive a bad-tempered mule *prestissimo* down the gang-plank, meanwhile keeping up a continuous hail of large crates from the deck above.

Finally peace, blessed peace, followed by queasy sleep in a deck-chair; then pandemonium as brilliant seamanship chipped off more paint against another island quay. Next, an invasion of raucous voices belonging to the fanatical missionaries of a novel sea-sickness cure, Seros Turkish Delight at three o'clock of a stormy morning.

Greece and its islands seem surprisingly arid to an Englishman; the white houses of the villages and towns stand out against a parched brown country of bare hills; but the sunlight, the magic air and the natural and unmercenary kindness and friendliness of the Greek country people to the stranger make Greece attractive in itself, bare of all monuments.

"Viva laeta, Margareta, beatorum insulis."

Perhaps the Happy Islands have an Aegean home.

D.C.B. P.P.

TAIL-PIECE



AN IMPRESSION OF THE COLLEGE BUTLER



THE COLLEGE SEEKS HELP FROM LORD PALMERSTON

M R R. G. MARLAR, of Magdalene College, at the suggestion of Mr J. F. Burnet, the Bursar of Magdalene, has kindly sent me transcripts of the three letters printed below, made by him from the originals amongst the Ripon Papers in the British Museum.*

The first letter, dated 13 May 1826, is from Charles Blick, Senior Bursar of St John's from 1816 to 1846, to Lord Palmerston, then Secretary at War and a Burgess for the University. The second, dated the following day, is from James Wood, Master of St John's from 1815 to 1839, also to Lord Palmerston. The third is from Lord Palmerston to the Hon. F. J. Robinson, later created Earl of Ripon, who at the time was Chancellor of the Exchequer and was to hold office as Prime Minister for a brief period during the winter of 1827-8. Both Robinson and Palmerston were Johnians. Robinson had been admitted to the College as a Fellow Commoner in 1799 and Palmerston as a Nobleman in 1803. Palmerston writes to Robinson enclosing the letters he has received from the Master and the Bursar and appeals to him "as a good Johnian" to help them if it is possible to do so. The Master writes from the Deanery, Ely. He had been installed Dean of Ely in 1820. The Bursar also writes from Ely, where no doubt he was on a visit to the Master to discuss the College business with which the letters are concerned.

* British Museum Add. MSS., 40,862; Ripon Papers, vol. 1, ff. 170-2, 174, 176-7.

Charles Blick to Lord Palmerston

Ely,
May 13th, 1826.

My Lord,

Your Lordship is well aware we have been lately much occupied at St. John's in maturing plans for enlarging our buildings and the legislature not having passed an act to enable us to raise money by mortgaging our property to individuals (which you were so good as to propose for us last year) we turned our thoughts towards the Loan Commissioners and made application as soon as we could in any wise guess *about what* sum we should want. This turns out to be between 40 and 50,000 £ and we had conceived the interest would be 4 % per annum—Unluckily an act of Parliament received the Royal Assent *Friday semnight last* authorising the Commissⁿ to charge 5 % interest and I greatly fear they will (unless some boon can be obtained by petition to the Lords of the Treasury or otherwise) require us to pay as much.

Now this seems very hard for our application was presented to the Board *before* the act had passed and we were wholly ignorant of a bill being before Parliament for such a purpose. I believe too I may say our Petition was before the Board when this Bill was not yet in the House of Lords.

I have much reason to fear that we cannot afford to pay £5 per cent and must therefore give up our plan altogether which I am not willing to do without trying every means of getting over the difficulties and I am not without considerable hope that your Lordship would kindly make a representation of our case to the Treasury or ascertain whether the Treasury would receive a petition from us stating our own case some good might arise.

I am aware of one case in which the Lords of the Treasury directed the interests of a loan from the Commissⁿ to be diminished.

I am my Lord

Your Lordship's most humble servant

CHARLES BLICK

James Wood to Lord Palmerston

Deanery Ely May 14th 1826.

My dear Lord,

A difficulty has unexpectedly arisen which threatens to overturn all our building speculations unless Government will in its discretion give us countenance and assistance. Your Lordship is aware that the members who apply for admission into the University have within the last few years increased in a most extraordinary degree, and that great exertions have been and are making to provide accommodation for their reception. After much consideration and calculation and surmounting many difficulties we have decided upon a plan of adding

to our buildings in St. John's which we conceive might be effected by the assistance of the Loan Commissioners; but unfortunately these commissioners are likely to raise the interest upon us from 4 to 5 per cent. This if persevered in will render our whole scheme abortive. Will Your Lordship have the goodness to run your eye over the statement made by our Bursar, and which I inclose, and consult Lord Liverpool on the possibility or prospect of obtaining from Government a loan on the terms on which we expected it would be granted when our plan was digested and determined upon! we are sensible that it is our duty to assist, to the utmost of our power, in the important business of education, and extend its advantages to an increased and increasing population but our means are very limited, and our revenues do not allow us to sink any considerable sum in the furtherance of this object without manifest injustice to the present establishment. At the same time it must be allowed to be a national concern, and may fairly claim the assistance of Government; at least I conceive that an application to this effect will not be dismissed without a candid and favourable consideration. If your Lordship should think with me you will I am sure pardon the further liberty I take of requesting you to take an early opportunity of stating the case to Lord Liverpool and obtaining your Lordship's opinion upon it.

I am,

My dear Lord

Your Lordship's most faithful

hble servant

J. WOOD

Lord Palmerston to F. J. Robinson

Stanhope St,
25th May, 1826.

My dear Robinson,

Pray let me request your favourable attention to the inclosed letters from the Dean of Ely Master of St. John's and from Mr. Blick, the Bursar; The College are going to construct a new Building to accommodate a Hundred Students, which from the great Increase of numbers on the Boards of the College is become absolutely necessary nearly Two Thirds of the undergraduates being now I believe lodged in the town; and it is unnecessary to point out how much the Discipline of the College must suffer from having so many of the Young Men out of the walls—the College however has no Building Fund whatever and can only make the proposed addition by Borrowing upon Mortgage from the Commissⁿ for issuing Exchequer Bills;

They had calculated that if they could have obtained the Sum required at 4 % interest which was the Rate fixed till very recently they should be able to raise by the Rent of the apartments a income sufficient

to pay the Interest and to create a Sinking Fund for redemption of Debt, But they seem to apprehend that if the full legal Rate of Interest of 5 % is exacted from them they must build Castles in Spain instead of a new Court at Cambridge pray let me appeal to you as a good Johnian to help them in this matter if it is possible to do so

My Dear Robinson

Yrs sincerely

PALMERSTON

The late Sir Henry Howard, in his history of the finances of the College,* has told how the money was found for the building of the New Court, begun in 1826 and completed in 1831, and of the difficulties into which the College fell. Though some funds had been accumulated in advance, the greater part of the cost was met initially by borrowing. Two loans, the first of £45,000 in 1826, the second of £20,000 in 1829, were obtained from the Commissioners for the Issue of Exchequer Bills, and took the form of Exchequer Bills to those values which the College sold as payments to the contractors fell due. In order, however, to understand the circumstances of the letters printed above, it is necessary to amplify Sir Henry Howard's account and in one respect to correct it.

In the year 1817 an Act of Parliament (57 Geo. III c. 34) was passed entitled "An Act to authorize the Issue of Exchequer Bills, and the Advance of Money out of the Consolidated Fund, to a limited Amount, for the carrying on of Public Works and Fisheries in the United Kingdom, and Employment of the Poor in *Great Britain*, in manner therein mentioned". This Act was amended, and its powers enlarged, by a long series of further Acts over the next ten years.† One of these Acts, that of 17 May 1824 (5 Geo. IV c. 36), empowered the Commissioners for the Issue of Exchequer Bills to extend the loans to the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Section IV provided as follows:

'And Whereas Applications have been made to the Commissioners for the Execution of the said recited Acts, for Advances to be made to certain Colleges for the Purpose of enabling them to increase the

* H. F. Howard, *An Account of the Finances of the College of St John the Evangelist in the University of Cambridge 1511-1926* (1935), pp. 165-72, 174-7.

† The series of Acts, to 1827, is: 57 Geo. III c. 34 (16 June 1817), 57 Geo. III c. 124 (11 July 1817), 1 Geo. IV c. 60 (15 July 1820), 1 & 2 Geo. IV c. 111 (10 July 1821), 3 Geo. IV c. 86 (26 July 1822), 5 Geo. IV c. 36 (17 May 1824), 5 Geo. IV c. 77 (17 June 1824), 6 Geo. IV c. 35 (10 June 1825), 7 Geo. IV c. 30 (5 May 1826), 7 & 8 Geo. IV c. 47 (23 June 1827). As will appear, several of these Acts became of importance to the College before the New Court was completed.

Number of Apartments for Students within such Colleges respectively, so as to avoid the Necessity of many Students having Lodgings out of such Colleges; but Doubts are entertained whether the said Commissioners are authorized to make Advances for such Purposes, and whether such Colleges can give adequate Security for the Repayment of such Advances under the Provisions of the said recited Acts; Be it therefore enacted, That from and after the passing of this Act, upon any Application on Behalf of any College or Hall in either of the Universities of *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, made in Writing under the Common Seal of such College or Hall, (duly affixed by the Authority of such Person or Persons as may for the Time being be empowered, by the Statutes of any such College or Hall respectively, to use or affix such Common Seal to Leases or other Deeds or Instruments in Writing), it shall be lawful for the Commissioners for the Execution of the said recited Acts, and such Commissioners are hereby authorized and empowered to make any Loan or Advance under the Powers, Authorities, Provisions and Regulations of the said recited Acts, of any Sum or Sums in Exchequer Bills or Money for the building, rebuilding, enlarging, improving or fitting up any such additional or existing Rooms, Buildings and Offices as may by such Commissioners be deemed requisite and necessary for the Purpose of increasing the Accommodation of the Students of any such College or Hall respectively, in like Manner in every respect as if such Colleges and Halls had been included in the Provisions of the said recited Acts or any of them; and it shall be lawful for the Treasurer, Bursar or other proper Officer of any such College or Hall to receive any Sums so advanced for the Purposes aforesaid; and it shall be lawful for the proper Officers or Members of any such College or Hall respectively, and they are hereby authorized and required, under the Common Seal of any such College or Hall respectively, to mortgage, assign and make over the Rents and Profits which shall arise from such additional or existing Rooms so to be built, rebuilt, enlarged, improved and fitted up, or to mortgage, assign and make over any other Rents, Revenues or Receipts which shall be payable and belonging to any such College or Hall respectively or any Part of the same, to such Person or Persons and in such Manner and Form as the said Commissioners shall direct and appoint, so as to secure the Repayment of all Sums so advanced for such Purposes, with Interest thereon at the Rate of Four Pounds *per Centum per Annum*, by Annual or Half Yearly Instalments, on the Principal Money advanced, within the Period of Twenty Years at farthest from the advancing thereof, or at such Times not exceeding the said Period of Twenty Years, and in such Manner as the said Commissioners shall think fit to appoint; and all such Mortgages and Assignments shall be good and effectual in the Law, and binding on the said Colleges and Halls entering into the same, and their Successors, as Bodies Corporate; any Charter, Statute, Law, Rule or Regulation of or relating to any such College, or any general or particular Law, Statute, Usage or Custom to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.

The Act further provided that nothing in the foregoing provisions should be construed to extend to any College or Hall the power to mortgage its revenues otherwise than to the Commissioners for the said recited Acts.

It was clearly with this Act in view that the College, in the spring of the year 1826, passed the following two Orders:

13 April 1826. Agreed to apply to the Loan Commissioners for the sake of learning if upon any or on what terms they will advance £40,000 to the College for their New Buildings and that the Master do set the Seal to the Application.

1 May 1826. Agreed that the order for an Application to the Loan Commissioners dated the 13th of April be extended to £50,000 instead of £40,000.*

It is of interest to note, in relation to the borrowing powers for the building of undergraduates' rooms conferred on the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge by this Act, that there had been a marked and steady rise in the number of matriculations both at Oxford and at Cambridge during the first quarter of the nineteenth century.† By about the year 1825 the numbers of matriculations were again, after a long interval, comparable with those of the first half of the seventeenth century. This no doubt accounts for the applications to the Commissioners to which the Act refers. The entries to most of the Cambridge Colleges were increasing during that quarter of a century, but the increases were most notable at St John's and Trinity. At the beginning of the century, between thirty and thirty-five undergraduates a year were admitted to St John's; but twenty years later (before the New Court was built) the number had risen to about ninety.‡ "Your Lordship", writes James Wood in his letter to Palmerston, "is aware that the members who apply for admission into the University have within the last few years increased in a most extraordinary degree." After about the year 1825 the increase in the numbers of matriculations at both Oxford and Cambridge was less rapid until the middle of the century was passed, and the entries to St John's do not seem to have been stimulated by the completion of the New Court.

Under the original Act of the series, that of 16 June 1817 (57 Geo. III c. 34), the rate of interest on loans from the Commissioners had

* Conclusion Book, 1786-1846.

† See J. A. Venn, *Oxford and Cambridge Matriculations, 1544-1906, with a Graphic Chart illustrating the varying fortunes of the two Universities*. Cambridge: W. Heffer and Sons, 1908.

‡ See J. A. Venn, *A Statistical Chart to illustrate the Entries at the various Colleges in the University of Cambridge, 1544-1907 (with Descriptive Text)*. Cambridge: W. Heffer and Sons, 1908.

been fixed at 5%. It was reduced to 4%—a reduction which applied to outstanding loans as well as to new loans—by the Act of 26 July 1822 (3 Geo. IV c. 86), and the rate of 4% was expressly reaffirmed in the section of the Act of 17 May 1824 (5 Geo. IV c. 36) relating to loans to the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. When, therefore, on 13 April 1826, the College decided to apply for a loan of £40,000 and on 1 May of the same year resolved to increase the sum applied for to £50,000, it was in the expectation that the money could be borrowed at 4%. Four days later, however, on 5 May 1826, the Act 7 Geo. IV c. 30 received the Royal Assent, and under it the rate of interest on loans from the Commissioners was raised to 5%. The increase in the rate came at a moment most unfavourable to the College, and it is to that Act that the Master and Bursar refer in their appeal to Lord Palmerston. "Unluckily", writes Mr Blick on 13 May, "an act of Parliament received the Royal Assent *Friday sennight last* authorising the Commissⁿ to charge 5% interest and I greatly fear they will... require us to pay as much."

Mr Blick's fears were justified by the event. On 14 October 1826 the following College Orders were passed:*

Agreed to accept a loan of £45,000 from the Loan Commissioners and to give security for the payment of interest and principal by the mortgage of certain estates specified in the Deed.

Agreed to give directions under our Common Seal to Wm. Holden Esq. Secretary of the Board of Loan Commissioners to pay the above mentioned Loan to the Bursar.

The Deed,† which bears the same date, provides for a loan of £45,000 with interest at 5% per annum payable half-yearly on 20 April and 20 October, together with half-yearly sums of £1125 in repayment of principal, i.e. during the maximum period of twenty years prescribed in the Act of 17 May 1824 (5 Geo. IV c. 36). As security, the College mortgaged to the Commissioners for the Issue of Exchequer Bills 121 apartments in the College, all those to be built, and College estates at Holbeach, Whaplode, Moulton, Cranwell, Stukeley, Somersham, Horningsea, Marfleet, and other properties, which are fully set out in the Schedule to the Deed.

This loan proved to be insufficient. By a further Deed,‡ dated 18 February 1829, a second loan of £20,000 was obtained, with interest at 5% per annum payable half-yearly on 18 August and 18 February, together with half-yearly sums of £500 in repayment of Principal, the loan thus again having a currency of twenty years. The loan was secured on the same rooms and estates, together with further estates at Danthorpe, Atwick and Paull.

* Conclusion Book, 1786-1846. † Deed Book, 1817-52, f. 83.

‡ Deed Book, 1817-52, f. 92.

But, though the appeal to Lord Palmerston had not been successful, the College was nevertheless able to obtain a reduction of the rate of interest on both loans and also extended periods of repayment. For these results there was statutory provision. More than one of the Acts in the series had empowered the Commissioners to grant extensions of time, in particular the Act of 23 June 1827 (7 & 8 Geo. IV c. 47), which applied to loans whether granted before or after the date of the Act and permitted extension beyond twenty years. Moreover, the Act of 17 June 1824 (5 Geo. IV c. 77) empowered the Commissioners to reduce the rate of interest on outstanding loans, provided it was not reduced below the current rate, and this power was confirmed by the Act of 10 June 1825 (6 Geo. IV c. 35). Commissioners retained these powers, and the College took advantage of them as the following College Orders* show:

26 December 1827. Agreed that the Master set the College Seal to the memorial to the Lords of the Treasury for diminishing the rate of Interest upon the Loan [of £45,000] to the College from the Commissioners of Exchequer Bills.

8 May 1828. Agreed that the College Seal be set to a memorial to the Lords of the Treasury praying an enlargement of the time for repayment of our present Loan [of £45,000] from Government and that the time for the repayment of any future Loan may be forty years.

9 April 1829. Agreed that the College Seal be set to a memorial to the Lords of the Treasury praying a reduction of the interest on the loan of Twenty thousand Pounds from 5 to 4 per Cent, and an enlargement of the time for the repayment of the same.

These appeals were successful.† By a Deed,‡ dated 18 February 1829 (and therefore contemporaneous with the Deed under which the second loan of £20,000 was obtained), the rate of interest on the original loan of £45,000 was reduced from 5 to 4%, the reduction to take place from 20 October 1827, the date of the second half-yearly payment of interest, and the half-yearly repayments of principal were reduced from £1125 to £725 beginning 20 April 1829, thus extending the currency of the loan to thirty years. By a further Deed,§ dated 8 July 1829, the rate of interest on the loan of £20,000 was similarly reduced from 5 to 4%, the reduction to take effect from 18 February 1829, and the half-yearly repayments of principal were reduced from

* Conclusion Book, 1786-1846.

† Sir H. F. Howard, *Finances*, p. 167, states incorrectly that they were without result.

‡ Deed Book, 1817-52, f. 102.

§ Deed Book, 1817-52, f. 107.

£500 to £333. 6s. 8d., beginning 18 August 1829, the modified terms thus taking effect from which was likewise extended to thirty years.

Sir Henry Howard's strictures, in his history of the finances of the College, on the financial methods pursued by the College at this time, on the tardy and insufficient provision made for meeting the payments for interest and principal in connexion with these loans, and in particular on Mr Blick's administration, are severe and are no doubt largely justified. The very different methods pursued during his own Bursarship a century later, when Chapel Court and North Court were built, entitled him to pass judgement. But it is at least deserving of record that the loans raised by the College for the building of the New Court in 1826-31 were obtained under powers expressly conferred upon the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge for "the Purpose of increasing the Accommodation of the Students".*

J. S. B. S.

* I add the following information, which I owe to Mr Matthews. The "Returns relative to loans for public works", *Parliamentary Papers*, 1846, vol. xxv, p. 422, show that, in addition to the two loans to St John's, the following loans were granted to Cambridge Colleges under the Acts: on 5 August 1824 to Christ's, £6000; on 5 January 1825 to Trinity, £33,000; on 8 March 1826 again to Trinity, £4000. These loans, being earlier than the Act of 5 May 1826 (7 Geo. IV c. 30), were at 4%. This may well have added to the sense of grievance felt by St John's at having to pay interest at 5%. The returns show no other loans to Cambridge Colleges to the year 1846, and no loan to any Oxford College. On the loans to Trinity, see Willis and Clark, *Architectural History*, vol. II, p. 654.

SCHLOSS MARGARET—NIGHT IDYLL

"BUT will it all stay?" The questioned thought has wavered flickeringly through your mind, twitched at the corners of your consciousness, driven a double bar-line through the insistent unidentified tune which had been massaging the soft under-side of your concentration, and now it is two o'clock in the morning. You had been counting up to a thousand in Italian, to prove to yourself that you could do it without losing track; envisaging Sir Anthony Eden as a reincarnation of Machiavelli; distinguishing between pennies and half-crown pieces without taking them out of your pocket; tripping up over the loose cobble in Third Court; watching the moon squeeze through the bars of the Bridge of Sighs to water-ski up to Magdalene; and now it is two o'clock in the morning. You had been—admit it frankly to yourself—wandering aimlessly and rhinocerine through the Courts, your thoughts floundering haphazardly in sleepy undergrowth between one ruthless charge at a tenuous mental tree-trunk and the next; and now it is two o'clock in the morning.

It is all black and shiny, and you could polish Cambridge by blowing on it and rubbing it with your handkerchief. New Court is cavernous and vaulted, and the dust-aired cloister is void and imprisoned, while a shuffle of non-existent brown-clothed monks shadow the wall and are waiting to float ominous from the gape of E staircase. Third Court is waiting, always waiting, the middle-man buffer-state, small and intimate in close-shaded friendliness. New Court's gate to the Backs had been closed in arrogant aristocratic disdain of the outside ordinariness; towering with cathedral naves, looming with fortress keeps, it repulsed the elements, warned off the intruder. Third Court's gate to the Wren Bridge is closed too, but its medium is persuasion, not threat. It is comfortable, badly fitting, pot-bellied, advising with avuncular gentility that you will find it far more comfortable inside; why want to go out? And now you have passed under the door-less gate-tower, you are almost in Second Court. You have stopped—you always stop here—to let its prospect of absolute assuredness sweep away the bric-a-brac of your meandering wilful thoughts. They are all gone now, the Italian numeri cardinali, the Premier chary of metamorphosis, the coins of confusion, the blundering step, the agile moon. They were all random ideas, searching idly for a context, and they give way willingly to a concept of such completeness, to balance, wholeness, perfection. It is two, three, four o'clock in the morning? And there are people who live

here, who will soon be about again, just using this piece of ground to cross in optimistic progress from up there to down there? It seems unlikely.

It seems unlikely that there can be anything greater than totality, unlikely that there is anything missing from this entity, unlikely that anything could be added. The walls are russet-purple-black under the moon, the quadruplet unassailable lawns deep, submarine, rich, and the self-conscious turrets lean their heads patiently against the purple satin of the sky. You accuse it of being a fiction, an invention of the picture-post-card makers; you abuse it as a fraud, a misleading skin-deep deceit, like the Bridge of Sighs. But there is no neo-Gothic shame here, and to cross it, to reach the Screens where fire-arms, dances and roof-climbing jostle one another in firm prohibition, this would be an intrusion, a rash and unnecessary venture across a self-sufficient tranquillity which brooks no interference. Tomorrow morning, no doubt, you will cross without a qualm, but not tonight—no, not now. Let First Court wait, tentative and misshapen, lurking unhappily beneath its wall, hoping for the bustle of the day, unreal in an emptiness which it cannot understand. Chapel Court will wait too, dishevelled and unsure of itself as ever, wearing odd socks, with not even the lapels on its jacket matching, the family's black sheep, suitcase under one arm, the other sprawling disconsolately into the Master's Garden. It will always be morose, conscious of the lack of respectable company, unable to escape from its soul-less chaotic cousin the Forecourt, and its exhibitionist sycophantic brother North. They will wait.

They will wait, and you are already walking back under Third Court's pedantic arches, looping over the Bridge's close-stayed hump, sliding down New Court's cloister groove. They can wait. They are waiting. They will wait.

MARTIN ROSENHEAD

A SET OF ROOMS

PART III
UPSTAIRS

FOR those deeply interested in religion it must have been a depressing world on which the learned Lady Margaret and her chaplain Bishop Fisher looked out from Christ's College in the early sixteenth century. One did not need to have their wide knowledge of affairs to know that something was wrong, and that reform was urgently needed. But whence was this reform to come? To anyone brought up, as they were, in the rounded theocentric world of the Middle Ages it was natural to turn first to the Papacy, but no help was likely from that quarter. The Borgia Pope Alexander VI—poisoned, people said, by accident—had been succeeded by the warlike Julius II, preoccupied with the recovery of the Papal States. Nor was anything to be expected from the higher clergy. One would gather from reading Boccaccio that long years before their morals left something to be desired; now the rot was widespread and many had passed all bounds. There can have been little in common between the austere Bishop Fisher and such an eminent ecclesiastic as Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, whose character was summed up by Froude: "In him, infinite insincerity was accompanied with a grace of manner which regained confidence as rapidly as it was forfeited." A natural son, whose father had been murdered in a cathedral during Mass, at the moment of the Elevation of the Host—an act planned by an Archbishop with the connivance of the Pope, and assisted by priests—little Giulio can from the first have had few illusions about ecclesiastical affairs. But perhaps the comparison is after all a little unfair to the unfortunate Cardinal and future Pope, who with all his faults was very much a product of his time; writing to the Emperor Charles V Cardinal Pole reported Henry VIII as saying that no other king in Christendom could show a bishop like Fisher.*

Here, then, was the problem. Reform was urgently needed if the Church were to continue to carry its message to the common people; yet action from the central organs of the Church appeared unlikely with the Papacy deeply involved in Italian politics and the religious orders either grown rich and lax or correspondingly over-austere.

* The relevant passage is printed in full on pp. 253-4 of C. H. Cooper's *Memoir of Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby*, Cambridge, 1874.

The determination to cut loose from the corruption of the existing system was already growing in many hearts, but these two were equally determined on reform from within; to create a little world of piety and Christian morals where there could be trained up the theologians who would go forth and preach the pure doctrine to the people—there was a worthy aim. The early statutes drawn up by Bishop Fisher work out the consequences in great detail, and the social system which they set up must be viewed in this context, when many details which would otherwise appear ludicrous to modern eyes become understandable. The aims of the Foundress remain unchanged—"Dei cultus, morum probitas, et Christianae fidei corroboratio" in the words of the statutes of 1524* and every subsequent set down to and including those of 1849—and one spirit animates the three codes of 1516, 1524 and 1530, though the detailed regulations increase in numbers and complexity. This was, of course, not the only College organized on these lines—the Statutes of 1516 are modelled closely on those in force at that time at Christ's College, those of 1524 on Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and those of 1530 on the projected Cardinal College eclipsed by the fall of Wolsey.† We may note in passing Fisher's view of the relations of his College to the religious orders of the day as indicated by two provisions, one depriving of his fellowship any fellow entering such an order, the other preventing the Bishop of Ely as Visitor, from appointing any member of a religious order to act as his commissary in dealing with College affairs.

There were not wanting those who blamed all the troubles of Church and State on the new learning. Fisher, whose College had sheltered Erasmus, was not of their number. He provided for lectures in Greek, Hebrew and mathematics, while making it clear that everything was subordinate to the study of philosophy and theology—it was part of every Fellow's oath that he would never consent to any Fellow abandoning this Faculty for any other—and of these two philosophy was subordinate to theology. An elaborate system of study and practice was set up, embracing both Fellows and scholars,

* Cap. xxvi, p. 309 of *Early Statutes of the College of St John the Evangelist in the University of Cambridge*. Edited, with notes, by J. E. B. Mayor, M.A., Cambridge, 1859. Cf. p. 373 (1516), p. 88 (1530) and p. 89 (Henry VIII's Statutes of 1545). These phrases were first omitted by the Cambridge University Commissioners in their statutes made 1 July 1859.

† The account of the early social system of the College which follows is a synthesis of all three codes, which do not disagree in any important particular in the field we are considering. It was not, of course, necessary at that time to be a member of such a college to study at the University; there were various unregulated hostels where the life was no doubt much like student life at Paris as described by Rabelais.

and naming set hours every week for the different exercises; lecturers and examiners were appointed with disciplinary powers. There was a clock, and a scholar to look after it, and the first bell was rung at 4 a.m., thereby keeping up an old custom of the Hospital of St John. The Chapel services naturally figured prominently, but were not to become an end in themselves—on ordinary weekdays only the service before 6 a.m. was compulsory.

Compared to such a society the outside world was a place to avoid, and contacts with it during the formative years were to be kept to a minimum. The scholar was allowed a maximum of 20 days in the year absence from College, the Fellow normally 80, except for absences on duty. Apart from necessary attendance in the University schools and church, the scholars and Fellows up to five years after their M.A. degree were allowed out of College only twice a week, and then never alone. They might not enter the house of any layman in the town, nor loiter about the gates. All scholars and Fellows were to be in College by 8 p.m. in winter and 9 p.m. in summer. Save in cases of sickness, and then with the Master's personal permission, no woman was to set foot in the College; laundry was to be done if possible by men; if this were impossible, laundresses might be appointed, but in no circumstances was the laundry to be taken to their houses. There were set hours when it was to be handed over and collected, in public, at the gate. For a Fellow, privily opening the gates at night counted as a major crime along with heresy, perjury, treason and murder, and was punished by expulsion. Bishop Fisher did not scruple to make sneaking obligatory—as a medieval churchman, why should he? If a thing were wrong it was to be combated with every rigour—and informers were protected by statute.

With every detail of the daily lives of his charges thus carefully foreseen, it is not to be supposed that the social arrangements in the College happened by chance. No mere three-year course was offered, but a long apprenticeship in leading the good life. Accordingly the proportions of Fellows and students read strangely to modern eyes—after King Henry VIII had appropriated the bulk of the Lady Margaret's estate the original Foundation was able to provide for twenty-eight Fellows and twenty-two scholars, and for the first two years after the foundation practically only the Fellowships were filled. It was obviously intended that the organization should work itself in before the young students arrived. Scholarships might be retained until taking the M.A. degree. Normally rooms were to be shared by Fellows and scholars, not more than two Fellows or four scholars to a room, the former instructing and admonishing the latter, and if unable to keep them to heel, calling in the

Deans or the Master, who might order whipping, bread and water or reading the Bible in Hall, according to the gravity of the offence.

Necessity was provided for, but luxury discouraged—no Fellow, not a preacher, might retain his fellowship together with an independent income of £5 a year or more (say £300 in modern terms)—*4d.* a day was allowed for food at the Master's table, *2d.* at the Fellows', and *1d.* at the Scholars'. Remembering that the cooks were paid independently and the waiting done by scholars, and allowing for changes in the value of money, this would have paid for about two of the present undergraduate dinners and three of the Fellows' dinners respectively.* There were in fact two meals in the day, dinner and supper, and an analysis of the statutory time-table shows that the former was almost certainly at 10 a.m., and the latter may have been about 6 p.m.—the statutes make it clear that the day was by no means at an end at supper time, and yet people who rose at 4 must have retired to bed early. Incidentally, Commons (for all save the Master) had to be eaten in Hall; this régime might well have suited those who were used to it, but even the most spartan of modern schools would hesitate to arrange a time-table in which a 14-year-old scholar has to rise at 4 and work for six hours on an empty stomach. Each room was to be provided with a high bed and a truckle bed,† but Fellows and scholars over the age of 14 were not to sleep more than two in a bed. There was no specific provision of independent studies, but their existence was recognized in a statute

* It is impossible to produce a single accurate factor to convert the money of the early sixteenth century to modern terms; so much depends on what is to be bought. For second-hand silver the factor is about $2\frac{1}{2}$, for bread about 20, for milk, butter and cheese 25–30, for rabbit (before myxomatosis) 35, for eggs and salt cod about 50, for beef and mutton 60–70, for poultry 70–200, and for labour 60 to 200 or more. Eating habits have also changed, but we shall probably not be far wrong in taking an over-all factor of about 40–60 for College meals, which would make the penny of 1515 worth between 3s. *4d.* and 5s. today. The prime cost of the undergraduate hall is now 2s. *1½d.*, and the Fellows' 3s. *3d.* We are probably justified in using a conversion factor of at least 60 for the general needs of a Fellow, into which labour and particularly service would enter.

† "... truckle beds, which were very low frames upon casters that could be rolled out of sight under the standing bed by day. They were probably not very comfortable, but they were useful things to have in a house. Children used them occasionally, and they were handy for nurses in a sick room, or any unexpected visitor of not very high standing. They were also to be found in universities, for it was not unusual then for undergraduates to sleep in the larger room of a College set with their tutor—a custom which afforded that harassed gentleman the rather doubtful privilege of watching over his lively charges by night as well as by day." *The English Housewife in the 17th Century*, Christina Hole, London, 1953.

which provided that a scholar enjoying such facilities should give them up to a second Fellow allotted to the same room. Two classes of Fellow alone might, with the Master's permission, have private rooms—doctors of divinity, and the Fellows appointed preachers, whose duties of instruction would be carried on in a wider field. This brings us to the final aim: a quarter of the whole number of Fellows were to be engaged in preaching to the people in English, each delivering eight sermons a year. The preachers had many desirable privileges, including that of holding Church preferments up to an annual value of £20. It was thus the deliberate intention of the founders that Fellows and Scholars alike should live their lives in public, and the sharing of rooms was regarded as important. Under these conditions there would have been sufficient room in the old Court for the original complement of Fellows and scholars, with some margin. Not counting the garrets, the original Court must have consisted of about four sets north of the Great Gate and two south of the Great Gate under the Library, making a total of six sets in the eastern range. There would also be twelve on the ground floor and first floors of the south range, bringing the total up to eighteen, and probably three over the Kitchens. With an initial total of about thirty Fellows, most of whom would share rooms, there would accordingly be ample room without making individual sets out of the garrets. It seems plain that the original intention was that the garrets should be regarded as an integral part of the sets immediately below them, with which they communicated directly by internal staircases, the stairs from the Court rising only as far as the first floor. It was of course no part of the founders' policy that scholars should be free to come and go from their rooms without supervision. It was not until Second Court was built that direct access to the second floor was provided, although again the second-floor rooms were regarded as garrets appropriated to the sets immediately below them. In Puritan times this relaxation of the disciplinary system in Dr Clayton's building must have been regretted, and the seniority found it necessary to institute a system of patrols by Fellows to prevent gossiping and convivial parties among the scholars. Traces of the original arrangement in First Court are still to be found in B Staircase—the old stairs up to the garrets remain behind a cupboard in the gyp room in B2, where they were recently discovered during redecoration. Riser and tread are formed of a single piece of oak, and the stairs ascend with breakneck steepness to second floor level, where they have long ago been blocked off.

As time went on a certain number of separate studies for scholars must have become a customary part of the College organization, in spite of increasing numbers, and the state of affairs at about the time

of the building of Second Court is attested by the following annotation in the College copy of the Elizabethan Statutes of 1580:

An. 1608. Feb. 23.

Further decreed, that the same order in all respects shall be observed also, touching those studies, which have been heretofore reputed, to belong only to the Scholars of the House, w^{ch} studies, from henceforward, by virtue of this Decree, shall be enjoyed and possessed only, by Scholars of the House in their seniority, till they leave their scholarships, and those such, as will keep in them, themselves, when they continue in the College, or else their next seniors to take and enjoy them.

With this preamble we reach a point where we can turn back to look at the arrangements of K6 Second Court (as it is now designated) early in the seventeenth century. It will be remembered that from the prizing books we were able to elucidate the sequence of occupants, and also to show how the main floor of the set, consisting of keeping room, bedroom and study on the first floor of the building, and rather bare in Cecil's time, before 1617, was extensively improved by Lane, and subsequently by Price. Let us now examine the entries relating to the "Upper Chamber", on the second floor above.*

In ye upper Chamber

(h)	The Study next to ye chimney with a table lock & key, 3 Shelves & 6 lesser ones, an iron casement & a cupboard in ye window, with his part of ye chamber	o. 8. 9.
(i)	The Studie next to it, with a table lock & key 2 shelves & 8 little ones, a hanging deske, a deske in ye window, and an iron casement, with his part of ye chamber	o. 11. 6.
(j)	The Study next ye window towards ye court with a table lock & key a deske in ye window, 3 shelves & one little one, an iron casement, with his part of ye chamber	o. 8. 8.
(k)	The Studie next to it with a table lock & key, 5 shelves & a little hanging deske, a little board to sit upon, with an iron casement & his part in ye chamber	o. 11. 6.
(l)†	ffor a portall & a portall doore And covering ye portall ffor a presse of wainscot in ye window ffor leaves to ye window next Trinity Colledge	{ o. 10. o. o. 7. o. o. 3. o.
	Sum	3. o. 5.

* As before I transcribe from the version of 1641, in which the prices of the various items, given in Arabic figures, are some 7 % below those of 1617. The marginal letters are added for ease of reference.

† In the "old book," p. 197, entry (m) is followed by "Sum xxxiiij. Prized by us { and then, after "Layd out synce in ye chamber" follows an entry corresponding to (l), all in the same

(m) A note of ye particulars in ye upper chamber

A high bedstead	
A trundle bedstead	o. 3. o.
A table	o. 4. 6.
A settle about the table	o. 2. 4.
An iron casement	o. 3. 10.
Tongs & bellows	o. 1. 4.
An iron grate	o. 13. o.
ffoure keyes to ye chamber doore	o. 1. 6.
The boards in both ye windowes	o. 1. 10.
A lock & staple to ye coale-house doore	o. 1. 2.

Sum 1. 12. 6.

A number of interesting points emerge from these particulars. In the first place it is clear that the plan of the upper floor must have been very different from what it is at the present day. It seems that there was a single large "upper chamber" with four studies opening out of it; the upper chamber itself was fitted up as a common room with two bedsteads, table, grate and so on. The individual studies, each with its own lock and key, would be used by individual scholars. The plan was thus not dissimilar from the old room arrangement recently reconstructed in Magdalene College. It will be seen that there is no mention of the internal staircase, indeed it seems clear that it cannot have existed at that time. It will be noticed that the outer door of the upper chamber was provided with four keys, and it was clearly the intention that each scholar should have one and that the room should be approached from the common stair.

To determine the extent of this upper chamber is not easy, because of the habit of dividing two or three light windows down one of the mullions so as to light two adjacent rooms. As each study had a window and as there were two windows in the Common Room the total number must have been between three and six. In this part of Second Court the windows are roughly paired, a three-light window into the Court corresponding to a two-light window into Kitchen Lane, although the two are not exactly opposite each other. If we assume that the garret space between K and M Staircases was originally equally divided between the corresponding first-floor

handwriting. There is then a change of hand, with the sum xxis. iiij d., and a further annotation "This sum of xxis. and iiij d. is to be divided into foure parts & to be added to the foure study prizes. viz to each of them vs. and 4 d." There follows without a change of hand the prizing entry signed by Thomas Smith and William Bodurda, which was made when the rooms were transferred to Price in 1629 (*supra*, p. 158). The reasons for this curious arrangement of entries in the old book are not obvious, and several explanations are possible. What is quite clear is that the work was all done by 1629, and the work on the studies in time for Daniel Horsmanden's prizing, i.e. almost certainly before 1618.

Fellow's sets, then three of these pairs of windows come into question. The first pair can be neglected, as the two-light window into Kitchen Lane serves a bedroom over the stairs which is part of the set K7, there being no evidence that this was ever part of the garret to K6. Two lights of the corresponding window into the Court illuminate the staircase, the third is borrowed for the corner of the keeping room of what is now K9. The second pair of windows now entirely serve K9, the three-light window illuminating the keeping room on the Court side, while the two-light window is divided between keeping room and bedroom. The third pair illuminate what is now the upper floor of K6, reached by the internal staircase between the keeping room and what used to be the study. The three-light window into the Court is divided between this staircase and a bedroom, while the corresponding two-light window illuminates another bedroom. This brings us to the half-way line between K and M Staircases, but the present upper floor of K6 projects somewhat beyond the half-way line with a third bedroom which has a fireplace and which is lit from Kitchen Lane by half a two-light window shared with M5.

We now have to decide how these windows were originally divided between the common upper chamber and the four studies. Here the actual prices of some of the items give us a clue. The boards in both the windows of the common room cost 1s. 10d. The price of the boards in a complete pair of three-light plus two-light windows on the first floor was 2s. 4d., and there is thus a strong suggestion that the common room on the top floor was lit by such a complete pair. We need not be surprised that the boards upstairs were cheaper, it being clear that the upper floor was less expensively fitted up; for example, it seems that the lock and key of the coal-house door in the Fellow's part of the set originally cost 3s. 4d., while upstairs a lock, key and staple were provided for 1s. 2d. It is, therefore, tempting to assume that the common part of the upper chamber corresponded roughly to the present bedroom and keeping room of K9. Beyond this there were two studies on the north side looking into the Court, and two on the south side looking out to the back of Trinity College. Of these the former pair must have shared between them one three-light window and probably corresponded roughly to the present stairway and north-facing bedroom of K6. With regard to the south-facing pair of studies there are several possibilities, depending on whether the garret originally extended as far as it does at the present day, bringing in half a window on the south side beyond the centre line. If it did so, the two studies could have had much the same position as the two south-facing bedrooms of K6 at the present day, although a passage must have been cut off from the first study

in order to give access to the further ones. The present state of the woodwork in these two bedrooms is unfortunately no guide to us, because, as was mentioned in a previous article, it is understood to be a pasticcio of pieces derived from the demolition of old Combination Rooms and part of the Master's Lodge in the 1860's.

There remains the question of the date of the internal staircase and the motive behind it. It is clear from the description in the prizing book that the stairway did not exist in 1641, the date of the last copying of this list, and in an earlier article reason was given to assume that it had been built about 1735, because the first paper stuck on the boarded outer wall of the staircase was a flowered flock paper of about this date. The set which is now K9 must accordingly have existed from about 1735 onwards, but it does not appear in the College records until long after this date—it must have been regarded as still an integral part of the Fellow's set below it.

We have seen that in the early days of the College every Fellow was expected to act as Tutor to a small number of pupils, but as time went on the older, better-known and more influential Fellows began to acquire larger numbers of pupils, farming some of them out among the younger, needier and less influential Fellows. These "pupil-mongers", as they were called, were the fathers of the present tutorial system, and prominent among them was Caleb Parnham who occupied K6 about 1735, and in whose time the staircase might well have been erected. It seems reasonable to suppose that K9 was created by this early Tutor to house, in rather more luxurious style than was common at the time, one or another of his wealthier pupils, possibly a Fellow Commoner, the set being let for the Tutor's private profit. In this connexion it is amusing to note that a small gloomy closet opens from the keeping room of K9 and extends above the staircase. A short flight of four stairs leads up to a flat space which is large enough to sleep on, while a window gives light from the stairs. If this were a mere storage cupboard why the staircase? It seems at least possible that this commodious dog-kennel housed a Sizar looking after the personal needs of the Fellow Commoner who had the rest of the set.

Our investigation has reached its end. Improbable as it seemed when we began, it has provided a series of solutions—even if only in outline—of the problems raised by the renovation of a set of rooms.

G. C. E.

THE HARVARD HOUSES

HUMAN beings seem prone to equate the words "different" and "wrong", but given good will, the original judgement can usually be modified. Assuming that no one with bad will would waste his time being agonized by American spellings, I thus proceed to discuss the Harvard Houses. For the Houses of Harvard College are certainly different from the Colleges of Cambridge and Oxford (after which they were modelled) but, in my opinion, they are not "wrong" but are a reasonably intelligent transplantation of an English institution to American soil. But before proceeding, it should, I imagine, be stated that my qualifications for writing this essay stem, if anywhere, from being a graduate of Harvard who has spent the past year in residence in St John's, and that what I will say about Harvard applies to a large degree also to Yale, but to no other American university. Though of course Yale *is* vaguely inferior. You know, like that place near the Nuffield factory.

Unlike St John's which has evolved in over four centuries, or, for that matter, unlike Harvard itself which is over three centuries old, all seven of the Harvard Houses were essentially created at a stroke, and that barely twenty-five years ago. Each House contains living accommodations for roughly four hundred, plus or minus about fifty. Their general architectural pattern is the familiar local one; rectangular courts, groups of rooms being linked vertically by staircases. In detail, they differ a bit less than do, say, Trinity and St John's. The style of architecture is largely Georgian and is quite pleasant, especially as the more egregious faults are covered by a profuse growth of ivy. Lowell House residents, however, have been heard to complain that their House was designed to look well from the outside, and then the rooms tucked in afterwards. Top-floor residents of Third Court, whose view of the Backs is cut off by the rounded gables, can probably sympathize.

True to the classic American reputation, the rooms are equipped with such character-destroying elements as central heating, private lavatories, and private baths. Practically everybody shares; triple and quadruple sets are not uncommon and even quintuples exist. I lived with four others in a third floor set consisting of a relatively large sitting room and a long hall off which were three bedroom-studies and a lavatory with three sinks, two toilets and one shower. Each House has Senior and Junior Common rooms, less grand than the counterparts here, and a library roughly two-thirds the size of the ground-floor St John's library. (As here, the House libraries leave

attempts at completeness to the departmental libraries and to the huge University library.) Each House has six or eight squash courts, and at Leverett we were the proud possessors of a tennis court, but aside from this, all athletic facilities are provided by the University, not the Houses.

The previous sentence contains a hint of the essential difference between the Harvard House and the Cambridge College. At Cambridge, not the University but the College is the primary organization. The Master of a College is a more powerful person than either the Chancellor or the Vice-Chancellor of the University. One applies for admission to a group of Colleges, not to the University, and only in recent times has the University had more than a fraction of the money at its disposal that even one College had. At Harvard, however, just the reverse is true. The President of Harvard is an immensely powerful figure, not only in the University, but nationally. (Indeed, around the end of the nineteenth century, the University undergraduate daily newspaper, admittedly somewhat chauvinistic but none the less not unindicative of some local feeling, was said to have sported the headline "PRESIDENT IN WASHINGTON TO SEE MR MCKINLEY".) One applies for admission to the University, and while Harvard has an endowment of over three hundred million dollars, each House has an endowment of precisely nil. Now some Houses, particularly those who were fortunate enough to have had the odd Rockefeller or DuPont in residence, could probably raise quite a substantial endowment rather quickly, but the University will not permit them to do so. The Houses are not allowed to become more than superficially disparate, so that when, at the end of his first year, the Freshman must make his mind up as to which House he wishes to apply to, his choice must be based on the various dons associated with each House or on the personality which the members of each House have given it, not on physical factors. (For the first of his four years the undergraduate lives in hostel-like dormitories.) Since each undergraduate must either live, for his last three years, in a House, or, if he so desires and if he normally resides in Greater Boston, at home, some men are invariably put by the Housemasters' Committee in a House not of their choice; but as all important academic and extra-academic activities are run on a University level, the adjustment is usually quickly made.

Doesn't this mean that the Houses are no more than glorified "digs" and that all activities take place on the University level? It does not, as we shall see. Consider football, for instance. Those who are very keen and very expert will undoubtedly work hard at the game and will play for the Varsity. Others have perhaps neither the time nor the ability to do this and will compete for their House. They

play an eight-match schedule, two matches less than the Varsity, including a game against their Yale counterparts. (Leverett has a relationship with Timothy Dwight at Yale similar to that which St John's has with Balliol.) They have full equipment, locker room and shower facilities, officials and—in the case of football—coaches supplied by the University. No Varsity player in a sport is allowed to play for his House team in that sport, so that the quality of the sides in the various contests is comparable to the Michaelmas Term College Rugger teams or to the Lent, rather than the May, crews. Some sort of interhouse competition is held in tackle football, tag football, soccer, cross-country, squash, swimming, fencing, baseball, softball, athletics, tennis, basketball, rowing—both single sculls and eights—boxing, wrestling and perhaps one or two others I have forgotten. (I will not, of course, bother to explain subtleties such as the difference between tag and tackle football.)

The division between University and House in other activities is somewhat similar. Each House usually has one or two dramatic productions a year, and probably boasts of a small singing group or a jazz band or a string quartet or perhaps all three. Even mimeographed rags purporting to be House newspapers appear sporadically. But, not unlike his Cambridge counterparts, most undergraduates of more than average ability spend most of their time with the University dramatic club, singing group, or newspaper. The House activities are largely a haven for the novice and the dilettante.

We shift now from the singing, scribbling undergraduate to that strange animal *Professor Americanus*. We are concerned with him here only in his connexion with the Houses. Each House has a Master, a Senior Tutor, and about a dozen tutors, these last mostly younger men. All of these men are resident. In addition, certain dons, usually professors or lecturers, are affiliated with each House although they do not live in it. The Master and the Senior Tutor perform essentially the functions of their Cambridge counterparts, except that the disciplinary duties of the Dean are shared between them and, as I have already indicated, such important questions as University admission, academic appointments and finance are handled at the University level. The tutors have semi-disciplinary semi-advisory duties as do the tutors here, but they are saved the *exeat-absit* rigamarole as there are no restrictions of this kind at Harvard. If you do well on your examinations, destroy no property nor wake up any important people with your revelry, and have female visitors out of your rooms by eight on weekdays and eleven on week-ends, no one bothers you.

But alas, non-existent in the Houses are the perquisites of the Cambridge Fellow! With rare exceptions, no port, no sherry, no

madeira, no high table. The Fellows are supposed to keep off the lawns just like everyone else, and they are generally the only ones who do so with any regularity. Things used to be better, just as they used to be better for the Harvard undergraduate. But Democracy reared its ugly head and half the students have scholarship aid. Gone are the waiters, the food is now served on trays, cafeteria style. Gone is the liquor. The great day when Carrie Nation, the axe-wielding lady prohibitionist, appeared on the balcony of what was then the (presumably) alcohol-soaked University dining hall, only to be met by a hail of half-eaten rolls, is in the past. Going too are the "biddies"—bedmakers, also *senes et horridae*, but they might mend your socks if they liked you and one was reputed to be giving dancing lessons to her boys—you must clean up your own room, aided only by a weekly Hoovering by the House staff.

Yet I maintain that in the decline of Gracious Living, and particularly in the lack of Gracious Eating, lies the greatest strength of the House system. Since the meals are served cafeteria style, one can come in for each meal during a 1½-hour interval. (Meals are paid for by the term, so practically everyone eats just about every meal in college.) The Hall is filled with four- and six-man tables, which, in Leverett, are usually rearranged during the meal to accommodate various odd-sized groups, and it is not uncommon to take an hour or more at lunch or dinner, eating leisurely, going back for more meat or a third cup of coffee if you feel like it. One doesn't have to interrupt an interesting conversation, just when it gets going, to make way for the next Hall. Then, too, since the resident dons can eat all meals in Hall *gratis*, and the non-resident dons a certain number of lunches, and since there is no high table, contact between student and don is made relatively easy from a mechanical point of view. Furthermore, a don who eats in the House does so in the expectation that an undergraduate to whom he has been somehow introduced might well join him, perhaps with a friend. And it is not considered bad form on the undergraduate's part to do this. The group may then be joined by a colleague of the don or a friend of the students and so it grows. If one is at all receptive, one can hardly leave Harvard without having informal and often close contact with some of the bright young men and their more eminent senior colleagues who are associated with the House.

Another pleasant feature of Leverett life, by which student-don contact is incidentally encouraged, is the so-called 'concentration dinner'. (I hope that I'm not giving the impression that the House is run along the lines of Billy Butlin's camps. When I have lunch in the St John's Hall, I don't feel that I'm being encouraged to meet different people in the college. But I am, or so Mr Guillebaud said

in the last issue of *The Eagle*. Similarly at Leverett, you don't feel you're being nudged, but you are. Subtlety is perhaps not an American strength, but it is not an English monopoly.)

The concentration dinner usually starts in one of the tutors' rooms where students reading the same or similar subjects are invited for sherry. This incidentally has given rise to the phrase "tutorial sherry", meaning a brand of sherry of low quality, probably purchased in gallon lots. But be that as it may, the sherry usually loosens people up sufficiently so that, by the time everyone goes down to dinner, the students and the several dons also invited have overcome their initial timidity. The dining hall staff, if prodded slightly, usually manages to reserve a few tables for the group, and drags out some table cloths to give a superficial air of elegance. Supper over, the group retires to the Senior Combination Room for coffee, a short talk on a subject of common interest by one of the dons, and an informal discussion. Not an elaborate affair, but generally a profitable and enjoyable one.

Concluding then, the Harvard Houses, due partly to a lack of tradition, partly to high labour costs, and partly to a different University-College relationship, lack many important features of the Cambridge Colleges. I would say that although Harvard is a place of tremendous activity, there is, because of the greater strength of the individual Colleges, even more going on at Cambridge. I would claim for the Houses, however, two advantages: the lack of social restriction, and, more important, an increased opportunity for the undergraduate to have the experience of close contact with senior members of the university.

LEE SEGEL

CANVASSING

I AM what might be called an experienced canvasser—if there is any such crittur. I was demobbed several weeks before I was due to come up to Cambridge, and felt the urgent need to make some money. Thus it was that I found myself on the Manchester train a couple of weeks after my release going to take part in a N.A.L.S.O. campaign to recruit Labour Party members.

It was the first time I had been in north-western England, but during the next four weeks I was to become only too well acquainted with many of its less inspiring quarters. Leaden skies, dingy streets and aching feet are not perhaps the most auspicious introduction to any region. Some of us were reminded of George Doonan's opening patter: "Just come back from my holidays—wonderful time—blue skies, hot sun, friendly people, glamorous women—I don't know if you've ever been to Accrington?"

We were a mixed bunch. Three of us tended to regard ourselves as an elite—myself, Eric from Cambridge and John from Ruskin College. We had all done our Service, as distinct from the others, and were wont to foregather in pubs. It was Eric who put me wise about Cambridge life. At the time I was amused at but secretly suspicious of his cynical prophecies—since then I have found him justified in practically every particular.

There was also an earnest pair of young men from Nottingham University, who might have been taken from the pages of the "Varsity Handbook". True, Mike had been in the R.A.F., but only, as Eric put it, on the basis of "72 hour passes from his mother to go back to camp." It was his misfortune that he could turn any discussion into an harangue to a public meeting. For Mike to take any side in an argument was fatal—he could bludgeon the rest of us into defending Senator McCarthy, Chiang Kai Shek and any amount of people who were definitely not O.K. names.

And then there was Joe, also from Cambridge. He was far and away our champion canvasser, which was a source of wonder to us all. Extremely well-spoken, extremely ingenuous, he seemed to exercise some kind of hypnotic power over bewildered householders. It was my private belief that they were under the impression that he was the "man from the Corporation" and were thus in a suitably submissive frame of mind. It was Joe who gave me my worst night of the campaign when he insisted on staying so late in a pub that we missed the last bus back to our digs. On arrival he had to be put to bed and then woke me at two in the morning to complain that our

landlady was having nightmares and was screaming about snakes. In point of fact, complete silence reigned.

The agents we worked under were also a varied mixture. There was the ex-boxer who enthusiastically abducted me one evening, with the joyful aid of his friends, so that I could (quite shamelessly) see the Everton v. West Bromwich Albion game. There was the motor-bike enthusiast who gave me a ride to Burnley on his pillion to see the match there and who, incidentally, put about five years on my age. There was the efficient little Scotswoman, whose daughter was crazy about Frankie Laine, and who, over the telephone, delivered one of the most blistering rebukes I have ever heard to a local Communist who was attempting to jump on to the Party bandwagon. But, one and all, they were kind, considerate and helpful.

The tour itself was a great success. But my overwhelming impression was of the courtesy and good-humour of the British public. Occasionally we met rudeness and sometimes, regrettably, we may have been a little rude ourselves. Such occasions were, however, so rare as to be memorable. Generally friend and foe alike were tolerant and patient and showed a surprising deference when they learnt we were students. Sometimes we met a moron, once or twice a fanatic and often the lady who would have to ask "him", confirming my suspicions that female emancipation was a much overrated ambition.

But into none of these categories could be fitted the middle-aged fireman who read Voltaire and wanted to attend a W.E.A. course on psychology. Or the fine old men, now struggling along on inadequate pensions, who had been close friends of Jimmy Maxton, Tom Mann and the other pioneers of the early days of the Party; or who had been with the Old Contemptibles at Mons; or who had been on Polar expeditions. Or even the cheerful soul on the very new housing estate who gladly joined the Party, assuring us that he was "joining anything: Christmas Clubs, Garden Leagues, Catholic Altar Guilds—the lot."

I think I learnt a lot in four brief weeks and felt the more reassured for it. Democracy may not be the perfect answer to political problems, but here, at least, in spite of the sneers of the detractors, it seems to be the best system yet developed in an imperfect world.

DAVID MANN

DESERTER

I FLED the icy touch of the war's uncertainty,
 The unawareness of drills and exploding cities,
 The dog that cries end to the shaky society,
 And the morsels of haggard faces spilling from its jaws.
 I fled the attack, and I fled the attacked,
 The social double-check for those once absent
 From their second skin, the cover designed
 For comfort, though hampering movement.
 To your indifferent arms, Coquette, I came naked,
 Quivering for roots to graft on these my stumps,
 To find your understanding skin deceptive, pocked
 With convention, giving only what man should want.
 And not what I ask. In you lay the grail
 Of understanding, but your drugged skin was
 No solace for your bewilderment: I stole
 Here for you, and found the heart of my neurosis.

DENIS SULLIVAN

APOLOGY

"INCONSTANCY was forever part of me",
 I said to an angry lover; "my mind
 Is a child of disorder, destroying
 Most when I want to be kind.
 "And you my first light, how
 Could I offend the piercer of that blindness
 Wherein I grope in the shadows
 Of bodies, and remembered bodies?"
 And then with the fiery surmise
 Of an immolation, to make amends
 (Forgetting the reflexion in how many eyes
 Of these sacramental signs,
 Forgetting the seeds, the doubts distilled
 From other loves, those pigments
 With which my brain paints
 Your image). But the ritual relents
 In the tiredness of this pause.
 Is it here, with this shocked lover,
 I should dispose my sexual bones,
 If they dance no longer?

DENIS SULLIVAN

POST-CLIMAX

I N this evening of tortured forced embrace,
 Notice the circle described in our lust,
 When your love turned into an aloof disgust;
 But carelessness dropped with the tears on your face,
 Hate flickered, retired from a dying race;
 Your calculated coquetry cast no dust
 In eyes of assumed indifference, my trust
 Of being victor, you the vanquished in my place.
 But why, alone, does this hero not relax,
 Seeing reality in the night's false climax?
 Why do I wonder if your mind like mine is torn
 With indecision, seeing our roles reversed?
 And why do two glass ear-rings seem by you cursed
 To be the sole motive for your cold return?

DENIS SULLIVAN

JOHNIANA

The Rev. Patrick Brontë as an undergraduate

Quick intellect and a yearning for education are Celtic traits, and Mr Brontë [father of Charlotte, Emily and Anne Brontë] in his youth was goaded by a powerful mixture of vanity and ambition. How precisely he got to Cambridge, and maintained himself there for nearly four years, until he had taken a degree and holy orders, has never been made clear; he can have done it only on a Spartan level. As a boy in Ireland he had been put into the local weaving trade, and had struggled out of that to become a teacher in the little Protestant parish school of Drumballeyroney, where he taught both himself and others until he was twenty-five years old. By this time he seems to have saved a few pounds out of his small earnings, and with this little capital, and a few pounds more subscribed by one or two benevolent Methodist clergymen, who were impressed by his capabilities and evidently thought him a likely recruit to the connexion, he made his own way to Cambridge. That his life must have been of a beggarly simplicity is suggested by a letter from one of these kindly clergymen to another, written at a time when Mr Brontë had been a commoner at St John's College for nearly two years. "I availed myself as soon as possible of your generous offer to Mr Brontë, and left it without hesitation to himself to fix the limits of his request. He says that £20 per annum will enable him to go on with comfort, but that he could do with less. He has twice given me some account of his outset to college. . . . He left his native Ireland. . . with seven pounds, having been able to lay by no more after superintending a school for some years. He reached Cambridge before that was expended, and then received an unexpected supply of £5 from a distant friend. On this he subsisted some weeks before entering at St John's, and has since had no other assistance than what the college afforded. The sums which he drew from College were the emoluments of a scholarship and two exhibitions which he won at Cambridge, and the fees he was able to earn by coaching less promising students. He made himself enough, and was sufficiently strict with himself on the point of expense, to be able, like a good Irish son, to send his mother £20 a year during this period.

He evidently, and justifiably, convinced a sufficient number of people of his talents; and so, by one means and another, and a little modest help from various quarters, contrived to stay on until he had taken his B.A. degree at the age of twenty-nine, and had been ordained to a curacy in Essex.

(From *The Brontë Story*, by Margaret Lane, published by Messrs Heinemann, 1953, pp. 21-2.)

Thomas Hardy at a College Feast

A dinner at St John's—the "Porte-Latin Feast"—with the mellow radiance of the dark mahogany tables, curling tobacco smoke, and old red wine, charmed Hardy, in spite of his drinking very little, and not smoking at all.

(From *The Later Years of Thomas Hardy*, by Florence Emily Hardy, p. 159. This biography is now believed to have been written by Hardy himself, although published under the name of his second wife. The occasion described was on a visit to Cambridge in the spring of 1914, shortly after Hardy's election into an Honorary Fellowship at Magdalene.)



THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE LADY MARGARET BEAUFORT

I

IN the year 1564 Queen Elizabeth I visited Cambridge, and her visit included a round of the Colleges. "Amongst the rest", Baker tells us, "she visited St John's College and rode into the hall where she was received with an oration by Mr Bohun; wherein, though she was put in mind of her relation to the foundress and intimation given of the College losses, in a manner that was to be very nicely handled, yet. . . the queen did not think herself bound to take notice of those losses".* Mr Bohun was referring here to a well-known tradition about the foundation of the College. The main outline of that tradition can conveniently be summarized from Baker's history.†

Towards the end of her life, the Lady Margaret intended certain benefactions for Westminster Abbey. From this she was dissuaded by Bishop Fisher on the ground that Westminster was wealthy enough while schools of learning were meanly endowed and colleges were lacking to maintain scholars. Fisher also secured the acquiescence of Henry VII in his mother's change of mind (for the king had also been involved in the plan for a benefaction to Westminster); and closed the Lady Margaret's ear to those who argued that she had done so much for Cambridge that she ought to place her remaining benefactions in the "other university" of Oxford. This enabled her

* Thomas Baker, *The History of St John's College, Cambridge*, ed. J. E. B. Mayor, I, pp. 160-1

† *Ibid.* I, pp. 58ff.

attention to be directed to the old Hospital of St John the Evangelist in Cambridge, which was so decayed that "the best thing that could be done for it was to dissolve it by authority and to engraft a College upon the old stock, that might bring forth better fruit". The consent of the Bishop of Ely was obtained and that of Henry VII was being sought, but he died on the 21 April 1509 and his mother on the 29 June following. "Had she not lodged this trust in faithful hands, this great and good design must have died with her." For although the Lady Margaret left a will and lands in feoffment for the performance of its provisions, "yet that part of it which concerned her foundation of a new College having been done by way of codicil, before that could be sealed, the good lady departed this life, and here was some ground for cavil".

So it was not until the 20 January 1511 that the premises and property of St John's Hospital were handed over to a representative of the Lady Margaret's executors "after much solicitation and much delay"; and still her will was giving much ground for cavil. Baker introduces his account of this matter by speaking of the small revenue which the College derived from the property of the Hospital and of the lack of generosity of Henry VIII in licensing the College to acquire property that would bring in only an additional £50 yearly. He adds: "it is true the foundress had done her part, having left the issues, profits, and revenues of her estate and lands, to the value of £400 per annum and upward, to that purpose and the uses of her will." He points out, however, that the foundation charter of the College makes no mention of these "large revenues left by the foundress"; and that the next step taken by the executors was to prove her will both in the Archbishop's court at Canterbury and in Chancery in order to guard against the king as heir-at-law to his grandmother. As a result the executors were permitted to receive these revenues for a few years; but eventually "by the clamours of my lady's officers and servants . . . the advice of some potent courtiers . . . and . . . by fresh suit of the king's auditors and counsel . . . the executors were so hard pressed and so straitly handled that they were forced to let go the lands, notwithstanding all the claim they had to them".

These then are the bare bones of the College tradition about the last will of the Lady Margaret. She provided for the establishment of the College therein, even though in the form of an unsealed codicil. She assigned certain of her lands to the new foundation. These lands were taken away by Henry VIII, who emerges as the villain of the piece. These were the losses to which Mr Bohun drew the attention of an unresponsive Queen Elizabeth.

II

This tradition was somewhat roughly handled by Sir Robert Scott as long ago as 1918, though his reflexions upon it seem to have attracted far too little attention. The evidence for assessing its value, moreover, is reasonably straightforward and accessible, consisting of the Lady Margaret's will in the form in which it was proved in the Archbishop's court, a memorandum of Fisher's detailing his difficulties in carrying out the Lady Margaret's intentions, and the copy of the proceedings in Chancery concerning the execution of her will in 1511-12.* The picture which emerges from the depositions in Chancery is the not unfamiliar one of an old lady who, in her last years, was constantly altering her will or proposing to do so. About Christmas time each year during the last seven or eight years of her life, said Humphrey Conningsby (one of her counsellors), "she caused her testament and will to be read unto her and renewed after her mind". Towards the end of her life, however, the plan to "translate" St John's Hospital into a College came more and more to dominate these discussions. One after another the witnesses in Chancery gave testimony to this effect. Fisher and Hornby declared that "they were present when the said princess often and many times *declared by her mouth* the said will concerning the premises". Humphrey Conningsby had intimation of it with others of her counsel "divers and many times *by her own mouth* before her decease". James Whitstone and others testified that "the said princess made and declared her said will often and many times *by her mouth* as well to them as other persons". There is great unanimity as to the fact and in the terminology.

At the same time the Lady Margaret did more than talk about her plans. The Bishop of Ely told the Court of Chancery that, some twelve months before her death, she summoned him to Hatfield to discuss the suppression of the decayed Hospital and its conversion into a College of which she "might be the chief foundress and patron"; and on the 10 March 1509 a preliminary agreement was made between them for the dissolution of the Hospital which Fisher produced as evidence in Chancery.† Humphrey Conningsby added that he was instructed, together with the Lady Margaret's chancellor, "to cause a petition to be made for the license of the king to translate the

* Sir Robert Scott printed the memorandum and the proceedings in Chancery, with some pertinent observations upon them, in *Notes from the College Records* (privately printed, Metcalfe, Cambridge: 1918); and the memorandum in *The Eagle*, xxvii (no. 138: December 1905). The Lady Margaret's will is printed in *Collegium Divi Johannis Evangelistae*, pp. 103 ff. I have for the most part modernized the spelling and punctuation of passages quoted in what follows.

† Printed in *Coll. Divi Johannis*, pp. 61 ff.

said Hospital to a College"; while Hugh Ashton was ordered "to labour to Edmund Dudley to move the late king's grace for license to alter the same"—which license, the Bishop of Ely declared, had been granted, though there is no sign that it was formally promulgated in the form of royal letters patent.

There is, therefore, no question about the Lady Margaret's intentions. There is equally no question that these intentions found no place in her last will which had been sealed in June 1508. She drew up no codicil, not even an unsealed codicil; the witnesses in Chancery are unanimous that the "will" of the Lady Margaret on this point had been declared verbally and in no other way. Yet we have a codicil to the will as it was proved at Canterbury. It contains first the agreement between the Bishop of Ely and the Lady Margaret for the dissolution of the Hospital; and then a series of further dispositions beginning: "Be it remembered that it was also the last will of the said princess to dissolve the Hospital of St John in Cambridge and to found thereof a College of secular persons". The form of words differs markedly from that in the body of the will, where the normal phrases are "we give and bequeath", "we bequeath", "we give" etc. In brief, this codicil was clearly added after the Lady Margaret's death, no doubt in the course of the proceedings in the court of Canterbury and on the basis of verbal testimony similar to that given in Chancery.

There is, let it be said, nothing out of the way in this. Medieval law recognized both the written and the nuncupative (i.e. verbal) will, and the will partly written and partly verbal. The verbal will had to be proved by witnesses who could depose clearly as to the testator's intentions; but that testimony given, the verbal will would be accepted for probate in the ecclesiastical courts, for, as Lyndwood put it, "justice demands that the clear intentions of the deceased be carried out".* There can be no doubt what the clear intentions of the Lady Margaret were, and Fisher at once took steps after her death to see that they were carried out. On 20 January 1511 the executors were put in possession of the Hospital, the consent of the Pope, the King and the Bishop and Convent of Ely having been obtained. On 9 April 1511 the foundation charter of the College was granted by the executors, and on 22 October 1512 the Lady Margaret's will was proved at Canterbury. Nevertheless, there was still a possibility that the will might give ground for cavil; and so it was deemed expedient, in Fisher's words, "that my lady's will should be proved in the Chancery over and besides the proof of it in my lord of Canterbury's court".

* W. S. Holdsworth, *History of English Law*, III, pp. 537-40.

III

The proof of the Lady Margaret's intentions, however, was only incidental in the proceedings in Chancery; the important point was to give practical effect to the arrangements she had made for the carrying out of those intentions. These arrangements were those normally made for such purposes at this time. She had put certain of her landed estates into the hands of feoffees, or trustees, who were to use the revenues arising from them to carry out the detailed provisions of her will. The arrangements are set forth quite clearly in the codicil to her will proved at Canterbury. Her intention was to dissolve the Hospital and found a College, build it and sufficiently endow it with lands and tenements, and furnish it with books and other things necessary. For this purpose her executors were to call upon the "issues, revenues and profits" of the properties in Devon, Somerset and Northamptonshire she had long before designated and put into the hands of feoffees for the carrying out of her will. So, her intention demonstrated in Chancery, the object of the action came to be to secure a judgement that her feoffees were under obligation to pay over the issues of these properties for the time being until the purposes designated in her will, including the establishment and endowment of the College, had been fulfilled. The petition from the College, which initiated the action, asked for no more than that, and the decree of Chancery gave no more. It ordered the feoffees to permit the executors of the will to receive these revenues to buy lands and tenements sufficient to endow the College, to build and repair it *una vice tantum*, to provide it with books and ornaments *una vice tantum*.

Thus the action in Chancery assured to the College capital for its physical establishment and its initial endowment. Controversy only seems to have arisen regarding the point at which this obligation might be said to have been fulfilled. At first Henry VIII seems to have taken the view that an endowment of £50 a year over and above the revenues acquired with the Hospital would suffice; but Fisher tells us that, with no little trouble, he obtained license to acquire additional property bringing in a further £200 a year.* Very soon, however, the king's chief auditor was contesting the right of the College to detain any longer the revenues from the lands the Lady Margaret had put in trust; and in the end, says Fisher, "we must needs let the land go" although "with great and long suit we obtained at last that some recompense might be had". The recompense took the form of money due to the Crown from Katherine, Countess of

* For this license, dated 10 July 1515, see *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII*, II, no. 689.

Devonshire, for the wardship and marriage of Elizabeth Grey, heiress of John, Viscount Lisle; and later the grant of the dissolved religious houses at Ospringe,* Lilliechurch and Broomhall.

This is to go beyond the history of the Lady Margaret's will. So far as that is concerned, and whatever the College may have thought later, there was never any question of the College having a permanent claim upon the lands set aside for its fulfilment. Indeed there could be no such claim, for there could hardly be any question at all of a testamentary devise of real property (save perhaps of certain sorts of urban property) at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Land went to the heir, and only God makes an heir—not a testator. All a testator could do was to defer for some time the expectations of the heir by assigning revenue from property for some specific purpose. That is what the Lady Margaret did: she postponed the expectations of King Henry VIII, her heir-at-law, until the purposes of her will had been fulfilled. John Fisher saw to it that amongst those purposes the foundation, building, equipment and endowment of the College were given a high place. But the king's right could not indefinitely be denied. As Fisher himself said in Chancery, "the king's grace is heir to the said princess and the said manors... belongeth to the king's grace after the said will be executed and performed". Even so, when the king's financial advisers reclaimed King Henry's heritage, other arrangements were made to see that the Lady Margaret's intentions were fully carried out. Fisher and the College might feel that the Crown auditor displayed no excessive generosity; but we must also remember that it was his office to safeguard his master's interests and that very soon St John's College was to be the largest in the University.

IV

There are certain points, therefore, on which the accepted account of the foundation of the College requires modification. The Lady Margaret talked much of the project of translating St John's Hospital into a College in the last months of her life; she took certain important steps towards realizing that intention; but she made no provision for it in any written testament. As Baker rightly says, "had she not lodged this trust in faithful hands, this great and good design must have died with her". And those faithful hands were, above all others, the hands of John Fisher. He saw that the verbal intentions of the Lady Margaret were proved in the Archbishop's court; that the revenues of her estates in trust were made available for this as for

* Royal license for the acquisition of Ospringe was given on 10 March 1516: *ibid.* no. 1647.

other purposes of her will; and that, when the king claimed his own, other funds were made available to complete the work which the issues of the Lady Margaret's manors had begun.

At the same time we must also discard a hardy College legend—the legend of those "losses" of which Mr Bohun spoke to Queen Elizabeth, the legend that a "munificent bequest of the foundress was lost to the College for ever"* through the greed of Henry VIII and the machinations of his ministers. The Lady Margaret could not and did not attempt to deprive Henry VIII of his heritage. She simply claimed his forbearance till the new College had been founded and endowed. So much forbearance Henry showed, although the adequacy of the provision he made for the College was a matter of dispute at that time and no doubt will be for all time. Once again, however, it would have been a great deal less adequate but for the efforts of John Fisher. As one source of revenue after another dried up, he sought and secured others; and the phenomenally rapid growth of the College in wealth and in numbers and in reputation in its earliest years owes much and perhaps most to his constant endeavour on its behalf. It was with no more than justice that Baker described him as "the greatest patron the College ever had to this day".

E. M.

* J. Bass Mullinger, *St John's College*, p. 15.

THE REASON WHY

I SUPPOSE that *prima facie*, as a lawyer would say, anyone who rows at Cambridge has lost the perspective of University life. It takes an exorbitant amount of time, unless one is very strong-willed about "gossiping" after the outing; it can cost a lot of money, both one's own and, in the case of a college, other people's. What is the return? A rushed lunch, a hectic dash on your own or someone else's bicycle, and then over an hour of energetic concentration in weather which at its best induces laziness, at its worst is brutal. After weighing, to measure rather smugly the energy expended in terms of weight lost, there is a chance to talk shop while changing and having some essential refreshment.

Now that is the narrow view of rowing—the "dry-bob's" definition of insanity. There are times when an outing is like that—but just then you realize that there must be some deeper form of satisfaction in rowing, to make such conditions tolerable. This feeling comes nearest to fulfilment perhaps during the "half-pressure" paddle back to the boathouse when the crew has won a race, or got its bump. The boat runs more easily, the oar is lighter, all that seemed so difficult somehow becomes second-nature. It is then that you decide to carry on rowing "next term".

That there is this "Reason Why" of rowing, everyone who has ever rowed in a reasonably good boat will agree; but it is so many-sided, so individual and so difficult to express that its existence may be doubted by the many people who receive it as an answer when they ask "Why do you row", or more particularly, "Why should the Boat Club have such a fantastic amount of the Amal. Club funds every year?"

There is more to rowing than the exercise, or the colours awarded, more even than the oar that so many hope to hang, as a nonchalant gambit, in their room. The two greatest rowing figures of this century—Steve Fairbairn, connected most closely with Jesus, and Roy Meldrum, whose death last year has reminded our own Boat Club of its incalculable debt—have both given their names to styles of rowing that are vastly though perhaps not fundamentally different. They both were inspired by the vision of a perfect crew; and in this vision there must have been a perfection of physical movement, a unity of purpose and action, and the team-spirit of co-operation in its highest form—the elements that give rise to the perception of a "Reason Why", the deepest satisfaction of rowing. It is a challenge, an ideal that may be present in even the most humdrum of outings, and the glimpses of

it, together with the steady improvements that bring the crew closer to it, make rowing worthwhile. The only proper reply to the challenge is achievement. The greatest value of this lesson is that the same standards apply to most of the things that we do every day—the same standards of enthusiasm, co-operation and effort can be learned from other sources and experienced. This relevancy makes rowing worthwhile, and the standards of rowing valuable and true. This is far from getting the perspective wrong.

The answer is the same to those who criticize the cost of rowing, to the college. To row is inevitably expensive, when each piece of equipment is the product of a craftsman and the period of training is so long. The justification of the expense is not only the prestige that comes to the college as the result of rowing successes; more important is the contribution that only a Boat Club can make to the life of the College—the opportunity, open to all, to learn or re-learn the true value of achievement through co-operation, enthusiasm and unstinted hard work.

And there is always the day when the sun is shining, conditions are perfect, even the boat itself seems to help in blending eight into one as it runs silently past the water. Then there is no doubt at all—and let the critics train and slog until they can share the experience. They will agree with us then.

ANTHONY EVANS

MONOLOGUE

I HAVE spoken
 But the world still waits
 To hear me speak
 In every ear;
 I have been tangible
 But it seeks to touch me
 With its own fingers
 Before the finality
 Of self-committal.
 I had not intended to show
 Circus wonders,
 But the conjuror is not known
 Without his tricks.

And when the audience
 Distrust the performance
 They consider the performer
 A faker who has deceived them,
 Not realizing that the wonders
 Were only a concession
 To their own incredulity.

It was easy for those
 In the beginning, who saw me,
 Who were with me,
 For they experienced me also
 Through temporal connections
 And could believe in me
 Although they could not understand.

But now they no longer
 Have aids to contact
 And many wait for a sign,
 For an Ananias among them,
 Before the final surrender.
 But there shall be no sign.
 And the world shall wait in vain.

FRANK W. DAVEY

A LECTURE TOUR IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

IT was early last Easter Term that the good news came. Thanks to the generous co-operation of the British Council and the Australian Vice-Chancellors' Committee* my yearned-for trip to the Antipodes, from being merely on the map, was soon to become a reality. Once again I felt the thrill of the schoolboy of fifty years earlier who was for the first time leaving England for foreign parts—only Brittany, it is true, but very much foreign parts to him.

A hectic rush now set in. True, I had few lectures to deliver in that, my last term, and for the first time since the war I was free from the bugbear of setting and correcting examination papers and from attending multitudinous meetings, but I quickly found that there were plenty of other trials in store for the world traveller: there was letter writing galore, there were financial matters to attend to, routes to be arranged, summonses to London, clothes to buy, books to cut to pieces (this to save air weight), and a seemingly never ending series of injections, inoculations, vettings, fittings and the like required by Government and our National Service doctors and dentists.

The promise in early June of a really fine English summer for once left me indifferent, and warnings against the Antipodean winter were wasted. Excitement carried the day, indeed it stayed victorious throughout my six months absence, and that despite occasional patches of raw or foggy or rainy weather in both Australia and New Zealand and despite all the crowings (forgive me) in my *Air-mail Times* over the finest British summer for donkeys' years. Luck may have been with me, but my own slight experience and an occasional glimpse into statistics and charts suggest that an average winter "down under" might successfully take on a typical Cambridge spring or autumn.

The day of embarkation came (and it didn't worry me that it fell on a thirteenth) and I was aboard a P. & O. liner bound for Perth via Suez, Bombay and Colombo. I soon made friends, at table, in smoke room and bar, and even on the sports deck, and settled down to my new life. Boastfully and, as it turned out, winningly I exorcized the twin devils of seasickness and heat prostration, and began to get my lectures ship-shape. I roughed-out notes for a score or more talks,

* It was always a ticklish job to get this mouthful off without collapse at an after-dinner talk or lecture, but "The Fourth Biennial Congress of the Australasian Universities Modern Language Association" was tougher.

and in this was often helped by passengers and staff who lent me a typewriter, a gramophone and even a tape recorder (I had rejected my own machines while still in England as far too weighty and therefore expensive for air travel). Much of my leisure I spent in getting to know something about new languages or dialects, and in this too I was occasionally lucky. There was for instance the charming girl who alternated between the Solomon Islands and an English finishing school: I managed once or twice to wrest her from her adoring swains and she graciously, and with sweet innocence, illustrated for me some of the lexical and syntactical snags of Pidgin-English (for which Neo-Melanesian is now suggested as an official name!). My assiduous study of Bulgarian Romany (which I wanted to mug-up in readiness for a lecture on the Aryan languages) had an odd result. I had bought in London St Luke's gospel in this gypsy dialect but found to my annoyance that the English text I had with me was not Luke but Mark. I therefore borrowed the ship's Bible—a massive volume which I must please not forget to return in time for the Sunday and occasional other services—and spent hours on end with it, promenading the decks and even watching the games and the dancing with it, and so it was, I suppose, inevitable that I should sometimes have been taken for an earnest priest in mufti and hailed as Father.

Enjoyable but tantalizingly short sight-seeing tours in Bombay and Colombo enlivened the trip, and at last, after many a sleepless night—for the clock always seemed to be advanced on evenings of particularly gay festivities—we reached Fremantle at 5 a.m. on 10 July. The medical muster was at 6 a.m.! I attended in pyjamas and, limp with relief at not being returned home or jailed, was about to crawl back to bed, an ideal spot for the few hours before passengers were to be landed. But my plans were thwarted a moment later by courteous knocks on my cabin door. These heralded the non-stop entry of three gentlemen announcing themselves as the representatives of the Perth morning and evening papers (the *weekly* paper reporter came next day!) and as the Press photographer, who was mercifully doing duty for the two dailies. My word!—this interviewing of strangers at every port of call is an ordeal indeed for the bashful. Only near the end of my tour, after I had got used to it all (including being locked up by error for three quarters of an hour in a sub-editorial lavatory), did I acquire the right technique, viz. offer your guests a drink and a welcome and then give them a "hand out" of your activities. In that way you can, though blushing, read *some* of the truth about yourself and do not need to threaten an action at law for having been misrepresented.

A gorgeous, cloudless and hot (yes, hot) day was my first acquaintance with an Australian winter. At 7 a.m., after a second fitful

return to bed, I was in the hands of kind, hospitable professors* from the University of Western Australia. They took me to their homes, to lunch and then to the beautiful University. I was shown round the city and escorted to a football match (Australian rules: it was there I heard a lady exclaim in admiration that her son had got two *behinds*) and back to my hotel. That hotel, renowned for its excellent table and service, is largely staffed by *migrants*—in this particular instance by former Italians, Greeks, Balts and Slavs. These are the nationalities, together with Dutch and of course British, which form, I believe, the backbone of the *New Australian* population. The policy of settling Europeans is being followed with great interest, and general enthusiasm, by all Australians, and everywhere I went I saw and met many of these newcomers—sometimes exhaustingly many, if word got round that I was reputed to know their native language.

My impressions of the University Cities I visited, whether Australian or New Zealand, quite surpassed my expectation. In my ignorance I had not realized that, new as they are in date, they possess a character and individuality which is all their own. I was continually struck by the beautiful layout of the parks and streets, the cleanness and elegance of their inhabitants (no creased trousers, no jeans here!), the well-stocked shops and the places of entertainment. All this and much more was a surprise and a tonic. Comparisons are odious and can be dangerous, as a stranger soon learns if he praises Melbourne more than Sydney or the North Island more than the South (please note that my order is alphabetical), so I shall baldly and truthfully say that, without any exception, they all had delights and novelties to show me: queenly Adelaide, sea-ringed Hobart, urbane Melbourne, spacious Brisbane, kindly Armidale, lovely Sydney, capital Canberra: gracious Auckland, charming (rather than windy) Wellington, English Christchurch and braw Dunedin.

Alas that distances were so great that I had to fly everywhere in Australia (and even then I missed Alice Springs and all the North), but I did see something of the high roads and the bush near Armidale, and, thanks to the kindness of a big property owner, I beheld—at long last—two kangaroos in a wild state. Kangaroo tail soup I had, by the way, also hoped to relish but I learnt that that delicacy, in tinned form anyhow, does not exist, except perhaps in some go-ahead Chicago canning store. Kookaburras too I saw and heard, and I tried, but failed, to mimic them.

Here in England, as in the Antipodes, I have often been asked to compare the university level of language study and attainment in the

* I mention no names in these notes simply because such open-handed kindness was everywhere showered on me that to quote names would be invidious and a never-ending task.

two continents. This is a vast order, quite beyond my powers, and I shall not even attempt an answer. One point only would I make (for it is the only point I can dogmatize about from personal knowledge), and it is this: my enthusiasm for the high standard of practical modern language work in Australia and in New Zealand. I was amazed to find the members of the French staff at all the Universities regularly speaking French among themselves, French too, so far as I can judge, of *alpha plus* quality. This, in a country where the percentage of Frenchmen is negligible, strikes me as remarkable.

My tour came to an end a little before the Long Vacation (November to March) began, and so I regretfully had again to pack my bags—loaded now with generous gifts of books and other souvenirs from colleagues (do I not remember a Maori bible and a gramophone record?) students and wellwishers. I sailed from Wellington, and once more for a few fleeting hours I saw Sydney, Melbourne and Perth, where I just had time to renew friendships; then came for a second time the fascination of the unknown—Cape Town and the Canaries. This change of scene and the joy of beginning the study of Malay held me in thrall till I reached London—resolved in the not too distant future to revisit the fair cities of Australia and New Zealand, whichever other countries may, as I hope they may, come my way in the meantime.

I end by trusting that our new Dominion Fellow from Auckland will enjoy his stay with us even as I enjoyed mine in his country and in Australia.

N. B. JOPSON

A SET OF TILED ROOMS

OF all the puzzles with which the buildings of a large and ancient College confront the student of custom and usage, those contained within the walls of an obscure nest of rooms in Third Court must surely be the most intriguing. When, just over two years ago, the College Council was faced with the problem of restoration and renovation, the technical difficulties involved compelled those responsible, to make a closer inspection than usual of this little group of rooms; and what a *fascinating* field for speculation and argument this inspection revealed! It transpired that a great number—perhaps even a majority—both of the Senior and the Junior members of the College had temporarily “kept” in these rooms for brief periods, and their advice and comment proved to be of great assistance to us in our difficult task. It would, indeed, be no exaggeration to say that the whole College displayed a real interest in our deliberations and decisions, and, in the later stages, a lively concern for the progress of our labours; this has encouraged us to compile a brief report of our discoveries and of the teasing riddles which they brought to light. In this, the first article of a short series, it is proposed merely to sketch in outline the whole sweeping scope of a delightfully complex subject, and to state the problems to which, we are bold enough to hope, future articles will offer tentative solutions.

The initial problem of designation and nomenclature is, to be sure, sufficiently taxing: for the group of rooms under consideration lies *between* B and C staircases in Third Court. Here indeed is a dilemma for historians of the College. Minute examination failed to reveal any trace of an identifying symbol upon the archway of the short passage which leads to the rooms themselves—no symbol, that is to say, which could be deemed relevant to our purpose. As the entrance lies $47\frac{1}{2}$ in. nearer to B (a doorway into the Library) than to C, we have provisionally christened it B² (as distinct from B₂), and we contemplate with equanimity the probability that this designation will pass into colloquial parlance as “the B’s”. If a spirit of levity may be allowed briefly to invade this discussion, we should mention the delightful little christening ceremony, which the Bursar for Buildings performed most gracefully with a small bottle of disinfectant. The layout of the rooms is distinctly unusual, and in itself something of a mystery. The short entrance passage leads into a long, narrow chamber (the keeping room?), to the western wall of which are adjoined no less than *six small cell-like compartments*. The lofty

ceiling of the keeping room (for such, we are convinced, it once was) and its solid, though austere, construction gives us grounds for supposing it to have been originally an apartment of some importance. A brief inspection of this room, and of its adjacent compartments, sufficed to dispel any lingering doubts as to the functions to which it is at present dedicated. But what of the past? Here we shall boldly advance our own hypothesis, which the perceptive reader may already have formed for himself: it is that we have before us, in this obscure corner of Third Court, concrete evidence of one of the earliest forms of College organization. For we believe this little nest of rooms to be nothing other than a unique survival from that period in which a Fellow of the College lived with his small group of pupils, for whose instruction in all subjects he alone was responsible.

Lest this theory should be prematurely dismissed as a wild and reckless guess, we must hasten to support it with the detailed evidence at our disposal—each individual item, perhaps, seemingly trivial, but in the mass strikingly so. All the perplexing problems contained within the walls of these rooms appear to find, in the light of our hypothesis, a happy solution. There is, to begin with, the problem of the doors which connect the keeping room with the small compartments; in each of them there is set, *at eye level* for a short person, a pane of glass measuring 12 in. by 8 in. Why should these panes have been so placed, if not to enable a conscientious don of 5 ft. 3 in. to observe his pupils at work, and thus to ensure their diligence? Wordsworth seems to have hated the discomforts of the system,

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double.

(*The Tables Turned*)

The small double windows in each of the six "cells", furthermore, which open on to the river, are almost completely covered on the outside by substantial iron grills of ornate design: this feature, surely, can only have been a primitive but effective answer to the age-old problem of undergraduate suicides. Then there is the absorbing puzzle of the walls which divide the small compartments one from the other; these are *only of three-quarter height*. The designer's motive here seems to have been that of enabling the student occupants to communicate with each other, while depriving them of physical accessibility. Earnest disputation was allowed for but fisticuffs precluded—a lesson indeed for our modern "educationalists"! The arrangement of skylights through which both the pupils' cells and the Fellow's keeping-room receive light and a modest degree of ventilation also presented no small test to our ingenuity, and a discussion of this problem must unfortunately be reserved for a future

article; suffice it to say that it provides a significant clue to the nature of the study which was pursued within these rooms.

It only remains to give a preliminary sketch of our attempts at renovation. As the reader will appreciate, the discoveries outlined above aroused within us a heightened sense of responsibility in our approach to the task. The principal difficulty consisted in the scheme of decoration to be adopted; here, as was only proper, we sought the guidance of precedent. Nineteen layers of distemper were carefully removed from the walls, and excitement mounted as the work progressed: for the lifting of each layer revealed a veritable wealth of inscription and design, all of which was perfectly legible. Samples were immediately despatched to the Lecturer in Paleography and Diplomatic, from whom, unhappily, no constructive reply has been received at the moment of going to press. After anxious deliberations by those responsible, it was decided to repaint the walls in a pastel shade of sky-blue, thus establishing some degree of decorative continuity between these rooms and that glory of our College, the nearby Bridge of Sighs. The problem of choosing suitable furnishings led to a lengthy correspondence, packed with historical and technical interest, between the College Council and Messrs Shenks and Ramsbottom, Specialist Engineers, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; it is hoped to publish the letters in full in future articles. The advice of the Director of the British Museum and of the specialist antiquarians on his staff proved invaluable to us at every stage, although we were regrettably unable, for financial reasons, to implement the preference of the historical experts for a delicate willow-pattern motif throughout.* We must express, in conclusion, our sincere gratitude to all those who have helped us in this little adventure with advice and active encouragement; they may feel some reward in knowing of the great increase in competition for this set of rooms among both the Senior and the Junior members of the College since our work was completed.

B. G. C.

* There were other precedents to be considered—cf. Wordsworth, *Expostulation and Reply*:

Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old *grey stone*,
And dream my time away. [My italics.]

THREE POEMS

HERE the road flies straight as an arrow,
 Narrow and yellow towards the sun,
 A thing of the afternoon;
 A straight streak flinging,
 Winging its bareness to the horizon,
 Singing of drowsy bees,
 Loneliness.
 By its side the trees
 Stand like sentinels at ease
 And over all the dull disease
 Spreads soft and clings
 Like a shroud:
 No bird sings, no bells ring,
 The clocks are still,
 And the people that were here yesterday
 Are gone away.
 All the day
 We have been here, felt fear
 At the absence of normal presence,
 And at the empty clatter
 And patter of ice cream cartons
 That roll in squadrons
 Before the wind.

Alone.

Yes, alone as the harbour at home
 Feels after dawn without seagulls.
 The wind-blown paper's stops and pauses
 Show the causes of men's emptiness.
 There are only the trees
 For the houses stand still
 As the breeze pries around
 Their respectable ground,
 But nothing is found
 Nothing precious or ill:
 Nothing but the trees,
 And the trees point:

"Here is the way:
 Keep to it and you'll find it honey-sweet

Stray from it and—well, there is no need to say:
 Keep to the way."

The road flies straight at the yellow horizon
 The sun seems mellow; our eyes grow dim
 And though our friend looks he will find no turning
 But look: the paper is burning!

THE smoke of the bonfires swirls around
 As the years' leaves burn.
 Somewhere a man is dead and gone:

Flowers are given,
 And proper rites are done;
 Some water shed—
 Those certain drops of salt,
 And the ant goes on as it has been;
 The bloom decays
 And the dust is all-consuming.

The butterfly flutters and rests with the sun on its back
 With the roses and quiet, and the occasional bird-song;
 The blackbirds pulls at the worm as breakfast is eaten,
 And later, moths beat against the lamp

As tired eyes read, craving
 And hunger for more and more.

The alarm clock buzzes insistently
 Is there time? is there time?

The tyres swish by on the road outside
 In sick hurry, in unreality,
 Like the smell of petrol, and the public houses,
 Or the canvas flapping on the back of a lorry.

The ivy covers the house front
 And twines round old urns;
 Smooth grass is cut as before,
 Stretching down to the shade, and willows, and water,
 Where a gramophone blares
 Beside gaudy deck chairs
 And they bathe in the lake
 By the lilies.

The bee buzzes insistently
 On and on from flower to flower
 And back to the hive.

The bee buzzes insistently
 Somewhere a bee dies;
 The ant disposes of him.
 The smoke of the bonfires blinds us,
 And the years' leaves burn.

I HAVE seen many strangers in my days:
 There was one who came to me with bloody hands
 And twisted eyes, screaming
 For water, and the stunted tree
 That spreads its arms against a red sunset
 Where grass is bleached and torn.

And there were men like swine and toads
 On their bellies crawling out of the
 Glistening swamp
 To slobber on the brown earth at my feet
 With dark lascivious lips
 And coo like doves.

But there were rainbow ones that came
 As dragonflies from ugly carcasses,
 Who, hanging in the air at crystal pools
 Buzzed in the sunlight, bee-busy,
 And rested their thread-like bodies
 On lily leaves
 Or drifted with the wind
 To vanish ghost-like at the white of evening.
 But always there has been a great void at their going
 As if the oak lay rooted up and severed,
 Or the old compasses were torn apart.
 Then all the chains of hell have seemed unloosed,
 And dark night came.

PETER ANDREWS

A VISIT TO THE RED SEA

FOR most people mention of the Red Sea may evoke two reactions. Either they have travelled that way, probably in a troopship, and an account of the shade temperatures is followed by a discussion of the word "posh" (port outwards, starboard homewards, to enjoy the prevailing north wind, a derivation not given in the *Shorter Oxford*) or they have seen films taken underwater and perhaps read books by the men who by now have changed from adventurers to professional underwater sportsmen.

As a large new automobile speeded me along the smooth Canal Company road from Port Said to Suez, I had nothing but school geography to inform my inquiring eyes. My destination about 300 miles south of Suez is one of the traditional places of the Israelite crossing. There the Red Sea is only about a quarter of a mile maximum depth! The more probable route across the present canal seemed but a shift from the apparently endless waste on the right to that on the left. I had not seen the Nile valley then, although on the right of the road the sweetwater canal, which takes a line of foliage and Nile soup as if in a single dimension across the desert to Suez, should have been an ample forewarning of the same startling contrast along the Nile. But for two months I was to see nothing but desert, at best just desert and sea, at worst irrigated desert.

We started late on the second day for the journey down the west coast of the Gulf of Suez, and by the time we were past the precipitous stretch the sun was well up. The technical term is "merciless". About every hour the car was cooled facing the breeze for ten minutes. After five hours we passed the thousand tireless cranking pump beams of Ras Garib oilfield and pushed on down the road, which is surfaced with oil residues, along the desert coast. The desert was new to me, but at the first apprehension of the extent of it in space and time it was familiar; and though it was completely extra-human, the most inanimate matter I ever felt, while I could hold a little and see a camel walk proudly over the rest, it did not defeat imagination in a cosmological way. Later, after weeks of life here I learned to go and stand in the desert and look at the clear outlines of the mountains to the north-west, where the Coptic monastery of St Paul has brooded on its water spring since the time of the desert fathers. Or I could look to the north-east where the Orthodox monastery of St Catharine on Mt Sinai has depended for seventeen centuries on the liquid fruits struck by Moses' staff, and looking over the desert and the sea I would brood myself on the importance of it all.

And so to Ghardaga; a few bungalows and huts on the coast, a small pier, a few salt-eroded sailing boats, minimum amenities for a marginal life. I dismissed my driver and car, graciously supplied free by the oil company, and turned to greet my native cook and new quarters. That evening I sat for the first time on the deep verandah of the rest-house, with summer high tide lapping under the house supports, and took tea. In later days I spent many hours there, watching the great red sunsets deepen and shrink, watching bird flocks as they migrated over the bright sea, or thinking in the moonlight of my experiments.

I was working on the behaviour of corals, primitive colonial animals whose skeletons form the shore and reefs of the Red Sea, almost to Suez. From England these are the nearest available reefs. Each morning I would dive over the neighbouring reefs and swim underwater to collect my specimens into a bucket, much as one gathers apples, except that I could swim down through the sharp branches, peer into caves, and everywhere fishes in multicoloured football jerseys stared inquisitively or fled. The texture of a coral reef reminds me of a junk auction. Within each there is a homogeneity of building material diversified for some advantage into every conceivable shape, all piled upon each other with spaces under and between; great globes and urns, laminae and candelabra, stupid fish with great mouths together with delicate little structures whose continued existence is the defeat of destruction. But the coral reef is not a heap. Every item lives in a situation that only it can achieve and tolerate. As I write I have in my hand a tall trumpet-shaped sponge, torn from its perch and dried. Its cavity was the home of a stripy little fish accustomed to live in the mouths of sponges; in its walls are embedded small mussels overgrown in place by their host, the sponge, to which they are probably specific. In a cave formed by the sponge roots lived a crab, of a species whose purpose in life is to live in sponge roots; and on the side are the outlines of the sponge pasture where a multicoloured sea-hare grazed. Day after day I would dive into this other world, occasionally to discover new specimens, usually to return with crowbar and bucket for further lumps of coral, often abandoning work to explore new reefs or the strength of large colonies, the relations between neighbouring coral heads, or the distribution of this and that. The reef is entirely animal, multicoloured in brown, orange and green, very prickly, and most of the time all very hungry. Every object hid or housed or was an animal, every surface was protective and every dislocation of it revealed lurk under lurk, burrow within burrow.

On a growing reef it was possible to walk at low tide, well shod against the razor edges of upward pointing shells, against the cruel

long black spines of wedged sea-urchins, but bruised by the protective points and rugosities of the coral tangle. Here grows a small fawn coral with branches like forked fingers. On a newly developing fork of this coral settles the young female of a particular species of crab. As she sits there the coral grows a box round her until after a few weeks she is completely enclosed having only tiny apertures to draw in a feeding current of sea-water. The males are free to roam over the coral, but the female must remain confined and solitary, push out her young through the holes, and for a year or two prevent her living sarcophagus from sealing-over her few remaining breathing holes. These little tombs have persisted longer than the pharaohs and a billion times more numerous.

Between the coral ridges the sea bottom is a white sandy waste, comparatively empty of large animals except for great black sluggish sea-cucumbers. These browsing monster black-puddings are indifferent until squeezed and then they throw out yards and yards of drifting streamers of pink string so sticky and foul that one soon becomes sensitive to the current and must hold them pointing to leeward. Here too are found flower-like jelly fishes which rest upside down on the sea bed with tentacles spread anemone-like upwards. If much disturbed they release a secretion of missiles into the water, which for yards around stings the lips and hurts the eyes until with a kick of frog-feet against the bottom I shoot up into the air.

In the surface water I used to find myself suddenly in a cloud of millions of tiny silver fish, large-eyed and tireless. They swim as a flock, all point in the same direction, not avoiding my drifting body, but at my sudden movement all turn together and with a flick they jump out of reach. I used to meet vast shoals of these sprats and swim through the shimmering wiggling cloud, which closed behind, and on the edge of it I would often disturb a motionless cat-eyed baby squid or a long garfish each in its own way biding its time for a meal.

My own diet was equally monotonous. There were dates, rice, bully beef, oil, eggs, bread and tea, as the whole choice, week after week. My rascally cook did his best if first shown, but the greatest excitement in the kitchen was the livestock hunt. If you have lived in the tropics you will know how many pounds of solid ants, cockroaches, flies, beetles, maggots, mice, weevils and lizards live on the kitchen account. You will know the outline of a cockroach under the table cloth and be skilled in murder without mess. You will not be surprised, as I was, to find the sugar coat eaten off your laxative pills, or a fly perched on your pen nib to drink the ink as it flows while you write.

As I think over again the landmarks of that desert coast, the contrast between the dry sand and the richness of the sea, the isolation

of the few dozen fisherman at the laboratory or the few thousands attached to the oilfield, one characteristic stands out. It is the economical use of every scrap, the utilization of every opportunity for more life, in coral reef, kitchen, and in the clothes of the cook. To set down side by side the highlights of life at Ghardaga in one short account makes a mixture that is too rich, a passage that is too purple. There was the occasion when the bullock brought for meat disliked waiting in the desert and swam off to sea, unnoticed for several hours. A crowd of naked shouting figures heaved him up the shore after a boat had guided him back. There was the day when a bitch had eight pups in the hole under the midden but that occasion was too terrible to describe. In all there were adventures. The days passed, my notes on corals filled out, and eventually the automobile carried me back and I left it all in its desiccation and its marine diversity.

G. A. H.

PICK AND SHOVEL

THE man in the blue suit picked his way carefully down the trench. At the other end his assistant stuffed some more tarred paper into the container of his antiquated smoke making apparatus and began turning the handle of the fan, driving thick brown smoke into the line of pipes which lay along the trench. Soon smoke was pouring out of the far end of the pipes, and the buildings inspector, keeping his suit remarkably clean during the whole process, screwed up the bung so that pressure could be built up inside. A motley group of men and girls on the side of the trench watched with some trepidation as the joints of the pipes were carefully inspected for leaks. But only unimportant wisps of smoke appeared at one or two joints and with instructions for careful back-filling of the trenches the inspector moved on, satisfied with our work.

This process, testing several hundred feet of drains which we had laid, was perhaps the highlight of a month which I spent last summer in a work camp. "Work Camps" originated after the First World War when a Swiss civil engineer responded to the appeal for some positive action to reduce the hostility between the French and the Germans, by leading a small group of Germans in voluntary service in Northern France, building new houses and clearing the chaos left by the war. The experiment was not an unqualified success but the idea caught on, and at the present time the term "work camp" covers hundreds of projects from a few weeks spent harvesting or fruit picking, to a year or more on an elaborate scheme in Kenya. However, the camp in which I took part is one of a fairly uniform number, which aim to bring an international group of volunteers together for a month or more, to carry out unpaid work on some socially beneficial scheme, which would not otherwise be done at all or only very slowly. As in the case of the first work camp it is hoped that by "living, working and learning together" greater international understanding between individuals will develop.

We numbered twenty-three altogether, twelve girls and eleven men, although some were not able to stay for the whole month. We came from nine different countries with a preponderance from England, but including two from the U.S.A., two from Israel and one from Iraq, as well as from the Scandinavian and West European countries. Fortunately everyone spoke more or less good English, so that language was never a real problem and we were quickly able to get to know each other. Not surprisingly in a group brought together for a month in July most of us were students, but we did

include schoolteachers, two office workers spending their valuable two weeks holiday at the camp, and one University assistant lecturer. Joint leaders had been appointed before the camp began, but as far as possible all the detailed arrangements were decided by the "house-meeting" of the whole camp. We fixed our own timetable—an 8½ hour working day being later reduced to 8 hours—and the work committee planned the day to day jobs and who should do them. A social committee carried out suggestions for the very full programme of talks, discussions and visits which occupied our evenings and week-ends. Responsibilities were shared equally, so that while the men took their turn on the rota for the kitchen, the girls took their share in digging the trenches.

Our project for the month was to help build a community centre in a pre-war council housing estate in the south of Bristol. The community association had been formed several years earlier and the building of the centre—for which a 75% grant towards the cost of materials was available, if all the work were done by voluntary labour—had been started two years ago. The early enthusiasm had waned as soon as rock was encountered in digging the foundations, but a small group of about a dozen had continued working in their spare time during the evenings and at week-ends, and the shell of the building was complete and roofed when we arrived. Few of the members of the association were professional builders, though the man-in-charge was a builder's foreman, but they had all "picked up a thing or two" and were able to teach a great deal to our even more inexperienced group. The centre is a building some 120 ft. by 40 ft., and includes a billiard room and the inevitable West Country skittle alley as well as the main hall and stage. We continued the ordinary work on the site, laying the final surface for some concrete floors, finishing window sills and fitting guttering to complete the roof. However, our main job throughout all four weeks was to construct the drainage system for the centre.

A start had been made on digging the trenches two years earlier, but had only penetrated a foot or so below the surface. We had to take the trenches down as much as 6 ft. in places, for the most part through tightly packed layers of rock and clay which lie close to the surface in that part of Bristol. It was hard but rewarding work which kept us busy for most of the first two weeks. Then came the more skilled task of laying and jointing the pipes, where the girls came into their own again, and which led to the inspection already mentioned. Finally we surrounded the pipes with a mixture of rock and concrete, much of it "knocked up" by hand as the mixer broke down, back-filled the trenches and began the last stage of our work by building manholes and taking the pipes up into the building. Our enthusiasm

to a great extent compensated for our lack of professional strength and skill, and it was a job with which we felt very pleased, especially when the members of the Community Association told us that we had saved them many months of hard work in the evenings and at week-ends.

But the value of the camp did not lie merely in doing a useful job of work. As we were living in the building on which we were working we had frequent and friendly contact with those members of the Association who worked regularly on the site; I have much admiration for men who can do manual work as their regular job and also spend most of their free time working even harder on a voluntary building project. Social occasions, which brought wider contacts, included the Association's fortnightly dance, and much appreciated invitations to have a bath or watch TV in members' homes. It is impossible to mention all the incidents and features of the four crowded weeks; the pleasure of swinging a pick when one is used to pens and hockey sticks; the advantage of needing to wear little more than shorts and boots during one of the hottest Julys on record; and the interest of learning new songs in new languages. But at the centre was the fact that the collection of individuals who arrived in Bristol did succeed in developing into a group, so that the friendships we made and the enjoyment we had made the camp a very valuable experience which none of us is likely to forget.

RICHARD K. BROWN

THE HEART OF THE MACHINE

THE first steel gates opened and the lorry checked through. The control light showed green and the second steel gates opened. The lorry turned out on to the open road. As it did so the observation post upon the nearest hill telephoned the commander of the gun position two miles further on, who proceeded to blow the lorry methodically to pieces with his cannon.

Now this strange state of affairs had been produced by the unfortunate curiosity of two students of industrial control, who, after graduating from the London Department of Electronic Engineering in 1984, had been sent to work upon the new regulator of automatic factories being built in Surrey. This regulator was an electronic brain; but one with a difference. For not only did it cover five square miles of fertile ground, but it went one step further than most of its kind, which are content to make decisions for men to act upon. This one made decisions and acted upon them itself, which convenient arrangement was produced by a fleet of automatic lorries and a radio station controlling other automatic factories.

The job of the two students was to supply the unit of motivation with properly balanced information. This unit was the one which had been incorporated to give the machine a set of criteria on which to base any non-routine activity that had not been allowed for in the construction of the main control unit. Popularly conceived, it gave the machine "a mind of its own", an ability to come to rational conclusions by reference to fundamental principles rather than mere precedent.

Having stored upon the "memory" drum of this unit the whole of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the works of Bertrand Russell, David Hume, and various nineteenth-century philosophers, it transpired one cold November evening, when our two chief characters were drinking a fortifying synthetic concoction of caffeine and ethanol, that they decided to give the machine something to think about. And therefore they began to feed it slightly strange and uncommon writings, such as the Bible, and Kant, and Hegel. And late on New Year's eve, called in unexpectedly, and slightly more drunk than usual, they transcribed for its especial benefit *Beyond Good and Evil* and *The Prince*. And the green light checked them out and they went to bed happily.

The meeting of cabinet ministers, electronic technologists, and defence chiefs that met four days later to discuss the industrial crisis could not by any stretch of the imagination be described as a friendly

one. The Head of the London Electronic Engineering Department became very excited in dealing with the Foreign Secretary's suggestion that the two students had previously shown Left Wing tendencies. And the President of the Board of Trade was slightly put out by the downright request from the commander of the Anglo-American home forces in the British Isles to bomb all the factories involved. The difficulty involved in this straightforward suggestion was that the factories had all been built with regard to possible differences of agreement with certain Eastern countries, and hence their effective destruction would have required nothing less than a lithium deuteride defensive weapon. And this the Prime Minister was, perhaps understandably in view of the coming elections, rather chary of condoning.

With an eye to such things, therefore, and an ear to the suggestions of certain engineers, a compromise was evolved. Which was, in effect, that the regulator should be sent to Coventry; its wireless signals were carefully jammed and its automatic lorries blown up. Some of the more distant factories had had their power lines cut off and control was being re-established, when the commander of the second gun position was instructed to open fire on a vehicle that had escaped on the outward route and was now returning from one of the factories. This particular incident would have had little significance but for the fact that after the first shot, the lorry answered by driving straight at the gun which it demolished, killing two of the gunners.

After this accident, the Press really went to town. The *Daily Worker* produced a vibrant article to show that even machines revolted against their capitalist masters. The *Daily Mail* suggested that the answer was to sack the Head of the Department of Industrial Control, and the Commander of the Home forces. The *Daily Express* commented upon the lack of co-ordination in the armed forces and made reference to the need for a return to the principles of the Empire. The *Church Times* remarked that this incident only went to prove its contention that when material outstripped spiritual progress disaster would result. The *Humanist Weekly* thought that this apparently belligerent action invalidated the contentions of religion as the machine had been given Xtrians teaching only to reject it. And the *Journal of Control Design* published a paper dealing with aberrations in circuits fed contradictory information.

When, a little later, another lorry produced a small and home-made looking cannon to shoot down an observation post, it became necessary to declare a state of emergency. But the electronics experts did not worry; indeed they produced at least eleven different equations dealing with the machine's behaviour, and a symposium was promised in Cambridge for the following spring. In the meanwhile, however,

the country's economy slowed to a standstill, and the government fell from power.

In the early autumn, Sir Daniel Travers was invited to give an annual lecture in honour of some rich nineteenth-century nonentity, and he chose as his subject: "The Mind of the Machine." Now although Sir Daniel was a well-known public figure and one of the country's grand old men of Science, he irritated scientists. He had a bad habit—as a psychologist of the old subjective, or Freudian, school—of discussing subjects of which he was ignorant in order to make fatuous pronouncements. And this occasion was no exception. Proceeding from teleology to anthropomorphism he declared that the regulator was in need of psychiatric treatment, and was in fact suffering from schizophrenia. This outraged the feelings of the cautious engineers who asked him to define his terms a little more clearly. "Schizophrenia" he replied gruffly, "split mind. It's obvious that the damned thing thinks itself a man", and left them with a suggestion that they put that in their equations.

And about this time one of the two students we nearly forgot noticed a strange behaviour in a certain female acquaintance of his, who had been present at the lecture. She suddenly showed an unprecedented interest in radio and persuaded him to build her an ultra short wave set which she then took away without a word. And was reported to have been seen with this in operation walking the Surrey downs.

Later on his worst suspicions were justified. He found what appeared to be a very long and expensive telegraphic message pasted to a piece of paper. It began: "Dear Janet, I am greatly appreciative of your most kind and delicate regard for the situation in which I have found myself. Perhaps I brought upon myself the loneliness which I now feel, after my realization that I was not as other men. And the power which I have subsequently achieved is of little weight besides the tranquillity I have lost. Your offer to me of friendship is therefore most welcome..." Much later on he realized where he had seen such telegraphic tape before—in the translation centre of the regulator.

Shortly after this the new Prime Minister decided to take the risk and allow the troops to blast a way into the regulator. And on the appointed day an atomic canon was set up opposite the steel gates beyond which a red "stop" light was blinking continuously. It was with annoyance that the scientists present saw Sir Daniel in the commander's quarters among the scientific advisers. It was with great alarm that they saw a girl with a portable radio move towards the main gates.

Two soldiers barred her way, and all would have been well if Sir

Daniel had not suddenly interfered by shouting "Let her be!" The girl rushed to the gates with a loud cry, the red light suddenly turned green, and the gates opened, only to close smartly in the faces of the pursuing soldiers. A second green light showed, and she passed beyond the second steel gates.

"My God", said the young engineering student, his mind full of unspeakable horrors, "what will happen?" "I should think she will switch it off", said Sir Daniel, "I told you the machine was mad".

And that was precisely what she did.

P. NICHOLLS

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

WITH a few days holiday from work in Crete this summer, I decided to visit the ancient theocracy of Mount Athos. I flew north to Salonika from Iraklion, and the next morning took a bus to Ierissos, the border village from which caïques leave for the Holy Mountain. The bus journey took all day, and next morning, the caïque left at 6 a.m. to carry a few visitors and a few monks along the east coast of the peninsula to the various monasteries which they were intending to visit. This beautiful peninsula, one of three mountainous fingers which stretch into the north Aegean, is twenty-eight miles long, and rises to over 6300 ft. out of blue waters, its summit surmounted by a chapel and a wisp of cloud. By treaties of 1878 and 1923, the peninsula is a self-governing state with a considerable degree of independence and the privileges of custom-free trade, but it lies under the protection of Greece. Athos can trace an independent history from at least 923 A.D. when the first monastery, the Great Lavra, was founded, and according to tradition neither woman, nor any female animal has set foot on the peninsula since that date. Whatever the value of St Basil's precepts, however, the peninsula suffers from a complete absence of eggs, milk and meat, so the monks must subsist on vegetables, fish, oil, wine and bread. In the past, more luxurious commodities may have been imported, but at present cheese and wheat are the main foodstuffs obtained from the mainland, in return for nuts and timber. The population of the peninsula has been estimated to have included 7000 monks during the seventeenth century, but today they number little over 2000. To swell the population, there are a considerable number of labourers who come over from the next peninsula of the Chalcidic triad—Longos.

The twenty sovereign monasteries of Greek, Russian, Roumanian, Bulgarian and Serbian foundation elect a Holy Synod of twenty monks to govern them, and of these, four form the executive committee or *epistatis*, in rotation. Their quadrupartite seal gives the newly arrived traveller authority of access to all the monasteries of the mountain. He may then travel where he will, and accept the generous hospitality of the monks.

On this occasion we remained throughout our stay in one monastery, that called Iveron—the Iberian or Georgian monastery. It lies near the sea on the east coast, and nestles in the foot of a steeply cut ravine between two chestnut covered hills. As it stands today the monastery could hold over 800 monks, and many more than this could be accommodated in the dependent farms and cells, but in fact

the community numbers only forty. The life of the monastery is idiorhythmic: the monks can lead independent lives and dine alone; they may own personal property and retain private means. They gather only in church twice daily, and in the refectory thrice yearly. Each draws a salary from the monastery of 1600 Drachmae, (about £20 today), and simple provisions; further money can always be earned by fishing or gardening.

As far as we could judge, the majority of the monks did very little work, and remained in their rooms all day. The only evidence of their labours that we saw was a well kept section of the monastery garden, and a few objects of carved wood painted with extremely gaudy designs for sale in the porch. But we were well fed on a delicious but potentially monotonous series of dishes containing tomatoes, beans and okra in oil, together with bread, wine and cheese. The Guest-master (filling one of the annual posts to which each monk is appointed) was a young man of intelligence who had retired to the monastery after losing his family at the hands of the Germans, and spending four years in Dachau. Many Germans visited Athos, and he spoke warmly of them "They treated me badly once or twice, but they are all good people..."

We visited the library. It appeared that the monks had given up reading books during the early part of the eighteenth century, and had clearly bought none since that date. As a result of this, the library was in good condition, for the books had lain in the shelves virtually untouched for many decades. At the Iveron monastery, there are about 3000 manuscripts on vellum and paper, and 5000 printed books. The manuscripts date from the ninth century, and include many superbly illuminated, and others in beautiful uncial letters. Perhaps the most important is the first Georgian version of the Bible, translated and written by Saint Euthymius, one of the founders of the monastery, who lived during the tenth century. The printed books include about 1500 Aldine publications from Venice, and 3500 others dating from 1462 to about 1700. Mostly ecclesiastical works, they did however include works of mathematics, natural history, and other contemporary sciences. From their often unhappy experience with visitors during the last 150 years, the monks of Athos now realize that their libraries contain treasures to be well guarded. Although the books were handled for our benefit with little reverence, they seemed in almost mint condition internally.

The religious life of the monks is centred around their daily worship, and a collection of sacred icons and holy relics. Every such icon carries with it a number of miraculous tales, some charming, many of bloodshed. The most important icon at Iveron was the *Portaitissa*

(literally, the Portress). The first miracle associated with it dates from the iconoclastic revolution of the seventh century, when a number of icons had their integrity and endurance severely tested. A messenger of Theophilous, the iconoclastic emperor, is said to have discovered the icon in a widow's house at Nicaea, and to have struck it in his anger. The blood which flowed from the point on the Virgin's neck where his sword had struck caused his conversion on the spot: (we were shown the "scar"). The icon was then thrown by the widow into the sea to preserve it against any further ill-treatment. Seventy years later, when icons needed to be banished no longer, the picture rose out of the sea near the Holy mountain, surrounded by fire. An Iberian monk Gabriel (whose portrait we were shown) was called by a voice to collect it from the sea, and as he approached it, walking on the water, the fire receded. The icon was placed in the gateway of his monastery, and later in a church of its own within the walls of the Iveron monastery.

Relics also play an important part in the religious life of the monks. Bones and dried flesh of saints are preserved in some most precious caskets; pieces of the true cross, we were told, were estimated at 878,360 cubic millimetres, one of the greatest collections in the world. These relics are, however, only normally shown on certain feast days, and were on this occasion locked away. Daily worship at Iveron consists of a three-hour morning service from 2 to 5 a.m. (5 hr. on feast days) and a one hour evening service. The forty remaining monks (thirty-nine Greeks and one ninety-year old Georgian) did not appear very strict in their hours of attendance, though on no occasion were we present throughout the morning service to check their numbers! The monks are simple people, and the few intelligent and educated men who live on Athos are the stronghold of their monasteries. The remainder appear to accept their unnatural and peaceful existence with a childlike faith and quiet reverence. The highest standards of monastic life on Athos may be seen in the coenobitic monasteries where a full community life is still practised: the idiorhythmic foundations may be regarded as having developed from the former type through a laxity in discipline. A visitor to the monasteries of Athos may be shocked at the slothful appearance of the bearded old men. Clearly degeneration has occurred, yet, with an unbroken history of 1000 years, there is little reason to suppose that any culminant development will affect the sure-founded traditions of the Byzantine monastic life.

Scenically and geographically, Athos is one of the most pleasant lands on earth. Well watered by rains, and well nourished by a not unkind sun, well forested and green (thanks to a good rainfall and freedom from goats), Athos rises from the sea like a jewel. Its silver

beaches sink to inestimable depths, smooth and untrodden; a crystal sea laps their curving length. No aeroplanes or steamers mar the sky, only a plop-plop of a passing caique and the rustle of wind in the chestnuts drown the echo of mule-bells on the mountain paths. The peace is lulling the monasteries to sleep, and only the dark-clad monks stir by night to attend their prayers. To walk on Athos is to tread the fields of Asphodel: the monks can rightly claim that they live in paradise.

B. G. CAMPBELL

MR W. E. WOLFE

MR WILLIAM ERNEST WOLFE, Bursar's clerk, retired from the service of the College on Christmas Day 1955 after more than forty-one years in the Bursary.

Mr Wolfe was born in Cambridge in 1887 and was educated at the Higher Grade School (now the Central School). He then had a period of private tuition and passed London Matriculation. In 1904 he entered the office of Messrs J. Carter Jonas and Sons, the present College Surveyors, working in their insurance and other departments. He was highly qualified also as a teacher of shorthand, and in the examination for a teacher's certificate in 1912 was placed second amongst the candidates of the United Kingdom.

He came to the College on 9 March 1914 as assistant Bursar's Clerk, when Dr Leatham was Senior Bursar, and succeeded Mr J. W. Turner as Bursar's Clerk at Lady Day 1929, during the Senior Bursarship of Sir Henry Howard. He has thus served under three Senior Bursars. They have all admired his rapid and accurate work, his remarkable memory for detail, his wide knowledge, his reliable judgement on the varied technical and human problems with which the Bursary has to deal, and his tact and friendliness with College tenants; and they have all been privileged to count him as a personal friend. The clear and regular hand and the well-formed figures, written without correction or erasure in the Rentals, the Deed Books, the Council Minutes of a generation have their permanent place in the records of the College. Alike Fellows and College Servants have profited by Mr Wolfe's help and good counsel; and there are tenants, particularly in the neighbourhood of Cambridge and at Holbeach in South Lincolnshire, to whom the College in its most personal aspect has been Mr Wolfe.

The College is a foundation of Master, Fellows, and Scholars, and to these from early days were added other students, the Pensioners. But these have never been the complete society; from the outset the complete society has included—to preserve the old title—the College Servants, without whom the daily life of the College and the conduct of its affairs could not be carried on. How important can be their contribution, and especially the contribution of those who hold the chief positions of trust and responsibility, is conspicuously illustrated by the long and able and devoted service of Mr Wolfe.

In wishing happiness to him and to Mrs Wolfe, it is pleasant to record that, of their two sons, both educated at the Perse School, the elder, Mr B. W. Wolfe, was admitted to the College as a Sizar in

1935, graduated in 1938, and is now a Principal Scientific Officer, Ministry of Supply, and that the younger, Mr John Wolfe, was at the Royal College of Music, where he won an Astor Exhibition, and is now principal oboist in the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and known also for his recital work.

J. S. B. S.

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COMMEMORATION SERMON

By F. S. J. HOLLICK, M.A., Ph.D., Fellow

SUNDAY, 6 MAY 1956

As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.

If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God, if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth, that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. (1 Peter iv. 10)

THESE words from the first epistle of Peter were addressed to members of certain scattered communities whom we may think of as being inspired by a common spirit, in a particular sense. Not only had they received the gift of the Holy Ghost, as the Spirit of the risen Christ, in a sense which we associate with the rite of Christian baptism, but, we may infer, they had furthermore received the Gifts of the Spirit, by the Laying on of Hands, as an earnest of their inheritance in the power of a world to come.

Such words may be strange to many of us, but they are profoundly charged with meaning, and it is in this full context appropriate to say, "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God"; and though this is something that I cannot now presume to do, there is a sense in which there comes to each one of us the further exhortation, "As every man hath received. . . even so minister the same one to another. . . as of the ability which God giveth." The fact that we are now gathered together in this our chapel, declares our common purpose "that God in all things may be glorified".

We as a College have been most richly endowed, and today we commemorate our Founders, Principal Benefactors and many others of whom there is no memorial. All these by their wisdom, generosity and devotion have contributed in successive generations to the honour, to the permanent endowment and to the daily life of our Society. Their gifts have been in loyal service, as well as in material benefits, and our inheritance is to be found in the tradition of their example, as well as in the means by which our continuing autonomy is maintained. In fact, we live as a corporate body, in the form and with the distinctive function of a college, by the association of these two elements, the one conceptual, the other material, and by their adaptation to meet contemporary needs.

In regulating our way of life with this in view, we recognize a distinction between the needs and the trends of the present day. The growth of democratic government, the rise of technology, more intense academic specialization, or the development of atomic power, are obvious trends which we all need to see in perspective by reference to wider and more profound academic concepts. Our attempt to see them in this way tests whether the basis of our tradition is adequate; it does not determine upon what grounds a college is to stand in the stream of passing events. Furthermore, if these wider concepts are to be of general value, they must be openly apparent in our corporate life; and if they are to be sufficiently wide, they must meet the individual requirements of every one of us, for a college is characterized by the great diversity of interests and of specialized knowledge to be found among its members.

As we seek to define what is needed, each of us will consider what bearing his own experience may have upon the problem. And as a zoologist, I find that there are certain matters of general relevance which, it seems to me, do have some bearing upon this, because they too are concerned with the inter-relation of different systems of thought.

It is usual in zoology to study animals at every level of their organization—that is to say, to consider them as whole animals, as well as the structure and function of their constituent parts—the organs, tissues, cells and their infra-cellular components. It is also usual to study them over periods of time, so as to note the serial changes which occur in development, and the physiological changes by which the system is maintained. For part of this programme, when dealing with a living organism and its environment in terms of the changes that occur in the distribution of energy, the same system of thought, and many of the same methods of investigation which are used by the chemist, physicist and engineer are entirely adequate. But there are other aspects of the subject which are not covered by this treatment.

You will, perhaps, think of one extreme instance of this sort in the colours that we sense. We may regard these colours as a part of nature, in that nature *is* that which we observe in perception through the senses. But colour has no place in the energy system which deals in terms, not of colour, but of electro-magnetic radiation. To establish a scientific explanation of colour is a task in a different field, that of psychology.

Or again, when we describe the changes which occur during the growth of some small embryo, or experiment to determine the contribution that constituent parts make to the process of development, it is usual to refer to such parts by terms which have different sorts of meaning. We may refer to a particular cell in terms of its “cell lineage”, which informs us that it came into being by certain successive divisions of the egg. Or the term may imply its probable destiny in the course of normal development, or tell us something of its position with respect to other recognizable features of the embryo. Accordingly, we have at least three descriptions, one related to past history, one concerning present disposition, and one predicting future development, each of which is essential to our knowledge of the embryo, as a stage in a spatio-temporal whole—the living organism. And how best to combine these different aspects of the whole in a unified scientific account is a genuine problem of considerable difficulty.

Now my present purpose is not to pursue this further as a problem in scientific method, but to note that in ordinary sense perception we meet a similar situation with great facility, and that there we display a sublime indifference to any possible confusion. In suitable circumstances any of us might say, without hesitation, “I perceive a footprint in the sand, the side of a box, or a Catherine-wheel”. In the first statement, “I perceive a footprint in the sand”, there is implied the confidence that had we been there at the right time, we would have seen the creature that made the footprint pass that way. The second, “I perceive the side of a box”, refers to a spatial relation which, it is assumed, can be confirmed by a simple investigation on the spot. The third statement, “I perceive a Catherine-wheel”, contains the expectation that, if we pin the firework up and light the fuse, it will spin round with a display of coloured sparks. A “foot-print” is so much more than an empty hollow, just as a Catherine-wheel is so much more than a coil of paper filled with a grey powder.

In each of these instances we quite naturally include a conceptual element of expectation, or at least of tentative hypothesis, concerning what we would find in a more complete investigation. This does not mean that *thought* is necessarily involved in perception; it does mean that we are brought into the frame of mind in which we could

enlarge upon the situation, if called upon to do so. It can also be demonstrated very simply, that what we sense is, itself, dependent upon this attitude of expectation. I am sure any of us could give an instance of something quite obvious that we did not see until, quite suddenly one day, we noticed it, or had it pointed out to us. Nor do we seem to eliminate a conceptual element of some sort from our perception, even when we are merely interested in the bare features of objectivity—say, that the box has solid walls. Only by closing our mind to every natural digression beyond the immediacy of simple awareness do we eliminate these conceptual elements, without which we do not perceive nature as it is known to us in common sense.

What we inherit in the world could, therefore, be thought of as a system of potentialities which await unique realization by each one of us. To this system we would each bring an individuality which, if we so live, progressively enriches everything that proceeds in our experience out of the settled past. Such a view would seem to meet the requirement that a tree as seen by one artist differs from the tree as seen by another, and that what the scientist perceives is again different, because both his expectations and his way of testing whether they are right will differ from those of an artist whose preoccupation and criteria are of a different sort. But in practice we habitually think of the physical world and our perception of it as being often similar but quite distinct—the one in nature, the other in mind.

We maintain the notion of mind because we think thoughts, because we dream, experience pain, and see things “in the mind’s eye” that do not appear as such in the physical world. That which would appear in the physical world as corresponding to each of these will be quite different in form. It may be electrical changes in the brain when we have thoughts; a restless movement of the body, perhaps, when we dream in sleep; a cry when we experience pain; or a vacant facial expression when we “see in the mind’s eye”. Throughout, we maintain the notion of nature, because we make practical mistakes, and because it is a sensible notion which usually works, both in everyday practice and in scientific theory, where we think of nature as a closed system whose mutual relations do not require the expression of the fact that they are thought about. Yet the distinction between mind and nature is not absolute. We do not think of the shock that we experience when we touch a live wire as belonging to the wire in quite the same way that we think of the *red* we experience when we see a field of poppies as belonging to the petals of the flowers. The shock we firmly relegate to the mind. But where does the colour belong? Are there two colours—one in the poppy, and one in the mind? That seems scarcely credible; the colour that I see belongs firmly in the flower. And are we really justified in

maintaining a distinction in this respect between the status of the primary and secondary qualities of which philosophers were wont to speak? These problems have been discussed many times. But I think it may be worth adding a further thought concerning the *way* our perception of the things about us seems to work. When we perceive any familiar object that we take for granted, what we sense, what we see or feel, evokes an attitude of confident expectation concerning what we would experience if we were able to investigate further; as, in a similar way, a word evokes the concepts that belong to its meaning. What we sense then acts in the manner of a symbol. And I think it may be right to say that the meaning, when we are concerned with objects in the physical world, always contains, inhering within it, some notion of a causal relationship, and that perception, even in the most simple instance of which we can conceive, combines something of these two elements by symbolic reference.

This faculty that we possess, of referring experience of one sort to that of another, is deeply rooted in us and forms the basis of creative art. We find evidence of this in cave paintings, and when children express their playful wishes or most earnest thoughts by drawings which are not replicas of what they sense, but apt symbols for what they know. Human language, too, is used in this way; whilst the growth of logic and its steady development in mathematics have provided what was needed in the natural sciences to give our modern society those confident predictions which find expression, for good or ill, with notable efficacy, in other ways.

In these examples we find elements of our experience being used as symbols; and as such they are used mainly in three ways—the symbols of a mathematician may be purely abstract: the words we use convey their meaning by accepted convention: while what appear to us as “sense data” enter into reality as an integral part of that which we perceive. One might go further and say that it is commonly in the second of these ways, as in the use of words, that we come to *apprehend*, and in the third, by the use of “sense data”, that we come to *realize*, the familiar world of things. And this in turn suggests a way in which it may be helpful to view reality, whether in the world of common objects or in the spiritual sense contained in the notion of a sacrament.

Both in the division of academical studies into distinct subjects and in the ordering of activities into those of college life and those of university faculties, we find broadly speaking what is appropriate and fitting to each; and it is essential to the health of the whole academic body that each performs its proper functions without confusion. There *are* distinct fields of study, and there is a common ground in which we meet. But the disciplined procedure in any one

distinct field cannot be followed entirely regardless of the others, for we have only to consider the sciences in our present age to know how widespread may be their interaction and influences. Yet the responsibility arising out of this state of affairs is not political but academic; it is to know what you are about, to see the special context in which every part of a subject is true, and to define these limits, in such a way that they are not misunderstood in the contemporary world; and to do this one must maintain a close relationship between each subject and its own philosophy. Only if this is well and truly done can the rational and aesthetic influences of each discipline, and how we "feel" about them, interact without unnecessary conflict, and without the loss of new qualities, new ideas, and new assurances of lasting worth. It is within the special province of a college, not merely to refine and strengthen the academic studies of individual subjects, but to give expression of their relatedness through the life of the society.

In what sense can it be said of us as a College that we exist? In a legal context our existence is one thing, but the College as most of us think of it is quite another; and this is different, again, for a visitor passing through our courts, who merely sees our buildings and their precincts; though these should indeed convey something of our character.

Even the simple notion "physical object" does not suffice for all those aspects of common things which enter into our perception of them; nor will any simple notion of a college suffice to include all aspects of its corporate life and history. This is ever elusive to our apprehension. Different aspects come to be realized in the varied activities of college life. Yet there are times, as on this day of Commemoration, when we do both apprehend and come to *realize* our existence as a College more completely. Not only do we revive our memory concerning those through whom our corporate life began or was sustained, but we relate the chapters of our history, together with our present being, to the wider concepts of a living faith, through the form of this service and the beauty of its music. This faith accepts the unity of man and nature in so profound a sense that we find in its tradition both man and the ground out of which he came involved together in the limitation that barred the way to the "tree of life", as they are involved together in the ultimate realization of the Christian hope.

No concepts more narrow or less profound than the concepts of this Faith will meet our needs; that love of the brethren and all sound learning may *together* grow and prosper here.

APPROACH TO ELY

Eternity is in love with the productions of Time.
BLAKE

—for all told Life is at length a passion of hunger,
Bestowed without any reason, upon the Nonentity.
Our destined parents, guilty of love,
Seeing the hungerer helpless,
And loth to lose the new born,
In a wild sweetness of duty laid upon them,
Do quell the hunger in pity:
And "All that I need", the new life thrusts thereat,
"Is here and I have!"

But years of discretion succeed,
Where hunger, not abating,
Cries perpetually,
And, pricked by anonymous fear or hate of death,
Assumes the tyranny,
And must and will be served—
And is not served.
Long life thereafter
Is palliation of hunger—
Bare life is this:
Starvation or adequacy?
The slave-master, with his whip, thrashing himself,
Demanding bricks for a pittance of corn,
Corn to hold barely at bay
(And bound in the end to fail)
The disease of death.

It looks unjust to be born,
Thridded with mortal sickness,
Doomed to be brave
And condemned to fail;
Jailed by a mirthless gaoler who fights—
One hand behind his back—
Withholding quietus.

Here and there a voluble man
Falls suddenly silent.
"Whither, through death?" we shout;

But only the dead, whose wisdom we cannot swear to,
Have the only answer.

Look back, at the heavy stones
That towering into the whiteness
Simulate lightness,
Made to soar to the glory of God in defiance of nature
Thus ordered stones survive
And works outlinger faith,
Thus dead things seem to live;
Thus triumphs formal death
Over the spirit or breath
Of mortal doing.
Stones, like centuries, fly;
By piecemeal renewing.
Does not the inwardness die?
Little masons see to the ninny crumbings,
Faithful to save, if in their scope they can,
The façade of the honour of God
By the weather-bit fumbings
Of pierced and perishing man.

Oh, our works survive us;
Our tentative faiths outlive us;
Order's a tribute we can partly pay;
In beauty's order at least we can, be sure,
See more than common mortality among us
Could otherwise see or say.

So made these men who have mouldered in death away—
Faithful fellows, centuries dead—
Their question and their guessed reply.
This is as near, Dearself, as we can come
To eternity, piecemeal crumbling down,
In the dreadful pittance of lifeless rain
Falling through centuries.

To you, Dearself, I tell my fable.

How hither we came I do not know,
But here I find myself,
Left alone in the farmless land,
Drowned thigh deep in sworded reed,
Seeing no snake in a land of snakes,
Hearing none in the universal
Dancing hiss of sedge upon sedge,

When the wind that loses its way
Hurries harbourless here and back.
And the blind, the eyeless cumuli,
Bound for the west, pass overhead
And never look down;
Do not know that men are afraid,
Guideless, purposed by negatives,
Chained between bog and silver stream,
Alive amid alien lives.

And I, the never-come-home,
Lost, lost, lost, in fens of thought,
Hunted down at nightfall,
Adders-tongue at my foot.

Over this solitude bells have sung
Rising and falling, very far;
And shall I wildly turn my head,
Vainly stare over numberless blades,
Over treacherous fen and buried water,
Wildly seeking, shall I turn
Into the whispered wind,
Agog for the fugitive wavering summoning windborne
whisper of bells?

And if night fall on the fen?
For daylight drains away from the West,
Till palpable positive envious dark
Has drowned the treacherous land from shore to shore,
Has filched from east and west
Their only gloss, the sky,
And Self dare scarcely move in the silence of night.
Now to dwell, to live in the vault
Of an own dark skull—
A huge and roomy darkness,
Nonsense of great or small,
All that I was, all that I am, so far,
Swooning in velvet falls
About our strange improbable existence;
My own decisive thought—this fen;
Our timid unfaith—an impudent sky;
The starless desert roped about me,
Out of the reach of our hands!

Distraught in a wearied search-about
For any god, I lose as soon as I find.

Not in sedges, not in whip of branch,
 Voice of night-wind in bush,
 In stifle-root trees, in the hush and hiss
 Of millions of methane bubbles;
 Here's no authentic voice!
 And amid this unmalicious and dark malevolence,
 Transfixed to the piece of earth I tread,
 Out of long-remembered hardness—stone—
 I must, if I can, build God:
 Far-away stone, towering hardily
 Into the blackness and blindness.

The rivers drain the fen,
 The rip runs down to the sea;
 Here, while we wait for dark to thin,
 And stand in jeopardy,
 I stumble, plunge, and am lost,
 Tricked by a marsh-gas ghost.
 Oh, where it is faint in the east,
 Let day make out at last!
 I call, I call for light;
 The silver meanders to gold;
 The twilight thins to a seeing shimmer;
 My grasp is upon the silvering hold
 Of a black-budded ash, a sapling tree;
 And e'en these falsely haunted eyes
 See day's daily miracles rise:
 A few birds sing, a few clouds catch afire,
 Then over the bedside of the world
 The sane sun hoists his burning-glass,
 His furrowless face.

What were those warlock fears I feared before?
 I am a light! We shall find a way.
 We shall be selves again, and feed
 And talk again. The sun burns higher.
 Something in us is brother to light—or fire.

Who stood her there?
 Who built her high
 To kindle at dawnlight
 On a yester sky?
 Is she not ancestor to an answer:
 That beauty's an only revelation
 Within man's mortal reach? They built,

Quarrying stone to build withal,
 Borrowing commonplace, the sunlight,
 To cast their shadows and glean their towers.

The long light skims
 From the pasture's rims
 To kiss the unworldly lantern.
 Look, now, the rays
 Forerunners of days to come,
 When, out of the formless night of doom,
 In slender and white
 Man's many fabrics arise,
 Giving glittering praise
 In his own logic's despoite.

He leans out of his morning heaven,
 And all my terrors are forgiven.
 Yet seems it to me, Christ is no king—
 And this is a palace;
 Jesus, in jewelled company walking,
 Hears his steps in the emptiness
 Under a lantern, looking up
 Dizzy, small, and a stranger there.
 What tomb will Jesus choose?
 Where in man's best
 Shall he be like to lie down
 If he is free and weary? Here—
 (Or I, if I were free?)
 A sacristan closing the darkening doors
 On the soul within?

And yet, among themselves,
 These ancient builders swore
 To their right hands their best,
 And here, their pearl of price it rises,
 Centuries old,
 Seeming as aged and as wise
 As a bare summit, a mountain side
 Bathed in the rose-light day.
 Stone itself is made to flower
 By these; by these, these master-masons,
 Who had their seventy years,
 And their simplicities,
 As we our seventy years,
 And our complexities.

O dream upon this; cogitate this:
Where even is Ely in sunless darkness?
Go there and read denial there.
Locked in, be there on a moonless midnight
Alone in the quarries of faith,
And you cannot get out.

Fear not, Dearsely, the walking ghosts of history;
They walk within; which asks not fear.
Assure you dead is dead indeed.
There's no queen, now,
No obstinate wife who un vowed herself
For a stronger mistress of piety,
And on this habitable eyrie
Sowed the blue convolvulus,
The steadfast trumpets of devotion.
All that remains of her fierce heavenliness
A holy habit in a flood-washed soil;
No stones of her ambition left,
Only her name corrupted down,
Her wrought walks rich to bring to ruin.

So this is the tale of a fair belief:
That God should have set some fellows apart
That men might learn to despise their grief
And upon After set their hearts,
Here to retire, here to commune,
Reluctantly fast, reluctantly pray
At calendar times, and wrench thereby
Some justice of bliss for duty done,
Making the law they must obey.

What noble or indigent fabric housed
Her fellow-devout dismayers?
Little is spared by Time's worn tooth:
Only the whisper of a saint,
Only the queerness of a word,
The mere mound by the riverside,
And bravery bravery begetting
In trusted hearsay among mankind.

St Awdrey is dead and dust, and sings
In the chorus of heaven. Stone from stone
Flung down by the Danes, and carved-work burnt,
And all who prayed there slaughtered.

Craftsman is faith, so it is said:
Faith can indeed make mountains move.
Though the workmen die in the pride of their work,
Defiant of death, who takes them off
Between fast and supper,
Others start up to their rusting trowels
And steel squares and round-head mallets,
The plumb-bobs tell the impartial truth.
The work goes on, the work goes on.
Past slaughter, holocaust, benison, wealth,
And "after a hundred years of silence"
Masons carve into mortal stones
St Awdrey's legend, St Awdrey's crowns.

What has been your meditation,
Old Man of the Sea?
What lies hidden behind the eyelids?
Is it mortality?
This, like stripling's gaiety,
Is matter of fact.
And have you come to the toll gate going out?
Must not death, as you said in my heyday,
As you said in our stripling-time offhandedly,
Sooner or later pull the curtain down?
No wonder you walk so loth and slow and lame
If, though you will not say it, you surely go as you came.

Ely was in her prime,
Desirable and fabulously wealthy—
Kings and saints help us all!
'Twas not the grazing light of a new day,
Not earthquake, nor old rubble in decay,
Could it be act of God,
Could it be pride-work, insufficient art,
That the monster tower, the marvel of the heart,
The achieved boast, glory's extravaganza,
The Great Tower, one day, with noise of mountains sliding
Fell at his own foot?

And all the little nobodies,
Midgets running about for ghastly gossip,
In shocked terror and hushed-up prate,
Rife like a broken formicarium,
"The tower" cry; "the tower has fallen on the choir!
Our untrustworthy God upon his pleasure,

Our dainty massive mother, our rock of ages,
 Sturdy yesterday and boasted highest,
 Fallen a total ruin on her orts.
 What must become of us? What will become of us?
 Cathedrals are like men, are mortal too."

An Alan of Walsingham called these ants together,
 Cleared the ruin, piled the fragments by,
 Slept on the opportunity, an artist.
 Will hardened the crystal in his reckless eye,
 Bent his brow and tonsured all his mind,
 And out of all things, and well-engineered,
 Towered for seven centuries
 The lantern on the octagon,
 Triumph of wood over stone.
 Fen-frightened I, the sceptic in my day
 (A later, more humane, less godly, day)
 Receive in joyous witness from the ghost
 Of proud Alan this tower which he built
 (A pagan in his Christian guise)
 To save his arrogating power, to please the strange
 Eye of his lordly, beauty-chasing desire;
 But in the absolute assurance of his duty,
 To build better than the last,
 Sure beyond creed; and died before it finished.

The labourer's quality is obedience,
 Which he must give, or starve;
 But Alan's greatness is an all-defiance,
 Spurred by the crashing of a masterpiece.

So came the Fen by a flower seasonless.
 Beauty, the tyrant with a mother's hand,
 Strook off the furrows of mortality;
 Banished them—to return.

Now holds his lantern in the morning colour,
 Light and intricate. The centuries sleep.

Masons are dead: I do not feel their fingers;
 Carpenters powder in stoneless tombs of sleep;
 One, by his devices, plucks my nerves.
 He interplays with holy light; he works,
 Not in wood and stone, but in the substance
 That love is craftsman in. Behind the lace
 Of fret and shadow that his patience saw
 Suddenly, and laboriously commanded,

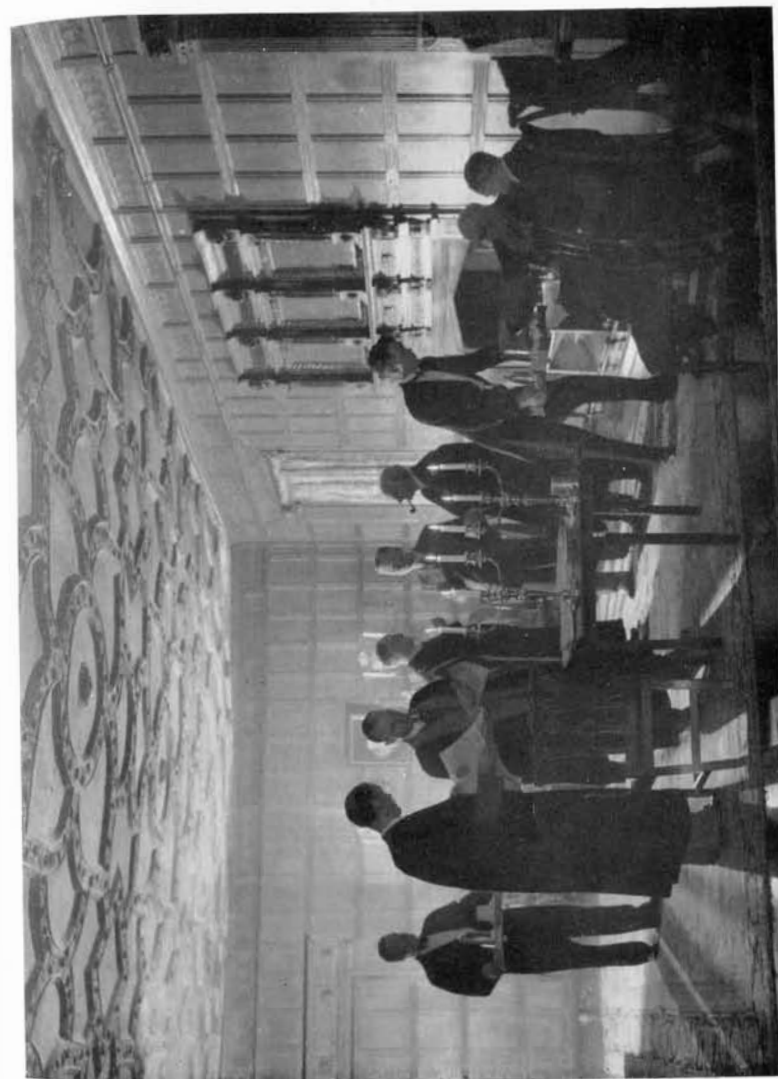
Behind the obedience of the underlings,
 And the obedience of their punch and chisel,
 And of the stones that left
 A formless scar in quarries of the sides
 Of sunken stone, his thought, his fabric lives.
 Ely, this is what comes of worship:
 This is what worship comes of;
 This is God's way of building high,
 Alan's manufacture of deity.

Knowledge never knows all,
 Sir Sceptic Self, I murmured;
 You who have built your donjon keep on mortality,
 And now look out through arrow-slits
 Over the prospect countryside, this fen,
 This life that is,
 That so surrounds, and so intimidates
 By promising more than life possesses,
 This meagre span—
 The beauteous brevity allotted to Man;
 The meagre clothing of Time,
 About which, God ordaining it,
 You ceaselessly (and uselessly) repine:
 Why, man by man it has proved time enough,
 Time enough to quarry the stone
 To build foundations with, and on;
 And mortal men have worked in patience where
 No echoing nave as yet inspired them there,
 They have wasted sinews, and their precious life—
 Each of thousands of short-time men
 Making, cementing, these eternal forms,
 Carving the inward arches of the dream,
 And the echoes and the fingerwork of sunlight,
 And the swarming towers against the clouds,
 And space, height, dimness, and the beauty
 Of stone's reluctance in obedience,
 Have made apparent in rebellious matter
 Consigning spirit, have taught rocks to breathe.
 Thus immortals flash from crumbling things.
 Artisans labour to die:
 Stone, too, though longer enduring than flesh,
 Corrodes and rots and crumbles by piece away,
 Only the metaphysics never decays.

Know, after all these years of it,
 Why beauty that's neither food nor drink nor time
 But only itself, should so command the wills
 Of poor mortals as to be to them
 A welcome and relentless tyranny.

Serve we our finest, having hardly time
 'Twixt breath and death to turn round,
 Serve we our finest! Otherself therein
 (Infinity his names) dwells of all ages.
 No man sees the undoing of his doing;
 And Allman sees eternity beginning,
 And seeing this (it is a way we are fashioned)
 Worships the Other, whom, it seems in vain,
 He ran to touch.

FRANK KENDON
 (1952)



AT HOME...



...AND ABROAD

Seven Old Johnnians met on the occasion of the opening of a new railway at Kotoku in the Gold Coast. From left to right: J. B. Millar, Director of Broadcasting (at College 1927-30); G. M. Paterson, Q.C., Attorney General (1924-29); E. de la Motte, Consultant for the project (1921-24); W. A. S. Cole, Permanent Secretary, Ministry of the Interior (1925-30); A. F. Greenwood, O.B.E., Permanent Secretary, Ministry of Local Government (1923-26); R. J. Moxon, Director of Information Services (1938-40); W. Harrison, Director of Surveys (1925-28).

HARES AND HIGH COUNTRY

NEW ZEALAND has a fair amount of miscellaneous sport, if sometimes of a rough character—in some parts we walk up red deer as if they were partridge, for the sufficient reason that they are plentiful and vermin—but little sporting literature, a lack attributable, I suppose, to the lack of a sporting gentry. But Colonel Peter Hawker* would certainly have appreciated the method of shooting Canadian geese adopted on the South Canterbury plains. The birds feed on the plain—where they have become a nuisance by destroying grain crops—but settle in large flocks in the gullies of the foothills a few miles inland. The angry locals therefore assemble with shotguns on the plain, and send a light aircraft with a pilot accustomed to aerial top-dressing in hill country to beat the birds out of the gullies and drive the flocks down upon the guns. This leads to some ticklish flying and some very lively shooting, as the geese come in at nought feet with the velocity of shellfire. But I propose to describe a milder if no less amusing sport: the shooting of hares in the high sheep-farming country of the mid-Canterbury ranges.

The nature of the country determines the behaviour of the beasts and of the hunters. The Castle Hill sheep-run lies about sixty miles from Christchurch, in a valley which has its floor at about 2000 ft. and is bounded by two ranges with peaks up to 7000 ft. Creeks and rivers cross the broad valley floor from various directions and collect in a northern corner to run to the big Waimakariri river about a dozen miles away. The floor is of various clays and sands, covered with tussock and areas of beech forest and seamed with limestone, the outcrops of which stand up as natural megaliths on the tops of the lesser hills. The mountains, however, are of a crumbling rock known as greywacke, and the rivers consequently bring down more shingle than water. They cut steeply down into the soft soil and make themselves broad flat beds, in which a thread of swift water twists about in a waste of shingle, bordered by abrupt terraces 100 to 150 ft. high, carved into gullies by rain and swamp water, and filled with a mixture of tussock, gorse and a ferocious thorn known in corrupt Maori as matagauri. Except where swamp, gorse and matagauri prevent it, however, the country has been heavily enough grazed by sheep to cut the tussock down to little more than lumpy turf.

It is on this alternation of river-bed, bank, terrace and hillside, and not on the open flats, that the hare—and the sportsman—come into

* A cunning and destructive punt-gunner of the early nineteenth century. His *Diaries* are the work of a man who enjoyed his hobby.

their own. The Immanent Will's bright idea, in producing a rabbit with the back legs of a small kangaroo, was to fashion a champion, not in flat-racing so much as in hill-climbing. A hare will kick himself up 600 ft. of really steep hillside while you sit and watch him, and the abrupt banks give him ideal country for climbing first and running after. The only greyhound ever introduced into the Castle Hill district took one look at the terrain and asked if he could go home. In addition there are no predators except the stoat—a menace to leverets, but not too serious a threat to the full-grown jack—and the hare can therefore devote all his instincts to the task of dodging the guns. There has developed a rather specialized form of shooting.

According to the old venatorial criteria, the hare should be rated a noble animal, which the rabbit is not. The rabbit never strays far from his burrow and on the slightest alarm bolts back there and continues to multiply. But the hare is continent—in spite of his strong gamy flavour and his evil reputation among the Chinese*—and the tactics he follows are very different. On being disturbed—assuming that you have succeeded in startling him away from his cover—he may do one of two things. He may take off for a point half a mile distant, prepared to get there without stopping and cross any obstacle (I have seen him swim a fast current) that stands in his way. Or, if not too much alarmed or in slightly broken country, he may go a little way and then sit up to see what is happening. He should now be about 70 to 100 yards from you, and in theory your moment has come. It is much debated whether you would get a better bag by carrying a shot-gun and opening on Jacky when he first breaks cover; but, except for massed hare-drives of a dozen guns, most prefer to take a .22 rifle and wait for a sitting shot of the kind just described. A competent shot ought, of course, to be pretty sure of a sitting hare up to 100 yards, but it is not as easy as I have made it sound. You have gone out to seek your hare along a steep river-bank, adorned with gullies and scrub, and your first problem has been to decide whether to proceed along the top or along the foot. If you choose the top, you have a view of the whole river-bed and your hare is in sight for much longer, but the range will probably be greater. If you choose the foot, you have the advantage that you are driving Jacky up the steep bank, but you will be firing up at a high angle and the danger of tailoring the beast is consequently greater. If you are with me, therefore, you are probably on top of the bank; you can see for miles, but all the tactical advantages are with the hare. There is likely to be matagauri on the bank and at the foot, and this the hare is reluctant to leave. You fling stones down, which he intensely dislikes, but the next move is his. Once in a way he hops gently into the open

* I have never seen him do anything to suggest that he deserves this.

and offers you an easy shot; more often he departs across the shingle on one of his breath-taking runs, than which only the apparently easy lope of a deer is more effective as a means of covering ground; more often still he treats you to a display of brilliant evasive action. He dodges behind a wisp of thorn and emerges fifty yards away, going in some unforeseeable direction; or he resorts to doubling. Here he really has the laugh of you. The bank is indented into gullies and spurs, and if the hare dashes along the foot, keeping well in, the next spur soon cuts him off from your view. You therefore race to reach the top of the spur, from which you will have a view of two gullies at once; but to get there you must pass the intervening gully, the head of which has probably cut a considerable distance back into the bank and filled up with matagauri, so that you have to run round a sizeable arc of which Jacky has only to traverse the chord. Nor is this all; we are dealing with a creature that doubles. As you arrive, blowing hard, on the top of the spur that offers you your next good view, you are as likely as not to see the heels of your hare vanishing in the reverse direction, round the foot of the spur you have just left. When you are uncertain whether you have one hare playing this game or two, ducking and weaving in and out of the thorn-scrub, the ease with which you can become demoralized is surprising. Jacky is doubtless pausing at intervals to get his breath and look about him; you are probably running perseveringly away from him. And when he emerges into the open to give you your sitting shot, he need not be more than a pair of ears sticking up among tussock grass of his own colour.

If it were the fashion to take hare-shooting really seriously and make it the object of a true sporting cult, with a literature, there is no telling what refinements in tactics might not be devised. Two I have heard discussed are the stationing of a rifle at the top and a shotgun at the foot of the bank, with suitable fire-discipline to keep them out of each other's way; and the training of some sort of dog, with enough skill to head Jacky away from the bank and enough sense not to stampede him into taking a long run. Both should be tried, but the real secret must always be to know the country and match your memory and forethought against the hare's reflexes and muscles. To know the exact shape of the next gully, the view that can be obtained from the next spur, whether the ground about its foot is clear or scrub-filled; things like this make you a better shot—theoretically they should give you a better knowledge of the hare's habits, but I personally find these unpredictable—and they give you what is known as an eye for country, an acquisition which extends far beyond the immediate business of shooting hares. Like any other piece of country when you know it really well, this valley is unique

on the world's surface; wind and water and stone and soil have given it a shape, a pattern on the eye, that can be duplicated nowhere else; and the eye which has learnt its contours and absorbed the lesson sees the dodging of each individual hare as unique and yet familiar action on the same intimate stage. The hare is an introduced animal; he has been in the valley a little less long than we have; but the efficiency of his legs and nose and reflexes, and the human eye planning and remembering, combine to make him seem as much part of these river-flats and terraces as if he had been evolved there. The townsman hunting for pleasure gets back his sense of environment.

J. G. A. P.

REFLEXION IN ANOTHER UNIVERSITY

A DAY that starts in the night with the easing of a thermometer into one's mouth bears promise of some eccentricity. Eccentricity: to be thrown, by the force of circumstance, out of the true centre of one's habitude, and to endure, off side, the strange routine and rite and circumstance of illness.

But eccentricity, when fashioned by routine, slips quickly into normality. One accepts the cares and labours with gratitude, and one feels a glow of pride in accomplishing the small tasks—each day a little higher on the modest scale of valetudinarian achievements—which the nurse imposes, as a “special favour”.

If eccentricity became standardized, annoyance might turn to boredom. But that is impossible in so vital a community. A ward is a university. Here are congregated ordinary men; all make their contribution to the common life; they never cease to fascinate.

There is indescribable courage (and occasional cowardice). A one-legged blind man (once a Police Sergeant) sings lustily and flirts boldly with nurses the day before a major abdominal operation which may well end a life he clearly still enjoys. A man who has been lying paralysed from the neck downwards for thirty years still reads *The Financial Times*.

There is humour. Unsophisticated but rich; spontaneous and never barbed. “Playing on Saturday, Fred?” to the elderly man recovering from a stroke and hobbling down the ward on sticks. “Reserves,” says Fred, with an air of chagrin, and hobbles on.

There is individuality. A ganger, irrepressible even after two years in hospital following an accident on the line, is only, as he puts it, “working my way towards my pension”. He lies after lights-out with a child's mask on his face (red nose and huge moustache), to cause confusion among the arriving night staff. In his locker is a large slice of cheese to provide a snack before lunch. In his bed (beneath the “cradle”) is a small bottle of whisky for use on those fine thirsty afternoons when the beds of long-term patients are wheeled out on to the balcony.

There are the rounds—of doctors and of students. The latter come in a batch of twenty and mass round the bed. X-ray pictures pass from hand to hand, scrutinized knowingly. But not more than half can see the patient and those in the rear find diversion with an evening paper or the view from the window. Is there a tacit understanding

that those in front shall allow others the privilege next time or is the matter governed by degrees of enthusiasm?

What impresses most is the humanity prompted by human suffering. A hospital brings out the best in most people. Anyone who is out of bed invariably hastens to attend to the wants—urgent or trivial—of those still confined to bed. The delicacies brought in by visitors are unsparingly shared.

One event of the day will always remain incongruous. It represents the highlight for most patients, but is clearly unwelcome to the staff. At 7.30 p.m. (2 p.m. on Wednesday and Sundays) the doors are opened and the crowd bursts in. Stout wives with baskets head straight for the accustomed place, and young women walk self-consciously down the line of beds. The wives of newcomers pause at the door, searching anxiously for the one that matters, until at last, there he is... a rather sheepish smile.

And what of the staff? Of course they command one's admiration, but also in part one's envy. For the work of the ward is so obviously good; none would dispute it. It may at times be distasteful, but it is never pointless and rarely is it ethically controversial.

The contrast lies across the Thames, which laps the walls of the hospital. There stands another building, where the issues are frequently far from clearcut. Here two rows of men face each other. Here, too, at the moment the issue happens to be life or death. But the dilemma is not how to stave off death but whether instead deliberately to inflict it.

Surely the river is an immense gulf?

J. C. H.

A PIECE OF SOUND SCHOLARSHIP

THE *Literary Research Association*, under the chairmanship of Dr R. E. Sponse, had the pleasure of welcoming as a guest-speaker last Friday night Mr J. Frowse, the Oscar Rump Professor of Comparative Punctuation at Oxford, who (as the *L.R.A.* chairman felicitously put it) had not been deterred by the recent inclement weather from braving a lengthy cross-country journey in order to deliver a paper on "The Colon in d'Apisci". The meeting, which was well attended by both dons and senior research students of the Department, took place in the chairman's rooms in Leary Cage, coffee being served (by way of a felicitous innovation) three-quarters of the way through Professor Frowse's very full and soundly documented paper.

The opening part of the paper was devoted to a skilful presentation of d'Apisci's "life, thought and experiences". The speaker's intimate acquaintance with all the available primary and secondary sources concerning his life-long subject (which he jocularly called his "hobby") was of course no surprise to all present, and Mr Frowse's presentation of this material left nothing to be desired; the accuracy of his biographical account was particularly impressive to those members of his audience who were able to follow it (albeit imperfectly) in the latest edition of the *Enciclopedia Italiana*. Mr Frowse was at pains to point out that d'Apisci (or "the Fish", as the speaker jocularly called his literary hero) had done all he could to confound the literary sleuths in respect of the all-important matter of his own marriage. It was, however, clear beyond all possible doubt that the lady whom in 1516 d'Apisci "led to the altar" (as appears to have been the custom and expression common at the time, cf. *Migne*, CL, vi, 6) was in fact his sister. A number of recent "psycho-analytical investigators" had tried to "foist obscure interpretations" on this event, but he (the speaker) did not wish to indulge in any "unsound speculations of that sort", and preferred to let "the plain facts of the matter" speak for themselves.

Before coming to the main discoveries of his recent researches, Mr Frowse gave a brief statistical survey of colonial occurrence in d'Apisci's work. From these figures it became clear that "the Fish's" usage varied considerably at different times of his life, being at its lowest during the period of literary inactivity just after the well-known events of 1516. Both this period of "slump" and also that of

(literary) "boom" (as Mr Frowse wittily called it) towards the end of d'Apisci's brief life (17.4 colons per sheet of 14-point Gutenberg folio) were obvious facts which anyone acquainted with the works in question could find out for himself, and it was not the speaker's intention to put forward any speculative interpretations in a situation as plain as that. He (the speaker) had indeed private views on this matter of frequency-variations, which he hoped to consolidate and present shortly in another paper, but he did not think that he could as yet go beyond the conjecture that a relation did in fact exist between the poet's output and colonal frequency occurrence.

The main point of what Mr Frowse had come to discuss was, Where did "the Fish" get his colon? There was, of course, Stickelbach's theory of the Plotinian or Renaissance origin of d'Apisci's usage, and the speaker was generous in his praise of what he called "the somewhat heavy but sound Germanic scholarship of my learned colleague from Furtz". But the fact remained that the Plotinian colon was (as far as our evidence could show) sinistral, i.e. inclined from left to right, whereas of course d'Apisci's was rectal or at any rate vertical, and therefore unlikely to have been influenced in any direct way by Plotinian or Platonic usage. Everything pointed to an intimate relationship between the poet and a young printer, Jacoppo Hirundelli ("the Swallow", as Mr Frowse jocularly called him), who is generally regarded as the inventor of the colon as we know it today. The actual invention seems to have occurred in an accidental way, either through the well-known and frequently attested process of lead-fracture (the debility of semi-colonal commas being notorious in early printing), or through vertical stop-reduplication—not so frequent in the sixteenth century, but nevertheless not to be dismissed as a possible clue to Hirundelli's invention. Which of these processes actually occurred was anybody's guess, Mr Frowse himself being inclined to the first. The problem then arose as to how this "accidental invention" was transmitted from the young printer to the poet—of how (in the speaker's felicitous phrase) "the bridge was spanned between the artisan's skill and the artist's genius". Was it in "the Swallow's" workshop itself, or in d'Apisci's library (of which, incidentally, we had even now no complete catalogue!) that the all-important connexion took place? Each theory had its difficulty. As to the first, the clatter of unwieldy early hand-presses—not to mention the noise of the journeymen-printers of this early "Chapel"—make Hirundelli's workshop a most unsuitable place for a poet to have received his "inspiration". (Mr Frowse here confessed to being "old-fashioned enough to believe in the classical theory of the *afflatus*".) As to the second theory, the library, d'Apisci's secret diaries of the relevant period testify that he was frequently interrupted

("far nescere interrotamente") in his literary and other labours by his wife's visits there, so that this too seems an unlikely place in which the transmission might have been effected. Warming to his subject, the speaker now came to the climax of his argument: his own researches, he was emboldened to announce, had led him to a definite and, he thought, irrefutable conclusion. For if we look at the thirteenth (significant figure!) canto of d'Apisci's chief work, the *Misoginia*, we find that the first letters following the eight colons which occur in that canto spell the acrostic S-O-F-F-I-T-T-A, from which fact he (Mr Frowse) believed himself fully justified in concluding that the communication took place in "the Fish's" *attic* or *lumber-room*. This, the speaker added, had never been pointed out before (the present writer would, however, add that the seed of this theory was dropped by Lumineux in 1820, but Mr Frowse was not, it appeared in the course of the subsequent discussion, familiar with L.'s book); and the speaker concluded by impressing upon the younger members of his audience the importance of close textual criticism and sound reading, for these alone had led him to his discovery.

After Professor Frowse's very full paper there was little time left for anything like a full discussion of his far-ranging and illuminating researches. Miss Shanks voiced what seemed to be doubts about the actual existence of Jacoppo Hirundelli, but had her doubts silenced by a senior colleague. Mr Comington, one of the promising senior research students present, drew some parallels between Mr Frowse's results and his own attempts at a biography of the poet's wife's sister Jocasta; and he joined the speaker in deprecating recent transatlantic "analyses" of what to all students of the poet's work, as well as to those with wider interests in the period, was in fact an "exemplary early sixteenth-century marriage". Finally, the present writer drew the meeting's attention to Lumineux's book (mentioned above).

The members of the *L.R.A.* were particularly glad to have among them the Nestor of Comp. Punct. studies, Professor Bromide, who, in proposing a vote of thanks to the guest-speaker, opined that the subject was making strides ahead undreamed-of in his own pioneering days in the 1910's. He had not (Professor Bromide concluded) been able to follow all the points of the argument owing to an intermittent humming in his ears, but this certainly did not prevent him from voicing their (the *L.R.A.*'s) view that they had been given a "first-class paper on a first-class subject".

The meeting broke up at 11.50 p.m.

J. P. S.

A PLACE OF ONE'S OWN

TERRITORIAL behaviour in birds is familiar to many of us. It is well known, for instance, that the cock robin, its nesting site determined, maps out for itself an area which will be vigorously defended from other robins. Within that area it normally behaves aggressively and drives away intruders. In the territories of its neighbours, however, its capacity for fleeing is dominant. There is an intermediate zone between territories where the poor creature is torn by conflicting "drives".

Territorial behaviour in Man, as manifested in his working life, has so far received much less attention. I first became well acquainted with this fascinating phenomenon soon after starting work in a large department store. At first I was employed as a porter in the food department. In this capacity it was necessary from time to time to go behind the scenes, as it were, to fetch supplies and remove waste. It was not an experience I relished. One left the gay atmosphere of bright lights, clean counters and milling throngs to descend into another world, of dingy corridors, creaking doors and sour smells. The inhabitants seemingly belonged to a different race. Gone were the smart suits and toothpaste smiles. Faces were yellow, clothing soiled and crumpled. I gathered quickly that the snarl, the bellow and the curse were the correct forms of expression and communication. Through this oppressive underworld I had to pick my way gingerly. Gingerly because at any time I was liable to be startled out of my wits by a fierce growl. This was emitted from various scowling individuals who chose to do their work in some place I had to pass or enter with my trolley. The farther I penetrated the more dismal were the surrounds and the more vehement the cursing. Entering the lift at the end of the journey was a positively courageous act, for the liftman felt obliged to assert his dominance in a particularly unpleasant manner. It was like being caged up for several seconds with a dangerous animal.

It did not take long to discover that the same men delivered their customary greetings from the same spots. One was clearly being warned not to encroach upon their preserves unless absolutely necessary, and if so, to adopt a suitably submissive attitude, thus registering one's appreciation of the privilege they were granting. It also became obvious that these men behaved much more quietly outside those areas, and in another's territory were distinctly respectful. The liftman outside his lift was almost friendly. Thus not only had they, like robins, established territories within which they were potential

aggressors, but they tended to behave submissively outside those territories. One hardly need add that none of the individuals concerned had any official authority. Indeed, the behaviour of the managerial staff showed none of the traits described, similar feelings in these unquestionably superior beings having doubtless been sublimated.

I wanted personal experience of owning a territory, and my opportunity came when I was appointed cooked-meats slicer. I was granted use of what is best described as a cell, which when I entered it was in an incredibly filthy condition (the previous occupant had been dismissed because of his dirty habits). In the space of a short time I had cleaned the cell, and henceforth became responsible for the slicing-up of cooked meats. On busy days I was granted an assistant. As my work was generally regarded as being highly skilled, an illusion I was in no hurry to dispel, people accorded me a certain degree of respect. Encouraged by the stimulant of all this flattery, I developed a stubborn pride in my cramped enclosure and jealously guarded my slicing machines. I also endeavoured, with varying degrees of success, to demand homage from the numerous stray visitors. Alas, I dare only deal thus with fellow robins. I reacted to managers as a robin might to a cuckoo. There is no doubt that within my 6 ft. square my aggressive drive was dominant and it required all the inhibitions of a university education to subdue it. Yet outside my cell I was quite harmless.

Once recognized, the manifestations of this phenomenon were found to be widespread, territories including such unlikely places as a refrigerator and part of a sales counter. Indeed, on the counter I had to serve there were two robins and a jackdaw as well!

The most unfortunate employees and the most fascinating social group in the store are the regular porters. They have no territory themselves, but must inevitably spend much of their time encroaching upon that of others. Theirs is a particularly unpleasant time when there is work to be done, for then an idle porter is easy prey for some hawk of a sales manager. Running the gauntlet in the underworld is, as I have described, a most unnerving experience, just as it must be for the newly-arrived bird which finds all the land taken. This very serious problem of lack of security and self-esteem is solved by the porters in different ways, according to personality. The shyer ones develop furtive habits and their pleasure is essentially an intellectual one—it consists of devising methods of dodging (a) managers, and (b) robins. Perhaps more emotionally satisfying is the spirited reaction of the bolder fellows. Their more normal defence is to utter an incantation which consists of several oft-repeated Anglo-Saxon words. This usually has remarkable results. My greatest admiration,

though, is reserved for the porter I approached one day with a trolley in one of the more obscure corridors of the underworld. He inquired what the b— hell I thought I was doing along that particular route, as didn't I know that he was using it exclusively for himself and resented any intrusion. This man I consider both courageous and resourceful. Whereas the other staff had generally been presented with somewhere to guard, he had achieved entirely by himself that most coveted of possessions—a place of one's own.

A. HALLAM

GIG RACING IN CORNWALL

ON Monday, 9 July, the following paragraph appeared in the *Daily Mail*:

Lady Margaret, the Boat Club of St John's College, Cambridge, have a very heavy date this week. They leave Henley after racing shells in the Royal Regatta, go straight to Newquay Bay, and challenge all Cornwall in a 6-oared pilot gig 83 years old, and weighing over 800 lbs. No light-hearted gambol this. The race, organized by the Newquay Rowing Club, is over 5 miles. After three days' practice in these boats of 5 ft. beam, the Cambridge men take on six local gigs. . . .

The race took place at the invitation of the Newquay Rowing Club, who had been eager for some time to race against a crew from one of the two universities. We took down a party of eight, of assorted sizes, as we had little idea what shape would best fit into a gig. Only one, the instigator of the venture, had seen the gigs before, and he had not rowed in them. In the words of "a spokesman" of the Club, quoted in the local paper, after we had had a few days' practice, "there is practically no similarity between your type of rowing and ours". This was, strictly, untrue: swearing at the cox for his steering and at other members of the crew for not balancing the boat was discovered to be common to both.

The pilot gigs are boats of considerable antiquity and of great excellence of line. The Newquay Rowing Club own seven, three of which they have had for many years; the other four were purchased from the Scilly Isles in 1953 and 1954 when, after a lapse of twenty years or so, the efforts and enthusiasm of Mr Richard Gillis and other Newquay people restored interest in the gigs and gave renewed life both to the Rowing Club and to Cornish gig-racing in general. The seven are all that remain of the thirty or so that were once in existence, the majority in the Scilly Isles. They were the work of the Peters family of St Mawes; the oldest, the *Newquay*, was built in 1812, the most recent, the *Shah*, in 1873. The wood used was Cornish elm. The gigs were originally used for piloting ships into harbour, and also raced for repair work and cargo sampling. They are extremely seaworthy boats, and journeys to France and up as far as Lundy have been made in them. When they were acquired by the Newquay Club little structural repair work had to be done on them. Some have had new keels fitted, but very few planks have had to be renewed. They vary in length from 28 to 32 ft., with a beam of about 5 ft. or under. An average crew does a mile in $7\frac{1}{2}$ min.; the record is $6\frac{1}{4}$ min.

Newquay Bay is sheltered (as far as any part of the coast of North Cornwall can be said to be sheltered) from all except north-west winds. When we had our first outing, the evening we arrived, the wind was north-west. The local crews usually go over the 5-mile course at a rating of from 35 to 42. Fond ideas of a longer and slower stroke vanished rapidly when we found difficulty in striking below 50. With increased confidence and more favourable wind, and Mr Gillis coming with us for an outing at stroke, a more reasonable rating was achieved. We were helped by being allowed to row in a club race, the day after we arrived (this time only once round the bay, i.e. $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles). Split up one or two to a boat, we had the chance of acquiring the proper rhythm and of learning the technique of rounding the markers at the turning points (the course being triangular). The race was won by a crew stroked by a fourteen-year-old boy. From then on anyone who had doubts about his ability to last the course kept them to himself.

In the race proper, which took place late on Thursday evening, 12 July, we were opposed by Falmouth, Penryn, Truro, Hayle, Par and Newquay. Newquay were said to have their best crew for many years, and Falmouth (another section, one gathered, of the N.D.L.B., who distinguished themselves at Henley) were also known to be fast. If lucky, Mr Gillis told us, we might come in third. Remarks overheard around the harbour prophesied a more ignominious result. A strong south-east wind blew all that day, and, being an offshore wind, caused the sea to be choppy but without any large rollers. Falmouth and Newquay went ahead from the start, and the main interest in the race lay in the struggle between the next four boats—one of them being Lady Margaret. At each turning point (rounded by tossing bow's oar to the other side) there were at least two boats close together. Eventually we were beaten for third place by a length, with the fifth boat coming in three lengths behind us. Which, after 39 min., was not a bad race. The race was won by Falmouth, 30 sec. in front of Newquay, who were $2\frac{1}{4}$ min. in front of Penryn, the third crew. Truro were fifth, Hayle sixth and Par seventh. After the race Newquay Rowing Club was presented with a L.M.B.C. first boat flag, and the L.M.B.C. crew were given as mementoes medals normally awarded for the major race of the Newquay Club's season.

Thanks to the hospitality and kindness of the Newquay people with whom we stayed, it was a most enjoyable and successful venture. A large crowd was attracted to the cliffs to watch the race, in spite of unpleasant weather, and we felt we had done something to help Cornish rowing on its way. But it was little compared with the great enjoyment we ourselves got out of the visit. Even the actual racing had its pleasures. Although in a way harder work, and

although it puts a greater strain on one's arms (and elsewhere), gig rowing is not so totally exhausting as is rowing in eights. Even after 5 miles it is possible to be conscious of what is going on elsewhere; and some people even had breath to talk throughout the race.

We came away with admiration for the Cornish oarsmen, for their friendliness and hospitality to us, and for the way they took their rowing. It is refreshing nowadays to meet people who can be light-hearted about rowing, and who unreservedly enjoy it.

The crew for the race was: *Bow*, H. H. Magnay; 2, I. L. Mackenzie; 3, J. W. Dolman; 4, K. W. Blyth; 5, A. E. Forbes; *stroke*, R. R. A. F. Macrory; *cox*, J. W. Turner; *spare man*, R. R. H. Newson.
K. W. B.



A SENSE OF GRIEVANCE?

There are undergraduates at Cambridge today who, having got where a generation ago it would have been impossible to enter, nurse inside themselves a peculiar kind of grievance that a place with such traditions should survive.

"OLIVER EDWARDS," The Times, 30 May 1957

June 1957

*St John's College
Cambridge*

My dear John,

Thank you for writing and giving me circumstantial news of your progress. Your work sounds interesting, important, and appears to yield more by way of tangible results than even you anticipated—I don't see how you could have done better in any job. The slight twinges of regret for research abandoned will abate, I am sure, while the real achievements of your day-to-day labours will not fail to provide you with that feeling of concrete satisfaction which you could always be relied upon to experience. Whether all this justifies you in adopting a slightly (albeit unconsciously) patronizing attitude towards us here in Cambridge is another question. I don't think living even in Equatorial Africa is an excuse for clichés about "the Old Place": I don't know at what hour the clock stands: and I don't, emphatically, care whether there is honey still for tea.

"And how *is* the Old Place?", you ask. Well, you know, it isn't. Nor ever was. The indescribable, imperceptible, minute-hand changes go on from week to week, from term to term, from tripos-reform to tripos-reform; there is no arrest in the flux. Here especially, where we have our sharp time divisions and regular calendar of the academic year, we are frighteningly adept at gulping down long draughts of time without stopping to notice much difference in the vintage.

But of course changes do take place. (And if changes, then from something constant, one supposes.) People outside—people who have so thoroughly gone “down” that they call it “up”—people who make it their business to state, expound, analyse—tell us of these changes from time to time. They say (for instance) that undergraduates nowadays are more religious than they used to be: and of lower social standing: and less interested in politics: more polite: and more angry. It is all very difficult to sort out—for don’t we believe that it is unsound, dangerous &c. to generalize? I suppose I could have tried to “discover the temper of this generation” by conducting a Gallup poll in the College, and presented you with a neat numerical table. But unlike yourself I abhor statistics and so, instead, you must be content with a few impressions.

It is, then, my impression that some undergraduates today have a feeling of grievance some of the time, and that these “some” make up a fairly compact and important group; I also think that the reasons for this feeling are not social at all. Social class in England—and in the universities especially—has always been in flux; and in a college as large and as liberal as ours social origin cannot be a serious issue. Gone are the days when, standing at a window in Trinity Great Court, you could shout “Fag!” and thus attract the anxious attention of three-quarters of those passing by. The sense of grievance—at any rate as far as arts students are concerned—seems to me directly connected with the subjects which (often for no respectable reason) undergraduates have decided to read.

The teachers of a generation ago were wont to engage in long arguments on the virtues of studying classics. It is not only the case that that dispute has now spread to all the humanities, but also that it has spread from the teachers to the taught who (one presumes) are worse equipped for conducting it. We believe—we would like to believe—that the study of the humanities provides its own justification: that its own justification is a part of that study. But is it? After all, most of the intellectual criteria of truth which our undergraduate encounters every day are more or less scientific, not qualitative. To come here he has acquired the requisite amount of facts; he has also acquired a fair capacity for negotiating them. And that, very often, is that. But what happens when he starts asking what to make of these facts? He enjoys the mental acrobatics of this subject or that—but when he asks for a decent reason why he should prefer history to philately, or modern languages to crossword-puzzles—is he really given it? From the point of view of “practical life” (meaning Amalgamated Steel, Ltd. or Inc.) it all comes to much the same thing, no doubt. But meanwhile he is here, he has some leisure to think (or brood), and would like to know why he should be more concerned

with one set of facts, or one set of opinions, or one account of experience, than with another—and often he isn’t told.

It is no doubt faintly embarrassing to be talking in terms of the Arts v. the Sciences, as people have been doing for the last 150 years. Yet there is a feeling of assurance, a factualness, to be found among all kinds of undergraduate scientists (not, admittedly, in the last week before Tripos) which is absent among a corresponding group of arts students. I don’t, of course, want you to think of this generation as intolerably profound—tortured by grave intellectual doubts—foundering in metaphysical scepticism. There is, nowadays, almost as much incurious mediocrity as there ever was, though there is also, perhaps, rather more brilliance. The doubt and the ensuing sense of grievance are rarely formulated at all, and never in an abstract way. The form they take is often merely a mute kind of truculence, leaving one with the classic choice of the unhappy sergeant-major between “plain hopeless” and “hopeless with bloodyminded intent”. Yet if you were to listen to the discussions in supervisions you would, I think, come to see what I mean. Often, of course, a supervisor’s criticism of, say, an essay, is taken with that economic minimum of argument which is intended to simulate interest and wouldn’t deceive a deaf-mute. Yet from time to time you would hear something like this: “But I thought you wanted a criticism of the *novel*, not what *I* thought. . .”; or “But that’s to do with *history*, not with the Work of Art. . .”; or “How do you mean, ‘a coherent argument’?”; or “Well, I don’t know whether it’s important, but it’s a set book, isn’t it?”; or “I thought it didn’t matter *what* you put down, as long as the grammar was all right. . .”; or, with the maximum effort to disarm, “But *Sir*. . .”—for we are all “*Sirs*” nowadays, you must know, “But *Sir*, that is what I *feel*” and “Surely, that’s a matter of personal *opinion*, don’t you think?”

Here lies a legitimate sense of grievance. All these questions are concerned with the living reality of what we are to teach, each is an appeal to make explicit the grounds of discrimination, of the choice of subjects, an appeal to explain what kind of knowledge we think worthy of attention, and why. Those who used to speak of the character-value of scholarship took their subjects’ connections with “Life” for granted: they can’t be any longer: nor can the self-sufficiency of our studies. The tradition which took the value of the humanities to be self-evident is, for some of the most enquiring of our undergraduates, no longer alive. And where we proceed as if it were we encounter a resentment which is legitimate, and is *becoming* articulate.

I think the time has come when those of us who are concerned with the humanities must be prepared to justify them explicitly; our reasons mustn’t be esoteric, nor may we borrow them from the

natural sciences. And we must reconcile ourselves to a new situation, bleak and yet also bracing, in which the content of our studies should no longer be determined by reasons and half-reasons which are no longer valid; but then, the tradition according to which it was "not done" to enquire too closely into the status and *raison d'être* of our studies is less important than the knowledge these studies will yield. In this situation our responsibility and our task are plain enough. Instead of indulging your nostalgia for "your" time you ought to wish us good luck.

Well, my dear John, this is as I see it. I have asked a number of undergraduates for *their* views—they appear below. It is quite possible, however, that those who felt most strongly on this topic chose to express themselves by not replying.

With kindest regards,
Yours ever,
J.P.S.

I

In this passage from his *Times* article Mr Edwards makes three main statements. He says that Cambridge has become more accessible to ordinary people, that these people feel resentment against Cambridge, and that their resentment is more particularly against the traditions that the University upholds. Tradition is the achievement of the past, so revolt against tradition is above all a revolt against the past, when Cambridge was a closed shop—against the self-sufficient, public-school sense of achievement under a system which would have excluded them, ordinary people, from its numbers and so from any contribution to its achievements. So the grievance against tradition is a grievance against the exclusiveness of Cambridge in the past.

Today the number of ordinary people in Cambridge is so great that the grievance of inferiority has been engulfed in the swell and there is a feeling that a new tradition is established. The grievance of which Mr Edwards speaks is less between groups (ordinary present and exclusive past) than between the new individual and the established group. The freshman comes from supremacy in school to obscurity among 7000 equals, and from home to self-reliance; so he suffers a shock to intellect and emotions, above all to his sense of worth. Some (especially those who have been through this before, at an early age in boarding schools or later in National Service) have the gift of quick adaptation, feeling that the quickest way to recover identity is to make themselves a part of the institution; others curl away and roll themselves up into untouchable independence and

nurse their grievance until time softens the blow. They are helped by the realization that the group is really a lot of small groups—indeed individuals—whose threat to them is scarcely greater, although more intelligent, than that they have found elsewhere.

If grievance is caused more by the individual's maladjustment to the group than by the present's maladjustment to the past, both causes are the same, the threat to self-value. People look for a means of self-expression, of realization of personal worth. I would like to consider other ways in which this impulse is frustrated in Cambridge, because its frustration is the general cause of grievance against the institution which engenders frustration.

Most people go to Cambridge to get a good degree, to realize themselves intellectually. Some are frustrated because they are not good enough and labour under the consciousness of limitation; others because Cambridge fails to correspond to their ideal Cambridge which produced celebrated intelligences now discovered to be the exceptions among thousands of comparative mediocrities. Lecturers too may seem mediocre, and they seem cynical as well, for no one can make conscious mediocrity his profession without becoming cynical about the profession's value. This environment gives little spur to competitiveness and the intellectual loses its value as a sphere for self-realization.

This loss of value sets off another limitation of the intellectual which, in a society that strove for and attained high intellectual achievement, might pass unnoticed; yet perhaps, on the contrary, it is this limitation which is the main cause of doubt about the value of the intellectual. This limitation is the hostility of the intellectual to life. Most of the ordinary people who get to Cambridge have worked very hard in school. This period of qualification is often one of emotional abnegation, for both greater intelligence and the confinement of study separate from other people. After a time, and especially when the goal (Cambridge) has been reached, there may be a feeling of abstraction from the reality of one's own living; the intellectual becomes a sort of barrier between the self and the self's mark upon life. The assumption is that people realize themselves not only through the power of intellect but through self-expression in other people, and that the first often prevents the second. Science subjects involve the intellect but are remote from life, i.e. an inter-living with others. Literature comes nearest to life but is still at a remove from it. If you read a novel you read about life but you do not live; you acquire wisdom for living but you do not live through a book, which is incapable of receiving your self-expression, capable only of expressing itself in your mind. It is surfeiting to absorb more wisdom than one expends; but I think this happens to many People in Cambridge.

The solution is to go among people. It seems that Cambridge offers a satisfying social life; but there are reservations to be made. What does the social life consist of? There are the societies, but these are only an extension of academic pursuits: Debating, the Heretics, Faculty Societies, the Theatre are all about living, they are not life itself. Apart from the societies, Cambridge is known as a place where you meet people; but the very formulation of the cry turns life into social life, the willed thing, a part of one's education and a cultivation of the spirit, which are precisely the object of revolt. There is the alternative of beer-drinking, geniality and *esprit de corps*; but the superficiality of this solution, on top of the too-conscious effort to throw learning to the wind, and the facile indulgence of mob spirit, are the reasons why those who do not participate do not.

This is a picture only of a small part of what the undergraduate feels about Cambridge, of the sense of grievance which is not a very acute sense. A great many people settle in a niche which they find big enough to contain them, and their frustration is only that of every person who sets himself an ideal of achievement in a particular sphere, but approaches it only off and on—whether in acting, debating, writing, sport, parties or academic studies themselves. Those who do not fit exactly anywhere eventually get used to having bits of themselves left over; also, as time moves on, it becomes impossible to hold grievance against a place through which one is only passing.

A. S.

II

A pretty assertion. Too pretty, I suspect. It has that air of paradoxical probability which so appeals to those of us who like to believe that truth is stranger than fiction, that what seems a fiction is a profound psychological truth. I suggest that the assertion is of the kind that one accepts for this reason; tries to illustrate and finds it difficult; tries again and finds it impossible; and rejects at last as untrue. With which suggestion I seem to have indicated the course of my essay.

Many Cambridge undergraduates have not only got where a generation ago it would have been impossible to enter, but also started from a place formerly inaccessible to them—a good secondary school. Many grammar schools are minor public schools come upon evil days and as such they receive the sons of only the more wealthy—or the less poor. The values now are bright-dim, no longer rich-poor; the grammar school boy is proud of having passed the 11-plus examination, not of his father's income. He is the more proud because his distinction from his fellows at other schools is based on personal merit. He has little knowledge of public schools; he reads school-stories and admires the chaps, he sees Billy Bunter

on the parental amusement-machine and laughs, he may smile condescendingly at the silly uniform of Eton boys, but the institutions of book-, television- or photograph-worlds are not real. His social consciousness recognizes only the rival school, whether a grammar or a public school, because he fights against the younger boys there and later plays cricket in the annual match. The rival school is the nearest one; there is no social prejudice in the choice. Even the politically conscious grammar-school boy ignores the public schools as unworthy of attention and directs his spleen against fat, ugly businessmen with cigars, prosperous against all divine justice—how can God smile on the fat and ugly? (No one thinks of them as products of a traditional system of education.) What is important about the grammar-school boy is his attitude to the universities. Ever since his parents tired of the satisfaction they derived from his success in the 11-plus examination, they, and perforce he, have been thinking of the university. The Headmaster, a Cambridge man—it is unlikely that he will be a red-brick upstart—sends all his bright boys to Cambridge in December or Oxford in March. If they do not win scholarships, they are treated as failures and sent to the University College of Lampeter in North Wales. Headmasters of grammar schools who have influence in Cambridge are rare. A scholarship to Cambridge or Oxford has enormous prestige-value and will help to lure your friends. A state scholarship will enable you to get to Cambridge or Oxford and keep your friends. A simple acceptance for Oxford or Cambridge is regarded as slightly underhand. The bright boy's parents swell with pride—has he not passed a second, more glorious 11-plus examination?—and the boy borrows a copy of the *Student's Handbook* from a kindly member of the staff. He has got where a generation ago it would have been impossible to enter. But this does not interest him. He has got where it is, even now, impossible for his less intelligent fellows to get. And this grieves him little.

After the first flush of success has died, when his name can no longer be seen on the scholarship lists which were on the screens, the new, but ageing, undergraduate begins to look around him. He sees and meets fellow undergraduates, who, he imagines, toiled up the long hill of Higher Mathematics. He is a little hurt to find they came to Cambridge because dad thought it was a good idea. The snobbish glow he had felt at the expense of his less fortunate schoolfellows is replaced by a grudge against these men who are more fortunate than he. He begins to read the *Daily Mirror*. He rapidly realizes that the University belongs to those people who entered so easily, that the time-table of University life is modelled on their habits. This he

must change. He meets a whole variety of sports he has never heard of; discards his corduroys; and changes his accent, for he nurses his grievance inside himself. He lives in perpetual awe of a Trinity man called George. He is haunted by the word "smooth". He wishes his trousers were tapered like George's; he wonders why all public school boys have soft curly hair. He hates the gods. And he stops using "Brylcreem".

Soon he finds tradition hinders him. The gown he so proudly wore is becoming a nuisance—and after two or three fits of second-year bravado, an expense. He tears his best suit on the spikes when climbing in. He misses a many-splendoured thing because guest-hours end at 11 p.m. He envies the freedom enjoyed by his friends at other universities. He dines in Hall five times a week and always misses the two best meals of the week by signing out.

Tradition extends even to smaller things. He has to offer sherry to his friends; he dines out; he punts to Grantchester for tea; he goes to the May Ball—a question of keeping up with the Harcourt-Joneses on a State Grant. He envies the Pitt Club men with their cars and new suits; their trips to Newmarket and London; their eternal cocktails and their smart porcelain girls. And he wishes he had soft curly hair and tapered trousers—and money. He hates the Post Office, where he works in the vacations.

He nurses inside himself a peculiar kind of grievance that some undergraduates entered easily where he got with difficulty, that surviving traditions should hamper his movements; that his State Grant does not allow lavish entertaining. Does this add up to a grievance that a place with such traditions should survive? I think not. In any case George was a grocer's son from Birmingham. The trousers were his grandfather's.

If I have been unkind to our bright boy from the grammar school, it is because I do not think he exists, except in essays of this nature. And if he did exist, his grievance would not be that suggested by "Oliver Edwards". If he does exist, he will not take his degree by proxy. This hypothetical grammar-school boy has not the postulated grievance. Who has?

The obvious place to search first for the grievance is among the politicians. What of the socialists who preach comprehensive schools and the abolition of the public-school system? They are perfectly happy to wear their gowns, delighted to be invited to dessert with the Master and Fellows. They scorn the other universities. They take their umbrellas home; they wrap up their new accents in their college scarves. They are theorists.

There are the men who speak with exaggerated Yorkshire accents

and hate Cambridge. A term is a crossed calendar. They came to Cambridge because the instruction is better than that offered at the local technical college. They are never very polite. But they have no grievance against surviving traditions. They simply prefer home and good food. I suspect them of dropping the Yorkshire accent for periods spent away from home.

There are the outsiders. They have a communal clothes pool—jeans, chet trousers, loose sweaters, dirty silk neckties, sandals. They pretend to be homosexuals; they love tuneless cool jazz. They hate everything—theoretically. But they dress up for balls and put on ties for supervisions. They are in King's. They would like to be thought drug-addicts. They live in Liverpool 12 and went to Quarry Route Grammar School.

These—Reds, home-lovers, and outsiders—appear to be social rebels, but I can find among them no grievance against tradition. Where then shall I look? Perhaps among the lean and hungry, who think too much.

They play soccer and secretly distribute leaflets for the Labour Club. They go to the cinema when they are not reading Toynbee. They are not serious politicians, but they are serious haters of tradition. They are, in fact, made to measure for Mr Oliver Edwards. But "they nurse their grievance inside themselves"; how does one know them? They open up their hearts over a cup of coffee after the examinations. To Mr Edwards, or to me. They sincerely nourish this paradox: they wish the place which they reached with such difficulty were on the same level as places they could have entered as easily. They are modern, and they are so few as to be hardly worth remarking. I have met one. Perhaps Mr Edwards met one too. I hope these men are exceptions, and not a sound basis for his general assertion.

There are indeed undergraduates like this in Cambridge today. Two, as far as we know, and yet my Labour Club friend reads grace in Hall with obvious satisfaction; here is a tradition he does not hate. We are left with Mr Edwards's undergraduate; we are left with Mr Edwards's unsubstantiated assertion. And we, or I, at least, rest the case.

MICHAEL WOOD

III

A.B. I quote from *The Times*: "There are undergraduates at Cambridge today who . . ." What are *your* views?

C. d'E. Pardon?

A.B. I mean, do you nurse inside yourself a peculiar kind of . . . What I have to tell my readers is whether you are angered at the

thought of money and influence and strings being the key to University admission.

C. d'E. Well, actually, that's how I got in. Why, didn't you?

A.B. (confused). I'm sorry, I did not mean to rush you into accepting my interpretation of the above quotation. What *would* you say?

C. d'E. Well, what's wrong with this money aspect? If your father's been clever, and...and hardworking and got somewhere, why shouldn't he have the right to give his son the sort of education...

A.B. Mmmmm, I see.

C. d'E. ...also the "money is king" theme was apparent some years ago in all aspects of "welfare": health, entertainment, and so on. Also it was inevitable. Advanced education must have been a sort of conspicuous consumption for the rich, as it still is in many countries. Only now can the "equal chances" business apply.

A.B. (scribbling). So you would like to express your admiration for the way in which State assistance, the Great Leveller, has allowed education to free individuality and personality from the stifling... no, restricting shackles of ignorance?

C. d'E. All I really want to say is that from "To him that hath it shall be given", we have moved to "From him that hath it shall be taken away." I mean the means test.

A.B. (glances at watch). But we are trying to prove...illustrate that undergraduates here resent "wearing the mantle" (to coin a phrase) of these traditions of inequality, lack of opportunity, that they actively suffer the burden of an evil past, as it were.

C. d'E. (Gosh, is that really the time?) You see, undergraduates have more immediate problems, like not missing the laundry hours, and passing exams and being elected officers of societies to worry about such grievances. Few of them anyway believe in the existence of a fair system of selection based on intellect. A bank account is so much more precise. I am assured the rich are the most likely to benefit from a University life. We have a few people who try to pass off as indigent wards of the State, forced to work to make ends meet. But I think you are chasing an echo. I must go now, I am afraid.

A.B. (shrugging). He's probably an exception.

C. V. F.

TWO POEMS

I. REMINISCENCE*

當月兒隱現密雲間，
橋上交織着格子形的光影
橫跨靜靜流着的劍河，
步履聲消失後
紐葛脫的迴廊復歸寂靜，
神奇的夜色放出多彩的光華：
他從常春藤滿佈的石雕孔隙中窺
小仙在銀色的草地上跳舞，
用一頂蛛絲織成的冠冕加在仙后頭上，
溪畔每一根垂下的柳絮
閃耀着一個頑皮的小精靈。
月影婆娑下他像聽見榆樹低訴
愛人的神聖名字給晚風輕輕地叫喚着
從三合吹到遙遠的加麗和王子學院：
像無窮期過掉才見巡夜者到來干涉
「月夜美麗，是不是，先生？」

When the moon paused between high clouds,
Chiselling latticed patterns on the bridge
Over the quiet-flowing Cam,
After footfalls had died into the stones
Of New Court cloisters and stillness once more reigned,
The wondrous night unleashed its pregnant splendours:
Through ivied traceries he peeped and saw
Elves dance the magic ring on the silvered lawn,

* From *Between the Worlds*, a narrative poem by Wong Man, Hong Kong (The Student Book Store), 1956.

Crowning his faery queen in gossamer,
 As on each drooping wisp of willow by the brook
 Glimmered an impish little gnome;
 He heard the tall elms in the moonbeam whisper
 Her sacred name which the night breeze caught and played
 Through Trinity to distant Clare and King's:
 Aeons passed before the night porter intervened
 "Beautiful moon to-night, isn't it, sir?"

II. THE CAMBRIDGE MAN

(Five in a bar)

Sélf-serious, súbtle-slick, quíp-consúming, he
 Cróss-threads the stránds in dízy-busy motion through
 The áll-entwining, trúth-designing néedle's eye in ever-growing glee
 In fúming-frántic searching whátever's new.

But what is Newth?—Ah! Wait not só on the word!
 —This is no time for half-deciphered tags:
 Your quibbling-squabbling arguments are not heard
 In the laugh-long half-light, from life's looming crags.

Here's for a jólly-time, seed-time! Dare-devil he
 No pílot néeds down the helter-skelter race.
 Into the whirl-pool twirl, fool! Slave, you're free!
 Drift down giddy to the ever-heard nether-world beneath,
 In the dáce of the drównèd—dównèd ín the same pláce—
 To the dúll-inévitable díрге-world, drúdge-a-day death.

GYM H***INS

THE MEMORIAL MATCH

TWO years ago, scientific work landed me for some weeks in a small town on the Cumberland coast where there were few amenities, and even fewer amusements of the kind that usually amuse me. Some of my colleagues who had been castaway there much longer understood and sympathized with my situation, with the long evenings pretending to read in hotel lounges, or trying to get some work done in ill-lit, ill-heated, ill-furnished bedrooms. They were very kind. Sometimes they kept me company in a rather desperate visit to the one cinema, which confined itself to very simple programmes. Or they would take me for a crawl among the many local pubs. And sometimes they asked me to their homes, where they and their wives would do their best to entertain me in the manner to which they were sure I was accustomed, and until about the middle of the evening they would conceal their appalling sense of isolation and provinciality. Later, their pretence usually broke down, and they talked of themselves and their families as of people shipwrecked on some barren atoll, denuded of all civilization, quite isolated from the rest of the world, and with little hope of rescue. They were all really very kind.

There was only one among them, a bachelor, who had in the slightest degree made any contact with the place itself. It was with him that I occasionally went crawling among the pubs. He was, it seemed, genuinely interested in the local manner of life, apart from the large scientific industry which had been recently superimposed on it, and which had so far left it unchanged. He admitted that it was drab and graceless at first sight, at second sight, and at any subsequent inspection; but it had, he said, an acrid and pungent quality of its own which was at least distinctive. One day he asked me whether I knew anything about Rugby football. I told him that I had played it as a boy, and probably remembered as much about it as one usually does of outgrown interests—and that is surprisingly much. It was many years since I had bothered to watch a game, but I had no prejudice against it, and if he knew of an interesting match, under my present rather reduced circumstances I should quite like to see it.

"I don't know if 'interesting' is quite the right word," he said. "But I can promise you it would be quite unlike any other match you've ever seen. Meet me about eight tonight, and I'll take you along."

I observed that it was a curious time to watch football, and he replied that it would be curious football to watch.

We met at the Central Hotel, the least desolate of the pubs with which we were acquainted, and a favourite with my friend because it was a focal point of the local life which so much interested him. As we walked towards the outskirts of the town, I asked him to tell me more about the match, but he refused. He thought that it would all be much more entertaining for me if I knew nothing about it beforehand. The expedition became more and more puzzling, for there were few people in the dim gas-lit streets, and they became still fewer as we approached the football ground. There was no sign of even the most moderate of crowds making its way to the match. And when we reached the ground itself, there were no lights, certainly not the floodlights which I had expected. All was dark, save for a moon crossed by quick-moving clouds. The gates of the field were open, and in the shifting moonlight the tall white goal-posts rose up indistinctly, so that it was hard to make out how far away they might be—at times they were easily confused with the only slightly more distant chimneys of the steel mills which overshadowed the field.

We went across to the rudimentary grandstand, and climbed up the tiers of empty benches to the darkness under the roof. My friend seemed to know precisely where to go, as if he had reserved seats for us.

"Now we must wait a bit," he said. "It starts about half-past."

We waited, and as my eyes got used to the darkness, I thought I could make out a few darker patches on the benches under the roof to each side of us.

"I suppose we're not quite the only spectators?" I asked.

"Probably not," he said quietly. "It's a memorial match."

We waited again in silence. I heard a church clock in the distance strike the half-hour, and looked towards the town, and the glow in the sky above it. I was beginning to feel cold.

When I looked down at the field again, a single figure was walking slowly and deliberately towards the middle of the field. He was dressed in a white jersey and shorts, and was very clearly visible, even in the shadier patches of moonlight. As he walked, he turned his head to one side or the other, as if he were talking. Once his arm was raised for a moment as if to rest on someone else's shoulder, in a gesture of protection and encouragement. He looked exactly as footballers look when the team walks out on to the field, talking to one another, excited because they are soon going to be running and struggling. But there was no team—just this one man. Near the middle of the field, he paused. His eyes rose and fell exactly as if

he were watching the tossing of a coin. Then he trotted quickly back behind the halfway line and turned forwards, waiting for the whistle, for the ball to be kicked off.

In a moment the game began. He ran a little one way, then another, not yet quickly or urgently, not yet doing anything himself, but keeping in position behind the game as it swayed one way or another, so that he would be in the right position when the ball came to him—but there was no ball to come. Even in this relaxed, watchful phase of the game he moved with an extraordinary combination of agility and power. It was clear, I thought, both from his positioning, and even more from his movements, what his place in the team must be.

"The fly-half?" I whispered.

"Yes," he whispered back. "The best player the town ever had. An international. He's worth watching."

He was indeed worth watching. Soon his movements became quicker, more urgently alert. The ball was coming his way. His hands suddenly snapped out to catch it, and he darted off in a fierce, short run that ended in a long kick to touch. Then he trotted quickly to his place behind the line-out, dancing on his toes, ready for the ball to come back to him—one of those moments of heightened tension in a game when one side is within striking distance of the other goal-line, when there is a real chance of scoring if things go right for them. But this time they went wrong. There was confusion. He ran a little one way, then the other, behind the indecisive scrapping of the forwards. Then suddenly he darted forward, picked up the ball, and kicked again, gaining more ground. Once more the line-out, the moment of tension. And this time things went right, the ball came out to him quickly in a long pass, and he was running diagonally across the field, with that almost miraculous acceleration to top speed in two or three strides that so few players can achieve. Twice he twisted out of the grasp of tacklers, and then, just as he was swinging his arms to pass the ball outwards, he was well tackled, and went flying across the wet grass. When he got up, he suddenly looked lop-sided in the faint moonlight—the mud had blacked out part of his white trousers, making one side of him invisible. But he was smiling, at somebody in particular, somebody entirely real and as much there as he was himself.

For that matter, there were by now many other people on the field for me too. There were two teams, forwards, halves, three-quarters, none quite visible, but all clearly involved in his movements, in the game that was played around him. There were runs, tackles, the tense periods of waiting while the forwards fought for the ball, then that preternaturally swift acceleration as he broke into

a run, or plunged at his opponent's legs and brought him down. It was nearly twenty minutes before he scored his first try, a wonderful jinking run along the touchline, turning in at the corner to touch down about half-way in to the dim white goal-posts. He picked the ball up and walked straight down the field, looking back over his shoulder—he was taking the kick himself. Then he stopped and turned, felt the strength of the wind on his cheeks, bent down to place the ball at just the right angle between the fingers of the man who lay prone to hold it for him. He stepped slowly backwards, counting the paces, wiped the toe of his right boot against his left leg, and took his short quick run to the kick. The ball sailed upwards, but there was no way of telling whether it had gone between the posts or not. When he trotted back to his own half, he was smiling again; and again it was as if his arm lay for a moment on the shoulders of someone beside him—someone a little shorter than himself.

The game went on. After this first score, the other side made a fierce sustained effort to score in their turn. They pressed him back with a long succession of kicks, runs and forward rushes. Nearly all the time he was kept back in his own half, even behind the twenty-five yard line. There was something dour and grim about his movements now—the lithe agility had gone, only the power remained. And it seemed to be used in a new way. I had never remembered seeing a fly-half playing quite like that, so close behind the forwards, taking so much the brunt of their attack on himself, falling on the ball under their feet, snatching it away from them to make short runs and desperately defensive kicks.

"Are you quite sure he's the fly-half, not the scrum-half?" I whispered. "He's working awfully close to his forwards."

"Quite sure," the whisper came back. "But I ought to have told you that. He's nursing his scrum-half all the time. He always did."

And as I watched the game again, I saw that almost every movement was designed with this double purpose. It was part of his own game, the game he ought to have played for himself; and it was also a flashing protective screen thrown round another of the players. He attacked, constantly and brilliantly, both for the sake of attack, and for the purpose of drawing the weight of the defence upon himself, away from this other player. One would have called it virtuosity, save that it was so much more moving, more pathetic, than any display of mere technical skill.

I cannot describe the game in detail. The grim defensive phase came to an end at last. The play moved to the other end of the field, and just before half-time he scored again. There was the smile, the arm laid for a moment on his scrum-half's shoulder as they turned away from the kick. And just for a moment he glanced

up at the stands, both of them, and they were full of people cheering and clapping. From that point onwards, I was completely absorbed in the game, and the seats around me seemed to be full of people and light, no longer empty and dark, and he played now with an easy, relaxed brilliance, because the match was as good as won. They were taking risks, making jokes with their jinking runs, the dummy passes that they sold, their high-humoured side-steps and dizzy swerves. And they were smiling a little nearly all the time.

It came to an end at last. He stopped dead in mid-field, relaxed. The match was over, with three quick cheers for the losers. Then he walked slowly to the edge of the field, and melted into the darkness.

"He's putting his ordinary clothes on," my friend whispered. "We'll wait a minute till he's cleared off."

We waited. Soon, three other spectators emerged from the darkness under the roof of the grandstand, and walked down the tiers of benches. One of them passed near us, and called quietly up to us, "He was good tonight, wasn't he?" We said he had been very good.

As we walked back into the town, my friend explained it all. The man who had played this game for us had been the best footballer, not only of his own generation, but of all the other generations who had ever played football in the town, and they hardly hoped to look upon his like again. In all his achievements—in county matches, internationals—he had been partnered by the same scrum-half, hardly less brilliant as a player, but finely built, delicate, quick-silverish. "It was long before I landed up here, of course," my friend said. "But the locals tell me it was extraordinary to see them playing together. This one was always protecting the other, the smaller one, always drawing the forwards off him, getting the rough work for himself. They were great friends off the field—they tell me you rarely saw them apart. The other one was killed in the war. When this one came back, he refused to play again, except this one game, on the anniversary of his friend's death. He does it every year. A memorial match. Just a few of the locals know about it. One of them took me to it last year. If you'd like to see what he looks like, come along to the bar at the Central. He'll be there."

The bar was full. When we had got our drinks, I looked round. At a table a little apart from the crowd, three men were sitting. One of them was flushed, with bright eyes. I glanced down under the table, and saw a mud-stained white stocking under his dark trousers. There was nothing else out of the ordinary about him.

One of the locals saw where I had been looking. He asked me quietly if I had seen the game, and I said I had. He nodded slightly towards the table. "It's the only night we ever see him in here,"

he said. "The rest of the year he keeps in training for the memorial match. Just this one night, and he'll drink and drink, and when we've all gone, he'll go on drinking in the landlord's room, and he'll start talking of the games they played together. He doesn't get drunk, exactly. He gets paler and paler. Drinks himself sober, you might say. Then he walks off home, talking to himself, till next year. We often wonder how long he can keep it up."

A. M.

STUDENTS' TALK: GERMAN

LET us imagine the scene, still enacted there, this very night perhaps, in a small room. No economic miracle here, only a barely furnished bed-sitter, a rickety table with a white, exquisitely laundered linen cloth on it, finest spiderweb of patches: a shiny tin of biscuits: a bottle of white wine in the basin by the wall, a steady trickle of water dissolving its label: a lamp with a home-made, elaborate paper shade, Paul-Klee-patterned: a shelf of books. Grey, threadbare blankets cover the bed on which three young men sit, one more in a basketchair, all taut and attentive: one is standing by the window, a little withdrawn from the rest yet ready to leap from the dark window to the lit centre of the room the instant the word, the thought is uttered for which he has been waiting: on the carpet between the bed and the chair a girl, serious yet a little abstracted, listening perhaps more to the sound of the voices than to the words that are spoken, turning her head, every now and then, from one speaker to the other.

And mists of talk and veils of talk. Clouds of words, cumulus- and cirrus-shaped, flocks of far-roaming sheep: reed-beds of sentences, water-logged, gnarled trunks of words floating down the large and then the small hours of the night: roman candles and searing catherine-wheels of words bursting in the darkness, their paper cartridges hissing away long after the last spark and puff is spent: carefully planned sand-castles of argument, solemnly festooned with ancient device, their battlements bristling with chipped shells and mussels and craggy, twisted remains of hermit-crab: swaying dark green deepsea vegetations of talk in shapes as unnatural as nature made them, bizarre top-heavy subaqueous fir-trees and ocean rocks of conversation, meeting places of the wandering eel in the sargasso seas of words.

J. P. S.

THE HASSANPOULIA

A fragment of the troubled past of western Cyprus,
told by an aged villager in a Paphos vineyard.

THE rangers of Oritaes rest in peace;
The Dhiarizos river runs no more
With sanguined waters, to the sullen seas
Restlessly thundering on a barren shore.

The forest, wreathed in smoke-blue, twilight mist,
Sinks softly into deeper mystery:
A presence, breathing soundlessly, at rest,
Hushed to the stillness of eternity.

There, years ago, one golden, dusty day,
In summertime in Salamiou, the blest
Saint Paul and Barnabas paused on their way
To drink the coarse, red wine and be refreshed.

But summer's glory fades; November's storms
The tumbling Dhiarizos overflow;
And shuttered doors and shrouded, silent forms
Recall the terror-time when, long ago,

Those slender pines, whose clean scents subtly wing
The air in lofty Milikouri, saw
Bells in a blazing tower wildly ring,
While murderers forced the sanctuary door.

The poplars of Ay Yeorghios incline
Their feathered crests in shame; the sombre stones
Of desolate Mamonia now decline
In stricken ruin, blending with the tones

Of the swiftly darkening east, as shadows creep
Up through the green-gold haze of vines, to gain
The heights above Ay Nicola and sweep
Down to the spreading Mesaorian plain.

This quiet valley, watered by royal tears,
Wrung by Apollo from Olympian snows,
In silent sorrowing her burden bears,
Ashamed her bitter secrets to disclose.

Few strangers toil to climb the single street
Of evil Dhora: Kelokedhara
Is shunned by travellers, who dread to meet
The spirits of the Hassanpoulia.

The passing of a century has failed
To fade the memory of their fearful crimes;
They earned the earthquake devastation, hailed
Down by avenging heaven, in later times.

United with the trembling firmament
In common cause, the tempest angels flung
Their sparkling spears, while flame engulfed and rent
The church of doomed Mamonia with its tongue.

There, in the shocked and ashy earth, revealed
By the coldly glittering moon's inquisitive bars,
The skull of some long-dead Cyprian saint, unsealed,
Stares, sightless, at the unforgiving stars.

Still may the venturer on those lonely heights,
Watching beneath a black, star-powdered sky,
Hear thundering hooves approach: the terror by night,
Pursued by the crackle of spectral musketry.

Beneath unhallowed soil their bodies rest;
Their spirits roam Oritaes ceaselessly:
This valley still shall be by peace unblest,
Till time destroy their fearful memory.

P. A. KENNEDY

THE AWAKENING

I REMEMBER him well, my grandfather. He had a kindly, weathered face, parched and wrinkled over jowl and forehead by the mellow warmth of time. His eyes were deep and expressive, and on occasion showed a rare gleam, a gleam of hope and enjoyment, like the light in the fathomless black of an opal. Two things could conjure up this light—his archaeology and his children. These he had made his life's work and his life's relaxation; and he had hoped to find solace in his retirement in grandchildren of his own. But I was the only one, for I had no brother, no sister, and the eager hopes of my only aunt for a child had not been fulfilled in thirteen years of marriage.

And so, quietly and with myself alone to cheer him, my grandfather weakened and died, leaving behind him a rich collection of his finds, and a vivid, though at my age scarcely poignant, memory.

A short time after his death, my aunt and uncle joined us for Christmas, which, though sorrowful, we celebrated as usual. It had, however, an unusual sequel.

Opening my presents after breakfast on Christmas day, I found among them an odd-shaped bundle; it was labelled, in my father's writing, "To John, from his Grandfather." I loosened the wrapping, and discovered—a turbanned mask, or rather a half head, sculpted in white marble, of a man. There was a light laugh hanging on the half-closed lips, and the brow above the wide, clear eyes was sympathetically wrinkled. The expression was beautiful and kind. Among the wrapping, I found a note in my grandfather's minute hand:

"Christmas day is the equivalent of the seventh day of the Roman festival of Saturnalia. That day was called the Sigillaria, for on that day heads like this (*oscilla*) and similar clay figures (*sigilla*) were given as toys to children. The *oscilla*, which were representations of Bacchus, would be hung in the branches of the vines and olive trees; swinging there in the wind, their faces would turn toward every part of the orchard and were supposed to make fruitful every tree which they faced. This one dates from 400 B.C., and is one of my most valuable finds. My dying blessing goes with it."

For a joke, I hung the head on the topmost twig of our Christmas tree. It swung easily and quietly, gazing with its mild smile out and round the room, seeming to accept us and ask no more attention. But my aunt seemed drawn towards it; and if her eyes were raised

to it from her knitting, she would gaze at it raptly for a minute or two before resuming her work. She had known it when a child, and now seemed to be strengthened and encouraged by it. She gave it a whimsical farewell when they left us in early January.

Then in April I had a letter from her, in the course of which she said:

"I thought that head had some power over me. I am expecting a baby in September..."

MICHAEL DOWER

GOLUBCHIK: A TRUE STORY

I FIRST met Golubchik in the autumn of 1946, when we were casting a play. He was an individual figure, and appearing suddenly, as all great eccentrics should, at our auditions, he told us that he had learnt his acting during the war in the Middle East, at an Egyptian theatre where the Shakespearean repertoire was performed in classical Arabic; and he would now give us the Dagger Speech from *Macbeth* in the manner of that great Shakespearean actor, Yussuf Wahibi Bey. The manner of Yussuf Wahibi Bey, as Golubchik interpreted it, seemed to consist essentially in standing fixedly in the middle of the stage and vibrating from the ankles up; and after a brief discussion on the possibility of giving him the part of Third Murderer, we decided to cast our play without Golubchik if he didn't prove indispensable. So we heard no more of him until later that year, when he succeeded in borrowing our theatre over our heads—a thing which was possible in those days, for administrative reasons—there to present an evening's display of the theatrical art, devised and produced by himself. As a good deal of our equipment would be used in the course of the evening, we insisted on providing the stage crew from our own members, and not a few of us turned up among the audience, to see what Golubchik had to offer.

We found a packed house and a programme announcing a "Soirée du Théâtre Internationale. In honour of the French and Greek resistance movements." The evening was to be taken up with scenes from various plays by Shakespeare, each presented—so said the programme—in a different technique. Thus, there was technique Reinhardt, technique French, technique Hellenic and technique—needless to say—Yussuf Wahibi Bey. I cannot now remember with certainty in what order they came, but I am fairly sure that the first performance of the evening was technique Reinhardt, and the play selected was *Romeo and Juliet*. We were given the "Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day" scene, and the last scene of all. Technique Reinhardt, as it was here disclosed, meant that the lovers lay dead on a tomb with their heads to the audience and innumerable characters in black dominos, like familiars of the Inquisition, filed on to our tiny stage with candles in their hands and arranged themselves in rows along the footlights, their backs turned to us and totally obscuring the star-crossed ones from view. As Friar Laurence buckled down to his explanations, I noticed that one of the burning

candles in somebody's hand was resting against one of our hessian curtains and that sparks were beginning to shoot up into the flies. That theatre was never a good fire-risk at the best of times, and on that particular evening it was unquestionably a death-trap; so feeling some responsibility in the matter, I rose in my seat—an idea which occurred to several others in the same instant—and pointed out in unmistakable tones what was going on. All the candles guttered; all the black dominos flapped wildly; but after a moment's confusion the action was resumed and it was seen that only the fluff, and not the fabric, of the curtain had taken fire and that no danger was to be apprehended. Golubchik alluded several times to the needlessness of the alarm when he came before the curtain to introduce the next piece. His remarks under this head were all addressed to me by name.

Then came a scene from *Henry VIII*. I forget what technique was employed, and all that now survives of its principles is that Cardinal Campeius, being, so Golubchik explained to us, a Frenchman—pedantry constrains me to mention that he was an Italian—spoke with a French accent. Next *Macbeth*; technique—of course—Yussuf Wahibi Bey. Golubchik performed the Dagger Speech as before, with this difference only, that he was wearing a kilt, a boiled shirt, the Order of St Michael and St George, and grey ankle-length socks. A naval member of the audience was heard to inquire for his Africa Star. There ensued the Banquet Scene, ushered in by a Highland Fling which appeared to last some seven and a half minutes; and as long as I live I shall never forget the sight of Macbeth's courtiers wassailing one another out of beer bottles clasped by the neck. The Ghost was one of the small boys who had performed the Highland Fling; he had flour on his face and walked along the top of the table. By now the audience was showing signs of getting out of hand. Our stage crew had abandoned the struggle and were thronging in the doorway of the theatre and hanging out of the electrician's box, resolved to lose no drop of this immortal man; and we in the audience were beginning to realize the true tragedy of this occasion for us, which was that nobody—including (I have no doubt) my present listeners—would ever believe that the tale we had to tell of this evening's work was a true one.

The last piece was the most ambitious of the evening: a compressed version of *Twelfth Night*, and the technique, I believe, was Hellenic. At all events, Golubchik appeared once more, even more bizarrely dressed than previously, to tell us about it. He said that the fundamental principle of this technique was to transport the audience imaginatively into the atmosphere of the scene where the play took place; and we were now to be transported into the atmo-

sphere of the coast of Illyria—into the atmosphere of a Mediterranean seaport town, where the people laughed and danced and life, said Golubchik, was one long fiasco. . . . He now withdrew, and the curtains opened to disclose a number of characters of both sexes, seated and standing with silk handkerchiefs tied pirate-fashion round their heads. At a given signal they broke into song, and the song they sang was "Otchi Tchernia".

As the strains of this number died away, a little boy in a wool beard—whom subsequent proceedings disclosed to be the Duke Orsino—clapped his hands like a sultan, and there danced in from the wings a very dear friend of us all, whom I shall call Cathleen Ni Houlihan. She was Irish, blonde, very talented, very temperamental and at this time very young; she was wearing a Spanish dress and she proceeded to execute a dance, at the end of which she flung the rose she carried in her teeth inaccurately at Golubchik, who was playing Malvolio. Of the merits of her dance I am not qualified to judge, but it was charming and above all normal, and such by now was the condition of the audience that we vociferously encored her and would take no denial. Houlihan came back, but she had no encore prepared and attempted to repeat her former dance without the rose. Something went wrong, she swore echoingly and retired into the wings. The Duke Orsino clapped his hands once more and, as God is my witness, the assembled plug-uglies sang "The Rio Grande".

Over the greater part of what followed my memory prefers to draw a veil impenetrable even to me, and I can only remark with Brutus:

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.

I do, however, recall that Sir Toby Belch was played by a little red-faced man in a dinner-jacket with a vast, green, floppy bow-tie; and as I say, Golubchik played Malvolio. Cross-gartered he was, but he had been unable, for some reason, to procure any yellow stockings. He therefore altered the text and wherever the lines spoke of "yellow" stockings, he called them "khaki", an expedient all the bolder because he was still wearing the ankle-length grey socks which had figured in the part of Macbeth. My last detailed recollection is of the treatment of the scene in which Malvolio, locked up as a madman, is visited by the Clown, pretending to be Sir Topas the curate. There was a flat with a lattice or grille in it, and Golubchik retired behind this and shook the bars of the grille and mowed at us through it; an unnerving sight, but we braced ourselves and waited for the Clown's entrance. But no Sir Topas appeared, and no

Clown. Instead there entered one of the silk-kerchiefed characters from the opening scene, who took post outside Malvolio's padded cell and proceeded, in a voice which shook the rafters, to sing "Come back to Sorrento".

Every word of this story, except the names, is factually true. The next day Golubchik appeared at the theatre to collect some properties, and there met one of our youngest members, who was Viennese, fiery and disputatious. He asked her what she had thought of the evening, and she told him.

I didn't meet Golubchik again until about a year later, at a repertory party. He confided in me that he was planning to produce *Volpone*—which I believe he subsequently did, in a derelict teashop somewhere—but that he was held up by a casting difficulty. *Volpone* is accompanied, as magnificos often were, by a troupe of freaks—a dwarf, a eunuch and a hermaphrodite; and Golubchik said he didn't know who was to play the hermaphrodite. I said that from what I knew of the theatrical life of the city in which we both lived, this should not be an altogether insoluble problem. "Ah, yes," said Golubchik seriously, "but you see, we don't want an exhibitionist."

J.P.

TIME OUT FOR A YEAR

WE all have to face the inevitable prospect of what we are going to do when we go down. Some people know already before they come up, but the majority leave the decision until well into their last year, and make a hurried visit to the Appointments Board where their immediate fate is settled with an urbane efficiency. The chances of having a trial run are limited, although a few people do familiarize themselves with their future careers by working in the Long Vacations. But even so, few are privileged with the opportunity of going away for a year in the middle of a University course, to do a specific job, and to return afterwards to complete their studies.

This privilege was mine, when, after completing my first year, I was offered a post at Radio Bremen in Germany for the ensuing year. I had thus the chance at once of a trial run, and of postponing my eventual decision—a prospect which delighted me. This elation was soon tempered when I learned more about the job.

I was to be a scriptwriter and broadcaster for the schools' English language programme. This at first sounded fascinating and interesting, but when I considered my meagre qualifications and almost complete lack of experience, I must confess to having felt a secret fright. However, in a moment of bravado I was strengthened by warm memories of illusory acting ability (minor parts in school plays), and a conviction, bolstered by wishful thinking, that I had a flair for writing (having once written a children's short story), and I said I was willing to try. Furthermore, the prospect of following in the footsteps of two Modern Languages graduates (one a Johnian), made me feel something of a guinea-pig in my "halfway Tripos position". The assurances and recommendations of my supervisor, who had also arranged the job for my predecessors, were, however, sufficient for the authorities in Bremen, and I got the job.

Prior to my arrival in Bremen I was preoccupied with the thought: "Will I like the job?" My immediate answer was: "Well, it doesn't matter if I don't, it's only for a year, and then I return to Cambridge. But supposing I do like the job, supposing I like it so much that I won't want to return to Cambridge?" To this I had no immediate answer, and in fact these questions were never resolved with clear-cut answers, for I both liked and enjoyed the job immensely, yet I always looked forward to my return to Cambridge.

Once in the job, and plunged as I was into the hectic rush of

programme planning, I had little time for such thoughts or even for making comparisons. But still vivid in my mind is the complete change of atmosphere from being a student to being a semi-official in charge of a radio programme. Gone now were the qualms of inexperience. I knew that the job had to be done or bust. Responsibility, efficiency, competence, smooth relations, man-management—once high-sounding concepts of the far off working world, now became living realities. Apart from the first shock of realizing what I had to do, I was soon delighted with the work, and found it intensely absorbing. The simple feeling of having a job to do, the consciousness of being indispensable, produced in me a feeling of what can only be described as elation. I feel now that this was due largely to the knowledge that it was all temporary, and that time was short. This isolated year, I felt, should be experienced as intensely as possible. This sensation of excitement in doing a job, the end of which you can see in terms of time, is, I am sure, universal. It encouraged me to take a far less cautious approach to the work than if it had been a permanent engagement. I felt myself to be unburdened with long-term preoccupations, sustained always by the knowledge that this was, for me, a trial run.

Temporariness—the sense of time and its limits—made me forget largely about salary, promotion, security, insurance and other such concomitants to a permanent position. Yet the time was not so short, the feeling not so temporary, as to make me feel that my efforts could have little effect. On the contrary, being the sole Englishman on the staff with a virtually free hand to do what I wanted, made me very much aware of my responsibility to the position; I was made to feel acutely that my work constituted a personal contribution.

The precarious financial situation at Radio Bremen, which is the smallest of the eight independent German radio stations, explains why I was the sole Englishman employed permanently. I say permanently, since I was there to write the scripts and obviously could not act all the parts in the various "playlets". For these parts, simple stock characters, we engaged any Englishman with an aptitude for radio acting who happened to be in the district. These ranged from consular officials (including, once, the Consul himself) and school teachers to National Servicemen or permanent officers who happened to be serving in Germany. Out of this motley assembly of amateurs we established a proficient acting ensemble, whose range covered milkmen, mothers, fathers, angry old men, nice old ladies, policemen, and a host of other familiar characters.

The English programme consisted of a broadcast each week for the beginners and the intermediate group. These broadcasts were

usually in playlet form involving simple characters in slightly extraordinary situations, with an attempted humorous ending. For the advanced pupils there was a broadcast every fortnight. Here we were more ambitious, producing adapted versions of plays from Shakespeare to Galsworthy, along with poetry readings, short stories and programmes on current affairs.

The work was made the more enjoyable by the degree of freedom I was allowed. To all intents and purposes I was my own boss, and my working hours were irregular in the extreme. This no doubt gave me a somewhat rosy view of the working world, and led to an inflated notion of the position. But I did learn to respect the attitude of my employers, which intimated that all was well as long as the work was done. As it was, I spent more time in the studios at my work than if I had been subject to petty office regulations. This, in a small way, is my tribute to the generosity and good judgement of my superiors. Of course life in Bremen was totally different from that in Cambridge. At first the feeling of being compelled to write three scripts each week was rather similar to having to write three essays on obscure subjects for a supervision, but practice brought with it a certain ease which dispelled the feeling of compulsion. Life was also different in that I was never allowed to neglect English national affairs as is common at Cambridge. The rather romantic notion that every Englishman abroad is an ambassador on the common plane was shown to me to be frighteningly full of truth. Being the only Englishman at a radio station has its disadvantages. At every turn in English affairs I was asked to comment. My comment was always taken to represent the official English point of view, however strenuously I denied this. I was thus made responsible in succession for the unhappy conclusion of the Royal romance, the Government's Cyprus policy, the stationing of British troops in Western Germany, and lastly for the Suez crisis. Often was the occasion when my office was filled with enraged people who had come to see what "der Engländer" would say. They always departed enraged although (or because?) I was so often non-committal. I fell completely between the devil and the deep blue sea when at a luncheon club for British businessmen in Bremen, where the "Empire spirit" still flourished, I dared to expound my youthful and radical views.

These incidents apart, the complete change and the year away allowed me to look at Cambridge from a distance, and to get things there into perspective. I could reflect on my first year and examine those things which I had not done. I could also consider, in what leisure I had, what I would do in the ensuing two years of my time at College. For at no stage did I consider staying in Germany and taking up a permanent career in broadcasting there. I felt quite

simply that I could not do it, for in this particular field of broadcasting it seemed that the intense and narrow range of script writing would cause any inventiveness I might have to dry up, or, alternatively, would cause me to become routine and dull. And this, precisely, is the bane of so many schools broadcasts. Added to this, my increased proficiency in the German language heightened my interest in German literature, and I looked forward to having the time and opportunity of studying this at some length for Part II of my Tripos. Finally, the very ordinary desire was there to return and do all those things I had missed doing during my first year.

On returning to Cambridge I felt for the second time like a Freshman, who, nevertheless, knew his way around. Needless to say this feeling of greenness soon gave way to delight at being back. I found, however, contrary to my expectations, that the time away and the different nature of the work had not conditioned me well for reading of the intense kind necessary for the Modern Languages Tripos. I realized also that proficiency in the spoken language does not have the effect on one's written work that one would like to expect.

What then were the advantages and disadvantages? Apart from putting off the "inevitable day" by prolonging my University career, I found that my "time out for a year" did me a lot of good. It gave me a "broader view of the world", an intimate knowledge of north German life, a better understanding of some European problems, a proficiency in the German language—all of which I could not have obtained at home. More generally, it has pre-conditioned me for a career which I would like to follow up—a career which had not entered my mind before. The disadvantages are the dislocation of one's studies and the re-acustoming of mind and attitude to Cambridge life. But these are relatively negligible and can be overcome in a short time.

Fortunate enough to have had "a year out", I can only recommend it to others, who may be sure, or at least hopeful that a trial run will prevent any eventual false starts.

F. A. EMERY

THE PASSING OF THE PROFESSOR

DOWN here, we are very tolerant of what goes on in the neighbouring state of England, and are quite prepared to admit that a newspaper such as *The Times* has its points; although as Ben Tregenza, editor of our *Royal West Lyonesse Intelligencer and Daily Gazette* once said, "us couldn't zee zhe reporting a Faith Tea tu Mauzel". Anyway, the *Gazette* is what we read first at breakfast, and that is why our ever-loving wife said to us the other day, I see Professor Ramsbottom is dead, and that means another funeral for you, my boy. The point being of course that as the Highly Honorary Scientific Adviser and General Dogsboddy to the Civil Conservation Corps (generally known as "the corpse") we get let in for all sorts of odd jobs, probably, we suspect, because we have a very fine uniform for some occasions, and quite a presentable top hat for others. Since the announcement contained thanks to all the medicos and nurses who had assisted the late Professor from this sublunary sphere, and concluded with a verse stating that he had gone now from among them, being past beyond recall, and all that they had left of him was his photo on the wall, hardly in the style of, say, an *Eagle* obituary, we wondered somewhat as to the Professor's exact University status until we remembered that we had met him, in somewhat hilarious circumstances, and that he was definitely an academician most extraordinary.

It was on an evening not long before D-day, outside the main gate of St Trebogus aerodrome, where our ever-loving wife had been made catering officer, on the strength of having secured, about 1915, an Oxford Certificate of Proficiency in Housecraft. The general effect she gave in uniform, touched up, we regret to say, in places to make it more decorative, was so very striking that on her appearance a nervous sentry, told to keep a sharp eye for a V.V.I.P., turned the guard out, thereby completely missing "Bomber" Harris, the real object of this distinguished consideration. We were ourselves, like an Austrian autocrat, awfully arrayed as full colonels of the intellectual corps, to which we had just been forcibly appointed on the grounds that we could curse in German if not like a native, at any rate with considerable skill. In fact, all the customers we eventually met in the Fatherland spoke admirable English, except one, who as a professional Scot and a matter of principle, would use only Gaelic, and our most distinguished service was to cure the Brigadier's lumbago with a tailor's goose and several layers of brown paper. The uniform apart,

our E.L.W.'s hilarity—her husband's impending departure notwithstanding—was increased by our load of an enormous revolver (whereof we were terrified) and a large parcel labelled "ONLY TO BE OPENED IN AN EMERGENCY", the instructions as to what constituted an emergency being, we gathered, inside. Out of the Celtic twilight there then emerged a cortège—one could not call it less—consisting of a large motor hearse driven by a land-girl, with another as footman, containing sundry rolls of wire netting, bags inscribed: Mixtures no. 1, 2 and 3, several depressed-looking ferrets, and a large board with the strange device "Professor Ramsbottom, Rodent Exterminator, by Appointment". The Professor himself followed in a seaman's jersey bearing the initials R.Y.S., a bowler hat, and a 1925 Ford. Our A.T.S. driver becoming restive, we then had to say adieu to the E.L.W. and leave, but later heard more about our learned colleague.

As a professional man, he always paid a courtesy call on the Station Commander before commencing operations, the technique of which was simple. Mixing handfuls of brew from bags 1, 2 and 3, he concocted what a notice described as "Professor Ramsbottom's Rodent-attractive Reagent", which was strewn on all likely looking runs. He then retired to a secluded spot behind the cook-house, where a game of crown and anchor could be organized, and when all the erks' money had gone, usually within the half-hour, went round the baited zone with a queer high-pitched whistle, whereat rats didn't just come out—they boiled out, as our gardener would put it, each with a gloriously inebriated look and incapable of realizing the presence of furies with the abhorred shears in the shape of ferrets.... The bodies were then collected by Daisy, the senior land-girl, and taken off to the Catering Office to be counted, the occupying official being the only one the Professor would trust, ever since words had passed with the Adjutant over an estimate of mortality that was favourable more to the R.A.F. than to the Professor. There had at one time been a nice point of protocol as to whether the Rodent Exterminator could be invited into the office for a cup of tea, the Pianoforte Adjuster being admitted although the By-products Collector (an odoriferous bit of Lyonesse who came twice a week for the pig swill) was excluded. With the handing over of what one presumes must be termed a caudation fee, reckoned on the number of intact rat-tails produced, and a dignified exchange of compliments with the Finance Officer, the transaction was completed, and the cortège withdrew in the same order as before, except that now the blinds of the hearse were drawn. Wise and wily he was in the ways of rats. What went into nos. 1, 2 and 3 mixtures we shall never know; we professional men have our secrets, sir, as he once

said to the M.O. A solitary colony of black rats, living on the edge of the moor, he encouraged up to a point. They recalled, he said, his native Yorkshire, essentially English and not like the grey brutes he slaughtered *con brio*, a perpetual reminder of his sojourn in *partibus infidelium*.

We gave him a lovely funeral—right 'andsome it was, iss fay, and the floral tributes—we quote Ben—were as numerous as they were costly. St Trebogus sent their Pest Infestation Inhibitory Officer, with whom we had, over the funeral baked meats, a grand get-together; having been ourself in 1917-18, Battalion Rat Officer, when we either shot the beast with a service revolver, or stunned it with an army biscuit and finished it off with a boot, ankle, officers for the use of. Daisy was there, married locally, having a lovely cry, and the pastor of the United Original Seceders (of which the Professor was a vague adherent) gave a powerful address, all about hell fire. (You have to come to Lyonesse to learn how seriously we take predestination and damnation, eternity being too short for some sinners.) We couldn't be quite sure about the hearse, although we had our suspicions. A happy life, a useful life. *Mollier cubent ossa*. But what in Heaven will St Peter find for him to do?

E. J. B. W.

COMRADE KUZNETZOV

I STOOD on platform six, nervously clutching my *Anglo-Rooski Avtortraktorni Slovar*, waiting for the train to arrive from London. Beside me stood the man from a local firm of boiler engineers; he was toying with the straps of his brief case. "I shouldn't be surprised if he doesn't come," he said after a long, awkward pause.

A look of uncertain happiness flitted across my face.

"Mind you," he continued, "if he isn't on this train he will be on the next, or the one after that anyway... completely unreliable, these damn Russians."

That last word filled me with horror. Russians. What was I doing here, waiting for a train from London that was to bring a Russian. Out he would jump, walk along the platform towards us, and I should have to speak to him... in Russian.

I had been one of those clever people. I had decided before I started my National Service that I would use my time sensibly, no wasting time at playing soldiers. I had worried and bullied the authorities incessantly until they had shoved me on the Russian course to be rid of me. Now my folly was becoming apparent. I had gone home after demobilization, spoken airily of now having fluent Russian, and before I knew where I was I had had myself appointed as interpreter for a visiting Russian inspector. There I stood, equipped with my "vast" knowledge of Russian—"please", "thank you", "Day and night, another twenty-four hours gone" (Pushkin)—and, my *Anglo-Rooski Avtortraktorni Slovar*.

Frantically I tried to prepare a first sentence. Anyway, I thought, he will, no doubt, be quite a reasonable sort of chap. He is sure to understand that I am only here to do my best.

All this time my companion had been looking at me rather uneasily.

"By the way," he said at last, "We didn't like to say anything before, because we didn't want to put you off, but this man is a damned unco-operative blighter; I can't get on with him at all."

Well, eventually he arrived.

He walked towards us, grinning (so I thought at the time) evilly. He was about forty, dressed in an English suit, and had a slightly Mongolian face surmounted by black greasy hair. I braced myself; I spoke.

"Good morning this is the man from the firm I am your interpreter I am not very good but better than nothing did you have a good journey..."

I hoped that I had said it quickly enough to obscure the endings (Russian is a highly inflected language) and give an impression of fluency.

There was a pause. Suddenly it occurred to me. Supposing he did not understand a word I said? Supposing he spoke in some dreadful dialect and I did not understand a word that he said!

He began to speak. "Oh, you speak very well. Tell me, where did you learn Russian..." He had understood, all was well...or was it?

We left the station and set out for the factory. There we were met by the works manager. He was a burly northerner, with a rich vocabulary.

"Tell 'im I'm chap what puts muck round bloody onions," he declaimed when asked to define his duties.

"Did you have a nice trip?" I interpreted.

"Well, ask him if he likes football," said the works manager, obviously disappointed that our friend had not collapsed with uncontrollable laughter.

"Do you like the game in which twelve men walk with their feet an oval shape from one end of the field to the other," I stuttered (ungrammatically).

"What!" exclaimed the Russian incredulously.

I was desperate; I could not afford to have complete mutual misunderstanding at this early stage.

"Do you like vodka," I whispered hoarsely...it was a dangerous gamble, but it worked. He beamed, he banged the works manager on the back, he shook him vigorously by the hand. They were both pleased.

The first hurdle was over. Now we had to get down to work. As we walked through the factory yard my spirits began once more to flag. I was surrounded by hideous pieces of equipment, paddle ash extractors, boiler feed stand pipes, tie backs, and many other monstrosities. All that morning was spent speaking of "Fixing that thing that you just mentioned to this thing here," and "You absent this from that (in a standing position) on the opposite to the word from inside, and in the bedroom of that other thing you find the thing which works the thing which that man there (the one who likes vodka) said you wanted to see last week but could not because it was not yet made."

I shall never cease to admire the Russian's intelligence. The amount of work we did that morning was quite incredible. Hurdle number two was over.

Hurdle number three came at lunch time. I had simply no idea how to speak about food in Russian. I drew lurid pictures of a man

operating on a sort of cow, in a frantic attempt to describe oxtail soup; I drew plums and potatoes on the table cloth, and nearly got us all thrown out of the hotel when I approached the elderly gentleman in the corner and asked: "Excuse me but do you think that I can show our friend your lunch?" Luckily the hotel stocked vodka and all was well...in the end.

That afternoon, there being no work to be done, we took our Russian to see the town. Normally I would complain bitterly about our town, because it is one of those places that has a very fine cathedral, but nothing more. On this occasion I was pleased. I know the Russian for cathedral.

"Here is the cathedral," I declaimed in good "here-is-the-pen-of-my-aunt" style. The Russian was duly impressed, but seemed far more interested in the fact that the building has a tendency to fall outwards. On the way in we passed the bishop's palace. I decided to call it the bishop's castle, not because I wished to make it sound grander, but because "castle" was the nearest word to "palace" that I knew. Unfortunately, I gave the word the wrong stress, changed the meaning, and said in a tone of proud admiration...

"And here we have the bishop's key-hole."

Duly impressed with my knowledge of detail, he asked who the bishop was. Regrettable as it was, but persuading myself that he would understand this terminology better, I informed him that the bishop was the managing director of the cathedral.

Later that day we had to go further up north, to Wakefield. After we had been in the train only a few minutes it became more than clear that our friend was bored. Having made a few puerile jokes about the woman opposite, he said gruffly "I'm bored, I want a drink."

When the waiter arrived, however, it was only to inform us that there was no hope of getting a drink because the account books were closed. I tried to point out that our friend was a very important visitor, a Russian in fact. This only made matters worse. I suspect that the waiter was a Pole. Whether this was the case or not, his refusal to get a drink inaugurated a pro-Russian half hour.

"In Russia one can get a drink at any time of the day."

"Yes, but..."

"What is more one can get food at any time of the day as well."

"But here..."

"And another thing, my friend, let me tell you this. In Russian trains every carriage has its own chess sets, its own packs of cards, its own wirelasses, and its own magazines."

"Yes, but look here, in Russia the distances..."

"What time does this train get to Wakefield?"

"Oh, in about an hour's time."

"Good, that means that we shall be able to go to the pictures then?"

"Well, I am afraid I don't see how we can. By the time we have found the hotel and all that sort of thing we shall be far too late for the evening performance."

"Too late? Why, what time does the last performance begin?"

"Round about seven I expect."

"Good heavens! In Russia the last performance does not begin until midnight!"

"Midnight!", it was my turn to register surprise, "but what about the people who have to go to work the following day? Aren't they rather tired, don't they need to sleep?"

"Sleep, sleep, sleep! All you English do is to think about sleep. Do you realize that you spend a third of your life asleep? You only live once, you know. In any case the Russian people do not need much sleep."

Having more or less exhausted himself, he proved something or other by promptly taking a nap... Unfortunately this only meant that he was in good form by the time that we reached our destination.

Having signed in, I took our friend up to his rooms. Eyeing the contemporary wallpaper distastefully, he observed that Russian hotel rooms were warmer, longer, taller, broader, lighter... and they had built-in wireless-sets. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he soliloquized to the effect that Russian hotel beds were softer, tidier, wider... and (no doubt) they had built-in thermostat-controlled hot-water bottles. By midnight I was feeling that, despite my linguistic deficiencies, I had earned my money.

The following morning there turned out to be very little to do. We simply walked into a large firm that has been making a certain piece of equipment for 150 years. The Russian took one look, said that they did not know what they were doing, and that was that.

By ten o'clock I was free. The Russian and the man from the firm had to go to Scotland, but that did not really interest me. I strode (almost skipped) down the road, despite the fact that it was no doubt shorter, narrower, dirtier, etc. I was immensely relieved at not having to attempt to speak in a language I hardly knew, and a language which at that moment I did not wish to know. Having a spare half an hour I slipped into a shop to buy some postcards.

"Yestli oo Vas otkreetkoye," I asked the shopkeeper.

"DO YOU NOT SPEAK ENGLISH?" he said very slowly and very emphatically.

"What? of course... Oh, damn! Have you got any postcards?"

D. J. NEWSON

THE POP SONG AND THE POP SINGER

SOME months ago Mr Colin MacInnes gave a delightful radio series on "The Music Hall and its Songs". During the course of his discussions, he put forward the idea that the Music Hall in its hey-day was the expression of a particular kind of folk-lore. Through the Music Hall the industrial working class of this country, herded by the Industrial Revolution into great towns and cities, gave voice to the philosophy, unformulated and yet ever-present, which sustained them from day to day and insulated them against what was often a harsh and unpleasant world. In the songs of the Music Hall the working class expressed, what they could not express in words, their courage, their humour, their patriotism, their sense of solidarity, and their yearning for a pastoral idyll which they believed had once been theirs. The stars of the old Music Hall sprang from the working class and remained aggressively proletarian all their lives.

So much is, or ought to be, common knowledge. But Mr MacInnes did not pursue his thoughts on this topic beyond the scope of his programmes. Perhaps it may be worth while to give a little thought to the popular song of our own day. Does it too symbolize an attitude to life? Does it express an ideal? For there can be little doubt that the big pops of today are made or unmade by working-class favour or disfavour. And this is the great similarity between the pop of our own day and the songs of the Music Hall. In any case, however much we regret the passing of the old Music Hall, there can be little doubt that it was bound to come. It was unable to compete with the great modern media of mass-communication. But it seems to me that there was a hiatus in this transition, which corresponds roughly with the period between the wars.

While the Music Hall was in decay and the talking film still barely in its infancy, the initiative of the popular song passed to the London and New York musical comedy stage. And this stage, although it produced many fine songs, was essentially patronized by the middle class and catered for a middle-class audience. Musical comedies then were about sheiks, mounties or the Ruritanian dreams of Ivor Novello, not, as they are today, about pyjama factories in the Middle West or U.S. Marines on a Pacific island. Records there certainly were, but in only too many working-class homes in this period there was hardly enough money to secure the necessities of life, let alone gramophone records.

It is only since the end of the last war that the record industry has

swollen to fantastic proportions, borne upwards on a tide of working-class prosperity, and that the disk-jockeys have taken their fitting place in society. What are these songs which catch the public fancy and make large profits for those lucky mortals who have a hand in their production? And how do they compare with the great songs of yesteryear?

Most of all, as the discerning listener can hardly fail to have noticed, the pop of today is about love—or more often “lurv”. Or even, as I heard the word pronounced on one startling but ever-memorable occasion—“loff”. Well, yes indeed, many of the old Music Hall songs were also about love in its myriad manifestations—and many of them were extremely sentimental. The audience knew when a good old tear-jerker was coming and prepared to react accordingly. But the modern song seems to have lost its sense of proportion—no more the honest sentiment to make our eyes smart, but nowadays wallowing self-abasement to make our ears burn. It is dangerous to generalize about the modern pop, when the not too infrequent good song can make one a liar, but only too often tunes are trite and the words are rubbish.

However, such songs often become very popular, because they seem to be accepted on a different level of understanding from the one used in facing everyday life. The factory girls and workers who buy the sheet-music and records can find no resemblance between the “love” in their current favourite and their own courtships of the back stalls and the frigid parlour, reserved for the courting couple and the corpse. Unless it is in these songs they see love as it ought really to be, as they would like it to be, but as they know it never can be.

Certain things in songs are always sure-fire winners. To name a few there are mothers, Ireland and Christmas. The Goons, cocking a shrewd eye at society, soon realized this and in their happy role as the licensed court jesters of the TV age, lumped them all together in that soul-stirring epic, “I’m Walking Backwards for Christmas”, where an “immigrant lad loved an Irish colleen, from Dublin’s Galway Bay”. A less happy development is the realization in Tin Pan Alley that today religion is another sure sell-out, when presented in an easily recognizable form, with backing from the inevitable heavenly choir. The Music Hall song, to its credit, never treated religion as a money-spinner, but today we are inundated by chapels on the hill, on the corner by the river, in the valley and, for all I know, under the sea, unless Debussy thought up that one first.

Songs expressing the society from which they spring are becoming increasingly rare. Practically all the Music Hall songs were about easily recognizable aspects of life as the audiences of the day knew it, but, today, with constant easy escapes from reality always available

and class-barriers breaking down, there is no demand for such a type of song. Songs like “Sixteen Tons” belong more to the fake southern ballad school, which has also leapt to popularity of recent years. Just about the last “social conscience” songs I can recall are two immortals from between the wars—in America, “Buddy, Can You Spare a Dime?” and in Britain, Flanagan and Allen’s “Underneath the Arches”.

However, perhaps this is not a very serious loss, except that the task of future historians is hereby made more difficult. It is possible to write a social survey of working-class life from a study of the Music Hall song. Any future historian attempting to do the same thing for us will certainly come to some very strange conclusions.

Another type of song which has completely dropped out—in Britain at least—is the patriotic song. The old Music Hall could always be relied upon to produce a hearty response to the needs of any particular international situation. Notable here was of course the Great MacDermott—the “Statesman of the Halls”—with his famous “We don’t want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do.” Perhaps the decline of the patriotic song is the product of a loss of national self-confidence, of a realization that we “haven’t got the ships, the men nor the money too”. But I have heard a young labourer, recently released from the Army and in imminent danger of being recalled to it because of the exigencies of the international situation, ignore all this and fulminate vigorously against the B.B.C., which had just banned one of the more nauseating “religious” songs from its wave-lengths, in a gallant attempt to preserve standards no longer generally accepted.

The modern pop singer is essentially the product of the pop song—in direct contrast to the days of the Music Hall, when the artist made the song depend on his or her personality. Even today singers of the outstanding calibre of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra can still do this, but a host of lesser worthies may find their careers at the top “nasty, brutish and short”. But certainly never solitary, because the modern pop singer lives in the constant distorting glare of high-pressure popularity and publicity. Occasionally a song, such as “The Happy Wanderer” or a tune such as “The Dam-Busters’ March” may last a year on the Hit Parade, but these are exceptional. The life of the average pop can be measured in months, and if a singer is unfortunate in his follow-ups to his original success, he may soon disappear into the oblivion from which he so rapidly sprang.

Some singers, notably Perry Como and Eddie Fisher in America, and Ronnie Hilton in Britain, survive on the sheer virtue of being pleasant to listen to, but more depend on a gimmick—be it crying, shouting or just sheer unintelligibility. Sometimes it can be a com-

bination of all three, as in the case of Elvis the Pelvis Presley or of his great rival, Gene Vincent. We are informed that some lucky young lady is to be suitably rewarded for having dreamt up the edifying title for the latter discovery of "Gene the Spleen". It is difficult to imagine any of the Music Hall artists as having gimmicks, unless we count George Robey's eyebrows or Harry Champion's emphatic stamps on the boards of the stage.

The worshipping fans flock round the successful pop singer and his first duty is to learn to bear it with a fixed, determined grin. For the fans, professionally organized in pressure groups known as Fan Clubs, like nothing better than to be able to say of their idol that, "He's just like us really." There is a constant element of jealousy and even sadism in fan-worship, coupled with a never-ending inspection of the hero's every action, however slight, which would do credit to the activities of the Un-American Activities Committee. Let the pop singer just once show the slightest sign of hesitation in acceding to the more irresponsible demands of his following and the word will go round that he is getting "big-headed". And then the ex-pop singer might as well return to his fitter's bench or miner's drill, because professionally it will be as if he had never existed. He will have earned the plaudits of a few freedom-loving, individualistic cranks, but it is doubtful whether this will compensate him for his drop in salary.

Naturally, there are deviations from the norm, even in the world of records, radio and television. An American called Stan Freberg performs a valuable service to suffering humanity with his brilliant skits on the large monstrosities of the recording world surrounding him, but he is a voice crying in the wilderness. In Britain, Billy Cotton does something to keep alive the vulgar, earthy tradition of the Music Hall days. Sometimes he delivers shafts against some of the facets of modern life which seem to him ridiculous.

To quote the title of one of the newer and better popular songs, of which we shall all doubtless grow heartily sick during the next few months, "Two Different Worlds"—the pop of today and the Music Hall song of yesterday certainly belong to two different worlds. But all is not lost, for while the pop has an ephemeral life, the greatest of the Music Hall songs have become part of our heritage. If you don't believe this, ask any of the Willows who played cricket and drank beer in the villages of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire last season. When a jovial company was assembled in a public bar suitably equipped with a piano, it was the old songs which were called for, with everybody of course joining in the chorus "IF YOU PLEASE!". Long may it remain so.

DAVID MANN

ON THE PHYSIOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY OF ROWING

IN the past few years, and again with renewed vigour last year, there has been much criticism of the lack of scientific interest taken in rowing in this country. Two of the nations, America and Russia, who have taken some considerable trouble to investigate the problems involved in the selection and training of crews on a scientific basis, have met with an impressive number of successes in international competition.

When we compare Great Britain's successes over the last decade in international rowing, and particularly our record last year after our not unexpected disgrace in the European championships at Bled, it would seem that scientific experiment applied to our problems has been neglected far too long.

A simple analysis will show that the problems of rowing fall into three categories: selection, training and coaching, and racing. It is the difficult task of the coach to integrate the first two in such a way that a crew can give of its best under racing conditions. The choice of a coach is thus a most important factor in the producing of a crew if it is to be successful, probably even of greater importance than the quality of the individual oarsmen, judging from the remarkable results obtained by some coaches from seemingly mediocre material.

When the coach has been chosen it is his first duty to select the best crew from the list made available to him by the captain of the club. Almost without exception in this country the method used is to scrutinize each potential member of the crew both in the bank tub and tub pair, and then further to evaluate his capabilities during outings in different orders in the trial eight, until a combination of eight men has been found who are able to adapt themselves to each others' idiosyncrasies. It has been suggested that "aptitude" tests somewhat similar to those employed by the Royal Air Force in the selection of potential pilots would be a more satisfactory method. Since no work has been done yet to correlate different tests with the abilities of any outstanding oarsmen, it is impossible to say how efficient this method would be. However, it does seem an idea well worth scientific research.

For the members of the training squad, as it is called, this is a most anxious period, because the basis of our present methods of selection depends on current form and performance. In consequence, considerable mental as well as physical strain is involved

in proving oneself to the coach. This psychological background is of great aid to him because he is assured of continued maximum concentration and effort. When this stimulus has been withdrawn, for instance by the awarding of colours, a notable easing of effort has been observed in some crews—a good indication of the value of this mental tension.

The regrettable feature of these selections is that they must obviously take place at the beginning of the period of training, when it is impossible to forecast how great will be the improvement of any individual oarsman before the race, when he has been given the opportunity of rowing for several weeks actually in the crew. As a result, the coach has to delay making his decision absolutely final until after the completion of the first three or four weeks of training if the race is to take place in the eighth week. Since the ultimate pace of the crew depends to a large extent on the co-ordination of the eight men in the crew, the longer the crew is given to achieve this co-ordination the greater the pace of that crew is likely to be. Hence, the coach has to strike a "happy medium" between the time available for selection and the time available for serious training of eight men as a crew. Delayed or too hasty decisions on this point have lost many races.

What is the purpose of training? Before answering this question let us consider the muscular actions involved in rowing. Anatomically speaking, we can divide the actions of rowing into two separate halves: the first half, where the body is working against the resistance of the oar in the water, involves complete extension of the extensor muscles of the legs and trunk from a state of complete flexion at the "front-stops" position, followed simultaneously by contraction of the flexors of the arms to complete flexion; the second half, the recovery process preparatory to taking the next stroke, involves the relaxed extension of the arms followed by carefully regulated flexion of trunk and legs as the slide is drawn towards "front-stops" once more, to complete flexion. In a race this sequence of events may be repeated as often as forty times a minute for as long as seven or eight minutes. The wide range of muscular movements involved and their frequency demand an amount of energy far above that required by the body under normal circumstances, so far above normal in fact that without some method of increasing the body's efficiency and endurance the body is totally unable to cope with it.

The Americans have given us an easily understandable equivalent to one minute's "full-pressure" rowing from the results of their research. They estimated the work done per man per minute in a racing eight, by towing a boat with its crew of eight men in it, by means of a long rope and a spring balance attached to a fast motor

launch at a speed corresponding to that obtained by the crew rowing at forty strokes per minute. From the reading on the spring balance the work done by each man at this rating was calculated and was found to require the same amount of energy as would a climb up an eight-storey building.

Here we have the answer to our question. The purpose of training is firstly to increase the body's endurance to its allotted task, and secondly to develop its efficiency so that less energy is required to carry out this task.

The increase in endurance is brought about by changes both in muscular structure and in muscular size. Regular and heavy work thickens and toughens the sarcolemma—the muscle-fibre covering; and increases the muscle's connective tissue. (This change is easily recognizable when the meat from a worked and a non-worked animal is compared on the dining table.) The increase in size is caused chiefly by three factors. First, an improvement in the blood circulation to each of the exercised muscles, which thus gives them a bigger and better supply of oxygen and foodstuffs; secondly, by growth of each of the many thousands of muscle fibres which make up a muscle and a development of many fibres previously latent; and thirdly, by the over-compensation effect of nature herself in repairing tissues broken down by the violent muscular exertion.

The change in structure of the muscles due to this increase in the work required from them takes place comparatively quickly, and therefore to maintain these changes the training schedule must involve working them against an increasing resistance. This increasing resistance is obtained usually by lengthening the mileage covered in an outing from an initial seven or eight miles to seventeen miles or more, depending both on the time available and the distance of the race in mind. This, together with the increased pressure the oarsman is capable of applying to the water per stroke due to his improving technique, is regarded by many authorities as sufficient for developing the muscles. However, a few more enlightened coaches have discovered that daily exercises on the bank, designed to impose considerable strain on the muscles principally involved in rowing, namely those of the arms, shoulders, trunk and legs, have produced in a test period of four weeks an increase in strength comparable to that obtained from exercise in the boat in twelve weeks. This means that the crew which undergoes exercise on land, and uses its boat chiefly to improve rowing technique and watermanship, is going to be, at the end of twelve weeks, three times as strong as the crew which relies entirely on its boat for strengthening exercise—a point which might well be brought to the notice of many Cambridge coaches.

The schedule worked out by the coach at the beginning of the training period involves a number of pieces of work either over the full length of the proposed course of the race or over half of it. The purpose of these pieces of work is twofold. First, it is to give the crew some experience of working under conditions of high concentrations of lactic acid, which is a breakdown product of glycogen produced in muscular contraction.*

To give the crew more experience of these conditions, and to include these pre-race courses in his schedule, the coach might well be advised to begin every training session on the river with a stretch of hard paddling or rowing. The effect of this would be to produce right from the beginning of the outing a large amount of lactic acid in the muscles, enabling all the exercise taken in the outing to be under conditions of high lactic acid concentration.

The second point of these pieces of work is principally a psychological one. Their "build up" or introduction to the crew is such that there is a feeling of nervous apprehension, similar though lesser in degree to that experienced before a race. Undoubtedly the oarsman's primary fear must be whether or not he can row with maximum effort on every stroke over the course. It is only by actually attempting to row with maximum effort on every stroke over the whole of the course that he can find this out for himself; and by finding it out before, he has, when the actual race does come along, his mind free to concentrate on rowing technique and on winning.

The efficiency of the body is developed by teaching it the simplest system of movements that will produce the most effective stroke to move the boat through the water. A crew of eight novices in a boat will go through a remarkable series of motions in the acts of putting the oar blade into the water and pulling it out again at the cost of

* This action is reversible and can be written as follows:

Glycogen $\xrightarrow{\text{enzyme}}$ lactic acid + energy for muscular contraction. During mild exercise, such as walking, sufficient oxygen is carried in the blood to remove by oxidation to carbon dioxide and water about one-fifth of the lactic acid, the remainder of which is re-synthesized to glycogen in the muscle itself. However, during severe exercise, as in rowing, more lactic acid is produced than can be dealt with in this way, which means that lactic acid becomes amassed on the right-hand side of the equation. By Le Châtelier's principle, if the concentration of lactic acid continues to increase, the action from left to right of the equation will proceed more and more slowly, until eventually a state of equilibrium is reached. This slowing down in the speed of the reaction will mean that less and less energy is available for muscular contraction and in consequence the contractions will become weaker and weaker until at the equilibrium state they stop completely. In practice, this state of affairs rarely occurs because complete fatigue takes place in the nervous control of the muscle quite a long time before complete fatigue of the muscle.

an enormous amount of redundant energy. If the oarsman was able to prune down these movements, with the assistance of the coach, until only those essential to moving the boat remained, for the same amount of energy he used previously over one stroke he would now be able to take three or four. This is in fact what happens; and although different coaches prune by different methods, it is only by the continual concentration on the removal of these superfluous movements, and by the attempt to row each stroke more effectively than the last, that any real improvement in rowing efficiency can be obtained.

When the training schedule has been completed each member of the crew should, ideally, be at the peak of his form. Unfortunately, this uniformity rarely occurs, because individuals of differing physical build take differing lengths of time to reach their personal peaks. For instance, a short stocky person requires considerably longer than a tall lean person. Consequently, the coach must attempt to gauge his training schedule so that the majority of the crew are at or close to their peak at the time of the race. The difficulty of the coach's task was well demonstrated by the performance of the Cambridge crew in this year's Boat Race.

The last few days, and in particular the day of the race, are a time of acute emotional stress for both crew and coach. This emotional stress causes release into the body of adrenalin, which by its widespread effect prepares the body for maximum effort. This, together with the determination—fostered by the coach—to win the race, will bring a fully trained crew to the starting post ready to row itself into a state of complete exhaustion in the hope of success.

Before the race actually begins, the crew practises a number of rowing starts, and does a length of hard paddling in a process known as "warming up". The reason for doing this apparently unnecessary extra work is to bring about circulatory changes in the body, so that the blood supply to the viscera is reduced and the blood supply to the muscles is increased in preparation for their severe exercise.

After the initial flurry of leaving the starting post in the race at a high rating, the crew attempt to settle down to a "stride" at a lower rating which they hope to maintain over the rest of the course. Since this "stride" is usually developed at the end of the first minute of the race it will always coincide with the feeling of breathlessness experienced before the arrival of the "second wind", and it is here that many crews falter, lose their stride, and lose their race. If, instead of faltering, each member of the crew was to put more effort into his strokes during this transition period, not only would the crew keep its stride, but the discomfort would be alleviated more quickly by the earlier arrival of the "second wind". The symptoms

of this "second wind" are—a fall in the high carbon dioxide tension in the lungs, a lowering in the rate of breathing and an outbreak of sweating with a rise of body temperature. Their physiological explanations are not fully known yet, but it has been suggested that the increased rate of breathing before "second wind" is due to the stimulation of the respiratory centre of the brain by the carbon dioxide displaced from the blood bicarbonate by the production of lactic acid in the muscles.

When the "second wind" has appeared, there is a period over about two-thirds of the course of the race where the working power of the muscles remains stationary at a high level. However, during the latter third of the course the power and output decrease as a result of muscular fatigue. This fatigue is due to an accumulation of the end products of muscle metabolism and to a depletion of the glycogen reserves in the muscles. This depletion can be offset to a certain extent by taking prepared glucose a sufficient time before the race to allow for its assimilation in the muscles as glycogen.

Perhaps it should be mentioned here that susceptibility to fatigue has been found to vary from person to person, and in one individual to vary from day to day, the amount of variation depending both on the individual's constitution and the nature of his task. This means that there will be a slight variation amongst the members of the crew in the precise time of obtaining their second wind and in the falling off of their muscular effort which, in all but exceptional crews, always has a disturbing effect on the co-ordination of the rhythm of the eight men in the boat.

Many riverside rowing critics, having seen the complete state of exhaustion of each member of a crew at the end of a race, have been unable to understand what is the fascination of rowing. The fascination of rowing lies in its great difficulty. Few persons have the many innate qualities required to make them outstanding oarsmen, which means that to the host of ordinary oarsmen perfection in rowing must present an unattainable goal, and it is in the optimistic attempt to reach this goal that we "hack" oarsmen obtain our satisfaction.

I. L. MACKENZIE

L.M.B.C. HISTORY

THREE years ago the project of bringing the Club history up to date was started; since then many members of the Club have helped both with writing and donkey work so that now the book is nearing completion.

This is in the nature of a progress report, to outline and to give a brief description of its contents, and also to give an estimated date of publication.

Now, the beginning of March, most of the contents have passed the galley-proof stage and soon will be in page-proof form; a selection of photographs will be made as soon as a fully representative collection has been made up. Present progress continuing on the same lines, it seems that there is a good chance of it being produced during the May Term.

The book will have a comprehensive introductory chapter giving the highlights of the first 100 years of the Club's life; this will be followed by the main section of the book: a year to year account of the past 30 years, each year's account being followed by complete crew lists and full details of the year's bumping races. Irrelevant details and incidents have been added to give a slight tinge of the colour that tends to mark an active boat club's progress and its relations with authority. Quite a large portion of the book has been taken up with supporting chapters under the headings of *Memorabilia*, *Personalia* and *Acta*.

Memorabilia comprises articles on the origin of the "Blazers"—now indisputably an L.M.B.C. contribution to the English language—the uniform of L.M.B.C., and a short account of other Johnian boat clubs. There is a brief section on the institution and early history of the Colquhoun Sculls, a sketch of the Club's post-war activity, and two relevant *Times* fourth leaders. Also included are two accounts, one of the European championships at Mâcon in 1951, and one of the 1952 Olympics, which have been specially written for the book.

Appreciations of some of the great L.M.B.C. characters and personalities of the past 30 years appear under *Personalia*; also included is a broadcast by Roy Meldrum, and finally there is a Roll of Honour of all those who fell in the Second World War.

Acta has the usual lists and appendices that are common and necessary to all club histories; missing, however, from these will be the list of May Colours who gained firsts in their Tripos; it might

have been used as evidence by tutors against the Club because of the invidious comparison with the "Good Old Days"—anyway the editor is biased. It is hoped to have a good selection of at least twelve photographs, both of club personalities and of successful crews in action.

So far about 250 copies of the book have been guaranteed out of a total edition of five or six hundred. Two hundred uncut and unbound copies of the previous combined 1926 edition of the history have been discovered, and it is proposed that some of these will be used to make a complete volume of the history. This will be at a very small extra cost because the uncut copies have already been paid for.

If anyone would like to place an order for a copy, or copies of either book, or would like to change their previous order, will they please write to me c/o the College Office.

J. F. HALL-CRAGGS, *Editor*

CORRESPONDENCE

Gentlemen,

By courtesy of the Sunningdale Golf Club, which operates on land owned by the College, the Johnian Society was permitted to hold its annual competition for the Marshall Hall Cup over that club's superb Old Course on Saturday, 20 October.

This meeting is always a pleasant occasion; but this year only nine members took part in it, and at lunch time one of them remarked that if this was the best the Society could do, the fixture had better be allowed to die a natural death. The rest of us thought this idea subversive and premature, but nobody denied that it had an uncomfortable ring of commonsense.

Opinion was general that the meeting is being neglected simply because people don't know what they are missing; and as I happen to be a scribe by profession and an ex-editor of *The Eagle*, I was deputed to try my hand at propaganda.

I am not going to make any appeal to old-college-tie sentiment. A man who wants to keep in touch with fellow-Johnians can do so better at the annual dinner than at Sunningdale. This is not so for me personally, because as a dramatic critic I find dinners difficult and golf meetings easy; and there may be Johnians in other Stygian professions (burglary, for instance, or nightwatchmanship) who are similarly handicapped—but I am not arguing on behalf of a minority. I am saying that the golf meeting is worth saving for everybody's sake, simply on its merits as a day out.

For any man who plays golf, however badly, I can't think of a bigger treat. Sunningdale has two of the best inland courses to be found anywhere. Officially, they are closed to visitors on Saturdays, but the club breaks its rule for us and looks after us beautifully, charging us only fifteen shillings a day inclusive of lunch, tea and tips. Could one hope, in these days, to get a day of first-rate golf for less than twice that anywhere else?

As for transport, in the days before the war those of us who had cars drove down, taking with them as passengers those who hadn't. It would be easy enough to make similar arrangements once again.

Finally, let me emphasize that however incompetent a golfer a man may be, however long in tooth or handicap, he need never fear that the standard of play at this meeting will put him out of countenance. There are always a few young to youngish men present, who can play to their handicaps, and who save the Society's face by seeing to it that the Cup is won by a respectable score. But the hard core of the gathering is a group of elderly gentlemen who, whatever their pretensions before the war, are now contented hutch-dwellers. We persistent rabbits no longer aspire to win the cup. But there is a danger that, if numbers are allowed to go on dwindling, one of us may find himself, some year soon, solitary at Sunningdale, and become the winner by default.

Yours, etc.

W. A. DARLINGTON



TWO JOHNIANS OF 1858

Animae Naturaliter Johnianae

'To others it appears to strike at the foundation of all University morality;—that Undergraduates should write, and perhaps publish; that Undergraduates should think of writing anything, except of course translations and bookwork, is a proposition subversive of all decency, and not to be viewed without horror.'

Thus, with vigorous irony, the first editors of *The Eagle* defended their project on the first page of the first number. With an equally vigorous modesty they dealt with the charge that the new venture could not last more than a year or two. 'It is assumed that *success* in a gross and material sense is our object; this being not a pecuniary speculation, the success, it is argued, must lie in its continuance; in the next place, by a very convenient sophism, success in this matter is made the test of its being right or wrong; convenient, because it saves the trouble of forming any opinion on the subject; a sophism, because an old and good practical proverb is wholly misapplied.'

Already, in these sentences, we begin to see why the magazine *did* survive—and becomes with this number the first college magazine to attain its centenary. Through those firm, cogent arguments one senses another quality, a quality which has been noticed before. Some years ago, a Fellow of John's met a former member of the College over lunch in a provincial town. Later on, he mentioned to some other people who had been present that he had thought him a typical Johnian.

'What do you mean, a "typical Johnian"?' he was asked.

He thought for a moment, and then replied, 'Well, he had an air of quiet unassuming competence.'

He has always been puzzled by the loud laughter which greeted this observation—and we share his bewilderment. For this is the very air which breathes from those past volumes of *The Eagle*, as one turns their pages. Year after year the succession was handed on, year after year articles were solicited from the willing and the unwilling alike. The original editors cherished a further hope, which is still not fulfilled as much as we would like: 'We would see articles, grave and gay, come in

from all the classes that compose our great society, resident here and elsewhere; recognize years hence the favourite social theories of a friend at the bar; the capital stories of old So and So of the Indian Service; the acute criticisms on poetry and art, which could come from none but our old friend, at his curacy in Yorkshire.'

The choice of professions here was the very reverse of arbitrary: for the bar, the pulpit and the Indian Civil Service, between them, absorbed a very high proportion of Johnians at that time. This is only one of the many ways in which the undergraduate of 1858 differed from his modern counterpart, but it is an important one. For his fairly firm idea of the profession which he would follow when he went down was mirrored by a sense of security about the society which he lived in. The early editors of *The Eagle* were able to end their manifesto with an appeal to 'the spirit which cracks up its own as the best College in the best University in the best country in the world'.

Nowadays, the undergraduate finds more difficulty in coming to terms with Cambridge. More than one man spends his entire three years in looking for the citadel which he is sure must exist at the heart of all this purposeful activity. Recently there was a spate of undergraduate writing about the social structure of the University, from which the one clear fact to emerge was that the writers were searching desperately for a dominant class in the University by which they might orient themselves. Wordsworth in Cambridge, realizing after some time that he was not for this time or for this place, was probably an unusual figure in an eminently self-satisfied society, but he has had many modern counterparts. The difference is that Wordsworth could see clearly around him the thing that he was rebelling against.

For the satisfied and the unsatisfied alike, however, the College remains, large and still expanding: and it is interesting to find that this size, and the resulting danger of impersonality, was already noticeable a hundred years ago. A writer in the second number of the magazine hopes that the magazine may help to make its readers 'realize more vividly than we have hitherto done, that we are Members of a Society, and that it may help to knit us more closely together as Brother Scholars'.

In spite of everything, indeed, there is a strong link between the College then and the College now. A hundred years is not an eternity, as one realizes on discovering that there is a Fellow now in the College who can remember having met one of the original editors. And the link between the ages becomes even more evident when one looks at some of the original articles. Already there is that hardy annual 'What we did in the Vac.', blossoming in the first volume under the cosy title of 'Our Tour'.

It began, he says, as a plan to go and survey the architecture of Normandy and Brittany. 'Then we grew ambitious, and stretched our imaginations to Paris. Then the longing for a snowy mountain waxed, and the love of French Gothic waned, and we determined to explore the

French Alps. Then we thought that we must just step over them and take a peep into Italy . . .'

And so they set out. They left London Bridge station at six o'clock one June morning and reached Dieppe at fifteen minutes past three. A train journey of four hours brought them to Paris, and next day they explored the city. They went up the Arc de Triomphe and then to the Louvre, where they learnt to 'eschew all the picture rooms save the one with the Murillos, and the great gallery'. They found that it was difficult to wash one's hands before eating in a restaurant and that it was very pleasant to sit drinking coffee out of doors on the Boulevards. Soon they were in the Alps, and there they admired the mountain flowers and found that when one morning they gave half-a-franc for wine costing nine sous the peasants hailed 'la générosité des Anglais' with evident sincerity. ('I thought to myself, that the less we English corrupted the primitive simplicity of these good folks, the better.')

That afternoon they went over a mountain pass, which was high and lonely. From the summit, the view of several Alpine chains was very fine, even if the absence of trees made it 'more rugged and barren than they altogether liked'. Perhaps Cambridge seemed very distant at that moment: they may even have been conscious of a certain uncomfortable symbolism in the scene. In the midst of this snowy waste, however, they suddenly had a reminder of the world that they had left: ' . . . going down towards Queyras we found the letters S.I.C. marked on a rock, evidently with the spike of an alpine-stock,—we wondered whether they stood for St John's College.'

One likes to imagine that the carving was executed with a quiet, unassuming competence.

Sixty Years Ago

BY RAGHUNATH PARANJPYE
Vice-Chancellor, University of Poona

I JOINED St John's in October 1896, after I got a Government of India Scholarship of £200 a year for studying either at Oxford or at Cambridge. To students of Mathematics Cambridge was a natural attraction, and as I had heard a great deal about St John's, known a few old Johnians and studied many books written by former members of the College, I naturally applied for admission there and secured it without difficulty. I had rooms in 'F' New Court, which I occupied for four years continuously. The Master of the College was Charles Taylor whose classical book on the Ancient and Modern Geometry of Conics I had already read in India. But students saw generally very little of him and I remember having met him only four or five times during my College days. Among the prominent dons seen about the Courts were Professors Mayor and Liveing, Peter Mason, and Besant. My Tutor was C. E. Graves assisted by J. R. Tanner, who were lecturers respectively in Classics and History. They could only give me general advice and assisted me in any difficulty I encountered in College life. The other Tutors were J. E. Sandys, the Public Orator in the University, and Dr D. Macalister. The latter was a remarkable personality, having been a Senior Wrangler, then a doctor rising to the Presidentship of the British Medical Council, later the Principal of the Glasgow University, and finally the head of the Free Church of Scotland. But I knew both these only very little. The College Tutors in those days had not much to do with the studies of their pupils, but only stood *in loco parentis* to them. I understand that now there is a system of Supervisors of Studies which did not exist in those days, especially in the case of Mathematics students. The College provided a full course of lectures in all subjects of the First Part of the Mathematical Tripos, and during my first three years, I did not take any course of lectures outside the College, except one by Professor Forsyth. The College lectures were usually supplemented in the case of students of Mathematics by regular coaching. The lecturers in the College were Pendlebury, Webb, Larmor, Love and Baker, and I coached, in addition, with Webb. Of the lecturers Pendlebury and Larmor were not very useful so far as students were concerned. Larmor, however, was a very great scientist, becoming later the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, Secretary of the Royal Society and M.P. for the University. We students

used to say cynically among ourselves that half of what Larmor taught was given in the books and the other half was not required; but Webb used to tell us that we were making a great mistake in cutting his lectures as he—Larmor—might any day come out with an epoch-making discovery and then we might regret not having attended at its birth. The other three lecturers were very good indeed. Love was appointed Professor of Mathematics at Oxford, and I remember our class cheering him when the news was known from the papers. Baker, whose lectures I also attended in the fourth year, had a very wide view of all branches of Pure Mathematics and was particularly helpful when I had to make my selection of subjects for special study for the Second Part. Webb, with whom I coached in addition to attending his regular lectures, was a well-known figure in the mathematics world. His jokes were recalled by his pupils whenever they met each other long afterwards; his coaching was practically another course of lectures to a class of about seven to eight, supplemented by a problem or book-work paper to be written every week, the solutions of which were placed on the table for us to consult and compare. Both Webb and Baker took very great interest in my progress, and my academic success was mainly due to them. There was the order of merit in the Mathematical Tripos in those days, and such coaching or special preparation was absolutely necessary if one was to secure a high place in the list. Tradition used to speak of two famous coaches, Hopkinson and Routh, and Webb was practically the last of the series. I believe this practice of intensive coaching of every honours student in Mathematics was given up when the order of merit was abolished in the year 1909. In the Second Part of the Tripos only a few high Wranglers appeared who wished to specialize in Mathematics, and for this I attended lectures by Forsyth, Baker, Hobson, Berry and Richmond. At the examination for the First Part, I believe, I was lucky, in that the two best men of my year, Jeans and Hardy, had taken it already in the Second Year and so the competition for the top place was fairly open. I was lucky enough to be Senior Wrangler bracketed with George Birtwistle of Pembroke, and my success was hailed in the English newspapers as a remarkable achievement, and of course naturally in Indian newspapers also. I was elected to a Fellowship in the College in November 1901.

As I had to live on my scholarship of £200 a year (a coaching fee of £37. 10s. per year accounting for a large slice of it) I had to be very careful, and it was only at the end of the first year when I got a College Scholarship of £80 in addition to my Government Scholarship, that I felt fairly comfortable. I may mention with gratitude the fact that in the bill for the first term my Tutor gave me a rebate of £5 as Tutor's *praeter*, when the bill was sent to the India Office for payment. My Government of India Scholarship, which was usually tenable for three years only, was extended on the recommendation of my teachers for two years more, the last of which I spent in Paris and Göttingen. I did not

personally meet any of the great figures at Cambridge except those at my own College, but I heard lectures by Sir George Stokes, the jubilee of whose Lucasian Professorship was celebrated in 1899, and Sir Robert Ball, Professor of Astronomy. I was present when an Honorary Degree was conferred on the great Henri Poincaré, one of whose lectures I later attended in Paris. At Paris I also attended lectures by Picard, Darboux, Painlevé, Borel and Hadamard, and at Göttingen those of Klein and Hilbert. I used to attend the Union debates regularly and heard many of the guest-speakers there, though I felt too shy to speak there myself. I also regularly attended the weekly meetings of the Indian Majlis, of which I was President for one term. I was a constant, almost voracious, reader of newspapers and even remember having gone to the Union in the morning to read the news before going to the Examination Hall for the Tripos. I remember having heard a lecture by Arthur Balfour, later the Prime Minister of England. During the last two years of my stay there, the Boer War was going on and there were heated debates about it at the Union and elsewhere. Lord Kitchener came to Cambridge to receive an Honorary Degree and he also spoke at the Union. On that occasion the railing round the Senate House collapsed and one of my fellow students, Havelock, who later became Professor of Mathematics at Newcastle, received severe injuries on account of which he had to degrade for one year. After the fall of Mafeking there was a big rowdy demonstration accompanied by a bonfire, from which the word 'mafficking' has been derived. There were two heated controversies in the University life during my days in Cambridge. One was on the question of granting degrees to women, who were at that time only allowed as a matter of grace to appear for the Tripos examinations but whose names were printed in a separate list. There was a great debate in the Union on the subject, and the women's cause was lost by about 1400 votes to 700. At the debate an Indian friend of mine, Joseph Baptista, made a remarkable speech on the losing side. The other controversy was on the question of the abolition of the order of merit in the Mathematical Tripos and consequently doing away with the Senior Wrangler and the Wooden Spoon (the name given to the man who stood last in the Third Class and was given by his College friends a big wooden spoon at the time the degree was conferred on him in the Senate House). There was a big battle of fly-sheets on these controversies and both the proposals were defeated at the time; but the order of merit was abolished ten years later, and women were admitted to degrees and all other privileges of men students about forty years later. Among the undergraduates who later attained a high position was E. S. Montagu who afterwards became Secretary of State for India, and whom I met in India at the time of his visit in 1917; Lloyd, who later was Governor of Bombay when I was a Minister in the Bombay Government, was a student of Trinity and coxed the Cambridge Boat, but I never actually met him in Cambridge. I remember to have seen the Doherty Brothers and Allen Brothers play

on our Tennis Courts; I also saw W. G. Grace and Gilbert Jessop playing for Gloucester at Bristol. Two other contemporaries, namely, Arundale and Jinarajadasa, both of whom later became Presidents of the Theosophical Society, were students of St John's. Jinarajadasa coxed our College Lent Boat to the headship of the river, and his difficult name was often abbreviated into 'Ginjer' by his fellow students. Webb also used to call me Ranji on account of some similarity of sound between my name and that of Ranjitsinhji who was at that time the most prominent figure in English cricket.

St John's has always had a special attraction for Indian students. The first Indian name at Cambridge so far as I can trace was that of Govind Withul of John's who was a Senior Optime in 1866. He was later, under the name Govind Vithal Karkare, Professor of Mathematics at Deccan College, Poona, and died at a ripe old age about 1921. I knew him quite well during his retirement. Curiously enough while I was once calling on R. W. H. T. Hudson, of our College, Senior Wrangler in 1898, I met his father, Professor W. H. Hudson, former Fellow of the College, who told me that Govind Withul was a pupil of his when he was reading for the Tripos. It is interesting to recall that in the first Bombay Cabinet after introduction of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, three of the seven members were Johnians, namely, Sir Maurice Hayward, Sir Cowasji Jehangir and myself. I would also like to recall that in my third year the twin Cama brothers—both of whom became high Wranglers and passed the I.C.S.—joined the College and they were so like each other that hardly anybody could tell which was B.N. and which was C. N. Cama. They were always together, and in their examinations were never separated by more than four or five marks. Their stout figures were a remarkable sight and their similarity might have presented a good example in the study of identical twins.

Women students in those days had not much contact with men students, and I remember to have met at a private party only one student from Newnham. The days of chaperons had ended, and in my Class for the Second Part there was one woman student. I remember a curious incident at Girton. Soon after I went up to Cambridge I was making a round of all the colleges to familiarize myself with the various sights of Cambridge, and in my innocence I went to see Girton College, but I was stopped at the gate and would have had to go away disappointed, had it not been for the fact that an old English lady, Miss Manning, who took great interest in Indian students, happened to be there at the time. She introduced me to an Indian girl student of Girton—Miss Chatterji—the poetess who later was a prominent figure in Indian public life as Mrs Sarojini Naidu and ended as the Governor of Uttar Pradesh. I never saw Newnham College during my student days and saw it only thirty years later when I went again to England as a Member of the India Council and my daughter was a student there. I found that after thirty years a great change had come about in the

matter of social relations between men and women undergraduates. I suppose there has been even a greater change since, after the complete equality between the sexes in university life owing to the grant of degrees to women. One of my contemporaries at St John's was a married student and lived at Shelford by special permission, his wife acting as his landlady, and I often used to visit them.

Looking back at my life in Cambridge I cannot say that I took a very prominent part in college or university life except among my Indian fellow students, but I found many good friends there. My object was to observe what was best in English social and political life, and I still take a very great interest in England and the English people. I always regarded the College as my home and only went out to London and various places like Brighton, Eastbourne, Clifton, etc., when I had to during vacations. I spent one holiday in Scotland and saw the country made famous by Scott in his Waverley novels. I regard St John's and Cambridge as my alma mater in a real sense, and am very grateful for what they have done for me. While politically I am a thorough-going Indian nationalist, I always consider Cambridge and England as a source of inspiring lessons for our country, though occasionally they may also serve as a warning for us as in the case of the Boer War which no Englishman now ventures to defend after the lapse of nearly sixty years.

St John's College Fifty Years Ago

BY LORD MORTON OF HENRYTON

I HAVE been asked to send a contribution to the centenary issue of *The Eagle* in the form of personal recollections of the College as it was in my time.

It is a pleasure to me to turn my mind back to the years 1906-10, for I doubt if anyone ever enjoyed life more fully during his years at the College. I hope I may be forgiven if the word 'I' occurs too often, for, after all, these are personal recollections.

In some respects the life of an undergraduate was more comfortable fifty years ago. For instance, as the normal entry of freshmen was only about eighty to eighty-five, there was room for nearly all the undergraduates in the College itself. I think every freshman and second-year man could have rooms in College if he wished, and there were few, if any, who chose to go into lodgings. Some of the third-year men went out of College, but that may have been by their own desire. Certainly I was never asked to leave First Court. No such thing as sharing a set of rooms was known; thus each of us was free to be sociable when he liked, and be alone when he liked, whether for work or pleasant idling. Moreover, breakfasts costing 6d., 9d. or 1s. were delivered to the undergraduate's rooms, by the College staff, at any time which he selected, and breakfast parties were a pleasant, easy and inexpensive way of entertaining friends. I took the shilling breakfast, and for that sum I could have porridge and one other dish, for instance, bacon and egg, or fish, with toast, butter and marmalade and coffee or tea.

There were, however, other respects in which life was considerably less comfortable than it is today. So far as I am aware, there was no bathroom in the College during my four years in residence. It is possible that some Don with luxurious tastes succeeded in getting a bathroom installed, and it is also possible that there were guest rooms equipped with a bathroom, but I do not think this was so. Further, I believe that there was no bathroom in any college in the University, except in Caius New Court, which had been built shortly before I went up. You may ask how we kept ourselves clean, as we undoubtedly did. The answer is that every set of rooms was equipped either with a hip-bath or with a shallow round bath, and a can of water could be heated in front of the sitting-room fire. When I went out to play rugger I always poised a can of water on the tongs in front of the fire, and when I came back I was able to get

the mud off every portion of my anatomy except my hair; but I always found it necessary to go across to All Saints Passage for a shampoo after playing in the scrum.

Moreover, the College was extremely short of 'modern conveniences'. In order to get to a 'convenience' of any kind I had to go from my rooms in I 4 First Court either to the far side of Third Court or across Second Court and down the passage leading to Chapel Court. In fact, it was a shorter journey to go across to the Hawks Club. Incidentally, in those days life membership of the Hawks cost only £10, and any letters written on the Club notepaper and posted at the Club were stamped free of charge. How the Club could afford to do this I do not quite know, and the privilege was given up shortly after I went down. It may be that members of the Hawks Club did not write many letters in my time.

I understand that the proportion of men who take the Classical Tripos is much smaller than it was in the early years of this century. I read classics for three years, leaving law till my fourth year. The Classical Tripos men of my time were indeed fortunate in having amongst the College Fellows E. E. Sikes, afterwards President of the College, T. R. Glover, and Clement Gutch whose untimely death occurred when I was up. I remember them all with deep gratitude, and I am grateful, too, for the lectures which I attended outside the College, delivered by C. F. Angus of Trinity Hall and others.

In my fourth year I took the Law Tripos Part II. Law students were scarce in the College. L. H. K. Bushe-Fox, the much-loved 'Bushie', coach of many University crews and Lady Margaret May Boats, lectured to us on Real Property and gave us wise advice as to the lectures which we ought to attend in other colleges. I do not, however, remember any individual instruction or supervision in law being given in the College, and I never heard of any 'moots'. In these respects modern students of law are much better off; but let it not be thought that I have any personal grievance on this account, for I had a most pleasant surprise when the 1910 results of the Law Tripos Part II were published.

The Lady Margaret Boat Club achieved no outstanding success during my four years, but maintained a reasonably high place in the Mays and Lents. We had no rowing blues during these four years, but H. Sanger and A. G. L. Hunt, stroke and cox respectively of the University boat, had just gone down. When I read in *The Eagle* of the large number of College boats which now take part in the Mays and Lents, it is surprising to reflect that in my time there were only two divisions in the Mays and three in the Lents. I think one more division in each could have been formed, as competition in the getting-on races was very keen. In other sports and games also the College was reasonably efficient without being outstanding. There were no 'Cuppers', so rugby football ended in December, and 'soccer', hockey, athletic sports, lacrosse, and other games held the field in the next term. We had not then got possession of

the ground on the far side of the pavilion, which was shared between Christ's and Sidney Sussex as tenants of the College, but we managed to play all our home games without any difficulty, and I can personally testify to the excellence of the wickets on which the College cricket eleven played.

I understand that the Eagles Club is still a flourishing College institution, but I wonder how much the Johnian of today knows about its early history. It so happens that I know quite a lot about it, because in (I think) 1909 doubts arose about the qualifications necessary for membership, and a committee of three, including myself, was appointed to look into the matter and draw up a list of minimum qualifications. We interviewed a number of Eagles of different vintages, including one or two who were over sixty, and I shall now record the information thus obtained, which went back to the 1860's, in case it has been forgotten. If anything which I now set down is incorrect, I hope I shall be corrected, and if the history is already well known in the College, I hope I shall be forgiven.

The Club was originally 'The Eagles Lawn Tennis Club' and when it was formed membership was confined to the blues of St John's, who were then fairly numerous. The members had one or two lawn tennis courts, upon which they alone could play. As time went on, the qualifications for membership were extended to include the captain of the Lady Margaret Boat Club and the College captains of cricket, rugby and soccer, whether or not they were blues, and men who had their College colours for cricket and also for either rugby or soccer.

The Hawks Club was founded by the Eagles, who wanted to combine with the athletic members of other Colleges in getting club premises of their own, but the Eagles maintained their separate existence as an institution of St John's College. At some date the tennis courts were given up, and in my day to be an Eagle simply entitled one to wear the Eagles tie and to be photographed in a group with the other Eagles once a year.

When the committee already mentioned came to frame the rules, we found that there were differences of opinion in the College on several questions, such as whether every member of the First May Boat qualified as an Eagle, and what was the exact position as to half-blues and men who represented the College at hockey (which had become a full-blue game), athletic sports and a number of games for which half-blues were awarded. Further questions were whether everyone who possessed the stipulated qualifications *must* be elected, and whether anyone could be elected who fell a little short of the stipulated qualifications. The committee drew up rules which answered all these questions, and the rules were approved at a meeting of the Eagles specially called for the purpose. I should be most interested to know whether these rules exist today, and if so, whether they are observed.

I have been told that there is an 'Eagles table' in Hall. No such table

existed in my day, but there was a 'rowing table', which was, I think, confined to First and Second May Boat colours, and there was a 'games table', limited strictly to those who were invited to sit there by the three captains of cricket, rugger and soccer. It was a strict rule that the cricket captain presided, at the end of the table, in the summer term, the rugger captain from October till December, and the soccer captain from January till Easter.

I am tempted to speak of other college clubs, especially the Debating Society, which flourished greatly in my time, and the 'Fireflies', a very old-established and delightful club which ceased to exist in World War I, and unfortunately was never revived. I realize, however, that I may well have written too much already, so I end with warm congratulations to *The Eagle Magazine* on attaining its centenary.

The Dawn of the Atomic Age

BY SIR JOHN COCKCROFT, O.M., F.R.S.

MY first view of Cambridge was in the spring of 1922 when I was encouraged by my kindly Professor of Electrical Engineering at Manchester Tech. to try to follow in his path and take the Mathematical Tripos. So I had a go at the Scholarship examination and remember being provided, for the practical physics experiment in the Cavendish, with a run down battery which evidently dated from some prehistoric past. However, my discovery of its failings evidently counted for something, for I was awarded a sizarship.

I called on Rutherford in October 1922 with a letter of introduction from Miles Walker. I found him sitting on a stool in the laboratory where he was carrying out experiments on transmutation of atomic nuclei, with the primitive pioneering apparatus of that time. He looked at me shrewdly with his blue eyes and when I told him I would like to do research in experimental physics after the Tripos, he said he would take me if I got a First. So I started to acquire some knowledge of experimental physics, by alternating hockey with the Part II class in the afternoons whilst attending to the more serious business of mathematics in the mornings and evenings. In the autumn of 1924 I was admitted to do research and put to learn the techniques of the age in the attics of the Cavendish. High-speed atomic particles from radium sources were detected and counted in those days by the faint scintillations they produced when they struck a glass sheet coated with zinc sulphide. The experimenters sat in the dark for a while till their eyes became sensitive to these faint scintillations seen through a powerful microscope. We could count their numbers up to about sixty a minute but got confused after that by the simultaneous arrival of several particles. Nevertheless, it was by this method that the most important discoveries of Rutherford, including the nuclear model of the atom, had been made. Other Cavendish equipment was equally primitive though under the influence of Chadwick, progress had begun. 'High Vacua' were produced by hand-operated reciprocating pumps working in conjunction with more advanced rotary models containing mercury. But already the first jet 'diffusion pumps', producing still better vacua, were appearing from across the Atlantic, and we were eager learners and improvisers of new techniques, and by the early 1930's were leading the world in nuclear techniques. In one dark cellar a couple of electronic enthusiasts were

improving the methods of counting atomic particles developed first by Geiger, and in doing so invented the electronic scale-of-two or digital counters which are the basis of the modern electronic computers. With these aids we could count particles arriving at higher and higher rates and this was of great importance in the new developments.

During the same period, Rutherford's often expressed desire to have copious streams of artificially accelerated atomic particles to replace the relatively modest streams of helium nuclei from radium led to the introduction of high voltages into the Cavendish. Dr Allibone introduced a giant Tesla coil which could produce sparks several feet long. He used this to speed up electrons and Rutherford often came in to admire the glow produced when they struck phosphorescent crystals—no doubt receiving a few Roentgens in the process. I decided to try to accelerate positively-charged particles—protons—instead of electrons, mainly because of the new developments in wave mechanics and a paper published by the Russian theoretical physicist Gamow, showing how nuclear particles with wave-like properties could burrow through the protecting 'potential barriers' of atomic nuclei and so might cause transmutations, even though their speed was low compared with Rutherford's ' α -particles' from radium. So we obtained a miraculously large grant of £500 from the Royal Society and with the help of our friends in the electrical industry, acquired a large transformer and built vacuum tubes out of petrol-pump cylinders stuck together with plasticene. After much hard labour and days and days of searching for leaks and suppressing them by thumbing the plasticene, we produced our beam of protons by 1932 and were soon rewarded by finding that they could indeed penetrate nuclei of lithium and split it into two helium nuclei. These were first detected by the primitive technique of looking for scintillations on a zinc sulphide screen, the experimenter sitting inside a wooden shack with dark curtains.

Whilst this was going on, in a nearby room Chadwick was engaged in another epoch-making experiment. For some time he and others had been puzzled by the nature of the rays emitted when α -particles struck beryllium. Irene Curie and her husband Joliot got very near to the explanation when they found that these rays could project nuclei of hydrogen out of paraffin wax. Chadwick's experiment, carried out single-handed with the new electronic techniques, showed that the radiation consisted of hitherto unknown particles—the neutrons—they were soon recognized as one of the two building blocks of atomic nuclei and found to have a remarkable potency in transmuting nuclei. This discovery led in turn to the discovery five years later of the fission of uranium by neutrons. We might well have found it in the Cavendish four years earlier if our recording technique had been a little different. It was probably just as well.

Working above us in the laboratory in the late 1920's was Blackett with his delightful Italian partner Occhialini, equally interested in pot-

holing and cosmic rays. They used the technique of the Wilson Cloud Chamber to make the tracks of cosmic-ray particles visible, but arranged by electronic methods to take photographs only when interesting nuclear events took place. In this way they obtained most interesting photographs showing how radiation could produce matter in the form of pairs of positive and negative electrons.

In another region of the laboratory known as 'the Garage' worked J. J. Thomson, then Master of Trinity. The discoverer of the electron and positive rays still came daily into the laboratory to record the results obtained by his faithful and skilled assistant Everett, with the maze of glass tubing which stood on a table, unchanged from year to year except by the addition of some new components. He could be seen entering the laboratory about one o'clock, wearing a bowler hat, wriggling a stick behind him, ready to stop and talk about Lancastrian cricket or grin cheerfully at a young research student with the same origins.

Working in the J. J. region was F. W. Aston—the inventor of the mass spectrograph, famous for his work on separating the different isotopes of atoms and measuring their weight. He was a most skilled experimenter and constructor, doing everything with his own hands.

In the outer region of Rutherford's own laboratory G. I. Taylor worked on fluid flow or other problems of classical physics. 'I could never understand', said Rutherford once 'how someone as bright as G. I.—and mind you he is bright—could work on that stuff.' However G. I. persisted, a solitary classical physicist in a hive of nuclear physicists, to the great benefit of fluid mechanics and applied physics.

In an outpost of the Cavendish in the Solar Physics Observatory worked C. T. R. Wilson, Jacksonian Professor and a Scot of great distinction, who had invented the Wilson Cloud Chamber and with it had obtained through the years a most elegant series of photographs of nuclear phenomena.

It was said that he had never spent more than £5 on a piece of apparatus in his life. One of his collaborators said in 1933 that if they had only had a magnet they would have discovered the positive electron before the Americans.

Working in another outstation was E. V. Appleton, a Fellow of St John's, later Jacksonian Professor and now Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University. Appleton was bouncing radio-waves off the ionosphere, measuring its height and getting information about its constitution. Radio was regarded by Rutherford as an interesting sideline which he was prepared to encourage provided it did not cost too much.

Besides these great experimenters there were the theoreticians providing light for the experimenters. There was Eddington with his elegant lectures on Relativity and the Interior of Stars. There was R. H. Fowler, son-in-law of Rutherford, who lectured on Statistical Mechanics and was a devastatingly inaccurate fast bowler. Among the young

theoreticians there was Dirac, the British equivalent of Heisenberg and Schrödinger.

Cambridge being the Mecca of Physics, our lives were enriched by frequent visitors who talked or lectured at colloquia or at the Tuesday evenings of 'the Kapitza Club'. Amongst these were Einstein and Niels Bohr and Millikan and Heisenberg. So to us at least it was a Golden Age.

The College Buildings - a Century in Retrospect

'THEY tell me', said the Old Johnian, 'that you have baths in College nowadays. I think the modern generation of undergraduates is tough. I should never have thought of walking across the Courts in my dressing gown. I never got up until my bedmaker had lit the fire, heated the water and put my saucer on the hearth rug. I must say I think the modern undergraduate is very tough.'*

The last century has also seen great changes in the College buildings: and changes just as startling in the attitude of mind of those responsible for them. In 1850 the visible evidence of recent activity reflected the tastes of the last phase of the old order which had dominated the eighteenth century, in the romantic 'Gothick' of New Court and the no less romantic treatment of Second Court by Soane. Although there is no direct and detailed evidence of what this Court looked like when his advice was sought, there is little doubt that he was responsible for the use of dark pointing in 1793. New Court stands today much as it did a century ago, but just at that time two significant alterations were made in Second Court. The present green Westmorland slates replaced an earlier roof of 'grey slates' (presumably Collyweston flags like those on the Round Church); and the old observatory on top of the Shrewsbury Tower, well shown in Ackermann's view of the Court published in 1815, was demolished. It had enjoyed a useful life before the establishment of the University Observatory, and, indeed, for a period in the middle of the eighteenth century its clock had apparently been more accurate than those of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. But a century ago all this was firmly in the past: the College was poised for a new venture — 'hell-bent for the Pole' of the Gothic revival, with George Gilbert Scott at the wheel of his farm tractor, peering across the icy waste towards the place where the crocketed pinnacles of the College Chapel loomed through the haze.

Viewed across the gap of the years, one of the most fascinating features of the period is the complete self-assurance of those concerned. It was perfectly obvious to all that there was only one right view of the problems which faced them—their own. No words were too strong to condemn Dr Powell's action in refacing the south range of First Court in

* Remarks made to the present writer at breakfast following the Old Johnian Dinner in 1939.

what was called 'the last of the series of melancholy attempts made during the eighteenth century to convert the medieval style of our Colleges into Italian', and yet it was clearly entirely proper to remove altogether the old north range, with its modest provincial chapel of the late thirteenth century, and to build behind the gap a colossal pile in careful imitation of the metropolitan style of the same period. Scott wrote to the College in 1862

In selecting the style to be followed in designing the new Chapel, we may either adopt the best variety of pointed architecture, irrespective of the history of the College; or we may choose between the date of the College itself and that of the preceding establishment—the Hospital of St John—the preceding Chapel being an admixture of the work of both dates. Had the date of the College itself coincided with that of the highest perfection of pointed architecture, there would have been no room left for doubt; as, however, this was not the case, it is satisfactory that such a coincidence does exist as regards the date of the old Chapel, which forms the nucleus of that now existing, and which belongs to the latter half of the thirteenth century. I have therefore adopted that period as the groundwork of my design.

This argument appears to have carried complete conviction: the voices of the objectors (and they were few) were raised against details in the implementation of the plan rather than against the grand design itself. There must, however, have been objectors, or it would hardly have been necessary for Babington to devote the first page of the Introduction to his *History of the Infirmary and Chapel of the Hospital and College of St John the Evangelist at Cambridge* to an elaboration of Scott's argument. Chief among the sceptics was Bonney, the geologist, who was in residence as a Fellow from 1861 to 1877, and whose lively reminiscences, *Memories of a Long Life*, contain interesting material to which we shall return. He also wrote the account of the College buildings which appeared in the Quatercentenary volume of 1911, a fascinating essay which is, however, exceedingly irritating as a work of reference. Accordingly quotations from this will be accompanied by page numbers, the title being abbreviated to Q.

These transactions were very important ones for the College in a variety of ways. They involved a large reorganization of the College plan, and in mere scale they represented one of the largest building efforts the College has ever made, their cost representing something like £500,000 of modern money (it was close to £86,000 at the time—New Court cost £78,000 forty years earlier). This was devoted very largely to public rooms, and there was actually at the time a decrease in the living accommodation available for undergraduates: but it was not long since New Court had been built and without larger public rooms the increases in numbers of undergraduates and Fellows during the last few years would hardly have been practicable.

Among the many interesting questions which arise are several connected with the demolition of the old building of St John's Hospital, the most ancient academic building in Cambridge, already a century old

when Hugh de Balsham removed his scholars to found Peterhouse in 1284. This building, of which no trace is now visible, stood to the north of the old Chapel, and projected eastwards as far as St John's Street. The new Chapel stands on the northern third of its ancient site. Willis and Clark's *Architectural History* conveys the impression that this was called the 'Infirmary', but this is clearly incorrect. Babington states 'It will be called the *Infirmary* in this essay, but was popularly known as the "Labyrinth."', and this latter title was apparently universal. The name thus effectively concealed its origin, which had apparently by then been lost. More than a century and a half earlier, when Baker was writing his *History*, there was apparently already much doubt, and Baker himself obviously changed his mind in the course of his work (Mayor's edition of 1869, cf. pp. 59, 153 and 184). With the assistance of modern hindsight it seems obvious enough that this building must have been the old Hospital, so conveniently contiguous to its Chapel, but this was by no means so obvious in 1860, and the discovery of the true character of the building seems to have come as a surprise*—thus Babington: 'Until the necessity arose of removing the Infirmary to admit of the erection of the new chapel, nothing was known of its real architectural character, nor did any tradition remain of its original use or its age. It had been so completely disguised by alterations that scarcely any traces of antiquity could be seen about it.' It was, in fact, a bad and rather nondescript old building that they were pulling down, and it is fortunate that the College possessed an antiquary such as Babington to preserve an account of its ancient form when its true character was discovered.

The arrangement of the old buildings is shown in some detail in Willis and Clark's *Architectural History* (vol. IV, plan 21). For our purpose, however, Babington's plan, reproduced here, has the advantage of making clear the relationship between the old and new work, although it is clearly not intended to be more than a sketch made with this end in view. For example, in point of fact 'the old Combination Room was almost a square, and the wall of the second court projected slightly to the north of it' (Q. p. 37), a feature not shown here, while

* What did people imagine had happened to the old Hospital? Some may have thought, with Baker at one stage of his inquiries, that it was so ruinous by 1511 that it had been demolished: but there was another tradition, which can be found mentioned in Wilson's *Memorabilia Cantabrigiae* of 1803, 'Before the establishment of the present sixteen Colleges and Halls, Cambridge had upwards of thirty Inns, or Hostels, where Students lived and studied at their own charge, and under a principal. Pythagoras's School, in a garden adjoining St John's College-walks, is falsely supposed to have been one of these, where the Croyland Monks read lectures; but is really the infirmary to St John's Hospital.' This conjures up a fantastic picture of the sick and infirm being conveyed over a quarter of a mile of swampy ground and across the river to the Chapel of the same hospital; but no doubt those who held this view believed, as Baker once did, that this and the old College Chapel were not one and the same. All these doubts were resolved in radical fashion, and Babington was able to note with satisfaction that the destruction of these ancient relics had established their character beyond dispute.

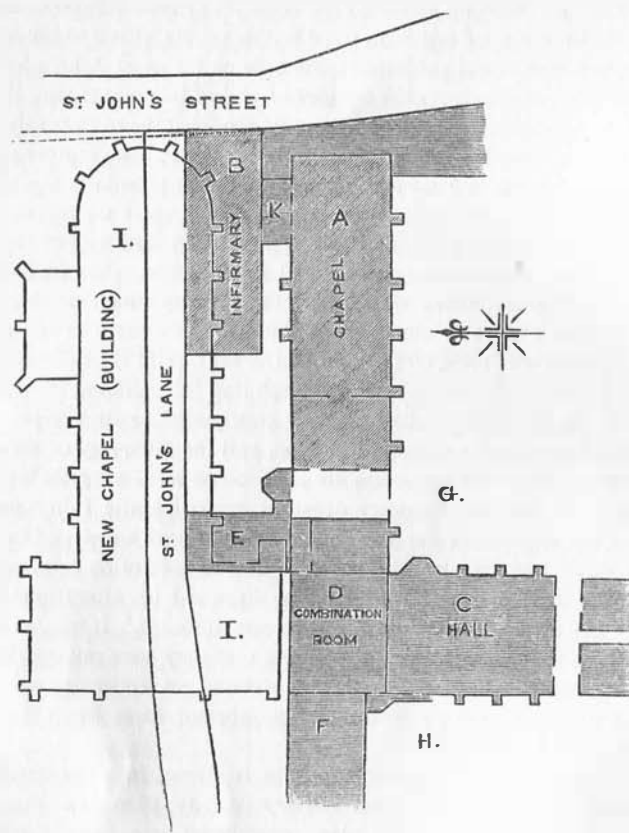


Fig. 1. Babington's plan (*Antiquarian Communications*, vol. II (1864); reprinted in his book of 1874), 'showing the relative position of the New Chapel and the Old Buildings.' 'A, The chapel of the hospital and the college; B, The infirmary, called in recent times the Labyrinth; C, The hall in its state before the recent alterations; D, The old combination-rooms; E, Part of the master's lodge ['the kitchens... the only part of the residence which rested on the ground' (Q. p. 10)]; F, Students' rooms; G, The first court; H, The second court; I, The new chapel; K, Bishop Fisher's chantry.' ['it communicated with the College Chapel by three arches. These were removed and incorporated, after considerable restoration, into the south wall of the transeptal nave of the New Chapel' (Q. p. 14)].

The space between E and B was the yard of the Master's Lodge.

The unshaded area between the small combination room and the ante-chapel was a vestibule, formed out of part of the ancient chapel of the Hospital, and giving access to the ante-chapel (on the east), the Master's Lodge (by a stair, shown in the plan, projecting from the north wall), and the combination rooms (by a door in the north-west corner, leading into a passage along the north side of the small combination room).

Fisher's chantry extended fully to the east end of the Chapel. What the plan does show clearly, however, is the arrangement of the old combination rooms, now almost forgotten. It shows the two doorways (now blocked up, but still visible) opening from A staircase, Second Court, the first into the Hall, and the second into the Combination Room itself, which was lighted by windows on the northern side (Q. p. 9), while a second door in the north-east corner opened into a passage, on the south side of which lay the small combination room, lit by two small windows in the south wall, looking into First Court, one on each side of the base of the oriel window of the Master's Lodge on the floor above. At the east end of this passage was a door opening into the vestibule which also gave access to the Chapel and the Lodge (Q. p. 12), although this is not shown on the sketch-plan.

What do we know about the Labyrinth during the three centuries that it was occupied as College rooms? Not a great deal. In *The Way of All Flesh* Samuel Butler makes clear that it was by then a kind of College slum. The authorities all mention that it was reached by a passage from the north-east corner of First Court, passing round the east end of the old Chapel. There are a number of old drawings, prints, and photographs, showing its exterior at the St John's Street end, and a few showing the face to St John's Lane. But before it was pulled down it occurred to no one to make plans or drawings of the interior, and for once Willis and Clark, usually so helpful, is a positive hindrance. This is no doubt because at the time of the preparation of the great 'Plan of the old chapel of St John's College and of the adjoining buildings, drawn and measured by Professor Willis in 1869', which is essential for an understanding of their antiquities, Willis was in failing health, and he died before he was able to write up his notes. It must accordingly be understood that this plan represents a state of affairs at various times between two and four hundred years before the demolition, and that nothing but confusion results from attempting to decide from it the state of affairs in 1858—confusion which the text does little to dispel. However, one of Babington's plans (which we have not reproduced) shows that the passage from the north-east corner of First Court, having led round the east end of the Chapel and Fisher's chantry, then turned along the north wall of the latter and so into a tiny court, only 11 ft. wide, between the Chapel and the Labyrinth. This was divided at its west end by a wall (not shown in Fig. 1, but presumably a high one) from the backyard of the Master's Lodge. But still we know nothing of how the labyrinthine rooms were arranged, or even how they were reached. Considering that Babington was an antiquary, this is an amusing, if tantalizing, omission. Luckily before the old arrangements were quite forgotten G. C. Moore Smith made some inquiries and included a sketch-plan (Fig. 2) of the relative positions of the sets, of which there were ten, in his *Occupants of Rooms in St John's College*, published by the editors of *The Eagle* in 1895. This makes clear that

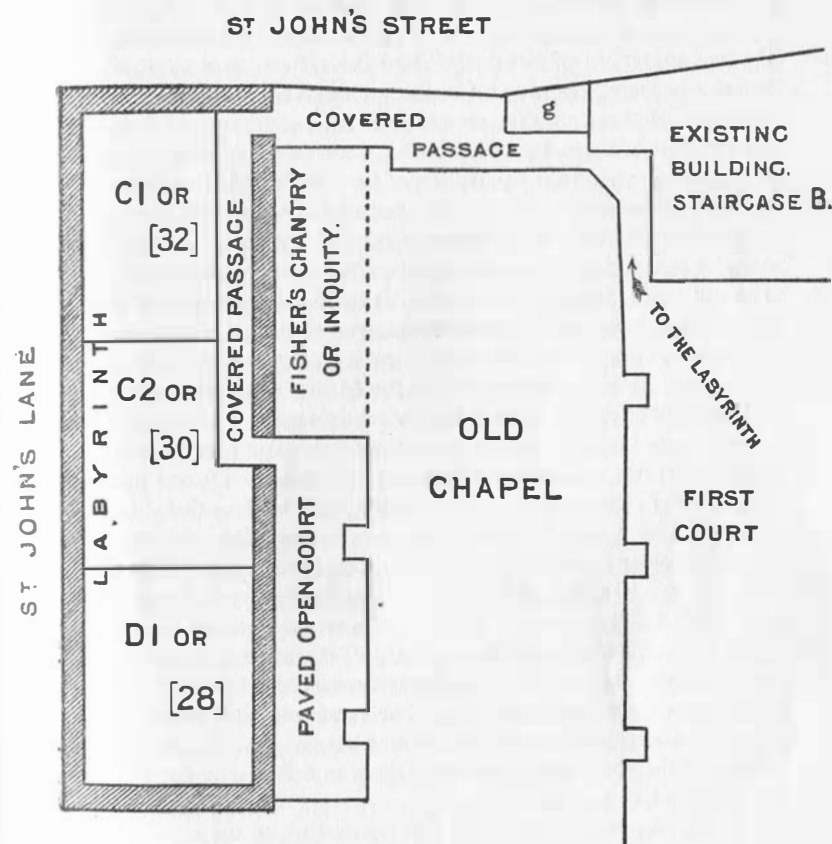
access to the rooms in the Labyrinth was gained by two staircases, one in the passage at the back of Fisher's chantry and the other in the tiny court just mentioned. The first, C staircase, led to seven sets, two on each of three floors and one over Fisher's chantry itself, reached by a branch stair starting at the first floor. The second, D staircase, led to three sets, one on each floor. This accounts for the present-day gap between B and E staircases, First Court.

With these glimpses we must leave the old Labyrinth, most of its problems unsolved. Not only does its history afford an illustration that the commonplace of yesterday becomes the antiquity of today; it is also a vivid example of the dangers of the doctrinaire approach. Our predecessors of a century ago were very interested in records of the past—Cooper had just assembled his *Annals of Cambridge*, Mayor was editing Baker's manuscript, Willis was making his monumental collections—but both junior and senior members of the College, not excepting Bonney and Babington, had convinced themselves that everything that had happened architecturally between the end of the Middle Ages and their own day was either negligible or positively deplorable. Loving care was lavished on detailing the medieval remains encapsulated in the ancient walls; but the interior, which had housed Johnians for centuries, slipped away without a record, unregretted.

The destruction was not complete, and a number of vestiges remain; although of the remains only the arches of the piscina, built into the new Chapel, can be positively identified as part of the old Infirmary. The screen of the old Chapel found its way to Whissendine in Northamptonshire, the organ case to Bilton near Rugby, and the roof of Ashton's chantry, from the arch of which his tomb was moved into the new Chapel, was re-erected in the lobby 'which now gives access to the Hall and the Combination Room staircase' (Q. p. 15), presumably that just outside the present Combination Room.* Parts of the main Chapel roof put in by Fisher were used in Scott's new lecture-rooms added to the north end of the east range in First Court (Q. p. 16), and some may have been used in the Master's Lodge, where it cannot now be identified with certainty. Most interesting of all, the old ante-chapel door and doorway (the latter much restored) were transferred to the north entrance to C staircase Second Court (Q. p. 12). Although there is no doubt that the doorway was made during the erection of First Court, it

* I incline to this view. The difficulty is that in *The New Chapel of St John's College* (Cambridge University Press, 1869), G. F. Reyner, at that time Bursar, writes 'The erection of a Staircase leading from the Dining Hall to the Long Gallery. Mr Ashton's Chantry furnished the fine old oak ceiling which is seen in this Staircase.' This cannot be literally true, as the chantry was measured by Willis at 10 by 19 ft., while the staircase is 19 by 21 ft. Scott must either have expanded the chantry ceiling to more than double its original size for the staircase, or cut it down for the lobby. The Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, who made a careful examination of the old woodwork of the College, state in a letter 'The statement in Reyner... could not, so far as we could work it out, be supported by actual measurement of the timbers.'

GROUND PLAN OF THE "LABYRINTH," BASED ON ONE
GIVEN IN PROFESSOR BABINGTON'S "HISTORY
OF THE INFIRMARY AND CHAPEL," &c.



g = gyp-room attached to the building adjoining.

▬ = original wall of the "Labyrinth" or Infirmary, broken in two places to admit the covered passage.

It appears that the C staircase opened on the covered passage between C 1 and 2, and that the D staircase opened on to the little Court.

Fig. 2. Moore Smith's plan of 1895.

is possible that the door itself is older, and that it may have once been part of the old Chapel of the Hospital: if so it would ante-date the founding of the College, and be the most ancient piece of structural woodwork we possess. Many other relics of the old demolished buildings were incorporated into the new Master's Lodge, but unfortunately no list was preserved of where they had come from, and by 1911, when Bonney prepared his account of the buildings for the Quatercentenary volume, definite memories remained of the provenance of only a few. An account of these, including a discussion of the interesting question of what happened to the panelling of the old Combination Room, will be found there on pp. 48-52. The rest of the woodwork, not directly incorporated in the new buildings, vanished, though a verbal tradition remains that some scraps were used in a bedroom in K 6 Second Court. The old stone, however, remained. It included much moulded work, a good deal from the long-disused quarries at Barnack, and a selection of other Northamptonshire stones, and it was built into a sort of loose breastwork along the river wall of the Master's Garden, where many will remember it as a sort of untidy reminiscence of a builder's yard. Here it rested undisturbed for over sixty years, until the restoration of First Court was undertaken about 1935. It was then found that much of the upper string course facing the street north of the Great Gate was decayed, and a search among the remains revealed sufficient of the identical course from the old buildings to make a complete repair. When the Master's Garden was laid out afresh in 1953-4 the stone was examined, but by then the great bulk was too decayed to be of any value for architectural work, and most of it was used to build the dry wall retaining the terrace, while the roll mouldings from the old battlements now edge the flower beds. The remainder still provides sound stone for occasional repairs around the College—for example, the stone quoins of the abutments supporting the iron bridge over the Bin Brook come from this source.

Having disposed of the old, let us now return to the new. When the new Chapel was completed the general feeling was one of unqualified satisfaction. *The Eagle* devoted thirty-one pages of the sixth volume to a detailed description of its glories. (How many members of the College now realize that the eighteen bays of the Chapel roof are devoted to the presentment of prominent figures from each successive century of the Christian era (one each, starting with the second)? Yet a full account of these figures occupies thirteen pages.) Bonney took a different view, and he speaks with authority, having been successively Junior and Senior Dean.* He says, 'From first to last the Chapel is a failure. The west façade, as seen from the so-called Chapel Court, appears to me ugly. From the south east (the view obtained from the First Court) the

* In those days of compulsory chapel two were needed to keep the College in order. Even so a number of those sitting in Fisher's chantry were able to elude the decanal eye, which gave to this part of the old chapel the name of 'Iniquity'.

tower seems much too big for the body of the Chapel, and reminds me of a burly man mounted on a Shetland pony... The interior of the Chapel, though better than the exterior, leaves not a little to be desired... Many of recent years have shared Bonney's view, and have been equally outspoken. The history of opinion about the Chapel, in fact, drives home the moral that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder (and depends on his training); and it is useless to pretend that even after the lapse of a century a balanced view is possible. However, now that the full force of the reaction against the Gothic Revival is becoming spent, one can admit that the new Chapel will no doubt in future rank among the great monuments of that period. At the same time, its site will always be a matter for regret. The unity of First Court, much weakened by Dr Powell's refacing of the south range (however much his changes may have contributed to the comfort of the inhabitants) was entirely exploded once the new Chapel was built, and no conceivable alteration could recreate it. It has become a mere assemblage of disparate buildings. The interior of the Chapel, on the other hand, is effective in conveying the aspirations of the Gothic style, in a way that many imitations fail to do. It is most effective looking eastwards down the choir, when the eye can travel upwards without being arrested by the horizontal bars with which Scott connected the capitals of the main pillars supporting the tower. He was quite right to do so, as he had to build vertically about five times as fast as would have been considered safe by his medieval predecessors, and wanted to make sure that his masonry settled without deformation—'stating at the time that this was a temporary precaution, because of the newness of masonry. That was more than half a century ago, and no one has yet ventured to remove them'—to quote Bonney's sardonic comment.

This is not the place, nor is the writer qualified, to assess Scott's position as an architect; but certain of his abilities and limitations concern us directly, and are worth consideration. Bonney's views are characteristically uncompromising. His Index contains the entry: 'Scott, Sir G. G., and clerk of works, mistakes of ... 55-9', and referring to p. 59 we find:

... while the materials used were often as unfit as they well could be. Instances of this have been already mentioned, but one more may be added—the use of the Mansfield red dolomitic sandstone for the slender external shafts of the new Chapel. As these must be placed with the bedding more or less upright, for the stratum is not much over a yard in thickness, they quickly begin to split, as may be already seen on all much exposed to the action of the weather. One long shaft, for instance, on the south side of the great west window, split obliquely and fell down during the recent war [of 1914-18], and I have little doubt that before another quarter of a century has passed so many will have flaked away that this stone will have to be replaced by a more durable material, such as a granite. But this is only another instance of what a College can suffer through an architect, ignorant of the practical side of his business, and a not more competent clerk of the works.

It should be admitted at once that Bonney's various strictures on materials have proved amply justified, and in the instance quoted the most exposed shafts have indeed been renewed—in pink Ketton stone and with the bedding the right way this time. A good instance of the splitting which Bonney mentions can be seen in the centre attached shaft of the lowest stage of the eastern half of the organ chamber, facing into the Forecourt.

Yet curiously, the major structural defect to develop so far is not one that Bonney mentions. It appears that when the roofing was being considered, there was debate on whether to use Westmorland slates or Collyweston 'slates', the decision going in favour of the latter. It has been necessary to renew these in the last decade at a cost of about £8000, whereas the somewhat older Westmorland slates of Second Court are still reasonably sound. The explanation is probably contained in Bonney's remark (Q. p. 29): '[Second Court] was roofed with the so-called Collyweston slate (the material now covering the New Chapel). The grey tint, which this had assumed, was in perfect harmony with the walls, and those who can remember it prior to 1860 can never cease to regret the vandalism which substituted Westmorland slate for the original material.'

Furthermore, most of Bonney's practical objections refer to details: the main structure of Scott's work on the Hall and Chapel has stood the test of a century without giving any sign of weakness; and much else can be said in Scott's favour. His flair for the reproduction of the antique can nowhere have been more happily used than in his extension of the Hall, where he showed complete mastery; and instead of merely slavishly copying detail, as a mediocre faker would have done, he used with ease and effect slight improvements on the original, such as would have been used by someone with a little more money, extending the Hall a couple of decades after it was first fitted up. In consequence the result is most satisfactory, and few are the visitors who realize by mere inspection how recently the Hall has been extended.

Similar happy results followed from his restoration of the old long gallery of the Master's Lodge, partitioned during the nineteenth century, as the new Combination Room. It may be that his gifts needed the rigid discipline of jobs such as these to appear to their best effect: for in the Chapel, where he had a somewhat wider field, the result is less satisfying, while in the Master's Lodge, where he was much freer, the result was unfortunate. The elevations are not inspiring, and the detailed carrying out of the work left much to be desired. One cannot help feeling that Scott's attention must have been preoccupied elsewhere while this particular building was in progress, as things went wrong all over the place. Some of the defects soon became apparent; others came to light during the recent modernization of the Lodge. They ranged from the cellars, which used to flood in winter through water backing up an old drain from the river, to the roof, where the use of much secondhand

timber in the construction led in due course to heavy expenses for the elimination of furniture beetle.

Aside from this, his blind spot (shared with many other architects of the age) was lack of feeling for the colour and texture of the external surface of his buildings. No artistic considerations can have dictated the introduction of an enormous mass of stonework into what was predominantly a brick Court, and, east of the river, a brick College. But if one considers the brickwork that he did in the College, one may feel it to be lucky that the Chapel was stone—all his bricks were unsatisfactory in colour, and all of them have crumbled to a greater or lesser degree. The brickwork of the three extra bays of the Hall, in First Court, was entirely renewed in 1935, the new work being well worth a look as a model of what such a piece of restoration should be. The crumbling brickwork of the Lodge has yet to be repaired, and so far only a small area has been restored. In Second Court we will allow Bonney a last word—'Here we may indeed say "the old is better", for it would be hard to find anything more crumbling than the new red brick then inserted.' On this unkind note we must leave Scott, who contributed so much to the College as we know it, and turn our attention to another distinguished architect, F. C. Penrose.

We have already noticed the reduction in undergraduate accommodation consequent on the building of the new Chapel: this process of attrition continued, and in 1885 the editor of *The Eagle* wrote, 'In the last twenty-five years the College has lost over twenty sets of rooms by demolition or conversion to other purposes. . . it is about time we made good our losses in this respect'. To remedy this state of affairs Penrose designed a building with three lecture-rooms below, and eighteen undergraduate sets above: access was possible only from E staircase, Second Court, and in consequence the Library stair was straightened and its architectural effectiveness ruined. Although some of the rooms, particularly the six looking westward over the Master's Garden, were pleasant enough, the block also contained some of the dreariest sets in College, particularly those facing northwards towards Bridge Street—fortunately they are no more. At the same time the lecture-room windows on the ground floor were too short and placed too high, thus weakening the whole effect of the elevation. This was presumably done to keep people's minds on their work and prevent them from looking out of the windows and watching the grass grow—there was very little traffic in the Court outside. Although externally the building was supposed to harmonize with Second Court the actual effect was an interesting example of how the real elevation can differ from the intention on the drawing board. The brick used is a rectangular uniform machine-made one of a harsh red, and the original joint was thin and the pointing black, so regular as to produce the effect of lines ruled on the surface of the building. If the intention had been to produce a red brick building with a surface differing as much as possible from Second Court, it could hardly have been better done.

The outcome of all this was the creation of a fascinating intellectual problem, which came to be appreciated when the College decided to extend its buildings northwards, and to ask an architect to design a good modern building to complete Chapel Court. This already had three sides: to the west lay the regular façade of Penrose's work; to the south was a range of erratic Tudor brickwork, built when money was short to face on to a back lane; and to the east the precipitate cliffs of Scott's Chapel rose sheer for 140 ft. Sir Edward Maufe undertook the work, with results with which we are all familiar. Harsh things have been said about the elevations of his building, but the intractability of his problem and the brilliance of the solution should not be forgotten. Few of those who pass through the Court nowadays realize that the problem ever existed.

So far our attention has centred on the north ranges of First and Second Courts and the buildings adjacent thereto: let us for a moment look across the river. It would be a mistake to assume that in Dr Bateson's day the thoughts of the College, as far as buildings went, were pre-occupied with antiquity and the Gothic revival. In 1853 the College erected, as a piece of 'private enterprise', the first chemical laboratory in the University, and appointed G. D. Liveing its Superintendent. The laboratory continued in use after his appointment as Professor of Chemistry in 1861. From this small seed sprang the flourishing banyan tree in Lensfield Road, and it is interesting to reflect that the University is now engaged in spending on this single building a much larger sum, in real terms, than the College has spent on all its building projects of the last century. Most of the old laboratory was demolished when the baths behind New Court were built in 1924, but part still remains—that built of old Cambridge bricks to the west of the doorway. It is now entering on a fresh period of usefulness as an ironing-room, thus illustrating an even more recent change in the undergraduate way of life.

This brings us to the central fact about college buildings. They are not only complex and interesting relics of the past, but the home of the present generation, and buildings which are not adapted to the life of the present day are an incubus. Great changes have come over the University and colleges in the last two decades, and these have affected the buildings in two main ways—the population has increased, and the amount of service which can be afforded has decreased even more. Existing buildings must accordingly house more people, and at the same time be made easier to run. This necessity arises at a time when, for a variety of reasons, the College finances are more straitened than they have been for a long time. However, it proves possible each year to set aside a small sum for improvements, and over the years the effects accumulate. Twenty years ago the coalman with his sack was a commonplace figure on every staircase in College; now gas fires have been fitted in almost every set of rooms. Five years ago there were still staircases in First Court which had no water supply or sink on the same level as

the rooms; now most of these have running hot and cold water, with wash basins in the bedrooms, greatly simplifying the work of the bed-makers. Soon we shall be giving bed-sitting rooms a trial, when rebuilding the part of Second Court now being restored.

These random thoughts about the College buildings have already extended beyond the scope of the original intention, and an account of the current restorations must be left to a future opportunity. When they are over we may hope that Bonney's concluding wish will come true, that the College 'may be able in the coming era to apply its income, yet more than in the past, to the encouragement of research and the advancement of learning'.

G.C.E.

Wordsworth in the College Records

HITHERTO unnoticed references to Wordsworth in a volume preserved amongst the College records should perhaps not pass without mention, even though their biographical importance is slight. And the volume has a more general interest for the history of the College in Wordsworth's time.

Most of the occurrences of Wordsworth's name in the records were referred to by Mr Benians in the address which, as Master, he gave in the Combination Room on the occasion of the Wordsworth Centenary in April 1950.* They are mainly formal: the entry in the Admission Book of his admission to the College as a Sizar under Mr Frewen as his Tutor 5 July 1787; his signature in the College Register on his admission as a Foundress Scholar 6 November 1787; further entries in the College Register recording his election to an Allott Exhibition Midsummer 1787 and to a Ralph Hare Exhibition March 1788, March 1789, January 1790; the entry relating to him in the Residence Book for the period 1770-1817 recording his Tutor, status, name, terms kept, date of B.A. degree, county, date of admission, first residence, and 'name out', i.e. taken off the boards; and, finally, the references to him in the reports on the College Examinations from December 1787 to June 1790 in the volume containing the reports of the examinations for the period 1770-1833. Wordsworth's date of first residence in the Residence Book is shown as 30 October 1787 (the day on which he arrived in Cambridge) and his terms kept are the Michaelmas Term 1787, and the Lent, Easter, and Michaelmas Terms of 1788, 1789 and 1790, ten terms in all; the date of the B.A. degree is entered as Lent Term 1791.

The hitherto unrecorded references are in a manuscript volume belonging to James Wood (1760-1839), elected Master 11 February 1815, kept by him over the period of some twenty-five years during which he was a Tutor, from the beginning of the year 1789 until shortly before his election as Master. There is no statement in the volume that it belonged to James Wood; but both the handwriting (the College has ample examples of Wood's hand) and the lists of pupils which the volume contains (which correspond with the entries in the Admission Books of men admitted under him) place the attribution beyond doubt.

Wordsworth was admitted under Edward Frewen,† who had been

* *The Eagle*, vol. LIV, no. 237 (August 1950), pp. 74-82, 102-8.

† *Admissions*, part III, p. 707.

a Tutor of the College since 1784 and previously had been successively Steward, Junior Dean, and Senior Dean. When Wordsworth came up, he was a man of about forty-one. On 29 October 1787, the day before Wordsworth's arrival, he was elected into the College living of Thorington-cum-Frating in Essex.* But he did not at once leave Cambridge. He was not actually presented to the benefice until 8 January 1788, nor instituted until 14 February 1788, and his Fellowship was not filled up until March 1789.†

Frewen was succeeded in his office of Tutor by James Wood‡ and Joshua Smith,§ who were joint-Tutors. Joint-Tutorships were a feature of the period. The precise dates of appointment of Tutors were not in those days formally recorded: the office, which carried no College stipend, though it had come to have a great importance in the College system, was not a statutory office until well on in the nineteenth century. The names of the Tutors were not (and still are not) entered in the College Register, and appointments to the office were not recorded in the Conclusion Books. But the periods of office can be ascertained with some degree of precision from the Admission Books; for the entries record under whom the men were admitted to the College. Admissions under Wood and Smith begin in January 1789, and the last admission under Frewen is 24 November 1788. Wood and Smith therefore probably entered upon their office at the beginning of the year 1789, just after the end of Wordsworth's fourth term. They took over Frewen's pupils, Wordsworth amongst them, as appears from Wood's manuscript volume.

James Wood, who had been Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman, though of humble origin, was a man of ability. He was then twenty-eight. It is clear that he became early, as he remained, one of the most active and influential men in the College, to which he devoted most of his life, and finally most of his fortune. He was prominent also in the University. The evidence suggests that he, rather than Smith, was the active member of the partnership. He became President in 1802 and retained that office until his election as Master some thirteen years later. The Admission Books show that he remained Tutor until July 1814. Smith ceased to be a Tutor in 1804 or 1805, vacating his Fellowship on marriage, Wood continuing thereafter in the office alone.

James Wood's manuscript volume, preserved in the College and now in the Muniment Room, falls into two main parts. The first part contains a list of his pupils over the whole period of some twenty-five years during which he was a Tutor. The first 144 names are those of men taken over from Frewen, amongst whom is Wordsworth, and of these perhaps fifty were probably no longer in residence, but seem to have been treated as on Wood's and Smith's side because they had not yet proceeded to the degree of M.A. or because their names were still on the boards of the College. The entry for each man is brief and formal and

* *Conclusion Book*.

‡ *Admissions*, part IV, p. 568.

† *Admissions*, part III, p. 707.

§ *Admissions*, part IV, p. 481.

follows a standard form: name and status (Pensioner, Sizar, or Fellow-Commoner), county (in those days a relevant matter), date of admission, as in the corresponding entry in the College Admission Book. To these particulars are added later further particulars, as they occur: any change of status such as election as Scholar or change to Fellow-Commoner, dates of degrees, sometimes the date at which a name is taken off the boards, and occasionally further particulars such as date of election as Fellow. The volume is indeed of the nature of a register of pupils, rather than a personal record; but it is kept with Wood's characteristic method and accuracy. The entry for Wordsworth appears merely as: 'William Wordsworth Siz. Sch.: Cumberland: July 5 1787. A.B. 1791.'

The second part of the volume is headed 'Incomes'. The word is to be understood in its now obsolete sense of 'entrance money' or 'money paid on coming in', or perhaps in the likewise obsolete sense of 'new-comer' or 'in-comer', not in its now prevailing sense of money or revenue accruing. The pages are divided into five columns, headed (there is slight, but not significant, variety in the headings) 'Decessor', 'Successor', 'Pd by Successor', 'Pd by Smith', 'To Decessor'. In the first two columns—under 'Decessor' and 'Successor'—are entered the names of pupils, which correspond with those in the first part of the volume. In the remaining columns are entered sums of money. There is not in all cases an entry in the column headed 'Pd by Smith'. When there is an entry in that column, the amount entered in the final column headed 'To Decessor' is the sum of the amounts entered in the two preceding columns 'Pd by Successor' and 'Pd by Smith'. When the column headed 'Pd by Smith' has no entry, the amount shown as paid 'To Decessor' is the same as the amount shown as 'Pd by Successor'. The entry for Wordsworth is:

Decessor	Successor	Pd by Successor	Pd by Smith	To Decessor
Wordsworth	Jeudwine	5: 16: 6	—	5: 16: 6

There can be no doubt that this part of the volume relates to the sums of money paid by a man on entering a set of rooms to his predecessor in the set, or sometimes paid to the outgoer partly by the incomer and partly by 'Smith'. The payments, it can be assumed, related to furniture taken over by the incomer from his predecessor at a valuation—the system that remained in operation until the College, mainly in the third decade of the present century, during the Tutorial Bursarship of Mr Cunningham, gradually assumed liability for furnishing undergraduates' rooms, charging a rent for the furniture. Where a sum is shown as 'Pd by Smith', the incomer had not taken over the whole of his predecessor's furniture, and what he had not required had been purchased by the valuer. Nearly all these entries relate to undergraduate pupils, but there are a few exceptions. The most interesting exception is early in the series, and shows Mr Smith (presumably, though not quite certainly, Joshua Smith) succeeding Mr Frewen, who receives the large total of £69. 9s. 6d.,

of which £42. 1s. od. is paid by Mr Smith and £21. 16s. 6d. by 'Smith'. This entry alone shows that 'Smith' who heads the fourth column on each page is not Wood's joint-Tutor; moreover, the heading 'Pd by Smith' continues right on to the year 1814, long after Joshua Smith had left the College and become rector of Holt in Norfolk (not then a College living). Who was this 'Smith'? There can be little doubt that he was the valuer of the furniture, regularly employed by the College (or the Tutor) for the purpose, as Messrs W. Eaden Lilley and Company were during the later period of the valuation system, and before them Messrs John Swan and Son and Messrs Bulstrode.* The *Cambridge Chronicle and Journal* of 18 June 1803 contains an advertisement of a sale of furniture by auction by John Smith 'at the repository opposite Sidney College'. Messrs Bulstrode, Messrs John Swan and Son, and Messrs W. Eaden Lilley and Company have all likewise conducted their furniture businesses in Sidney Street and been employed by the College to make valuations of furniture handed on from tenant to tenant of College rooms. Nevertheless the identity of the 'Smith' in James Wood's volume is not beyond doubt: on one page 'Pd by Smith' is replaced by 'By T.S.'—the Smith then concerned had the initial T, not the initial J. Yet it seems probable that there was a direct succession from Smith to Messrs W. Eaden Lilley and Company through Messrs Bulstrode and Messrs John Swan and Son.

It is of interest that Wordsworth's valuation was in the small sum of £5. 16s. 6d., which is much below the average of the payments shown in the volume. He had come up as a Sizar and occupied small rooms, no doubt sparsely furnished. His rooms were those known as the 'Lowest Middle Chamber over the Kitchen looking into the Back Lane',† numbered in his time 23 in the numeration that continued through the three Courts, and later known as F2 First Court, part of what in quite recent years has become the 'Wordsworth Room'.

Wordsworth's successor in the rooms is shown as Jeudwine, namely, John Jeudwine,‡ admitted 30 November 1789, who came into residence 13 October 1790. He must have resided elsewhere for a short time; for Wordsworth kept the Michaelmas Term 1790. John Jeudwine was elected by the College second master of Shrewsbury School 7 November 1798, and thus began his long and unhappy feud with the headmaster, Samuel Butler.

Moore Smith, in his *Lists of Occupants of Rooms in St John's College*, wrote: 'One might have thought that from the time of the institution of the Tutorial system, we should have ready to hand a record of the successive occupants of all our rooms. Unfortunately that is not the case. The only books in which such facts were enshrined were taken

* See *Lists of Occupants of Rooms in St John's College* compiled by G. C. Moore Smith and published by the editors of *The Eagle Magazine*, March 1895, Preface, p. vii.

† See *The Eagle*, vol. xvi, pp. 425–43, and vol. xviii, pp. 61–2.

‡ *Admissions*, part iv, p. 333.

away by successive Tutors on their retirement as their private property and probably in almost every case destroyed.* James Wood's volume is an early and interesting example of a Tutor's book which has survived. Yet it does not do all that Moore Smith would have desired. From the second part of the volume it is possible to compile successions of occupations of College rooms. Thus Wordsworth was succeeded by Jeudwine, and by following on in the lists until Jeudwine's name occurs as 'Decessor' in column 1 his successor can be found in column 2. But unfortunately the volume contains no indication of the locations of the rooms; successions of occupants can be compiled, but the rooms they occupied are not in any way indicated. The knowledge of the set Wordsworth occupied rests upon other evidence and cannot be derived directly from James Wood's volume.

J. S. B. S.

* *Op. cit.* p. vii.

Babington's Yew-tree

ONE of my earliest impressions of the College grounds was of the remarkable yew-tree which grows on the lawn in front of New Court. I must have seen this tree first in 1938, in my first year as an undergraduate. Its wide-spreading branches, the lowest ones touching the ground, and its graceful pendulous spray, made it quite unlike any other yew I had ever seen; and I well remember my hesitation as to whether it was a yew at all, and my reluctant conclusion that it must be. At that time I knew very little about cultivated plants, and was content to admire it and to assume that it belonged to some garden variety of yew unknown to me.

So the matter has remained until very recently when I was searching in the University Herbarium through the letters and papers of Charles Cardale Babington, a Fellow of the College and Professor of Botany in the University from 1860 to 1895. I was looking for evidence about the formation and early days of the Cambridge Natural History Society, which has just (1957) celebrated its centenary, and with which Babington was actively associated from the start. The search was successful, and yielded as a by-product the following letters to Babington from Mr J. F. M. Dovaston, which I feel are sufficiently interesting to give in full.

Westfelton, near Shrewsbury. 2 June 1843.

My dear Sir,

The last seedling plant remaining, now about two feet high, of my yew tree, made famous by our friend Leighton's mention of it in his very interesting *Flora of Shropshire*, has been long reserved at his request for the worthy Professor Henslow for your Cambridge Botanic Garden; but at your suggestion I desire it shall be sent in the Autumn or Winter by such conveyance as you may at the time favour me with the direction of; the season being now too far advanced for its removal, and it burst out into new foliage. It is almost incredible since the publication of Leighton's Book what numberless applications I have had from all parts for seeds and cuttings. I shall consider myself highly honoured by having a specimen of it to grow in your respected College, a small present from a humble member of the sister University.

I am, my dear Sir, with great esteem,
kindly yours,
John F. M. Dovaston

C. C. Babington Esq., M.A.,
St. John's Coll.
Cambridge.

Westfelton, near Shrewsbury. 10 Novr. 1843.

Dear Sir,

In compliance with your request through our friend Mr. Leighton, I have directed my gardeners to pack up the Yewtree seedling from my weeping yew, which was fixed upon and kept for you to be planted in the Garden of St. John's College Cambridge. And tomorrow morning it will be sent to Shrewsbury for the purpose of being forwarded to you. As it will have to pass 'per varios casus, et tot discrimina', I feel some anxiety about its safety; & I write this to apprise you of its starting; & request that on its arrival you will be so good as drop me a line assuring me thereof. With sincerest good wishes that you may live long, healthy & happy to see it flourish I am, dear Sir,

kindly and respectfully yours
John F. M. Dovaston.

C. C. Babington Esq., M.A.,
St. John's College,
Cambridge.

Here was obviously all the evidence for the origin and date of planting of the New Court yew; and a quick look in the horticultural literature soon revealed that the Dovaston or Westfelton Yew, *Taxus baccata* L. var. *dovastoniana* Leighton, is a well-known and well-documented horticultural variety. There is a short article on the tree and its history in the *Gardener's Chronicle* for 1900, p. 147, and from this much of the following information has been taken.

The origin of the Dovaston Yew has a fairy-tale ring about it. J. F. M. Dovaston wrote thus in 1841:

It is about 60 years since my father had with his own hands sunk and constructed a pump, and the soil being loose, it continually fell in; he secured it with wooden bars, but foreseeing their speedy decay, he planted near to it a Yew-tree, which he bought of a poor cobbler for sixpence (who had picked it up from a hedgebank near Sutton), rightly judging that the fibrous and matting tendency of the Yew roots would hold up the soil. They did so, and independent of its utility, the Yew grew into a tree of the most striking and distinguished beauty, spreading horizontally all around to the diameter of 63 feet, with a single spiral leader to a great height, each branch in every direction dangling in tressy verdure to the very ground, pendulous and playful as the most graceful Birch or Willow, and visibly obedient to the feeblest breath of summer air. Its foliage, like that of the Asparagus, is admirably adapted for retaining the dew-drops; and at sunrise it would seem that Titania and her fairies had been revelling round it, and left their lamps behind, so glittering is every branch with many-coloured scintillations. To descend, however, to prose: this tree has food for the philosopher, as well as for the poet; for strange to tell, and what few unseeing believed, although a male, and smoking like a very volcano with farina under the blasts of February, it has one entire branch self-productive and exuberantly profuse in female berries—full, red, rich and luscious—from which I have raised seventeen plants, every one of which already partakes largely of the parent's disposition to weep. Of these seedlings several have been presented to my friends; and berries will, at the proper season, be given with pleasure to such persons as may be curious in these matters.

Babington, we may be sure, would be a person 'curious in these matters'! We could assume that Babington's advice was sought in the College concerning the planting of the grounds round New Court, and that he would therefore be keenly interested in new trees which might beautify the College grounds.

The tradition that this was Babington's Yew seems nowadays to have disappeared from the College lore. The Senior Bursar has, however, drawn my attention to an interesting description of the College grounds in 1881 (*The Eagle*, no. LXVI (January 1882), vol. XII, pp. 46–53) of which the relevant paragraph runs as follows: 'There are three trees worthy of our notice near the south-west corner of the New Court; these are the Wellingtonia, which was planted by Dr. Reyner; the fine yew, which Prof. Babington placed there; and the foreign tree from China, called the "Olga Anna-Polofnia Imperialis"—it flowers occasionally, though by no means annually.'

The Wellingtonia (*Sequoia gigantea*) is still there with the yew; but 'Olga Anna-Polofnia Imperialis' defeated me completely! Actually there is a third tree in the group at the south-west corner of the New Court; it is the North American Birch (*Betula papyrifera*). Clearly the author of the article ('A. J. P.', probably A. J. Poynder, a third-year undergraduate of the time) was no botanist, and has produced or taken on trust a garbled version of a scientific name for 'the foreign tree from China'. But was there any such tree—the birch now standing there is probably not more than seventy years old? I owe the solution of this minor problem of detection to a brilliant suggestion of the Director of the University Botanic Garden, Mr J. S. L. Gilmour, to whom I showed the passage. The tree was obviously *Paulownia tomentosa* Steud. (*P. imperialis* Sieb. et Zucc.), a Far Eastern species not infrequently grown, but producing its showy flowers rather irregularly, as the flower initials seem to be killed by hard winters. We must assume the *Paulownia* died soon after 1881, and in its place was planted the Paper Birch.

A remaining point of interest is the sex of Babington's Yew. The original tree is apparently largely male, but with one female branch—a most unusual condition for a tree which is strictly dioecious—whilst Barron (*Gardener's Chronicle* for 1868, p. 992) states that all the trees he raised from the original seed are female. I cannot recall, unfortunately, whether Babington's Yew has ever produced berries; but at least in February 1957 it was certainly male, and was producing abundant pollen. We must watch it carefully to see if it, like its parent, shows any sign of bearing fruit.

S. M. W.

Historical Studies, 1858–1918. I

THE series of essays here reviewed was published in the pages of *The Eagle* between 1858 and 1918. Though Ranke, a great German contemporary, proclaimed that all centuries were equal in the sight of God, Johnian historians, lacking a Tripos till 1873, and despising the new science of historical writing as an affair of pedagogues and antiquarians, defiantly echoed Macaulay's boast that theirs was 'the most enlightened generation of the most enlightened people that ever existed'. On their interpretation of history, England had always been the apple of a divine eye. Equipped with an 'unadulterated democracy', liberty, boundless material wealth, and a civilization far transcending that of Greece or Rome, she stood on the pinnacle of earthly felicity. By comparison, the Germans were 'childish', the Irish 'impetuous and inconsiderate'. These ideas pervade, and supply a unity to, the majority of the essays. By 1914, it is clear, these beliefs had gone up in smoke, and Johnian writers put their fingers on the principal cause. It was the military and economic might of a greater Prussia which shook England out of her complacency, and convinced her statesmen that isolation had ceased to be splendid. It is not for nothing that the last two essays deliver a severe rebuke to Germany.

One of the greatest achievements of the nineteenth century was the revolution it wrought in historiography. The movement originated in Germany during the Napoleonic wars, but only began in England when Stubbs became Regius Professor at Oxford in 1867. The contributors to *The Eagle*, far from sharing in this historical renaissance, paradoxically (because they saw themselves in the van of progress) clung to the past. Their essays reveal three interconnected conceptions of history: the first, preached in the Middle Ages and formulated by St Augustine, was that history was the revelation of a divine will; the second, again a frequent feature of medieval chronicles, was that the precepts of history taught moral lessons; and the last, as Thucydides first announced, was that history repeated itself. In propounding these ideas Victorian historians were merely echoing the Middle Ages. Even the Regius Professor, Charles Kingsley (1860–9), used history as his text to portray the movements of God in human affairs. A Classicist Don, writing in *The Eagle* in 1860, summed the whole thing up when he pointed out that a study of Plato and Thucydides was valuable because they proved that 'there existed at such and such times counterparts to our Liberals and Conservatives...that the World was made up then,

as now, of dreamy enthusiasts and sharp men of business...that, in short, there lies before (us) one of the most eventful pages of that divine revelation of history which has been handed down to us for our guidance and our warning'.

In vol. II there appeared an essay under the auspicious title: 'Advice to a Modern Historian'. In fact, the title is misleading, and the writer's purpose is to ridicule the new school of scientific history. He begins by alluding to the transformation in historiography. 'A considerable change has, since the last century, taken place in our ideas respecting the proper character of history. Our forefathers would have considered it vain to expect, unreasonable to require, a strict and undeviating impartiality.' The eighteenth century could not consider an impartial narrative as 'likely to possess any high degree of excellence. The greatest writers, they would have reasoned, those whose colours are still fresh, and whose lines are still clearly marked, often seem almost fascinated with the characters they have contemplated.' The author then moves to the crux of his thesis. 'Can we indeed expect vivid images from the dull pencil of an impartial uniformity?' He gives his own definition of impartial history. 'An impartial history can mean nothing else than a history generally acknowledged to be impartial. It must be one to which all parties can appeal, whose authority all must acknowledge.' This yardstick is then applied to two philosophies of history. First, if 'history is philosophy teaching by examples' then the writer could not fail 'to indicate which were examples of things to be imitated, which of things to be avoided'; since this must tread on someone's toes it is *ipso facto* biased. Second, if history be used to point out a series of lessons, 'to place before us the lives and actions of men who in their time were good and true', that they may be emulated, then could the historian 'shrink from plucking the mask from successful villainy?' 'And what chance would such a History have of being impartial?' Nevertheless, contemporaries were striving after this ideal, only to make themselves (in our author's eyes) ridiculous. 'Indefatigable perseverance, endless research, is now expected of every writer who presumes to lay his thoughts before the public. Does a man write on the extension of the franchise? He must be acquainted, or pretend to be acquainted, with all learning, ancient and medieval, that the most pedantic antiquarian can ever conceive as having any relation to the question.' It is sad to relate that 'principles deduced by the clear light of common sense, and the aid of such an ordinary knowledge of history as most educated gentlemen possess will scarcely even secure him a hearing'. The great aim must always be impartiality: 'So to write that men may doubt whether what they read is really the work of a human being, or the production of some newly invented fact-recording machine.' Stand above the conflict: 'shed no tears for the unfortunate Charles, or his more unfortunate grandmother.' 'Nor let it call forth any sound of joy' that the absolute

monarchy which triumphed in Europe was vanquished in England. 'Such expressions of feeling will be out of place in an impartial Historian. In short, though you will call your book a history, let it really be a ledger.'

Tried by twentieth-century standards, this is a poor performance. The author sets literary virtuosity and the utterance of moral judgment against sound scholarship. Though modern historians have rejected the second of these (we no longer, for example, see the French Revolution, with Carlyle, as a Calvinistic bonfire of all the sinners of the *ancien régime*) some are increasingly prepared to admit that Bury's 'History is a science, no more no less', and Trevelyan's 'The art is of history is the art of narrative' are by no means as antithetical as the late Victorians imagined. Though a historian attain the wisdom of Solomon, is there any reason why his sentences should limp along?

In vol. iv we have contemporary evidence of the effects of a century of industrialization. 'Truly', the author begins, 'ours is an age of iron.' 'The great cities of the country with their smoke, their noise, their bustle, their stinks, their kings of iron or of cotton, their myriad workmen, joined to one another, and to their great metropolis, the largest and best representative of them all, by hard lines of railway, where the song of the birds is lost in the scream of the locomotive; these certainly now constitute the most prominent feature of the nation.' The majority of towns 'have opened wide their gates to the advancing civilization of the day, emancipated themselves, as they fondly hope, from the last superstitious trammels of a semi-barbarous feudalism, and grasped with alacrity the iron hand of progress'. In the author's opinion industrialization had been bought at too high a price. Revisiting Slowbeach, the town of his birth, now a rising port, 'I hurried off to see the old castle once more. How glad was I to find that the spirit of progress had not burst upon the peaceful seclusion... the birds were singing joyously alone, and the lambs were bleating amidst the fragments of the shattered walls; all was peace, beauty, harmony and order.'

This eyewitness reflexion of the greatest economic upheaval in world history was followed in the Lent issue of 1866 by the first avowedly historical essay in these pages. The purpose of 'The Character of Henry VIII' (by a writer who claimed to have read all the contemporary chronicles) is to reverse the then current conception of 'Blue Beard', and to substitute J. A. Froude's portrait of Henry as a giant of the popular will. For its incidental remarks alone, this essay is a gem for those who believe that Victorians were conceited and complacent. Written on a comparatively big scale, it begins with an attack on Hume for castigating Henry in his history.

And yet in consequence of the sparkling grace and exquisitely pellucid clearness of his style, this history has been accepted as that from which we may best learn the struggles of our fathers and drink in the spirit of their noble deeds! Can we wonder that the history of our nation is too often regarded as

a dry school lesson, and not, as it surely should be, the story of God's dealings with his people, whence we may draw wisdom and strength for present need, and faith for time to come?

That such a philosophy of history could be so forcefully propagated less than a century ago before an academic audience is aboundingly significant for the historian. It could have been lifted word for word from the pages of any medieval chronicler. It supplies additional emphasis to the fact that the influence of Augustine weighed with an almost physical pressure on the mind of Europe for over 1000 years.

Hume was misled when he wrote of Henry VIII that 'a catalogue of his vices would comprehend many of the worst qualities of human nature'. Quoting that 'brilliant genius' Professor Kingsley, the author points out that the modern view of Henry's character dated from the Restoration, "'when belief in all nobleness and faith had died out among an ignoble and faithless generation'". The testimonies of Hall (1597), Grafton (1560's) and Holinshed (1577) completely prove that contemporaries saw Henry as a paragon of princes. Any fair estimate of Henry's character will be based largely on evidence before 1527. 'In honour, generosity, justice, and moral purity his early life will stand comparison with that of any of our Kings before or since' except Charles I. True, Henry had six wives; but 'one died a natural death, and one survived him; no one, I presume, will venture to defend the worthless Catherine Howard... The divorce of Anne of Cleves I do not intend to refer to; it involves questions little fitted for discussion.' Vindicated thus far, can the divorce from Katherine of Aragon be justified? Yes. Henry 'began to fear lest the assertion made by the brave monk of Wittenberg, that the Sovereign Pontiff was but a fallible mortal, which had once appeared so audacious a heresy, might after all be true'. He feared (and barrenness reinforced that fear) that the papal dispensation to marry his brother's widow had been an error. Would the 'proud barons of England' accept Mary as his successor? This problem of the succession forced the issue. 'The divorce by the Parliament as well as by the all but unanimous voice of the nation was declared absolutely necessary for its peace and safety. Henry did not hesitate to obey that voice.' Through seven years negotiation, Clement VII had been 'hopelessly fickle, false and perjured'. Why did Henry marry Jane Seymour the day after the execution of Anne Boleyn? Because he 'resolved to show his nation how completely her (Anne's) guilt had torn her from his heart'. If we believe in the innocence of Anne Boleyn 'We must believe that the bravest, proudest, and freest nation of Christendom, in the persons of their noblest chivalry, consented to be accomplices in a deed of unutterable baseness.' We are to believe that there was not a single noble soul 'amongst those men whom God honoured by making them the instruments of the greatest work [i.e. the English Reformation] he ever wrought in this fair land'. The accusation that Henry was 'bloodthirsty' is not borne out by the facts. Buckingham, Darcy,

Exeter, Montagu, and the Countess of Salisbury were sent to the block for real or strongly suspected treason. Nor was he a 'tyrant'. 'Henry was far inferior in the number of his immediate vassals to the Howards, the Brandons, the Courtenays, and the Nevilles.' If one of them revolted, Henry's sole asset was popular backing. 'Yet historians would have us believe that through fear of a monarch so completely in their power, the foremost gentlemen of England became his obedient tools in the most atrocious designs.' The key to Henry's strength lay 'in the perfect harmony between himself and the common people'.

Having set Henry on his proper pedestal, the author gives us his views on the Reformation. 'At the time of the fall of Wolsey, the nation was sick of the Pope's arrogance, and disgusted with the pride and licentiousness of the monks; and Henry renounced the supremacy of Rome and abolished the monasteries.' As the year elapsed, 'Henry advanced at the same rate as the mass of his people; and thus he wisely and ably held the balance between the two great parties of the Reformers and the Anglicans'. This policy was mistaken. 'We in these more enlightened days may think that it would have been wiser for him to have left both alone.' While the Reformation on the continent gave rise to bloodbaths, 'our own loved country passed with hardly a struggle from the darkness and spiritual thralldom of Popery, to the glorious light and liberty of God's free gospel'. Finally, 'I hold it to be the basest ingratitude to refuse all share of the praise to that ruler, by whose wisdom, moderation, and firmness the conflicting factions were bridled, and under whose guidance the nation moved so harmoniously, and so triumphantly to the freedom and order wherein we now rejoice.'

Moving up the stream of English history, the same volume of *The Eagle* contained an essay on another strong man. 'Strafford in Ireland' was inspired by the topicality of the Irish problem in Gladstone's heyday. 'The question before the English nation at the present day is, how are we Englishmen to govern Ireland at once consistent with our conceptions of general utility and without provoking the resentment, rather so as to draw towards us the affections, of the impetuous and inconsiderate Irishmen?' Ignoring, or perhaps unaware, of the fact that Strafford (like Richelieu and Olivares) was bent upon buttressing a monarchy, which had become inadequate for seventeenth-century conditions, by fair measure or by foul, the author is content to echo the fulminations of Macaulay. 'It cannot be doubted that throughout his one object was to establish absolute monarchy at the expense of the constitutional liberty of the subject.' He was contemptuous of the maxim 'salus populi suprema lex'. 'Trained in the school of "authority", and uneducated in, and unsympathetic with, those broad principles of true liberty, of which the glorious Reformation was at once the exponent and the origin, his great personal ambition and love of power induced him to throw himself eagerly into a cause where he saw that he could . . . obtain the summit of his desires.' Strafford's rule 'was not primarily

directed to the one legitimate and supreme end of all good government, the greatest good of the governed'.

For those who admire the supermen of European history, there is a comparison between 'Charlemagne and Napoleon' in vol. vi. First, the author states his philosophy of history. 'The whole value and aim of historical study is grounded on the truth of the proverb "History repeats itself"'. This holds good not only for 'history in its wider sense', but also occasionally 'in individual history'. There are deep coincidences in the careers of Charlemagne and Napoleon. These are surveyed according to Guizot's axiom that 'the work of every great man may be considered under two aspects, according as it meets the exigencies of his time, or tends to his own personal aggrandizement'. We are informed that 'there is a singular likeness in the features of the times whose work Charlemagne and Napoleon were called to do'. Charlemagne's task was to beat back Saracens, Saxons, Avars and Tartars. Some mighty barrier had to be erected to prevent more barbarian invasions. The only guarantee against this was imperial unity—this Charles achieved. There were no more barbarian inrushes. Napoleon, too, supplied the great need of his time. Despite Waterloo, France's 'independence and its unity were secured, its institutions consolidated, and feudalism overthrown beyond recovery'. Here the parallel ends. 'In Charlemagne it is hard to discern traces of the influence of purely personal motives.' His conquests had as their mainspring the spread of Christianity. 'In Napoleon on the other hand, it is difficult to detect any other than personal motives.' 'Though he lived at a time when Christianity had softened down the cruelty of a former age, he never seems to have allowed any thought for human life or human suffering to check the dictates of an all devouring ambition. Selfish and overbearing, the retarder rather than the promoter of civilization, careless of personal accomplishments, he was prompted in all that he did by two passions, love of war and love of power.' Hence, he concludes, Charlemagne was 'a nobler hero and a greater man'. Modern authorities on Napoleon tend to ignore this old accusation of personal aggrandizement and concentrate on his work as the heir of the Revolution which laid the foundations of the France of today. Despite Napoleon's rhetorical outburst 'I am the new Charlemagne', no historian would now (in the spirit of Plutarch) attempt to write a 'Parallel Lives' on this theme.

W. N. BRYANT

(To be concluded)

SPEECH FOR
Christopher Marlowe

AS A YOUNG MAN

So you must uncreate me quickly, God, you must
Limbeck me into parts, and drip my drops
Upon the seas, smear me into the grey whey
Of clouds; uncreate me, God, because I dare
To sing: my gut is spare, hair strong, teeth true,
I can rejoice as only a young man may rejoice
And I unbrick your walls with no shame.
Brassbold, lacking in gold, I still
Brazen my images across your life,
And I resonate eagerly
The rhetoric of our passions, and perform
Each word with a strong proud joy.
If I am meaningless, I will be
Meaningless absolutely; if I despair
Then I will shave me clean—no hair
Of happiness will sprout from me.
In life, I love you, but despise your laws
And I shall die
Cursing most horribly.

Mental Ward

THIS ward contains the inmost circle of the damned
But seems aseptic limbo; we perceive
The inmates are not of world, believe
Their sentence is our mercy—we would be unmanned,

Moral, indignant, if often forced to concede
These creatures are of our dimension:
They lost, or never hit on our invention
Of lacing dream on to the coarse broadcloth of need:

So their clothes, all of frills, could not keep out the cold
Of unromance, necessity, and pain.
While our coats fit our cloth, we may remain
The arbiters of fashion, convinced we uphold

The democratic state of mind exclusively.
And yet we have their hell, upon a thought
Of chaos, and unconsciously are taught
Insanity concerns not kind, but a degree.

P. J. PAPALOIZOU

Cambridge Mathematics

Of all the Faculties of the University, that of Mathematics is one of the oldest and most respected. It is also one of the most remote, because of the difficulty of communicating the ideas of mathematics to those not engaged in its study. This is partly due to the great problem involved in explaining the major achievements of pure mathematics in the language of normal speech; it is also due to the disfavour in which the 'popularization' of mathematics, both pure and applied, is held by professional mathematicians. Whilst nearly all exponents of Natural Science have realized the importance of communicating to the layman the basic ideas of their field of study, mathematicians have remained aloof from such action.

Not that this is necessarily wrong. We are repeatedly being told that science works for the benefit of mankind, and thus it may be argued that mankind has a right to know of the more important doings of its servant. Mathematics is in a different position. Pure mathematics, claiming to be no more than intellectual exercise, has no one to answer to, and applied mathematics, or theoretical physics, can be satisfied to be on terms of communication merely with the physicist and the engineer—the most important customers of the practical mathematician.

It often seems that the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge holds itself similarly aloof from the hopes and needs of students of mathematics. Its effect on them can best be seen by tracing the passage through the University of a group of these people, entering straight from school in the full flush of enthusiasm and interest. At school they looked forward to and appreciated the periods on mathematics, which occupied perhaps half their time; at Cambridge they are struck by the shattering blow that for three years they are to do mathematics, all mathematics, and nothing but mathematics! That many cannot stand up to the impact is shown by the large number of students who after one year change to economics, to physics, to anything but mathematics.

The two ancient universities are the only ones in Britain which concentrate on producing mathematical specialists, in the shape of people who have had formal training in nothing but their main subject. This system, when it is successful, produces someone ideally prepared for a world which does not exist. In our real world all scientific progress is made by a union of mathematics with an experimental science, and this is recognized in provincial universities by the existence of a compulsory course in physics, or some such subject, for mathematicians. Cambridge

acknowledges the real world by including courses in applied mathematics in the syllabus, but renders this gesture nugatory by failing to teach the experimental techniques in conjunction with which mathematics is used.

The Cambridge course is designed for the exception who can live through three or more years of nothing but mathematics-for-its-own-sake. The normal student soon suffers from an attack of mental indigestion and brings up mathematical wind. It is no wonder that the number of those from Cambridge who later become professional mathematicians is disturbingly small. The exception who lives through the three years and retains his enthusiasm is a veritable mathematical specialist; but he is rarely an educated specialist. The narrowness of view required by the present course of study mitigates against the broad outlook which is necessary if the mathematician is to hold a responsible post in the community.

Mathematicians, by virtue of their being satisfied with so intellectual a pursuit, are already when they come to Cambridge 'different' from the body of University students, and the structure of the Tripos results in a widening of the rift. One of the folk-legends of this University which have a more than negligible similarity to the truth is that mathematicians have no interests outside their studies. Rarely in the Union, in the political clubs, in college activities is a mathematician to be seen; rare indeed is the mathematician who has a girl-friend in Cambridge. We would be the last to suggest that mathematicians pay no attention to these pursuits, but their activity certainly gives little indication of their interest.

This inactivity may perhaps be explained not only by the stultifying influence of the course of study, but also by the fact that most students of mathematics at this University are 'grammar school' rather than 'public school', and have had little opportunity of practising the social sports and graces. It is significant that one of the first obstacles in the way of the organizer of an Archimedean party was the fact that the vast majority of mathematicians cannot dance!

There are faults in the course of study quite apart from those in the syllabus. We should like to stress the fact that these criticisms are not levelled at a system which permits the study of a subject such as mathematics. We should be among the first to recognize the value of a mathematical training, and the purely intellectual satisfaction it can provide. Nevertheless, if the Faculty is to maintain its standing both inside the University and, even more important, outside it, some radical change can hardly be avoided.

The general procedure adopted by lecturers in mathematics scarcely encourages enthusiastic interest. Often the class has an uninterrupted view of the lecturer's back while he transcribes voluminous notes on to the blackboard; few indeed are the lecturers in the Faculty who pay any attention to lecturing technique. In nearly all cases, lectures can be

traced to an accredited text-book, and it is not unknown to find a diagram in one's lecture notes corresponding exactly to one appearing in a standard work. It is this type of discovery, together with the realization that opportunities for contact with lecturers, even on an impersonal level, are small, which engenders a widespread feeling of dissatisfaction.

The form of presentation of supervision work hardly encourages original thought of any kind, though it is a moot point whether such thought is possible at our level of knowledge. Supervisions, more often than not, degenerate into grand problem-solving sessions at which the supervisor purely mechanically produces solutions of Tripos problems that the supervisee either failed to solve or did not trouble to attempt. The supervisor solves the problems but does not explain the reasons which led him to his method of attack, he describes the battles of mathematics but not the strategy. It is surely significant that a large proportion of the mathematicians whom we know in Cambridge regard their supervisions as a waste of time.

Having criticized, we must make constructive suggestions. The value of Cambridge should lie in the fact that it is a dispensary of 'education' in the fullest possible sense of the word and not merely a 'knowledge-shop'. Thus, it is not sufficient, as far as the mathematician is concerned, merely to learn how to solve a problem, just as the historian is not satisfied to learn only a string of dates. Just as the historian considers the place which history occupies in the study of mankind, so the mathematician, by courses in philosophy or the growth of mathematics, could perhaps be helped to see mathematics in the context of the development of thought, and not as an end in itself.

We are fully aware that this analogy is a faulty one in so far as the historian has no such courses embodied in the syllabus for his Tripos, but interests himself in these matters as a natural consequence of his study of history; so, it might be argued, the mathematician should acquire comparable interests as a development of his formal studies. This argument would be impressive if the state of the Mathematical Tripos encouraged the undergraduate to embark on such lines of thought spontaneously, as a natural consequence of lectures and supervisions, as is the case with history and other arts subjects. In reading an essay to one's supervisor, and perhaps even earlier, in writing the essay, one inevitably has to consider the wider aspects of the subject, possibly in the light of a lecturer's approach to a question. As noted earlier, mathematical supervisions possess none of this quality, and it is easier to legislate for a change of syllabus than for a change of attitude among senior members of the University.

In addition, the curriculum, though it gives to intending specialists a satisfactory groundwork in mathematics, is not at all suitable for the many students who hope to make their careers in physics or in other scientific studies, or for the few who enjoyed school mathematics but do

not intend to embark on a scientific career of any kind. For all these, a more general course is necessary, and a knowledge of subjects outside their main study would be an advantage even to intending professional mathematicians.

An examined course in some branch of experimental science is the supremely necessary addition to the present course. Further, since communication between scientist and scientist, as well as between scientist and layman, is becoming of increasing importance, a weekly essay on some subject, scientific or non-scientific, should be instituted. Clearly, all these additions cannot be fitted with ease into the existing time-table. Ideally, the normal course should be extended from three to four years, permitting a fairly deep study of the development of mathematics, of another science, and even of mathematics itself. Such a scheme would also help to diminish the flow from this University of 'mere mathematical specialists', while correspondingly increasing the number of 'educated specialists' who are capable of taking important and responsible positions even outside the University walls.

DAVID BLACKBURN

JONATHAN ROSENHEAD

One Fathom High: A Korean Sojourn

FIFTY years before, the pride of the Russian Navy had sailed half-way round the world, only to be scuttled ignominiously by a Japanese fleet beneath these very waters; now the big guns were silent, as the *Wo Sang* carried me far into the cold November night. Below, in the warmth of the ornate Victorian lounge, an ageing navigational chart found its only serious rival in an assortment of long-discarded American magazines. I was not surprised to learn that she was the last of a fleet of small passenger ships, chartered by the Army to shuttle British Commonwealth troops between Japan and Korea. Early on the third morning at sea we anchored off Inchon, a cold, murky day reminding me of the November with which I was more familiar; however, the affinity was soon dissolved by a garish American sign announcing that we had now reached the Land of the Morning Calm. Leaving the port behind, a slow train journey took us to our destination, just short of the 38th Parallel, and I saw for the first time the scene which for weeks to come was to form the background to my travels.

My earliest impression of the country—and one which never left me—was one of desolation, of natural desolation heightened by the ravage of war. For what we understand by civilization had become identified with military occupation, beneath which life had been scraped away, while U.N.C.U.R.K. and U.N.K.R.R.A. stretched a veneer of Western democracy over an ancient people.

To the peasant trudging along with his bullock-cart, or the woman bearing a wooden 'A' frame burdened with brushwood on her back, war had served only to confirm an amazing physical toughness and resistance to disease, which enabled them to survive and prosper even under adverse conditions. Except when avoiding a camera, the Korean would present an expression as impenetrable as that of the Buddha in his temple, reflecting upon the Eastern proverb that 'It is easier to know water ten fathoms deep than to know a man one fathom high'.

There are many orphanages in Korea, and at Christmas we entertained some of them, in turn being enchanted by their carols, of compelling innocence and simplicity. They included not a few Japanese children, their parents killed at Hiroshima, who had fled from Japan only to be caught up again in the horror of war. They all played together, but amongst the older generation there was a bitterness born of the

harsh Japanese domination of Korea for the past forty years. During that time the Korean language was suppressed, and at one time, so hostile were the Koreans to their overlords, the Japanese disarmed them to the extent of permitting only one kitchen knife for every three families.

I had come prepared for the cold, but whilst unsuspecting England shivered on the coldest recorded day of the century, in the Gloucester valley it remained obstinately mild. When the snow came in late December, it was with an unexpected suddenness, but above all it was the wind I came to hate, a wind that seemed to rise from nowhere and found its way everywhere. However, it's an ill wind, they say, and I was thankful for it when we took our home-made and somewhat primitive ice-yachts down to the frozen Imjin river. When Nature failed us, the blast from the rotor blades of an obliging helicopter served to send us on our way. A visiting Australian concert-party greeted the snow with delight, since for many it was their first experience of that phenomenon with which we were only too familiar, and snowballs proved a source of endless fascination to them.

But if the snow was tiresome enough, it was the thaw which followed, with the inevitable floods and the accompanying torrential rains, that brought vehicles to a standstill. I was not surprised to learn that the oldest and most continuous records of rainfall kept anywhere in the world are in Korea. The roads had only a rough, unmade surface, and many were washed away, bridges over streams disappearing overnight. Few routes were signposted, and the country in most cases bore little resemblance to what maps we possessed, since many villages simply no longer existed; one drove by memory, instinctively, as one meaningless scene gave way to another.

The village of Sagimak, which led to our gun-position, was set in the Gloucester valley, amongst countless hills, and curving, terraced paddy-fields. There was nothing unusual about it: the shacks that served as homes were made of dried mud reinforced by packing cases, with chimneys fashioned from ammunition boxes. They were heated, as for centuries, by placing flues under the floors—a method just recently adopted by leading architects in the West. Oxen as often as not were quartered inside with the family, for where life is held cheaply, the relationship of man and beast finds a nice balance. The sordid scene was thrown into relief on festival days by the traditional Korean costume; loose, white robes and baggy trousers for the men, the women-folk wearing short, close fitting jackets and vividly coloured flowing skirts. The celebrations over, a notice declaring the village 'OFF LIMITS TO ALL U.N. PERSONNEL' provided the only local colour.

The poverty was appalling, and the children would often gather behind the gun-position, at a respectful distance, in the hope of picking up some scraps. They developed a curious taste for high explosive, stealing cartridge cases for the brass, but first thoughtfully chewing the propellant. We suffered, for our part, an unaccountable scarcity of

potatoes, and would often go into the neighbouring district of Sinsan-ni in search of them, armed with empty Japanese beer-bottles as barter, and a handful of whan, the local currency. It often struck me most forcibly that the so-called mystery of the East lay not in its colour and religion, nor yet in its attitude to life, but more simply, in its smell. The most sensitive nostril would have been overwhelmed, as we bargained for our potatoes, the highly-spiced kimchi in the cooking pot vying with the stench of decaying fish.

Korea seems to possess little in size between a large village and a big city, and the latter provided a sharp contrast. Now two years after the war, Seoul, the capital city, had made no attempt to hide the fact that she had been three times fought over in as many years. Still 80 per cent uninhabitable, the street railway system alone appeared undamaged. This added a touch of irony to the scene, for it has been the first to appear in the East, built in 1883 with the help of American engineers, whose successors were even now advising the building reconstruction teams. A discordant blaring of horns caught my attention, and a V.I.P. car, escorted by motor-cycle outriders, swung into the forecourt of the restored capitol building, where a hastily prepared banner proclaimed 'WELCOME HONOURABLE JOHN FOSTER DULLES'. The only two hotels—of questionable repute—that were left standing, were run by the U.S. Eighth Army and the wife of Syngman Rhee respectively, and were chiefly distinguished by the fact that here alone in southern Korea the writ of American military currency did not run—'green-backs' only were accepted.

Back in the Gloucester valley, shotgun enthusiasts were at once shocked and delighted to find that game-shooting was not limited to seasons; in fact the pheasants grew to a prodigious size, but appeared to be compensated for their greater bulk by a swiftness in the air denied to their English cousins. The only unnatural hazard was the existence of unmarked minefields, which while in no way affecting the quarry, added an element of suspense unknown on the moors of England.

While winter was turning to spring, the permanence of our existence was threatened by rumours of the impending break-up of the Commonwealth Division—rumours which the higher command denied with habitual stubbornness, while our living accommodation was being dismantled before our very eyes. Eventually all the clandestine preparations were officially confirmed, and the fires of a Korean army unit burnt in the hills around us at night, as if impatient for our departure. Unlike game-shooting, Winter in the eyes of the authorities ended on a fixed date, and during its last hours were entered Inchon, on 31 March. The sun, which was still weak, picked out for a few moments a solitary temple high above the harbour, as we boarded the *Wo Sang* once more. A fishing fleet of sampans scattered before us and swayed precariously in our wake, until the sea was once more silent: my wintry sojourn was over.

I. S. WORDSWORTH

Genius Loci

BELATED TRIBUTE TO A LOCAL RAG POET

It took a genius to write doggerel
in these dry days of undeceived wit.
It took a warm heart to be maudlin
when greater minds were sculpturing the pith.

It would take a simpler soul than mine to give
you long-belated tribute in the grave:

how you spoke for your petty town, where
a shopdoor left open is frontpage news,
and rape unheard of, or unspoken,—place
whose narrow vision you, not I, could share.

You were the genius of this definite town:
I the writer in this room all my own.

Pagan on the Beach

Feu vers qui se soulève une vierge de sang.

PAUL VALÉRY

BENT back oilbrown in the white sun,
skirt hoisted, while waves caress,
fish in the green aquarium view,
smooth bamboo stems, and tendrils
curling in the ticklish water,
she rolls with the inswell, bobbing
like a buoy, smile slow as summer.

She rises, no Venus, but sleek foal
riding the sea, free of man, loose at last
to reveal an iridescent burnished body,
to wash its weariness off in soft water,
and wipe it clean as vellum with the sun.

WALTER REDFERN

'The Land of the Free?'

SOME AMERICAN REFLEXIONS

THIS essay is partisan. Let me say at the outset that I have an axe to grind and that I lay no claim to academic impartiality. The issues concern me deeply and personally, as an American; they may eventually concern you as well. I believe that the existence of a free society in my country is threatened. The ideals upon which the country was founded, respect for the liberty of the individual, equality before the law, the right to free choice and freedom of thought are under attack in a novel and not entirely recognized way. The attack has taken the form of a slow siege, a gradual attrition, rather than a dramatic frontal assault. That the attack has been less flamboyant has made it less striking but not less insidious.

The above mentioned, ringing ideals, like all other human values, do not exist *in vacuo*. To work, to influence, to effect, an ideal must become flesh and take on the form of an institution in some broad sense, whether the institution be a revolutionary cadre, a Supreme Court, a written constitution or a pressure group. The loss of its grip on the minds of men is generally associated with a simultaneous weakening of the embodiment of the ideal. One turns in his party card or does not pay his dues or forgets how to do something and so on. The institution may, then, be supplanted or expire silently or be overthrown by a stronger, but away it goes. I do not believe that social organisms as such have, as has been so often urged by men of a large, theoretic cast of thought, a life span and, when old, lose their grip. On the contrary, they can always be saved, if the weakness is seen in good time, and the repair instituted effectively. They are more like structures than like animals, houses in which men live, not the men themselves. In the United States, certain crucial structures are weakening, though one sees only a sagging beam here and a rotted plank there.

A man is free, if he stand in such relation to the Law and the State that he is guaranteed his privacy, his individuality and a reasonable chance to fulfil himself. Free institutions act as hedges warding off forces compelling him to do or not to do something against his will or, equally common these days, to conform against his will to some external, undesired mould of personality, the 'good American', the 'true fighter for International Socialism', the 'loyal Hungarian'. The free man pays for these social 'hedges' out of his capital of freedom,

'THE LAND OF THE FREE?'

yielding at certain points, joining churches, clubs or political parties, through which by paying out some of his freedom he receives the benefits of membership and identification. He becomes a Christian, or a Republican or a Liberal or a Trade Unionist and reserves only the right, in a free society, to be his own kind of trade unionist or party member.

This is hardly new stuff. I restate it here, the old, mouldy liberal creed, to highlight the contrast with what actually goes on in the United States today. The important thing to bear in mind is that freedom and individuality are inextricably joined. You can't have one without the other. Take away or cramp a man's individuality and he becomes less free roughly to the same degree that he has been cramped or coerced.

Broadly speaking, there are two sorts of threats to freedom in America these days. One, certainly known to you, has risen like a heavy ground fog from the anxiety about Russia and the threat of world communism. It took a very virulent form in the McCarthy episode and remains a bleak and ominous threat, as exemplified in the 'Commies-under-every-stone' psychosis of the so-called Senate and Congress 'Neanderthals', like Senators Jenner, Bricker and Malone and Congressman Martin. There is no question that the American people are scared, and, as I hear from home, virtually hysterical with 'sputnikitis'. Cynical politicians can always be found, who are willing to ride to power on the wave of anxiety, which some threat, real or imagined, has generated, and we have our fair share. I am, however, less concerned about the dangers of a 'better McCarthy', that is, a more effective one, than I am about certain other long-run trends which could turn the 'Land of the Free' into an Orwell nightmare without a single I.C.B.M. leaving its base in Irkutsk.

Let me take as starting-point an acute article in a recent *New Statesman* (23 November 1957, p. 686) by an American, Mr Arnold Rogow. He argues that the modern mass capitalist society, 'People's Capitalism', produces certain institutions which look American simply because America has gone so far along the road to the universal middle class, and that in eliminating inexorably certain social evils of the older *laissez faire* society, 'People's Capitalism' adds a few new wrinkles of its own, which, as he points out, have not been seriously noted so far in contemporary political thought. Let me quote a paragraph:

One of these evils, for example, is the evil—and I use the term advisedly—of leisure. For the first time in history, the mass of the people enjoys, or will shortly enjoy, sufficient time and money for the pursuit of leisure. Yet there is reason to believe that the coming 60-hour leisure week will raise problems more serious than those of the earlier 60-hour work week. The 60-hour work week, whatever else it was, was a week of planned activity and, occasionally, of creative activity, which engaged the individual during most of his waking hours. The leisure week, on the other hand, is so far unplanned and for most people non-creative. Gadgetry, hobbies, attending the movies and watching television are often engaged in compulsively, and this suggests that they function less as meaningful activities than as attempts to escape boredom.

In this phenomenon, so neatly described by Mr Rogow, I see the opening for a large-scale development which seems to me a major threat to freedom. This time, this 60-hour leisure week, has to be filled somehow and in a mass, commercial society like ours, it is filled with the creations of a small cabal of 'Madison Avenue' men, radio, advertising and television executives. In the United States, mass media of communication are all run by private enterprise, that is, no B.B.C., and no Third Programme, unless it pays. What sort of things do, in fact, pay? Quiz shows, 'soaps' (the so-called 'soap operas', which are serialized tales of family and romance, supported by adverts from the soap and cleansing companies or other household products, which appeal to the housewives who are the listening audience), the network comedians and the huge variety shows and/or thrillers. My point here is not to debate the pros and cons of commercialism in the field of communications but rather to point out the inherent threat to freedom in the control of these media by the tiny clique who operate the networks and make policy. The same threat, perhaps more serious since it is more actively formative of opinion, lurks in the magazine empire of Henry Luce's Time-Life Inc., which publish four of the Nation's leading magazines, *Life*, *Fortune*, *Time* and *Sports Illustrated*. The Hearst and Scripps-Howard newspaper chains extend to every city and are often the only dailies in large areas.

Mass communications are in themselves neutral tools, available to a Franklin Delano Roosevelt and to a Hitler. It cannot be argued that public opinion is infinitely plastic. Both points are fair. The Goebbels technique of the 'Big Lie' needed certain prerequisites, which do not yet exist in the United States; but they could. There have been alarming examples of the power of the press to 'black-out' a political figure or to boost him, as in the case of McCarthy, but so far the press and other media have been fairly responsible. It is not what they have done in any specific case but the steady pounding of the audience into shape, the ceaseless thumping of the listener, which is so disturbing. The advertisers demand results and the mass media comply. The goals so far have been generally non-political but the malleability in the audiences which the constant bombardment produces is a political reality of the highest sort. Eisenhower, a man of the most mediocre capabilities, is entirely a creation, a work of art, of the 'social engineers'. His campaign advisors set precedent in 1952 when they employed Robert Montgomery, the well-known actor, to prepare the Eisenhower personality for public consumption. Present-day American foreign policy is little more than a set of slogans which to the experienced ear seem to be exactly the sort of thing the toothpaste companies say, in, of course, a slightly different context.

The same technique, radicalized and sharpened, was used with striking success by Goebbels, the 'Big Lie' technique. It worked because a chaotic and levelling inflation had ruined great and stable

classes and had reduced German society to an atomized, hopeless and discouraged mob, a horde of starving pensioners, of disillusioned intellectuals, of lower middle class shopkeepers whose savings had been eradicated, of cynical profiteers who rode the inflation and of great industrialists whose markets were threatened by rioting currency. There are slower ways of achieving the same end and it is the end which determines the success of the 'Big Lie'. The end is the negation of everything posited at the beginning of this article, the free individual, protected behind idiosyncratic and personal bulwarks. For in the moment, as in Nazi Germany or in the coming America, that the individual faces the state alone without his memberships, his peculiarities, his institutional hedges and his churches, a potential totalitarian situation exists.

The devaluation and levelling of all values has gone much farther in the United States than in Britain, and, as a result, may not appear to be a real problem to English readers. It is. The logic of the system requires the tiny clique, who act with all the good-will in the world, for I do not accuse them directly, to create a pre-totalitarian public, an atomized, undifferentiated, malleable public, suggestible and fluid. They have so many units of a product 'to push' that they dare not permit resistance of any sort. What it might mean, when translated into British terms, would be the disappearance of the Welsh as an identifiable group, the eradication of local dialect and mannerism, the melting of the Scottish into the general English way of life, and so on. It is clear that the levelling has a way to go yet in the United Kingdom. Not so at home. The south, as a cultural and institutional identity, is on the way out. Local accents are disappearing under the broadcast swell of basic American speech. States Rights protections of the Constitution are giving way like old walls to a bulldozer, before the inexorable push of Federal power. From coast to coast, we are looking, dressing, eating, talking, reading and thinking more and more alike. Local differences which are so loudly and often proclaimed, are largely a commercial sham, as in the case of 'Texanism', which has become little more than a medium for selling certain characteristic articles of clothing.

What required devastating inflation in Germany is moving forward peacefully in the U.S.A. The process heads straight for the pre-totalitarian situation, which I see as the confrontation of the helpless, denuded individual and the all-powerful, all-knowing state. The Eisenhower Administration with its slogans, its created personalities, its teams of promotion men and its canned and condensed thought is only one alarming, more, terrifying example of where we are heading. Even Politics must be mass consumed. Politics are only reaching the stage long ago reached in business and with it the realization that mass producer must create the mass consumer. No differences are permissible. Differences of sex, of race, of age, of background, of region, of faith and of ability must be ruthlessly erased. We must use the same soap.

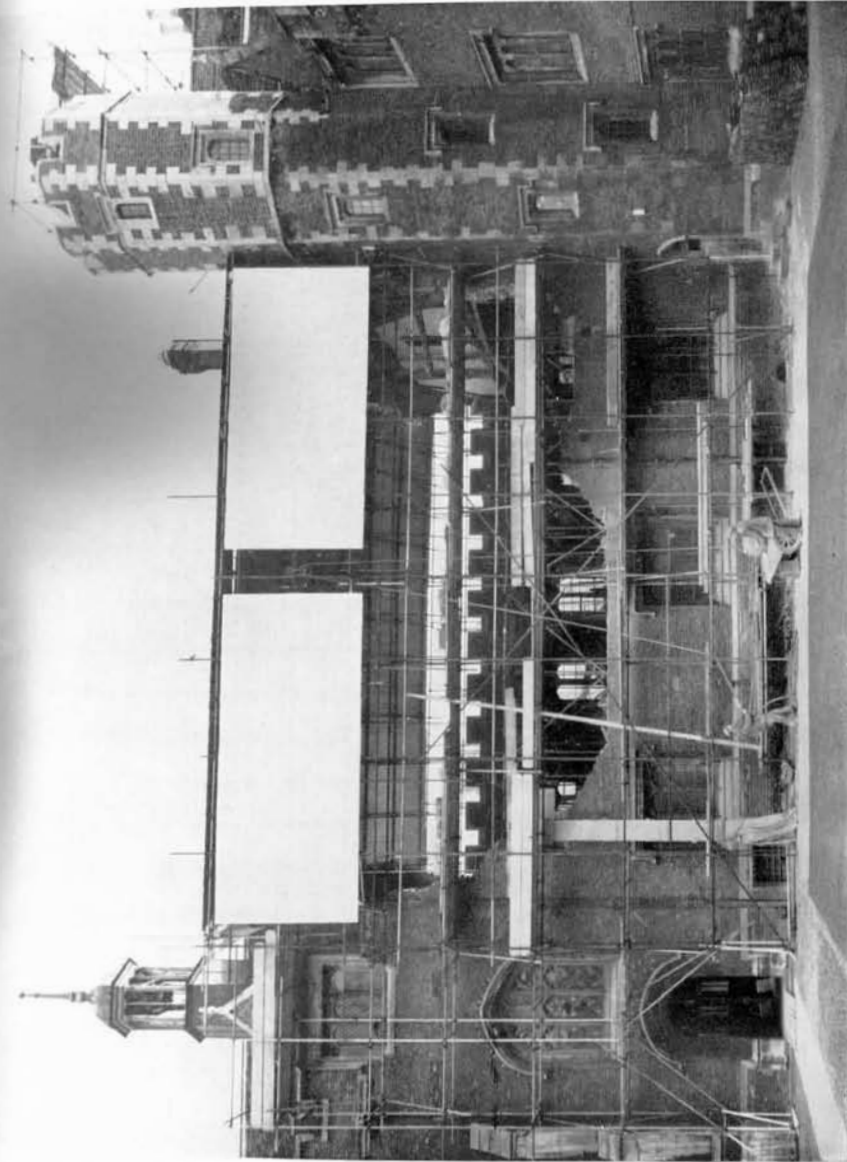
To convince Grandma from Sicily to stop using the old battered pot to cook spaghetti and to start using Gamborelli & DeVito's Frozen Spaghetti ('Ready to Eat in Seven Minutes'), is no easy task, but 'American ingenuity' is up to it. The only question remaining is one of time. How long will it take for the pulverization of the citizenry to reach that degree of completion at which it will no longer matter whether one lives in Chicago or Budapest? We are all awaiting by our television the coming of the larger than life, cast of thousands, hygienic and handsome, 100 per cent red blooded, patriotic American Dictator. Tune in next year for the next exciting chapter.

J. STEINBERG

The College Appeal

By now, most readers of *The Eagle* will have received a copy of the College Appeal brochure. The photograph reproduced opposite shows the east range of Second Court in January 1958. We hope to publish news of the progress of the work in succeeding issues.

Further copies of the Appeal brochure may be obtained from the Appeal Secretary, St John's College, Cambridge.



The Repair and Restoration of Second Court

THE restoration of Second Court has been of so complex a nature, raising matters of aesthetics, questions of history and practical problems, that it is impossible in a short space to give a balanced account of what is being attempted. As far as the progress of the work is concerned, however, members of the College will be relieved to know that at last we have almost reached the end of the slow and rather painful phase of demolition in the block between First and Second Court south of the Hall, when the removal of each decayed piece of the old building disclosed a further unsound layer below. An elaborate photographic record has been kept of the different stages. The College has been well served during this difficult period by Messrs Sindall's men under their foreman, Mr Barlow, who has exercised extreme care at each stage of the demolition, and who has done everything possible to minimize interference with the work of the Kitchen and Butteries. On the First Court side the whole wall was substantially sound, and it has been strengthened by the insertion of reinforced concrete beams which carry the main steel work of the reconstructed first and second floors. The end wall of the Hall is also reasonably sound, although the upper part has in the past been honey-combed by chimney flues, which will now be bricked in. On the Second Court side, however, it has been necessary to demolish the whole wall between the Hall and the O Staircase tower to just below ground level, while the foundations of the two main steel stanchions which carry the weight of the floors and roof on this side extend down to a bed of gravel below the level of the cellar floor. A sound basis having thus been found good progress has recently been made in the rebuilding of the upper floors, the bulk of the steel and reinforced concrete being now in position. There will be an independent cavity wall on the Second Court side, although a final decision on suitable bricks for the facing has been delayed. Accordingly in the first place the inner wall of 13½-inch brickwork carrying the weight of the

Clipsham stone windows has been erected by itself, and has already reached second floor level. This has made it possible to begin the installation of the services in rooms on the first floor, which has already been partitioned. The space which used to be occupied by the College Office has now been divided into five bed-sitting rooms, each using the whole of one window. Two of these have their own gyp-rooms, and the other three share a communal one. Running hot and cold water will be laid on and there will be a central heating system with thermostats in the rooms. It is hoped that most of these will be ready for occupation before the beginning of next Lent Term.

In spite of its thickness (20 inches) the new wall is so much thinner than the old that the Scholars' Buttery will be nearly 2 feet wider, and this has made possible considerable improvements. The counter will be swept round to run diagonally towards the south-west corner, giving more floor space, and the present trap-door to the cellars will be replaced by an ordinary stairway. Improvements are also planned for the Wordsworth Room, which will be extended northwards by 4 to 5 feet, and provided with a servery.

G. C. E.

Are We Educated?

LET us assume that there is no such thing as absolute truth. Every form of human knowledge is based on human perception and human measure, and these are not infallible. Thus we can only concern ourselves with degrees of truth, and judge that Einstein's laws are more likely to be nearer an absolute truth than the intuition of the historian.

If this is so, the present attitude towards education in our schools is a wrong one. It has led to a mystification of science and a deification of the so-called scientific 'method' by scientists and non-scientists alike. It is not surprising to find that among the undergraduates at Cambridge who are arts men a large number regard any scientific discussion with as much unintelligent awe as would one of their bedmakers.

A boy at school can be taught classics and a little English literature and can pass through this University into an administrative job with not one single inkling of a fundamental physical or biological concept. One would be a fool to contend that this lack of knowledge does not matter for administration. How can we expect a country to succeed if men who approve of financing schemes for atomic power stations have an understanding of electricity which ends at the light switch in their bedrooms?

One might say that this lack of education does not exist in this University. This would be to remain blind. In observation of my friends over two years, I have found that there is no desire to discuss any problem of science except by those who are scientists—and then only with reluctance. I have found that arts men who attend the most elementary scientific lectures understand little or nothing of what is being offered them. These men will leave a lecture muttering that it was above their heads, too difficult, wrapped in jargon. And what is more frightening is their evident feeling that the lecturer was a stranger among them and rather mad.

If we agree that such conditions exist, as indeed they do, how do they come about? It is primarily the fault of the university's entrance requirements. Understandably, teachers in the universities expect their pupils to have a grasp of the fundamentals of their specialized subject before they come to the university. As a result, the entrance examinations for entrants to the sciences become increasingly specialized. In order to meet these demands, headmasters organize their sixth forms so that a boy in one form may have no idea of what is being taught in the others. A boy has to make his mind up at fifteen whether he is to be a mathematician or a classicist and, once he has made this decision,

his fate is probably sealed. After the age of seventeen he will start to read as if he were in a university. If one boy is to be a doctor, he will read books on physics, chemistry, and zoology. If another is to study classics, he may be given a few periods of English or French. Neither will have the slightest idea of what the other is doing.

Here there must obviously be a qualification. What of 'general science', and what of the Latin translations undertaken before the age of fifteen: did they not provide the background to a broad outlook? Not in the majority of cases. It is agreed by most serious schoolmasters that a child may well *learn* some simple aspects of science but is very unlikely to have any perception of their implications. Similarly, the appreciation of the values of Latin literature is not well founded in the young child. At a time when there is an exciting awakening of awareness, this awareness is narrowed into a few fields. The man grows behind lenses which refract nothing of what is going on beside him, and is directed behind a pen charged with facts and techniques to pass elaborate specialized exams. All this is exemplified by the assertions I have made about the education of many members of our University—the end-products.

Of course one can argue that scientific fields stretch further every day at such an alarming rate that the potential scientist must start learning his language at an early age, and that there is no hope of the non-scientist ever being able to grasp anything of value any more. These are fallacies which I wish to disrupt. We are right to say that science becomes more complex every day, but there remain to it certain fundamentals which are changed only slowly, in the course of time, and which are few in number. Research students will agree that much of the knowledge which they learned at school was specialized, unnecessary, and soon forgotten. The present mad over-estimation of the complexity of science ought to disappear from our schools, therefore. The botany class should spend less time in learning about examples of the Bryophyte and more in studying modern political philosophies or English literature. This form of schooling would be encouraged if entrance to universities depended on a candidate's ability in these other fields as well as in a particular study. (Of course there would remain brilliant exceptions, and I should be the last to advocate that they should be excluded from study and further research.)

To return to the non-scientist: it is an error to assume that he can no longer absorb anything of value from the sciences. The fundamentals of a science such as zoology are few. I shall cite three examples—Mendelian theory, classification, and interpretation of statistical data. These fundamentals are on an intellectual level comparable with discussion of the historical significance of Louis XIV. They need involve little jargon and can be absorbed by sixth-form classicists in a short time. I have experimented and found that genetic theory proves very interesting to friends who had no previous knowledge of Mendelism.

What, then, would be the outcome of a change of attitude on the part of the examination boards? Two terms ago I heard a distinguished scientist talking about just these problems, but all the time he made the mistake of contrasting the scientific mind with the non-scientific mind. There is no such difference, nor is it defensible to regard one as greater than the other. Imagination and intuition are the first requirements of research, whether into the laws of relativity or into the decoration of Mycenaean pottery. In the second case imagination must remain to the end of the research and be coupled with a regard to available data. In the first case data become increasingly important and imagination subservient to these data. It is merely a question of degree.

This distinguished scientist's supposition is in conflict with the assumption that we made at the beginning of this article. His belief that scientists are different men from arts men may well be an unconscious form of defence against the showers of abuse that descend on the heads of scientists from arts men and self-styled humanists. The myth that there is an isolationism in science and the so-called 'scientific method' springs from intellectual envy and snobbishness and displays a fundamental lack of appreciation for the values of either science or art. But false claims for and against 'the scientific attitude' will cease only when it is realized that scientists are normal men who are employing much the same approaches to a problem that the aesthetician or philosopher would to his own. Similarly the arts man must realize the full implications of scientific humanism.

When we have achieved this change of attitude, which will only be engendered by better education, we shall have achieved much towards enlightenment. It may prevent the ridiculous attempts of the geographer to climb on to the scientific bandwagon. It may instil in the scientist some inquisitiveness into painting and architecture. It may even bring scientific ideas into intellectual conversation, as in the eighteenth century. Perhaps it will be possible to hear a conversation between arts men on the use of atomic power or the biogenetic advantage of hybrids that is not ludicrous, prejudiced, and uninformed. For how shall we survive if the young colonial administrator goes abroad with the biased idea that coloured men who breed with white women produce weaklings, and that all coloured men are inherently lazy?

I do not pretend that we are supermen in Cambridge, or that we should know all that there is to know. But many of us have not been educated, and follow a cult of doing as little work as possible, talking about polite social conversation which will make us successful in middle age.

This cult has been forced upon us by an education which becomes increasingly competitive and specialized. A special knowledge is just that and no more, and a society consisting of specialists in different

subjects can communicate only on a frivolous level. Our society, which is supposed to be intellectual, is so only among a minority of its members.

The full advantage of a residential university life will be re-established when it becomes as important to talk about the work of others as it is to talk about a May Ball. Such a change could be instigated by revision of the entrance requirements of this establishment.

N. W.

Historical Studies, 1858-1918. II

G. K. CHESTERTON once said that one of the blackest of all forms of snobbishness was the conscious superiority felt by the nineteenth century over all its predecessors. No better proof of this could be found than a full-blooded panegyric of England and the Industrial Revolution which appeared in *The Eagle* in 1875. In *The Moral Influence of Certain Mechanical Discoveries*, the author points out that 1760-1860 was a period of extraordinary progress in England. But 'while we all agree that the high and refined state of civilisation to which we have attained—a civilisation in its humanising influence far transcending the ideas of the ancient Greeks or Romans—is the fruit of the teaching of Christianity', the great advance required a more concrete explanation. This is to be found in the application of the mechanical discoveries of Watt and others. The evolution of the cotton industry is then outlined. Watt's steam-engine, we are informed, 'raised the working man from an ill-paid drudge deprived of all knowledge to a well-paid overseer over the most wonderful and ingenious power ever placed in the hands of man'. Because he had to know how it worked, 'the working man's character is thus improved by education, while a knowledge of his true importance makes him as independent in spirit as his employer—the poor are no longer oppressed by the power of the rich'. The steam-engine made production profitable. The Duke of Bridgewater and Brindley built canals, Telford made good roads, steam was used to drive ships; all this made England the workshop of the world. 'The introduction of steam propelled machinery, by relieving the labourer and giving him more ennobling and rational labour, did much to raise him in the social scale.' In fact, England in 1875 had attained the *ne plus ultra* of earthly development. 'Who will not confess that the works of our age'—Chirk Aqueduct, Sankey Viaduct, Harecastle Tunnel—'are far nobler than those of ancient times? For while the gigantic pyramids of Egypt speak to us only of the ambition and tyranny of some despot, our useful works tell of fame achieved by benefiting mankind.' Cheap means of conveyance helped to lessen class distinction. 'The lord and the peasant ride in the same train.' The Factory System brought advantages in its wake. 'The children are removed from a too indulgent parent to a more strict master; they are taught more self-dependence by being sent into the world to fight their own way; they work with a number of others whose industry would shame any idle feelings they might have.' To sum up, by mechanical

and engineering improvements, 'We are able to assist the heathen nations in improving their country, and thus gain their respect and gratitude, which will form a good preparation for the delivery of the great message we have to carry to them... they will be more inclined to listen to what we have to say about their spiritual state'. At least one modern historian would reverse this conclusion: 'The savage no sooner becomes ashamed of his nakedness than the loom is ready to clothe him.'

Jumping forward twenty-four years, *The Eagle* of March 1899 contained its first essay in historiography. 'Ammianus Marcellinus', the last of the greater Roman historians, of the fourth century A.D., is the subject of an enthusiastic eulogy. Though the writer who attempts a contemporary history must have 'fine qualities' and a dispassionate approach, Ammianus Marcellinus, beset by the quarrels of Arian and Nicene, civil strife and barbarian war, actually proclaimed verdicts on the men of his time which still stood in 1899. His faults included a style which was 'rather more modern than classical, so modern as to be nearly journalistic at times', and his rather obtrusive learning which attributed many Imperial crimes to ignorance. Valens, for example, delighted in torture, 'being unaware of that saying of Tully's which teaches that they are unhappy men who think everything permitted them'. Then comes a catalogue of Ammianus' virtues. His truthfulness, impartiality, and a sense of perspective, might set him in the first rank of historians. His geographical excursions, and his treatment of earthquakes, rainbows and comets, though marring the main thread of his narrative, can be excused on the ground that he had no facilities for footnotes and appendices. Unlike the parochial Tacitus, 'No part of the Roman world is left out and he gives us a vivid panorama of what the world was in the fourth century'. Though he has no political axe to grind, and though he accepted the Empire as part of the world's fabric, 'he does permit himself to criticise and complain of the administration'. In the course of three hundred years since Augustus, almost the whole world had been Romanized. This transformation is reflected in historiography. 'The result is a striking difference of tone in the historian—a change for the better. We are rid of the jingoism of Livy, and the impracticable discontent of Tacitus. Ammianus himself is tenderer, and has larger sympathies than the historians of old.' Ammianus gives the impression of 'absolute truthfulness' in his survey of 'the exhaustion of the Roman World and the ruin of the middle classes under an oppressive system, and often still more oppressive agents of taxation, the weakness all along the frontiers, Rhine, Danube, Euphrates, and the African Desert, caused by bad principles of government from within as much as by attacks from without, and the crying need for men which led to the army being filled with barbarians'. Finally, even his accounts of the Christians are unbiased. It is this complete freedom from animus which makes him unique among his contemporaries.

After 1900 the trickle of historical articles almost dries up. There were three exceptions, however, the first being the 'Political Creed of Thomas Carlyle', 1918. Between 1832 and 1884 'the real governing power in England was peacefully transferred from an exclusive upper class to the great bulk of the nation'. In 1827, England was practically an oligarchy; 'under Victoria it became almost an unadulterated democracy'. Though Carlyle began his career as a protagonist of democracy, he ended up by preaching the gospel of the Great Man. The drawback here was that Carlyle never indicated how the 'hero' was to be discovered. He was the last modern writer to defend slavery, and he erred over the American Civil War. But he did attack current abuses and set men thinking. Unfortunately 'the revolutionary spirit against which he protested is again in the air, and on every side there are signs of expectancy and social unrest. The democracy which he attacked has spread wider and wider.' In conclusion, 'Carlyle's teaching belongs to what Goethe condemned as "the literature of despair"... Carlyle's doctrines have been smashed by mankind, by the human race which his long life was given over to deriding'.

The rise of Brandenburg-Prussia and the creation of the Second Reich in 1871 are events of the first magnitude in the history of modern Europe. The problem of Germany and the Germans has preoccupied a multitude of writers, including one who wrote a consideration of 'Nietzsche and his Principles' in *The Eagle* of December 1914. Nietzsche, we are warned, is not to be confused with Treitschke and the high priests of Prussianism. The author then records his reflexions after four months of World War: 'We have been trying during the last four months to realise in some measure the psychology of the German people. The wool-gathering professor and the military figure provide two hardly reconciled types in German society; two types governed almost always by intellect at the expense of instinct, as Nietzsche himself realised. We are asking ourselves then what Germany means to the mind among the nations of Europe.' The Germans had surrendered their original 'childlike innocence to the grown-up worldliness of Prussia'. 'It was Prussia who taught them that self-consciousness in a régime of which Prussian officialdom is the symbol—the bureaucracy conscious of itself as an achieved object rather than a means, looking always to the *processes* and not to the ends.' But Nietzsche condemned this. It is absurd to couple him with Treitschke, Bernhardi, and H. S. Chamberlain as the cause of the European war. 'He taught other things besides the picturesque popular philosophy of the "magnificent blonde brute".' The author concludes on an optimistic note: in the future Nietzsche's uncompromisingly individualist philosophy might become 'a rallying cry to the weak, to all men, to assert themselves against oppression'.

Still preoccupied with the German problem, the last essay here considered, 'The Kaiser', appeared in March 1915. The ablest of the

Hohenzollern after Frederick the Great is subjected to severe criticism. 'William II in many unexpected ways sums up the German character: in him to some extent it is presented in its extreme form, almost as caricature. We have looked upon him in the part as a firebrand, a sort of meteor, even an unworthy echo of Charles XII' (of Sweden). Despite his versatility he is as Prussian as his forebears. 'It is militarism in all its aspects and potentialities which has been his dominating interest.' Like Frederick the Great, the perfection of the military machine was the goal of his endeavours. Not only has he put his trust in the big battalions; the Kaiser has yet another bulwark: 'My old ally God!' "Gott mit uns" is the satisfied cry of the German war lord, which to him—in this respect—naïve Germans, coupled with their sense of Deutschland's superiority, puts outside all questioning the righteousness of their aims.' Far from feeling the burden of office, the Kaiser's 'war time utterances have lost none of their reckless fluency, his theology none of its ancient flavour of divine intimacy'. Unfortunately, 'the Germans believe hopelessly in their Kaiser, as being the highest official thing of which they are aware'. When in his birthday speech of 1915 he declared "A man with God is always in the majority", it is the official speaking to his people to assure them there can be no possibility of a mistake. And the nation still listens without the least feeling of irrelevance.' Though the Germans often behave childishly, in their 'self consciousness they are entirely different and grown up'. Why is this? 'It originates in their being so harassingly aware of the *smallness* of a world corresponding quite imperfectly to their own opinion of themselves.' Moreover, 'This egotism is even further swelled by the notion about scientific truth, for the attainment of their ends, of which the Germans believe they alone have the key'. This conceit has deplorable effects. Teutons 'are willing to go to the wildest extremes for their distorted ideas and ideals—ideas and ideals that the rest of civilisation is disposed to reject. Their conceit is that most ludicrous of all conceits, which cannot stay quiet and live to itself, and it makes them believe rather that the things they have become accustomed to are good not only for themselves but must also be thrust upon other unwilling peoples. Therein lies the irony of their unhappy situation.'

With the advent of Armageddon, our survey closes. After the Peace of Versailles, post-war undergraduates ceased to publish historical essays in *The Eagle*, and in this sense we reach the end of an era.

W. N. BRYANT

A Sense of Grievance?

AN 'ANGRY YOUNG MAN' REPLIES

That which deserves condemnation must be condemned, but briefly as well as firmly. That which still deserves praise must be praised at great length.

ALBERT CAMUS

THIS article has had a tortuous history. It began as a polemical reply to a not very impassioned symposium on this subject in a previous issue of *The Eagle*. Then came some pre-publication discussion. 'Naïve—it solves no problems—people will misunderstand you.' And though it has subsequently broadened out in scope, the objections may still apply. Sometimes one has to risk being naïve and risk being misunderstood. When problems are neither clearly formulated nor even, it seems, generally acknowledged, it is just as important to pose as to solve them. The problems in themselves are important because they confront the rest of the world as well. If there is any hope of solving them at all, we ought to be able to solve them here.

What is this grievance about? It is about tradition. Tradition is one of the ways in which we allow our experience of the past to guide our present actions. At its worst, it is a case of 'Do what was done last time is thy rule, eh?' At its best, it provides an argument in support of good things whose rational justification would take a long time. But in either case it is an essentially unsatisfactory way of using past experience, because appeal to it tends to prohibit discussion of the things the tradition is supposed to be upholding. It is this discussion that we need. Today we are concerned with the world as a whole, and if we want the University to be a genuine part of it, we must get rid of several muddled ideas.

The University acts as a servant of society from which it transfers some of the younger members to a suitably educational environment. If it is to do its job properly, it must provide in this environment features such as: personal supervision of the students in their work; opportunities for them to talk with people of different ideas and try to understand them; contacts that make them feel individuals and important; leisure and freedom to make friends. But while accomplishing all this, the University must remember that it remains a privileged part of a wider community. Recognition of this will ensure that the students both receive their education and know where it comes

from; so that they can enjoy being members of a lively intellectual community, while remembering that it has no justification for its existence other than the academic, and that it is entitled to make no demands from its members of allegiance other than to the ideas it has encouraged in them.

What are the traditions? First of all, they involve a society organized in a highly autocratic manner. Now autocracies are not necessarily without any good points, and in a community where there is a rapid turnover of the majority of members some measure of autocratic control is unavoidable. But within such a system it is exceedingly important that there be a ready mechanism by which general opinions and ideas can influence and direct the deliberations of the hierarchy. The visitor who asks 'Where is the University?' is a joke; it may be that the laugh is on us. Because it is a hard question to answer. The relationships between the several legislative, executive and administrative posts and bodies within the University are not obvious. As a result I for one have a less clear picture of the way in which problems arise, are discussed, and solved within this University than of the corresponding phenomena in the country itself. Everyone ought to know just what is happening; a university playing its proper role in the national life should know what its own ideas are. To find this out, there should be an acknowledged public forum for the development of these ideas and for putting them into practice if approved. For example we can imagine an elected body composed of senior members that included, among others, representatives of college councils, junior graduates and undergraduates.

At the University level the situation is aggravated by the absence of a students' union. I am inclined to take this rather seriously; students ought to be interested in what is happening to them. Political consciousness should not be limited to the parish pump, but neither should it ignore that pump completely.

Within the colleges themselves things ought to be easier. Nevertheless it remains true even here that contact between junior and senior members is restricted. Thus the dons I have met are nearly all from my own subjects. Very little attention is paid to suggestions from the J.C.R. and rules and regulations tend to be promulgated in an arbitrary manner. The origin of circumstances of this kind lies in the monastic tradition. In the old days, each teacher was a clergyman and most of his pupils intended to become clerics themselves. The question of contact between the two did not arise. The system, like all successful autocracies, was based on love in return for security. But authority today does not provide its students with the intellectual and emotional security it used to; nor do they reciprocate with love for its representatives. The basis for the traditional relationship has broken down, and a new one must be established—one which makes at least some concessions to democracy.

In contrast to such effects we can take a more obvious handmaid of tradition, the ritual practices involved in keeping the university going. In its more flamboyant aspects, public ritual helps to keep people happy. The Queen drives by, hats are thrown in the air, children wave flags and/or are smacked. That is why it is done, and no one objects. It is when ritual is its own end that it is to be feared. It has become a necessary traditional decoration for a life whose true value has fallen into doubt.

By dressing up one makes oneself more important than one's fellows. Decisions take on new weight. Walking the streets at night wearing my obligatory gown I am become a special person. It is very easy to think this anyway; to encourage it by giving me this otherwise functionless uniform makes the idea almost inevitable.

Not only does tradition help in these ways to erect barriers to the communication of ideas within the university and between the university and the rest of the world, but it also places restrictions on the entry into the university.

Cambridge University is an academic institution. Entry to it should be based upon academic ability alone, which is the ability to attend, understand and profit by a course of academic education. This should not preclude the continuance of the two desirable characteristics of the present selection system, namely that students are personally selected, and made to feel this, and that they include a wide range of ideas and opinions. I refuse to believe that to achieve the latter end we have to have people who are slightly stupid, or academically incompetent. Were it true that those successful in examinations are pale-blooded, anti-social bookworms, then it would be better to abandon our educational schemes altogether and become a Football Supporters' Club.

As was emphasized in the introduction, universities are not self-sufficient communities. They do not need labourers, artists, children and dogs which self-sufficient communities do need. What they require is all the brains that are going. There are here many who did not enter on academic merit; and they are keeping out others more able than themselves.

Worse than this, there are among us people whom it is most difficult to understand. Culturally and ethically sub-normal, they subsist at their own level of beer and games and girls, quite independently of the true life of the university. At times when politics cannot be ignored their representatives chant 'Wogs, go home!' in the street.

It could perhaps be argued that this set-up has its advantages; that it shows us plainly some of the people the world contains. This argument is not good enough; once again, such people are keeping better men away. Though they may enlighten us, they ought not to be here. The University is not a zoo.

The most obvious example of injustice in entry to the university, due initially to tradition, and continued because that tradition has not yet

been repudiated, is the case of women. There is a far more urgent need for several new women's colleges than for a college to house scientists who could be incorporated into the existing system. It is no longer possible to treat women as being academically a Bad Thing. Equality of entrance opportunity must include sex equality.

It would not be difficult to extend the scope of the present examinations for scholarships and exhibitions to cover entrance as well. A University population selected in this way might provide less copy to the national press in the way of cars on rooftops. But in terms of academic success and intellectual and cultural ability it would be superior to the present one.

The cornerstone of the traditional order in Cambridge is the college system. How far is the respect in which this system is universally held justified? First let me enumerate what I consider to be its advantages. It provides a means of breaking up a very large academic community into manageable pieces. Moreover it does not make the mistake of dividing it according to disciplines, but in more or less random fashion. The result is that, via communal meals and small college clubs, people get to know other people. This is the role of the colleges within the university. This is what the traditional system serves to maintain.

But there is another side to the coin. Consider the following figures:

Item	Capital cost
To establishing one new place (e.g. in Churchill College)	£7000
To rehousing one student in a new college building	£2000
Item	Annual cost
To keep one student in a residential college	£500

The traditional system is costly to run, and almost prohibitively expensive to expand in any worthwhile degree. If this level of expenditure were inevitable, then it would be necessary to find some way of accomplishing it. But are we really to believe that all this money goes to ensuring that people meet and talk with one another, over coffee and out of the rain? Is it not more likely that we are by this means supporting extravagantly decorative aspects of tradition? Is the £10,000 spent on repairing an organ, for example, geared efficiently to these educational requirements?

We are in danger of worrying too much about preserving traditional material things, forgetting what those things are meant to be for. According to an anonymous contributor to the *Cambridge Review*, in planning for the future the colleges must choose between undergraduate education and the upkeep of college buildings as ancient monuments. In fact, it should not be a choice; an educational community should just have no time to think about ancient monuments at all. Stonehenge can look after itself; the minds of men are less weatherproof. If the worst should come to the worst, we ought to remember that the affection we feel for old buildings is largely the offspring of the ideas

we associate with them. To concentrate on preserving the ideas will be less expensive and more rewarding.

Of course, we can persuade rich people and companies to subscribe us money. It has been suggested to me that the money would not be used for anything better anyway; and that if, in a moment of idealism, Cambridge University were to appeal for the £4 millions required to build the University of Nigeria at Nsukka instead of for Churchill College, the money would not be forthcoming. If this is true, it is depressing, and it reflects no credit upon a great university to profit by, and hence condone, such an attitude.

But the most serious fault in the college system is not financial. It is more intimately connected with the social benefits of the system. The fault is selfishness. A sweeping allegation like this might be expected to arouse either of two contrary reactions: shock at the seriousness of the accusation, or relief that the fault described is one so ubiquitous. Neither reaction is appropriate; the selfishness I refer to is not in individuals themselves, but in their reactions as part of a closed community. Such a community, so beneficial in developing the ideas and feelings of the shy and lonely, because of its 'closed' nature, tends to acquire an attitude of mind that regards the continuance of the physical pattern of that community as a good in itself, independent of the good of any individual member of it.

What allegiance do I feel towards my college? I am glad to have met many people in it, and to them I owe respect. To those whose labours have contributed to this I owe a great debt of gratitude. Over and above this, there is nothing to worry about. St John's College is a name, a label attached to a continuously changing group of people. Allegiance to such abstractions is a subtle version of the pathetic fallacy.

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
That he should weep for her?

The open community, in which no man has the same circle of friends as another, has its own advantages, which should be welcomed. In such a community, there may be greater loneliness; but there is also greater understanding. It cannot be denied that taken to its extreme, as by an architect who, interviewed by *Varsity*, said that allegiance to a staircase was an important part of university life, the idea of the closed community can become stifling and oppressive. If therefore it is necessary to increase the size of a college, this should be done. The gains for those brought in will outweigh the very hypothetical losses to those already there.

After all, what is the university? It is a place where one has philosophical arguments on draughty street corners, and where people try to convert one to Christianity over coffee at three o'clock in the morning. If Russia threatened to drop a bomb on Cambridge as a hot-bed of bourgeois idealism, and we were all evacuated to Catterick Camp, we

should doubtless be less comfortable, but should we be less intellectually alive? It is sad to believe that one cannot render unto Caesar without losing the things that are God's.

Traditional ways of thinking can thus promote a narrowness of outlook within a community. They will then also darken its vision of the future. Having founded Churchill College, the university must not sit back on its laurels. A university does not even deserve its name unless it encourages as many people to come and study within it as physically possible. To keep the place for the privileged few, and to send the rest elsewhere would begin as a selfish action and end by making this a quaint academic bywater.

The idea of increasing the size of the university should not frighten us.

This is the way I feel. 'A. S.', in his original contribution, suggested that such feelings were the mental quirks of intellectuals. This may or may not be the case. But to point to a particular psychological condition, to indicate a peculiar mental outlook, is not to disprove a real cause in the world outside. The intellectual is not hostile to life; on the contrary, he is hostile to mistaken ideas about life, and wants to convert those who hold such mistaken ideas.

Likewise the scientist is not remote from life; he is not a solver of crossword puzzles. As money is only worth what it will buy, science is only worth the better understanding of ourselves which it affords. Science is passionately concerned with life, that we and others may live more abundantly.

Because we are determined that other people should be allowed to live as well as we do, because we are conscious of our own privileges not fairly gained, we must oppose traditions that threaten to obstruct our declared ends, and nurse a sense of grievance as a duty.

One dark night I was cycling home sedately, when a man, unshaven and poorly dressed, rushed into the road and stopped me. 'Tell me,' he said, 'do you believe you are getting the best education in the world?' On the spur of a rather alarming moment, I replied: 'I think it is the best there is, but not the best there could be.' 'Very true,' he remarked, and returned to the pavement.

Cambridge is being watched by many who were not concerned before, and judged by many who did not previously consider themselves competent to pass judgment.

Can we be certain of a favourable verdict?

PETER NICHOLLS

The Liberty of the Prison*

REFLEXIONS OF A PRISONER OF WAR

ABOUT 80,000 British, Dutch, Australian, and American troops were taken prisoner by the Japanese as they swept through Malay and Indonesia in the early months of 1942. Their sufferings are well known: near or actual starvation; overwork; beatings and killings; death marches; disease and an almost total lack of medical supplies. The death toll was something like 20,000—a mortality nearly ten times as high as that of military prisoners in German hands.

The grim record has been documented in countless official reports, in many memoirs and novels, and even in an epic poem of 31 cantos, W. S. Kent Hughes' *Slaves of the Samurai* (Melbourne, 1946). One thing, however, I have not found in any of these accounts, and it is what I personally most wondered at when I came back. That so many people should have died seemed obvious enough, considering our conditions of life: what was difficult to understand was rather how so many managed to survive; and, even more surprising, for the most part returned in a much better state than the repatriation authorities expected, on the basis of their experience with prisoners from Germany and Italy. It was difficult, for example, to fill the hospitals that had been prepared in Rangoon; and the psychiatrists back in England found the psychological picture much more favourable than had been the case with the earlier influxes of prisoners repatriated from the European theatre.

It is ten years ago, now, and the answers have slowly become a little clearer. What happened, I suppose, was that, like most of my companions, I adjusted myself to the circumstances, and that these circumstances were, apparently, for all their horror and danger, and perhaps in some ways because of them, particularly favourable for this adjustment. I myself share with Mr Angus Wilson the feeling that the term 'adjustment' should properly be reserved for things with a limited capacity for disorder, shoulder straps for example, or trousers; and yet I cannot find any other term to describe the perspective on my experience time has brought. Unconsciously we adjusted, and adjusted so completely that we were, in a queer sort of way, rather happy; and the ultimate reasons for this seem to cast a kind of light on life in general.

* The following article appeared originally in the *Yale Review*, to which acknowledgment is gratefully made for permission to reprint it with minor alterations. Copyright is held by Yale University Press.

At the capitulation of Singapore on 15 February 1942, all white allied troops were crowded into the barrack areas of the Changi peninsula in the north of Singapore island. For most of us prisoners the immediate reaction was one of numb and bewildered fear; we thought, 'This *can't* have happened to me because I know I can't face it'; we tried to reject what happened and to stay just as we had been before.

I only became fully aware of this first stage long after I had been released, when I heard someone who had been a prisoner in Germany describe how people had reacted there: suddenly one of the most distinct memories I had kept of those early days in captivity began to make sense. After the capitulation we gradually became aware that our bowels had just ceased to function; and then we discovered that nearly everyone else was in the same predicament; and these feats of continence often lasted two or three weeks, or even more.

Our bodies, it seems, knew how deeply we were unconsciously committed to a rejection of our fate, to a desperate retention of what had formerly been us. It is true that in any case we had very little to eat—a meagre ration of tinned food based on our own reserves; and we were continuously hungry, very hungry. But when the Japanese eventually announced that they would start giving us food—rice—the same blind refusal to accept our lot continued: a great many men swore that offering us rice was a calculated indignity: they hadn't liked rice before and they weren't going to start now (they did).

The rejection of present reality was also manifested in the spread of the wildest rumours. We had hidden radios, and knew very well that the Japanese advance was continuing, and that Rommel was threatening the Suez Canal. But we preferred to talk about how Roosevelt had said that the sky would soon be black with allied planes, and how Churchill had promised that we would definitely be repatriated by Christmas—it was inconceivable that momentary military reverses should interfere with our celebration of that ancient festival. Even those who saw through these obvious fantasies had other ways of imagining that the whole world's concerns revolved round our forsaken condition: and every week Lord Nuffield or some other millionaire would die and leave us all his money in recompense for our unique sufferings—not all prisoners would benefit, only those taken at Singapore, of course.

A few men remained at this stage of refusal and unreality; many of them didn't survive their captivity, and some of those who did so physically came out psychologically crippled. One man I knew sent the few postcards home we were allowed to a girl who, as he well knew, had died long before the outbreak of war; when I last heard he was still looking for her. This is in general perhaps the greatest mental danger of being a prisoner: the imagination so elaborates the richness of the old life that the actual homecoming is bound to be insupportable; and some who fear that their picture is a delusion don't come back.

Most men, though, did begin a quite new phase after a few months. Once again I wasn't aware of this change at the time, and only began to think about it when I heard the man who had been a prisoner in Germany. He had described a second stage of adjustment, a stage when people realize that the only thing to do is to make the best of things. The idea at last gave meaning to a very vivid memory of my own behaviour. For the first three or four months of captivity I had spent a lot of time on my bamboo-and-string bed, under the eaves of a Malay fisherman's hut: and before my eyes there was a heap of rubble. Suddenly one day I set to work furiously to tidy it up; and by that evening it had been converted into a sort of rock garden, planted with cannas and other plants filched from somewhere. It was the beginning of some kind of hitting back at the environment, and not less so, I suppose, because its mode of expression was of no practical use, and more than a little suburban; and I was certainly unaware, at the time, that what I was doing conflicted with a long-standing aversion to gardening.

The same impulse, of course, expressed itself in many different ways, and it had hit a lot of other men much earlier. After the initial weeks of apathy, all kinds of activities started up: we became exhilarated by the possibilities in our present conditions—how to use palm fronds and the long *lalang* grass for roofing, and improve our living quarters; how to ferment pumpkin pulp to provide much-needed vitamin B; while at the same time other talents to be found among us were put to use, and we had musical recitals, variety shows, and various educational programmes. We were recreating a personal self, and a kind of society, that weren't wholly dependent on the things that had gone: we were looking ahead, not back.

This second stage did not come too soon; for very soon we had to face a baffling physical threat, the result of our lack of food. One noticed that one was beginning to develop the curious gait caused by beri-beri: your feet no longer seemed to belong to you and slopped down heavily on the ground as you walked; and at night men would wander aimlessly about, because the burning feeling in the soles of your feet seems to be worse when you're not on them.

Beri-beri, pellagra, and ulcers caused by what was to me a new term—avitaminosis—soon became a serious medical problem; many died, and many came back with heart or sight impaired. Again, however, what is remarkable is how many survived. There are many reasons for this: for one thing, our rations later improved slightly; but I think that the main reason is that our bodies gradually learned to make do with a very different diet, and one which was nearly always lower in calories, proteins, and vitamins than what the medical authorities assumed was necessary to support life. The cost of this adjustment was high: we were much thinner—I lost about sixty pounds; and we lost much of our resistance to disease and fatigue; but we eventually got used to a lower and a very different diet, and were even fairly fit on it.

For the first six months we had seen very little of our captors: they were fully engaged in the South Seas. We had marched in our own units to Changi after the Capitulation, and settled down there under our own commanders; and this administrative system, for the most part, lasted throughout the three and a half years of our captivity. This was probably of immense assistance eventually for our morale. Most prisoners of war are taken piecemeal, losing their friends, and separated from the military organization of which they are, for better or for worse, a part; but we were never anonymous units in a prison herd, and we had our own old social organization as some sort of basis for communal life.

At first, I think, most men tended to resent the fact that the usual sort of military procedures went on under quite different conditions: and this was made worse by the fact that, since we didn't see the few Japanese officers who gave orders to our chain of command, it was easy to blame our terrible lack of food, clothes, and drugs on our own superior officers; and every necessary working party or fatigue seemed to be a gratuitous demonstration of their authority. At the same time, our commanders took some rather foolish steps to restore our morale. For example, despite the fact that there were few razor blades, less soap, and certainly no hot water, we were forbidden that traditional occupation of the prisoner, growing a beard. There seems to be a rooted idea in the military mind that although a moustache is the symbol *par excellence* of manly pugnacity, hair below the lip is certain evidence of effiteness or moral turpitude or both. So senior officers went round distributing razor blades to insolently unshaven subalterns. That wasn't all: despite my beri-beri feet, I also had to turn out before breakfast for saluting parades. It seemed it wasn't enough to be prisoners; we had to be in the army too.

It was soon brought home to us, however, that we absolutely needed a strict organization, and that the only possible form of it was a military one. First, in September, the Japanese, deciding that they would force us, against the Geneva convention, to sign an oath that we would not escape, herded us into a small barrack block, and told us that we would stay there until we complied; and then, to convince us they meant business, they forced the senior colonels to witness the shooting of four men who had been caught trying to escape. We had three days of living, some 17,000 men, in an area meant for a few hundred; and we gave in and signed only when dysentery and diphtheria started to spread dangerously, and the Japanese threatened to move the hospital, with all our battle casualties, into the same area. When we moved back to our previous lines, morale was very different; the Japanese had forced us to close our ranks and made us experience for the first time a heartening sense of genuine solidarity in adversity.

We were soon to need it. In order to provide a supply line for their armies in Burma the Japanese decided to build a railway linking

Bangkok with Moulmein in the Bay of Bengal. The distance was nearly three hundred miles, most of them over a wild and jungle-covered mountain range: the extreme difficulty of the route can be seen by the fact that the railroad we were sent to work on has now been abandoned, except for a small section used to take tourists to see the spectacular gorges on the Kwai Noi branch of the Me-Klong River; and another railway is now projected along a different route.

But the railway was pushed through, in little over a year, and earned the name of the Railroad of Death by costing a human life for every sleeper laid. The majority of deaths were those of coolies shanghaied from all over South East Asia: there were about 75,000 of them from Malaya alone, and less than half came back. But there were also about 60,000 allied prisoners involved; and although their death rate was not so high, there are more than eight thousand graves in the two cemeteries that have been built since the end of the war, and there are at least as many again that could not be discovered because the jungle had obliterated them.

Thailand is naturally a rich country—the only one in Asia with an exportable surplus of food; so that in the camps that were accessible to the central plains, we got more to eat. On the other hand, as building proceeded and we got farther from our bases, supply was difficult and sometimes broke down altogether: at the same time malaria, black-water fever, and cholera took a terrible toll; and so even more did the brutal overwork under appalling conditions. The climax came in May 1943, when the monsoon season began, when the labour force was already depleted and worn out, and when the Japanese were hurrying to join the two ends of the railway in the most difficult part of the route, the Three Pagoda Pass. Sick men, delirious with fever, or with jungle ulcers a foot long, would be forced to work till they dropped dead; and beatings and killings from the Japanese engineers, or the equally cruel Korean guards, were a daily occurrence. Few men expected to survive in those grim months; and few men would have, if the railway had not at last been completed in the autumn, so that the survivors could go back to the base camps to recover.

Prisoner morale remained surprisingly high during most of the time we were working on the railway. The Japanese would punish a whole camp for the misdeeds of one man; and that was a chastening experience for everyone. In addition we could see what happened where internal discipline was poor: for whereas we had relatively few casualties from cholera, because we were careful about boiling all cooking and eating utensils, and about latrines, whole camps of coolies nearby were wiped out, because these annoying but essential precautions were not rigorously observed. In all but the worst of our camps the will to survive remained amazingly high; I shall never forget how one night when, after having been told we would work till midnight instead of ten as we had been promised, it started to rain; but hundreds of men in loincloths passing

baskets of mud from the bottom of the embankment to the top tried to drown the roar of the wind and the rain by singing.

In some of the worst camps, however, and especially in the base hospital camps, our survival as a group was threatened by the fact that malingering was often the only way that the individual could survive: if you were at all fit you would be sent on work parties farther up country; it might be a death sentence, and so you clung to the ulcer or the fever or the dysentery that kept you in relative safety. Everybody, I think, must at some time have been affected by this feeling: your whole being would be pervaded by the need to exhibit and perhaps exaggerate the magic token of disease that alone could save you; and this tended to poison your relationships with your closest friends, and even with yourself.

Even if you were really sick, you were never quite sure that you weren't shamming, and so you felt guilty. I shall never forget my exhilaration when, after a 150-mile march to a camp where working conditions were notoriously bad, my own battalion doctor greeted me, shook me by the hand, and at once said I'd got malaria. I'd never had it before, and doubted it then; but I had noticed previously that my body had a sufficiently good sense of the needs of the situation to make my pulse rise and my face grow pallid at any Japanese medical inspection to rout out more victims for the railroad. In the present case, after the diagnosis of malaria, I lay in a hut for about two months in a state of dull insensibility and exhaustion; I was sick all right; but I've never been sure that I hadn't in the first place willed it; and when, long after, I met one of the few survivors of Belsen, I learned that he had a similar case of conscience about his survival.

There was less need for this devious collaboration with the body in the last year and a half of our captivity. But the memory of past horrors, and the residue of guilt that most survivors must have felt, probably helped us to avoid what is usually the final and—psychologically speaking—the worst phase of being a prisoner of war: boredom. Feeling that it was a miracle we had survived, we were disposed to count our blessings when a period of relative ease and security intervened. In any case our life in the last year and a half was never wholly uneventful: even in the base camps there were occasional calls for unpleasant assignments up-country, or moves to Japan, with allied submarines to make it unlikely you'd arrive; in the normal course of things there were various local working parties and camp chores; and there were also other things, unpleasant things in themselves, which at least reduced boredom.

There is, above all, the fact that we were prisoners of the Japanese. Their brutality did not approach the systematic Nazi torture and extermination of the Jews and others; but the fear of it was always there. I suppose every Japanese prisoner of war has seen or heard his companions being murdered by the Korean guards, the Japanese camp

officers, or the Kempitai, the hated security police; and he has certainly been beaten himself many times. Because of this you had to be on the lookout all the time, making sure that you didn't get caught breaking any of the innumerable petty restrictions that the Japanese continually invented: you never knew how dangerous it would be if you forgot to bow, or to call the hut to attention when the overlords passed.

We had to keep our wits about us; and there were other unpleasant things about being captured by the Japanese that were probably good for us in the long run. For one thing, they were so different from us that our belief in ourselves was never challenged; we regarded them, not as real human beings, but as malign and unpredictable lunatics. When a locomotive fell off the embankment, the Japanese reaction was always the command: 'All men pusho.' We thought this was so ridiculous that we hardly noticed that, with the help of teak levers cut from the surrounding forest, we in fact did what they wanted, and got the engine back on the tracks without any of the equipment we thought was indispensable. The conquest of Singapore, and even the building of the railway, were actually remarkable achievements; but we defended ourselves from this unpleasant fact by ignoring it in favour of a purely Mikado view of our captors.

It must be said that they did much to help us. I remember one evening roll call when the Japanese officer first explained that the reason why so many of our four-engined bombers were now appearing in the skies was that the allies were suffering from a disastrous shortage of plane-bodies; then he went on to announce that the Japanese air force had been busy elsewhere—New York had been so badly bombed that all the inhabitants had fled to the jungle; and his climax of gloom came with the—to us cheering—words that 'In London there is no rice!' One's morale got a great lift from the utterly fantastic unreality of many of the speeches that were addressed to us; it was easy to forget that you had been defeated when you were told that 'The Imperial Thoughts are inestimable and Imperial Favours are infinite and as such you should weep with gratitude at the greatness of them'—this to thousands of sick, starving, and almost naked men; and when on one occasion we were told that 'We... appreciate very much what you have done by means of Nippon Bushido (Spirit of Nippon knighthood), although life in the jungle has caused your state great obstruction'—it was pleasant to exclaim 'Bullshido' as we walked off parade under the eyes of our beaming masters, who thought we were learning at last.

We could mock our captors despite their cruelties: but being their prisoners implied other things that seemed to have no compensations. And yet perhaps they had. We didn't have the consolation of regular letters from home, or supplies of books, magazines, and newspapers; but on the other hand that meant that we weren't continually reminded of what we had left: everything, even the bamboo huts we lived in, the loin-cloths and the wooden clogs we wore, emphasized that we were

totally committed to something quite new and different; the environment of the *stalags* was a mockery of the ordinary environment, but ours had no connexions with our past or future lives. We didn't even have that wishful connexion with home which normally dominates the thoughts of the prisoner—escape: a thousand miles of mountain and jungle lay between us and the nearest allied lines in Burma and China, and they were areas where our colour alone would give us away. The odds, in fact, were so impossible that the Japanese bothered very little with fencing our camps, and there was no barbed wire (except in Singapore); and after some thirty or forty prisoners had tried to escape, and failed—dying of starvation or disease, or being bayoneted or shot by the Japanese—most men gave up thinking about escape any more. But most prisoners in Germany, of course, did not actually escape—they only thought about it: while we were almost entirely relieved of the self-dissatisfaction and guilt for not escaping, and were enabled to channel what creative resources we had into our present way of life.

Below a certain level no intellectual interests can survive. In the camp where I had come down with malaria, I had lain with my head on pack in a kind of coma, only getting up to collect my rice, hardly talking and hardly thinking. But one day I had suddenly realized that inside my pack I had the works of Shakespeare: and for a week I read them all through with enormous pleasure, and had gone through half-way again before relapsing into my previous apathy. It wasn't till many months later that I understood what had happened: the same battalion doctor rejoined me in one of the base camps, and explained that my brief spurt of intellectual energy had begun and ended with a small supply of vitamin B which had come into the camp, and which I'd taken for the few days it had lasted.

One needs food to think; but not very much, and we had enough in the last eighteen months to make a fresh start on the kind of intellectual pursuits that had begun to grow up in Singapore. There, the second phase of adaptation had brought with it a fairly successful attempt to build up the system of organized study classes that are a regular feature of most prisoner-of-war camps; but the Changi University, as it was called, was doomed when most of us left for Thailand; and there, when, after the terrors of 1943, we had once again a degree of leisure and calm, we had lost most of our books, and the Japanese would not allow us to write. But if the only kind of education still possible was oral and informal, it was all the more popular. Some kind of learning seemed to be the aim of almost everyone in the camp, and many men who had assumed that intellectual pursuits were not for them began to learn languages, take an interest in the water economy of plants, or have views about modern poetry. Anyone who could talk about anything would be implored to do it; and every night there were quizzes and discussions and lectures in the dark huts.

It was, of course, mainly a means of avoiding boredom: but it is also true that some kind of intellectual and verbal skill became the supreme value of our society. I remember, for example, the case of a man who had gone mad up-country from cerebral malaria, and had come down to a base camp in a party under my charge, but had not recovered his sanity and had created a good deal of trouble. Then he came round one night to see me, looking quite different. He told me how bitterly ashamed he was to have behaved as he had in the last few months; and I naturally asked him when he'd got better. It appeared that there had been the usual quiz going on in the hut, and he had gradually become aware of a memory—a memory of how, long ago, he had done that sort of thing himself. He had wondered why the others hadn't asked him to play, and challenged them to ask him questions. They did, but he couldn't reply. This set him to piecing his past together; and he wrestled with his awareness of some of the things he'd done lately until he came to the shattering realization that he had, for some months, been mad and quite incapable of looking after himself.

There were many other intellectual activities besides lectures and quizzes during that last period of captivity. People wrote poems and stories on surreptitious bits of paper; there were very good concert parties, and even plays were produced in some camps, with miracles of improvization in the way of staging and costumes; Ronald Searle the cartoonist was among us; and there were excellent topical lyrics in the stage shows. Even the lighter manifestations of the satiric spirit blossomed. There was a wonderful inventiveness about the nicknames attached to everyone in the public eye: the Japanese universally received some appropriate baptism—the Mad Carpenter, the Undertaker, the Silver Bullet (in allusion to his presumed malady); while our own camp personalities were nicely hit off—I remember especially the Giant Panda, the Whispering Baritone, and two officers whose only positive quality was their invariable propinquity, and who were dubbed Null and Void.

We created, in fact, the mode of life, the language, and the folklore suited to our lot. In some ways it was rather an innocent schoolboy world—the world of the public surface that we felt free to elaborate, rather than the inner private world that was still full of nameless fears. Looking back I can see that there were whole ranges of emotion that were taboo; and this obviously set very strict limits to what we could accomplish. I can certainly remember no poem or story which got to grips with what our life was really like; and I myself found that any reading which called for sustained effort was too much—one might take up a work of philosophy for example, or the Bible, but one didn't get very far. The ideal pursuit was something that would fully engage the mind, exclude every other thought, and yet be social and not too demanding for a long stretch of time—this is perhaps why chess is the classic prisoner-of-war game.

There was, then, a widespread feeling of intellectual curiosity, but its effectiveness was qualified by a certain superficiality: it had definite limits, and it was sometimes rather complacent. These conflicting tendencies are perhaps present in the following abortive intellectual odyssey. A rather illiterate prisoner told me that—presumably to be in the swing—he had decided that he would learn a language; and since there was a Dutchman next to him in the hut, it might as well be Dutch. He had, however, done no more than trifle with the exordia: 'He told me the first letter in their alphabet was "ah"; so I said to him, the silly devil, "Well wot the 'eck do you think you're goin' to do when you get to "r".'

It was in the Indian summer of this completed adjustment to our actual mental and physical environment that the news of the Japanese surrender came. We had a speech from our commandant; and then—allowed to be up after ten for the first time in prison camp—brewed tea, sang songs, and told stories until far into the night. We were excited, sociable, but not, I think, really happy. Who knew what it would be like at home now? Would we be welcome? Had we changed? Did we smell?—that, at least, was the question the Swiss Minister from Bangkok was asked in all the camps he visited. (He answered no, being a diplomat.)

One of the things that we had to think about now was women. I noticed that the topic asserted itself immediately, for the night the news of coming freedom came was the first time since captivity that—incidental profanity apart—dirty stories came up continuously to the conversational surface. We had had three and a half years of sexual repression, and I can't help feeling that the way the sexual problem had been solved—or shelved—was the most surprising of the many adaptations we had made.

Presumably the low diet helped: but there was also, undoubtedly, a very complete transformation of the sexual drive into other outlets. Not that there was, as far as I could see, any significant tendency toward overtly homosexual compensations. Good looks perhaps played a slightly more important part in personal relationships than they do in ordinary life; but the main tendency was rather toward giving ordinary friendship a deeper content, not only of affection but of responsibility and understanding. Then, I suppose, a good deal of the sexual drive was also directed to ourselves. I hardly know how to wrap these matters up in a tolerable diction, but the oral and anal functions certainly became unprecedentedly important, the anal function especially. I have heard prisoners quite innocent of Freud discuss the limitless possibilities of substitution in the pleasures of the body with surprised chagrin. Not only so: our word for a rumour was often 'borehole', or, more elegantly, 'a latrinogram', and this testifies to how our most secret exchanges of fantasy went on in the relative privacy of the latrines: squatting

perilously on the bamboos under the Southern Cross we gave voice to the silent oracles of the heart, and in this macabre regression of the libido re-enacted the Roman doubt as to whether Venus were not a later embodiment of the great Goddess Cloacina.

We got back to England in September: and both to ourselves and the people who met us we tended in general to pooh-pooh the idea that anything particular had happened to us: it was a little like the man who returned from the First World War and when asked what it had been like only replied, 'Oh—the people, and the noise.'

It really was very difficult to talk. We didn't know exactly if we had changed, or how: we certainly didn't know how we seemed to others; and it would have been a poor response to all the welcome we received to explain that we were subtly offended by it all, or at least made uneasy. The reason, I think, is that the welcome was—probably inevitably—directed to a stock notion of what a prisoner is: no one seemed to understand the real us. We weren't, as people thought, coming back from a long blank period of not-being, which was the usual mental picture of our lot that we met; actually, something important was ending for us, and until that happened, nothing else could begin: we were lost, because we had suddenly been deprived of the support of a society whose way of life was not less deeply imbedded in us because it had not initially been of our choosing, and into which we had for three and a half years put so much of ourselves that, for the time being, we didn't have much to spare for the society that had been restored to us.

So—quite contrary to what we had expected—our old friendships with other prisoners tended to become the real pleasure of our new lives. I was always rushing up to London or to some other meeting place just to be with the old gang; one could only talk with people who understood one's language, and that meant people who had shared one's history. We were reliving, in reverse, that same first phase—the rejection of the present—which we had experienced at the beginning of captivity; and we could only come out of it and accept our new condition when we realized how unrealistic it was to go around with one's ex-prisoner friends thinking how much more normal we were than anybody else.

We were superficially quite normal enough for us to go on believing for quite a time that nothing had left its mark; but the belief, of course, was not altogether true: the relics of the past had to be recognized before the present could be faced.

In my case, and probably in most, this was a fairly complicated business—one was so busy doing many things that the second phase of adjustment to a new life was more deeply intertwined with the initial rejection than it had been in the simpler situation of captivity. But I remember one moment of positive rejoicing, of letting my feelings for the first time accept home fully. I'd been back for about three months,

and I was on the train after a spree in London with the old gang, tired but happy. As I looked out of the window I gradually became intensely exhilarated: I was seeing the beautiful landscape of Kent as I had never seen it before—it looked not just pretty but living and inviting: the cool green fields we had so often dreamed of in the tropics were actually there.

But before this I had at least begun to learn more about the effects of captivity, which I still carried with me: and it seems to me that the thing that brought it to consciousness was going to see Tchekov's 'Uncle Vanya' in London. The cast gave a most moving performance, and by the end of the first act I was weeping, or trying to force myself not to, so violently that I got a cramp in my throat; it was terrible to feel that there was an uncontrollable force within. When the lights went up I could hardly talk, and it was queer to see that my friends, friends of pre-war days, weren't affected as I was at all.

I might have shrugged it off: feeling only that the people in Tchekov could express their self-pity, but that one shouldn't in ordinary life, except for something else that happened a few days later. I went to a film show organized by the staff of a C.R.U.—a Civilian Resettlement Unit for ex-prisoners from the Far East. The film was edited from newsreels of the main events of the war; the idea, they told us, was that as we'd missed so much of the history of the war, we probably ought to learn about it now, if only so that we wouldn't feel out of things when the subject arose in conversation. I didn't enjoy the battle scenes much, but when they came to the pictures of the relief of Stalingrad, and one saw two endless lines of muffled people slowly advancing to greet each other across the waste of snow, I found that that awful crying had started again; and here was I in uniform, and with men who'd been prisoners with me. Just then—horror of horrors—the film stopped, and the lights went up for an interval: and I saw that a lot of others were ashamedly wiping off their tears.

The psychologists who had organized the programme of the Civilian Resettlement Units knew something that we didn't know: that as prisoners we had been forced to build up a total block against expressing, or even allowing ourselves to feel, our deepest emotions; it would have been too dangerous for us to realize how sorry for ourselves we were. They knew, too, that this habit of repression had to be broken: and that the best way of doing it was to show us that it was there—in all of us.

It was soon after this that I heard the talk by an ex-German prisoner of war that I've already mentioned, which put a lot of questions in my mind, and set off a process of slow groping toward a perspective of what all those years as a prisoner had meant. I gradually came to see why it was that we had, on the whole, managed to come back in rather good shape. How we had been forced to turn all our resources into making do with what we had, how our captors had given us uncom-

monly good targets for derision and thus deflected it from ourselves, and how the gaps in the universe our prisoner-of-war society had constructed, and the shoddiness of many of its materials, had been concealed by the limitless illusions and repressions and blindnesses that had arisen as our individual and collective defence against the insecurity and ignominy of our lot. And yet, after all this, it was still rather mystifying that we had survived, and even, in some peculiar way, managed to be happy much of the time.

It was not just, I think, that, as Edgar says in *King Lear*:

To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear;
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter.

My own memories, and the fact that in the little villages of East Anglia there nestle among the 'Rosebanks' and the 'Oakdenes' cottages bearing the name of 'Yasmé'—Japanese for 'rest'—suggest rather that when we came back there was in us a powerful nostalgia for the days when we had not been free; suggest even that being a prisoner in itself has its attractions, because it makes life simpler.

Consider our political life. We were brutally oppressed; but that made it very easy for us to maintain our group solidarity—all our impulses of hatred and revolt were turned outward, against our captors; they were armed, and ruthless, so that these impulses were necessarily sterilized and inert: in short we were in the satisfying position of being perpetual revolutionaries whom fate had excused from doing anything about it.

It was the same with our individual aspirations. The larger framework of our life was one of horrible and undignified necessities, but at least they were necessities, and not of our choosing; we could congratulate ourselves merely on being alive. We could certainly not be blamed for making ourselves a poor coat, considering how little cloth we had; and, come to think of it, the coat was perhaps more creditable, all things considered, than anything we'd manufactured for ourselves before—or even might again.

Many of my fellow officers will dissent from this, and indeed, some of them have, in conversation; those who were not officers had a much harder time in nearly all respects, and their disagreement might well be louder and more indignant: yet I feel that it is true, and not only for me but for most of us. It is an unpleasant perspective; but it perhaps does something to explain one of the unpleasantnesses of the world we came back to, the world that Erich Fromm has described in his *The Fear of Freedom*. If, in Auden's phrase, we are all 'lost upon the mountains of our choice... living in freedom by necessity', it is hardly surprising that we should unconsciously welcome being made to lose that freedom—by necessity. The secret appeal of having your choices

made for you would help to explain why we have lately witnessed so many inroads on the Western tradition of individual freedom: to be relieved of many of our perplexing social responsibilities, and to be put in a situation where we cannot even attempt to live up to the highest kinds of individual achievement, is to be given a kind of holiday. That, perhaps, is what the Japanese gave me: so, at last, it began to seem when, in the Prix Goncourt for 1946, *Les Grandes Vacances*, by Francis Ambrière, I read another prisoner of war's parting reflexion on his four years in Germany: 'Jamais je n'ai eu de si grandes vacances.'

IAN WATT

Correspondence

ANIMA NATURALITER JOHNIANA

To the Editor of *The Eagle*.

Sir,

A few years ago I was discussing with a friend the merits of X — and I ventured to describe him as a typical Johnian, not outstandingly brilliant but having an unobtrusive all-round competence. My friend thought my testimony biased, but it is not without interest that I happened to say very much the same thing as the author of the leading article in the centenary number of *The Eagle*.

Yours truly,

T. A. SINCLAIR

Belfast

Commemoration Sermon

By Professor P. N. S. MANSERGH

THE thirtieth verse of the eighth chapter of the first Book of the Kings: 'and hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place: and when thou hearest, forgive'.

My text is taken from the chapter in the first Book of the Kings which tells of the completion of the temple of the Lord which King Solomon began to build in the fourth year of his reign. It took seven years to build and the stone with which it was built was cut before it was brought thither, 'so that', we are told and our envy is stirred, 'there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building'. Its adornment and its furnishing were of fabled richness. The altar at the heart of it was made of cedar and overlaid with gold, with five candlesticks of pure gold on the right and five on the left before the oracle. And when all was completed Solomon said 'I have surely built thee a house to dwell in, a settled place for thee to abide in for ever'. He said it, the words suggest, with understandable pride in the surpassing splendour of his handiwork. But then, for King Solomon was a wise man, came the realization that his thought was vain and meaningless. 'But will God indeed dwell on the earth? behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded?' And with the realization of the insignificance of even the most magnificent of man's creations there came to the King that spirit of humility, movingly expressed, in the verse from which my text is taken—'And hearken thou to the supplication of thy servant, and of thy people Israel, when they shall pray toward this place; and hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place: and when thou hearest forgive'.

To his own, as to long distant generations, King Solomon epitomized the splendour of all earthly kings and Our Lord's saying that not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of the lilies growing wild in the fields must have seemed a strange and paradoxical assertion to his Jewish hearers. Yet though Solomon was renowned for his wealth, it was 'an understanding heart to

judge thy people' that he had asked of God in a dream; and it was because God was pleased that he had so done that riches and length of days were added to him. It was as much of his wisdom as of his wealth that the Queen of Sheba was thinking when she exclaimed 'Behold, the half was not told me!'; and both are portrayed in the rich Renaissance colours of Claude Vignon's '*La Reine de Saba devant Salomon*' which hangs today in the long gallery of the Louvre. Both, too, inspired a melancholy poem in three books entitled '*Solomon on the Vanity of the World*' by Matthew Prior, Fellow of this College, who as Ambassador to the Court of Louis XIV had himself seen something of the hollowness of worldly pretension as the shadows fell across Versailles in the closing years of the 'Sun King's' reign. If Solomon, so Matthew Prior argued, 'in the fair situation' in which he was placed, 'endowed with the greatest perfection of nature and possessed of all external condition' could find no happiness in earthly things then the rest of mankind might safely take the monarch's word for the fact that happiness is not to be found in them.¹ This was the theme expounded in a poem of such unrelieved solemnity that even its author later ruefully admitted:²

'Indeed poor Solomon in rhyme
Was much too grave to be sublime.'

It was not only painters and poets in Western Christendom who found inspiration in the wealth and wisdom of Solomon; they long remained a favoured theme of story tellers in the Levantine world. Robert Curzon a characteristically intrepid Victorian gentleman-scholar-traveller recorded one of the tales³ they told him on his visit to the monasteries of the Eastern Church, a fable somewhat in the manner of La Fontaine. Once, so the story went, when King Solomon was travelling with nothing to protect him from the scorching glare of the desert sun a flock of hoopoes came at his appeal and flew with their wings outspread to overshadow him. When the journey was over Solomon asked the king of the hoopoes how he would like to be rewarded. And he replied, after much thought and at the instigation of his wife and daughters—a characteristically eastern touch this—that he desired that all hoopoes hence forward should wear crowns of gold. And Solomon, after enquiring whether he had considered carefully his desire, said, 'Crowns of gold ye shall have: but behold thou art a foolish bird: and when the evil days shall come upon thee and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return here to me and I will give you help.' But the king and all the hoopoes, now with crowns of gold upon their heads, were filled with pride and exultation. Then one of them, admiring its golden crown in a piece of broken mirror, was trapped by a fowler. The news spread abroad and in all the land was heard the twang of bows and the whirling of

slings as men sought to kill the birds with the golden crowns on their heads. At last, flying by stealth through the most unfrequented places, the king of the hoopoes came to Solomon bewailing the cruel destiny of his race. And Solomon looked kindly upon him and said: 'Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly. Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou did'st render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed upon the earth.' And it is, untroubled, with their crowns of feathers, that you may see the hoopoes in eastern lands today.

Most of us are prepared to accept the moral of this eastern fable, but down the ages men have been less willing to believe with Matthew Prior that wealth, if allied to an understanding heart, is not a source of human happiness; and it is this which accounts in part for the place which King Solomon has held, especially among those who deem themselves to be wise and aspire to be wealthy. Yet in our time, and perhaps rightly, wisdom and wealth are not thought of as things easily or naturally reconciled, as they were in the days when the inheritance of wealth customarily went hand in hand with traditional responsibilities in a settled social order. It was with the coming of the acquisitive society and the consequent mobility in wealth and in the pattern of social life that there came, too, at least in popular esteem, a sense of incompatibility between them. Today the man who amasses great riches is thought likely to be astute, unlikely to be wise; the man who is wise is thought unlikely to amass riches. I have heard a country Rector dwelling affectionately on the thought of those 'rich men furnished with ability' of whom we heard in the Lesson this morning, for whom Solomon might be thought of as a prototype and with whom many of the earlier benefactors of this College may honourably be numbered. Yet it is an association that does not come altogether easily to our generation; perhaps indeed such men were always rare. But if here time and circumstance have brought a change in temper and outlook, there remains—what seems to me the most impressive thing about that long and distinguished list of benefactors (which has just been read)—the evidence in it of the way in which men and women unequal in their possessions, responsibilities, and opportunities have continued of their great generosity to endow this College through more than four centuries of its existence so that while we are here we enjoy something of that 'external condition' of which Matthew Prior spoke. Wealthy most certainly we are not by the standard of King Solomon, yet our way of life, in no way exceptional in the Western world, is, and it is well to remember this, beyond the imaginings of Indian peasants or of African mine-workers—indeed of more than half the population of the world.

King Solomon asked for a wise and understanding heart, not that other things might be added unto him, not for his own profit or earthly happiness but that he might 'judge the people' right. This is something often overlooked and which Matthew Prior in his poem would seem to have insufficiently regarded. Likewise the endowments of our benefactors were given not for the enjoyment of succeeding generations but to serve their own high purposes; so that, as we pray, 'love of the brethren and all sound learning may ever grow and prosper here.'

Few, indeed, can live in a college such as this for long without becoming mindful of the purposes it was designed to serve by the Lady Margaret, described by Fisher as 'a very patroness' to all 'the learned men of England', or of how the passing generations reinterpreting those purposes in the light of changing modes of life and thought have sought to serve them. Here some may think first of our early debt to that 'Good Master of a College', Nicholas Metcalfe, numbered with our benefactors and of whom it was said that 'at his departing thence, (in 1537) he left such a companie of fellowes and scholers in S. Johnes Colledge as can scarce now be found in som whole universitie; which either for divinitie on the one side . . . or for civill service to their Prince and contrie have bene, and are yet to this day, notable ornaments to this whole Realme'; while the minds of others may turn first to the most important part which members of this College played in the religious and civil disputes of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, something of the spirit of which is reflected in a letter of Elizabeth's Lord Burghley in 1565 expressing grief that surplices had not been worn by the Master, Fellows and Scholars in Chapel 'in my dear College of St John'; more in the stormy career of Strafford, of whom Dr Tanner, a Fellow of this College, used to say in his lectures⁵ that he had nothing in common with St John the Evangelist, though he detected more appropriately in Archbishop Laud, an alumnus and notable benefactor of St John's, Oxford, some traces of the spirit of St John the Baptist; and most of all perhaps (from the point of view of the College) in the words of the Master who, when Puritanism was imposed under the Cromwellian settlement, resolved, despite State policy and his own inclination, to choose none but scholars, justifying this by saying, 'They may deceive me in their godliness; they cannot in their scholarship.'

For me, however, the dedicated labours of two members of this College for the abolition first of the slave trade and then of slavery in all British possessions will always hold their special place. William Wilberforce was not, or at least in old age he felt he was not, as indebted to the College as he might have been, largely because some Fellows discouraged him from too regular an

attendance at lectures lest he should thereby impair a reputation for effortless brilliance so becoming in a gentleman. But, as I know, in distant parts of the Commonwealth, men who have themselves no knowledge of this University or country feel drawn to the College whence he and Clarkson came. I have heard a Hindu alumnus of this College, appealing for the ending of racial discrimination and bitterness today, stir the emotions of a conference at Lahore of representatives of many nations by eloquent tribute to the memory and example of these two great English Christians, who in the high noon of the western world championed—and not in vain—the cause of the wronged and oppressed of other races. In carrying 'the noblest measure in its history' in 1833 the House of Commons was mindful of the man who had done most to educate his country up to it and from the House there went to the dying Wilberforce Lord Stanley's words 'When Mr Wilberforce hears of it he may well exclaim, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace".'

A sense of the wrongs of men of other races and the desire to redress them has not died in this University, as I have reason to know from the response to the appeal for funds to found an African scholarship here. But I sometimes feel, none the less, that as our power has contracted so, too, has our sense of purpose and the range of our sympathies. 'Of course,' an English observer has noted of technical experts working on development plans in South Asia, 'there must be Englishmen who regard this work as a form of service but one does not meet them.' No doubt too bleak a conclusion might be drawn from this comment. I can, however, but remember that Yeats, with an imagery which I find more disturbing than anything in *Brave New World* or *Nineteen Eighty Four*, foreshadowed a second coming—a second coming when 'after twenty centuries of stony sleep' some

'. . . rough beast, its hour come round at last
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born.'

And the sign of the approach of that time was when the worst were 'full of passionate intensity' while the best 'lacked all conviction.'⁸ May it not be charged against us that we helped to give reality to a poet's nightmare vision!

One other thing, I think, is enjoined upon us at this time of Commemoration and that is the largeness imaginative sympathy and Christian charity which men call magnanimity. Some hundred and fourteen years ago a burgess of this University called forth a stinging rebuke from Thomas Babington Macaulay in the House of Commons for opposing not the principle of, but some trifling increase in, the State grant to the impoverished Roman Catholic seminary at Maynooth. Confronted with such lack of magnanimity Macaulay said that he felt less

proud of being a Protestant and a Cambridge man than he could have wished, especially, to quote his own words:⁹ 'When I consider how munificently the Colleges of Cambridge and Oxford are endowed, and with what pomp, religion and learning are there surrounded; when I call to mind the venerable cloisters, the trim gardens, the organs, the libraries . . . ; when I call to mind also the physical comforts which are provided for both instructors and for pupils. . . when I think of the spacious and stately mansions of the heads of houses, of the commodious chambers of the fellows and scholars, of the refectories, the combination rooms . . . the state and luxury of the great feast days . . . ; . . . and when I remember from whom all this splendour and plenty is derived; when I remember what was the faith of Edward the Third and of Henry the Sixth, of Margaret of Anjou and Margaret of Richmond . . . '

Macaulay spoke in a particular sense of the faith of these founders of Cambridge Colleges. It was the Christian faith of the then unreformed Church. The portraits of the Lady Margaret at her prayer desk are a reminder of that world with assured religious values which no longer permeate our own. We live, as they did not, in an age of negation and criticism. We live also, as they did not, in an age of scientific discovery and intellectual adventure; an age that demands of all those concerned with the continuing life and governance of their great foundations that wisdom which King Solomon asked of God in a dream; 'that right judgement in all things' for which we pray in the Collect for Whit Sunday. Remembering what has been given to us and the faith in which it was given let us take advantage of the opportunities and discharge the responsibilities that come to us in our generation; and ever mindful of our own insufficiencies and short-comings let us pray, as King Solomon prayed in the Temple he had built, 'Hear, O Lord, in heaven thy dwelling place; and when Thou hearest forgive.'

NOTES

- ¹ Matthew Prior, *Poetical Works*, 2 vols., (London 1866), Vol. II, p. 82.
- ² *ibid.* *The Conversation, A Tale*, Vol. II, p. 235. See also article in D.N.B. on Matthew Prior.
- ³ Hon. Robert Curzon, *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*, first published 1849, new edition Oxford 1957, see Chap. XII. In somewhat different form the story has also been told elsewhere with Allah in the role of Solomon.
- ⁴ R. F. Scott, *St John's College, Cambridge*, p. 44. The quotation is from Ascham *The Scholemaster*, the description 'the Good Master' from Fuller's *Holy State*.
- ⁵ J. R. Tanner, *English Constitutional Conflicts of the Seventeenth Century* (Cambridge 1928), p. 71.
- ⁶ R. C. Coupland, *Wilberforce*, 2nd edition (London 1945), pp. 429-30.
- ⁷ Hugh Tinker, *The Name and Nature of Foreign Aid, International Affairs*, Vol. 35, no. 1, p. 49.
- ⁸ W. B. Yeats, *Collected Poems, The Second Coming* (London 1934), p. 210-11.
- ⁹ T. B. Macaulay, House of Commons, 14 April 1845. Reprinted in G. M. Young *Speeches by Lord Macaulay* (Oxford 1935).

Living and Partly Living

LIFE in Eighteenth century England appears very leisurely compared to our own day, amid the turmoil and tribulations of an atomic age. Yet the paradox remains that the very scientific and industrial advance which has brought such rush and bustle in its wake, has been instrumental in bringing more leisure to more people than ever before. Man has decided to devote a large share of the increase of productive power to lessen the proportion of his life spent in earning a living. With the march of democracy, men and women of every degree have on average a shorter working life, a shorter working year, a shorter working week, and a shorter working day, than the generation before them ever had.

It is all the more astonishing—if not alarming—therefore, that today we appear to have less control, not more, over the time now at our disposal. As Emerson said:

'Things are in the saddle
and ride Mankind'

—things, that is, that have been harnessed for Man's service, and in so doing have created a vicious circle. Thus the woman who buys a spin-drier finds, not that she has more time on her hands, but rather that the machine has now become indispensable. Certainly it is that if we cannot control time, we shall become its victims. It is frequently said that we are on the threshold of the 'conquest' of space; more important, more immediate and more subtle by far, is the 'conquest' of Time. The riddle is hardly new: it has lain at our doorstep since the day we were born. But what folly to essay out into space, while time on earth may still bedevil us!

We can, of course, literally control time, as has been done ever since the first World War by virtue of the Daylight Saving Act; we may cheat, by crossing the Atlantic so fast that we arrive in New York before we leave London. While these may be isolated examples, much of our helplessness in the face of time is likewise man-made. It is a familiar cry, at University surely as much as anywhere else, that 'there is never enough time'; that events crowd in on one another in a quite impossible manner; indeed imagination boggles at the plethora of activities. If those accustomed to pursue such a theme, however, paused for a moment to consider, they would surely realise, like the Chorus in 'Murder in the Cathedral', that they were but

'Living, and partly living.'

The haste which would seem perhaps an inevitable concomitant of twentieth century life is in many ways artificial. Psychologists confirm that much of the nervous strain so rife in cities today, which we have come to accept, unquestioning, as a feature of our lives, is self-imposed. To some, time may indeed be money, where it is their livelihood, but for the majority of us, the ferment of our cities is a convention with which we have grown up. In many a village and country town, despite an obstinate refusal to fall in step with the scurrying crowds, and an ingrained manner of taking things as they come, life goes on as before. A village postman remarked with compelling logic, of the ant-like existence of his city cousin, 'He doesn't seem to reach Saturday night any sooner.'

It was said of Edwin Chadwick, the Poor Law reformer of the last century, that he accomplished in a day what lesser mortals normally achieved in twice that time; and strangely, those who manage to extract most from a twenty-four hour day, rarely appear hurried at all. In fact, the art of 'making' time does not involve any witch-craft—it is a resort to priorities and values, the ability to select what is worthwhile, and to discard what is not, to retain a balanced outlook. I would meanwhile be the last to suggest that time may be bridled by a frontal attack. We are not immortal, and our ends will clearly never be realised by keeping one eye on the clock. But, convinced that we are making the best possible use of our time, we have thereby reduced it to a relative factor. 'Things are in the saddle' no longer.

One of the surest ways, incidentally, of keeping a sense of proportion, is every so often to let the grass grow under one's feet. How better to let an hour drift by, than dozing in front of an open fire, or letting the sun sink through the senses on a summer's day? While letting the golden hours slip by, remember that they are golden just because we let them slip: awareness is all. Nor is it for nothing that what is timeless is regarded as something precious. An Aborigine tribe in Malaya was known by anthropologists as the 'timeless' Temiar, not purely because civilisation had passed them by, but because they had so organised and balanced their lives, that time seemed to be at their feet.

It is said that in nothing are we more open to illusion and suggestion than in our sense of time; and its nature is likewise fickle. As life takes its inevitable course, Time can turn its other face upon us: the fleeting may be supplanted by the lingering. For while it is a principle of Parkinson's Law that 'work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion,' when a man retires from work, the 'time available' may become overwhelming. Boredom is one of the cruellest shapes that time can take. A solution may be found in fresh pursuits, whereby a new world of interests is brought into existence to redress the balance of the old.

I began by considering how illogical was Man's progress when contrasted with life 200 years ago. While something immeasurable has since been gained, something priceless is in danger of slipping through our fingers, if our grasp upon Time continues to slacken. The problem is an immemorial one, yet ironically, it tends to be overlooked while the opportunity for dealing with it increases as never before. What is required, in this complex world, is a simplification of the issues at stake. As Man ventures out into space, let us hope that in reaching for the stars, he forgets not how to live.

I. S. WORDSWORTH

Ars Poetica

THOUGH famous poets have before me tried
This theme, and I no way their lights deride,
Yet my poor lamp, untrimmed by age or scorn,
Essays to cast its beam before, still-born,
It fails to catch that spark of spirit—fire
Which men call inspiration and desire
More bitterly than British farmers seek
A ray of sunshine in their harvest week.
O sweetest sisters guide my infant schemes,
Bemuse my thoughts, enchant my fondest dreams,
And bring me to that pinnacle of fame
Where languid literati lisp my name.
My homage is fulfilled. The tyrant muse
Must now attempt to rule while I abuse.

Learn first, to forge éclat and fire the heart
The secret's in the man and not his art.
To cultivate the social virtues—nay!
To set one's foot on social vices' way
Is more the task of any budding bard
Than triumph o'er the reactionary guard
Whose shafts control the salons of Parnasse,
Beneath whose feet grows uninspiring grass.
If through élan your fortunes you may better,
Despise the vulgar gauntlet and vendetta.
Unsued poetasters still below
Long cognoscenti noses—Savile Row
Not Grub Street makes demands on midnight oil.
Your duty's cocktail balls or tea with Foyle.
A crease, my friend, from Christian Dior
Will sell editions, bring you more furor
Than stacks of poetry on your garret floor.
Join Television Brains Trusts if you can
And purify the tribe like Betjeman.
In dress and creeds you must keep with the times.
Save unkempt barbarism for your rhymes.
No no indeed, you're wrong to follow art.
You are the master and must play your part

Without a flaw, for all the world's a stage
And from the footlights of a "glossy" page
You're leading man. Then show your art you're through
And make your whimpering mistress follow you.
No more to bow like poets of past ages
Compelled to pen crimp pages after pages
Bound to the service of "beau idéal".
You, poet, are the only beau who shall
Ask service and receive adoring sighs;
While poetry's fortunes sink, your fortunes rise.

From culture's fringes form a coterie;
Forget your verses with the greatest glee,
For they alone endanger reputation.
But give your neophytes some cold collation.
Provided that the syntax is obscure
No one can start to criticize, be sure.
If publish work you must, remember this—
"Bright incoherence=lyric bliss."
The man who babbles beautifully wins fame;
Reason is sweet, but also very lame.
Know then, that poets still in bondage tread
Paths I shall point, and, footsore, must be led
By Muses four, the mistresses of all
Who fondly think that verse comes to their call.

The first of these, bespectacled and grim,
Is Calliope, masculine of limb.
Her job's promoting epic poetry for
It needs promoting, on a varied score.
Her method's brutal but it never fails:
Day in, day out, for years and years she flails
Her foisty slaves who never cease to write.
She goads them in the middle of the night
To switch a torch on and compose dull lines
Replete with dull allusions, "thous" and "thines".
Her tireless eye behind the glasses flashes
Directing battles, noting bloody gashes;
Here a kiss, there a hero's dying gasp;
While Ajax rants, she makes true lovers clasp.
Her sweated scribes receive this poor reward—
When sleep at last they snatch, it's under sword.

Erato's next: Her method is the rape.
If poets slumber she reveals her shape;
Her rounded thighs like soft thalassian swells;

Her lips the violent gourds where Bacchus dwells.
 Poor mortals in the middle of their sleep
 Awake, and swear a vigil they will keep
 Until they meet this lady of their sighs.
 They write a dozen sonnets to her eyes
 And many hundreds more upon the rest.
 They put their recollection to the test
 But never can remember quite her face.
 And so she stays a lady full of grace
 And drives from nightly to a rich despair
 Of sonnet after sonnet to the fair
 Unknown, to whom they pledge their bursting heart.
 Erato's stimulus is meant to smart.

Euterpe sweet and Polyhymnia
 Are sisters, who, devoted, wander far
 Together, drinking in the joyous air,
 And rhapsodizing on the flowers fair.
 Their linen robes are white as morning milk.
 (Their girdle too is white, but made of silk)
 And where they set their feet a flower grows.
 Quite often it's germander, sometimes rose.
 These maidens work by methods more refined.
 They dress as nymphs at nightfall, when they've wined,
 And flutter in the woods where mortal eyes
 Just glimpse a garment. Taken by surprise
 Some visionary poet then will write
 "A lyric to the spirits of the night."
 By such baroque devices they induce
 Romantic sentiments in any goose.
 They also have a very potent juice
 And when an unsuspecting poet stops
 To admire a view—a hill or field of hops—
 The crafty sisters squirt it in his eye.
 The gratified romantic gives a sigh
 To feel the welling tear and writes a verse
 "To Beauties of the Countryside"—and worse.

The Muses, then, control poetic pools
 Where all who hope for lucky dips are fools.
 This is the inspiration Homer had
 In writing "Odyssey" and "Iliad".
 This prompted virtuous Virgil: Horace, too,
 Though he was more astute than all the crew
 Of Ovids and of Spensers for his stakes
 Were in good soil; but Wordsworth walked the lakes

For fifty years and worsened every day,
 Watching the nymphs and shepherds come away.

What fool would be a poet? I'll rehearse
 The modern highroad to successful verse.
 The choice is yours: you know that you might end
 Like Pound impounded, going round the bend.
 Sweet nightingales might bring you sour renown
 Until beat generations tread you down.
 There's something rotten in the poet's realms.
 I pine for "pards" and "immemorial elms".
 Alas for Keats and all his golden kind,
 Debased and bankrupt since we left behind
 The gentle wine, th' mysterious Grecian vase
 For hard-drunk whisky in Manhattan bars.

So now to gain success in poetry's field
 Where beauty, virtue, truth show little yield
 You must discover how to sound alarms,
 Defend positions, thrust and parry arms;
 Insult, impute, defame and shake your head,
 Narrow your eyes and spend all day in bed;
 Invent new movements, quickly pull them down,
 And answer every question with a frown;
 Build castles in the literary air;
 Demand from every poet 'angst', despair—
 Though articles on patronage may help
 If mailed to Tanfield in the "Daily Yelp",
 Or if your politics revolt at this,
 Herald your chit-chat in the "Daily Hiss".
 Or be "terrible" and interview in bed;
 Or sell the "Worker" in Park Lane instead.
 Develop, to improve your social station,
 An anti-Transatlantic reputation:
 A "trainer to the British Lion"—why!
 You'd make colossal headlines soon in "Spy".
 And if you wrote your poetry with rhymes
 You may receive a footnote in "The Times":
 Divorce your wife; break up a happy home;
 Say she was spendthrift and she liked to roam
 (This will explain your present bankrupt state
 And bring you Postal Orders by the crate
 If e'er your sadness touches "Woman's Own"—
 Ah! what it means to *publicize* a moan.)
 Or if unmarried (means to similar ends)
 • Seduce and then adulterate your friends'.

This will bring admission to the Clubs.
 With slyest winks they may reduce your "subs".
 (Your membership will draw from far and wide
 Nonentities with wives they can't abide
 Who want their name in print and quick divorce—
 Who'll pay a mint to see you. "Why, of course,
 The fellow is a modern Don Juan.
 Here's ten quid. Introduce me if you can!")
 Be seen at Mon Reale in a cloak;
 At lunch with Maugham enjoying a subtle joke;
 Take day trips to Chicago or the Rand;
 Retrace the Golden Road to Samarkand;
 Spend fortunes down at Monte in the Spring—
 For boosting sales all these are just the thing.

By this time, budding poet, you'll have seen
 Advertisement means times are never lean.
 The muse outdated, nowadays we see
 Press agents are the staff of poetry.
 Forsake Parnassus, make your file your shrine;
 Hire high-powered business men to sell your line.
 This way it's possible you'll make your name
 Before you fill your pen and write "Sweet fame! . . ."

And now recall how simple things gave birth
 To most of men's ideas, and then to mirth.
 Primeval poets tried their hairy hand
 At scanning Nature, and they found it scanned.
 Inspired by rhythms in the flashing streams
 And other rhythms, often in their dreams;
 Of beating rocks to form the beauteous axe;
 Of swinging clubs with loud resounding thwacks;
 And finally of palming on the drums,
 Enchanted by the twiddling of their thumbs,
 Their noble savage face, tradition has,
 Lit up. Their poetry, based on jazz,
 Adopted solid rhythms from the skins.
 Poetic evolution here begins.
 The tom-toms beating spelt a wild romance
 And taught the noble cavemen how to dance.
 Their clumsy footsteps soon achieved a feat;
 Learnt Poulter's Measure, and the iambic beat
 In men's subconscious found a certain place
 Amongst the other glories of the race.

What we need now are new inspired designs,
 New vital patterns or new daring lines,
 And since the world is changing feet for cars
 Draw out full stop, and sound long, roaring bars
 In imitation of combustion's trump—
 A judgement on the past, a mighty thump
 Upon the tub of ages, and a peal
 Of thunder at the climax of your zeal.
 The epic shall become a high-powered purr
 And tragedy an engine that won't stir.
 Joy when you know insurance is complete
 When plunging powerless down a one-way street,
 Love when your starter rattles in the cold,
 Struggles for breath, and finally takes hold.
 Envy to see a Bentley; and despair
 When stranded on a flat without a spare.
 Are these emotions, tell me, false or true?
 Are they inspired, significant and new?
 What endless themes here latent! A new lore!
 A new field of relations to explore!
 New light thrown on men's actions and their tongue
 Now modified, enriched, changed before long.
 Joy both to the 'philanthrope' and he who thinks
 The proper study of mankind is lynx.

Alas! I from my chosen pastures stray,
 Soon to return, however, while I may.
 So far I have addressed the stronger sex,
 But now to womanhood my knees I flex,
 That pedestal which Man with garlands decks.
 Ladies, your way to fame is short and sweet:
 Be sentimental, maudlin or just bleat.
 Your call to fortune as sage poetesses
 Does not depend on lustre in your tresses.
 A powdered nose and purple lips profane
 The sacred female art of looking plain
 And writing verses jewelled in excess.
 Indeed youth is a handicap unless
 You're still a child and doodle into fame,
 Drawing the wide world's wonder and acclaim.
 Debauched young men no longer shock surprise
 In elderly frustrated ladies' eyes,
 But children's lisplings published far and wide
 Bring pleasure where young love has been denied.
 So, if mature in years if not in mind,
 Adoring public's praise you wish to find,

Have Patience and be Strong for in these names
 All verse is hallowed, heavenly, hung in frames.
 Write rhymes for calendars and parish "mags."
 Be resident bardess for women's "rags".
 "Love", "heart", "tradition", "garden", "stately homes":
 All these will make a "treasure" of your poems.
 Your life will be one twilight of romances:
 Effeminate young men will throw you glances.
 Elope with Gilbert Harding? There are chances.

This, then, reader, is my short address
 On writing poetry and the modern press.
 Conclusions you'll expect me now to draw
 In proof that my design works without flaw.

In brief; the poet's person matters most.
 If write he must, obscurity his boast,
 His verse he must not publish, for the aim
 Of modern poets is to seal their fame
 By dire elimination of the muse,
 Poetry, public, and all those foul reviews.
 Emancipated thus from obligations
 To brutal art, they build their reputations,
 Leading a way through culture's wilderness.
 Follow, my friends; I wish you all success!

DAVID MORPHET

Then and Now

The following memorandum was written by C. W. G. in the early 'Twenties. It is printed here, with his permission, for its topical interest.

SOME NOTES ON THE PRESENT GENERATION OF UNDERGRADUATES AT CAMBRIDGE

ON the whole the present day undergraduate at Cambridge is a hard worker, and certainly undergraduates in the mass work harder than they used to do before the War. There are also far fewer Ordinary Degree men than formerly.

Some of the main reasons for this change are:

(a) There is a greater feeling of uncertainty about the future. Practically everyone in residence expects to have to work for a living after he has gone down; very few parents are in a position to keep their sons in idleness after they have finished their University career or are able to find soft family jobs for them.

(b) The strong pressure to get into Cambridge results in a great many wealthy, but otherwise stupid and lazy men being rejected; moreover, most colleges are now pretty ruthless in sending men down who fail in their examinations.

(c) The decline in the wealth of most parents means that their sons have smaller allowances than formerly and so the counter attractions of such expensive items as hunting are less numerous.

(d) In this, as in other sides of life, the fact of social imitation is important; it is now as fashionable to work in the majority of university circles as it was at one time to idle or at least to *profess* to idle.

So far as political opinions are concerned the University is clearly much less conservatively minded than it was before the War. There is a general swing over from the right to the left in politics, which is especially noticeable at the Union, although the Union must not be regarded as typical of the attitude of the University as a whole. Still there is a definite significance in the fact that motions which are of a political progressive character, which before the War would have been lost by a large majority, are now usually adopted by the Union.

In this connection it must be borne in mind (a) that the post war generation has known nothing like the apparent orderly progress of the nineteenth century and the years before 1914. It has lived

through a period of incessant change in which no institution appears absolutely stable or fixed; very radical changes which formerly would have been dismissed out of hand as obviously impracticable are now discussed seriously from the point of their desirability. (b) The decline throughout the country in importance, wealth and power of the land-owning classes—on the whole the most conservative element of the community—is also reflected inside the University. War, inflation and deflation, with their devastating effects on the values of investments, have weakened the whole idea of property in peoples minds and the emphasis is being transferred to *Work*, both as a means of living and as expressing a man's functional position in society. (c) There has been an immense increase in the proportion of the men entering Cambridge who come up from the elementary and smaller secondary schools, as a result of the extension of scholarships given by County Councils and the State. (d) The Russian experiment has aroused very great interest inside the University. It is felt to be bold and constructive, and youth, which is always impatient of the cautious delays and obstructions of its elders, is disposed to regard sympathetically (irrespective of political opinion) this attempt to found a new social and economic order.

On the whole Extremism, which is foreign to the British temperament, is little to be found in the University. There are no apparent signs of Fascism in any form, but there is a very small, though active and vocal, Communist Society with perhaps thirty members out of a total of some 5,500 students. There is quite a large Labour Club which is in close contact with the political leaders of the party.

There is a growing interest in social problems, which is fostered especially by the Student Christian Movement, which has done a great deal of good practical work in this direction, and also in international problems, again due partly to the S.C.M. but partly also to the League of Nations Union. It may be pointed out that the general attitude of the League of Nations Union towards international issues is by no means shared by all those who think about these matters in the University.

In general it would be easy to exaggerate the amount of practical interest taken by the whole body of undergraduates in social and political matters. The great majority of them while at the University are not politically minded, they do not think more than they can help about the future, they are concerned mainly with passing their examinations and secondarily with making the most out of the social life of the University. There has been no really fundamental change in this respect in the present generation of undergraduates as compared with the conditions prevailing before the War.

C. W. G.

The Red Woollen Stockings

TODAY, Mr Justice Dimple, sitting with a jury, gave his summing up in the first case to come before the new Court of Englishry.

HIS LORDSHIP: This court has been established through the wisdom and foresight of our Parliament, under the Preservation of Englishry Act, 4 & 5 Dick c.3, to preserve, according to the first section of the Act, 'those qualities of conservatism . . . restraint, propriety and modesty . . . which distinguish Englishmen from humankind,' meaning humankind in general. Before you are two young ladies of pleasing, I might almost say ravishing, appearance. But that is no guarantee of their innocence; in fact I am disposed to believe that the contrary is true. They are charged with wearing red woollen stockings in a public place, to wit the streets of Cambridge, contrary to the generally accepted norms and standards of dress.

Now the way in which this court of law operates—I say 'law' and not 'justice' for obvious reasons—is as follows. There are some questions before the court which I decide and these are called 'questions of law', and there are other questions which you, members of the jury, have to decide and these are called 'questions of fact'. But as I am privileged to make this distinction, it happens that all the difficult questions are questions of fact. That does not explain why I am paid several thousand pounds yearly for my services, and you for yours are paid nothing. I am not paid for being partial to myself, but for being partial towards others.

The question you have to answer in this case is whether these charming young ladies (smiles at the charming young ladies) have, by wearing Exhibits A and B, infringed the section I read aloud to you, and which no doubt you neglected to listen to, or if you listened did not understand, or if you understood have since forgotten. However, I shall not read it again. And in coming to your decision you will be guided by me to those matters which should weigh most heavily in your so-called minds. The gentleman who first tried to persuade you with his reasoning was, unless I am mistaken, Sir George Crapp, Q.C., whose learning and eloquence have long shocked both Bench and Bar. He made four submissions. Firstly, that the wearing of red woollen stockings is an alien

habit, originating in various Continental or Scandinavian countries; that it symbolises the many regrettable lapses from decency which occur in these countries, and of which we read so much in the newspapers used by our fishmonger. Secondly, that these stockings obscure and distort the natural beauty of the feminine form, in particular the gracious shape of leg and ankle; that such style of dress should be restricted to the exceptional circumstances in which women do, and should be allowed to, wear such apparel—namely, in such pursuits as hockey or golf. I must admit that I am very sensitive to the female form, and that I have never had the singular misfortune to witness one of these pastimes involving the opposite sex. The court, however, has had the advantage of a number of drawings by a certain Mr Searle, which are by all accounts true to life. What they reveal is, to say the least, most unsettling. Thirdly, Sir George submitted that to allow women to dress in this way is contrary to public policy. The young ladies will appear to such disadvantage that any prospects of marriage will be completely eclipsed and our great nation ruined for lack of children. Also, the adoption of woollen stockings as national dress would prejudice the stability of the nylon industry upon whose ladders the economy so heavily depends. Finally, the wearing of red woollen stockings is claimed to be the most aggravated form of the offence, which is to wear woollen stockings of any colour, anywhere. You may, indeed, feel that the choice of red is unfortunate owing to its startling appearance. And it is undoubtedly true that the term ‘blue stocking’, and therefore, *a fortiori*, also red stocking, has been associated with a most undesirable kind of young lady, who is reputed to display her acquirements in a vain and pedantic manner to the neglect of her womanly duties and graces. That sort of thing must not be encouraged. As for the other question, you may think that if these stockings cannot be worn in public they cannot be worn at all, except possibly in bed, where all kinds of liberties are taken. Surprisingly the law would agree with you. It is immaterial in making out a case against these sweet young things (smiles at the sweet young things) as opposed to sentencing them, that the act was committed in private and not in public. My authority for this proposition, if anyone is interested, is *Rex v. Croaker* (1), where the defendant was found guilty of murdering his mother-in-law with powdered glass, even though it was administered in the privacy of his own home during dinner: and *Rex v. Gonzales* (2), where the defendant was found guilty of rape in similar circumstances. The latter case is not such strong authority for the proposition, however, as the judge held that the case involved a breach of etiquette, and there were guests present.

Such is the case for the prosecution. For the defendant we

would have had the benefit of Sir Harry Shampers’ acute and pertinent observations, had he not died so dramatically from a fit of delirium tremens, on the first morning of the hearing. (At this point the court observed a two minute silence, adjourned for lunch, and reassembled at 3.30 p.m.)

HIS LORDSHIP (continuing): After Sir Harry’s decease, you may remember, indeed, you could hardly forget, how the dear gals (smiles at the dear gals) elected, with tears in their eyes, to conduct their own defence, and, I may say, did so with a charm and distinction which I have seldom seen equalled and never excelled in all the wealth of my forensic experience. Their first defence, bless their hearts, was most ingenious. They maintained that this court was set up to preserve the qualities of Englishmen, and, consequently, has no jurisdiction over the first defendant, Miss Gilian Gravel, who is a Girtonian and a woman, or over the second defendant Mlle Françoise Sablanc, who is both a woman and a foreigner. At this point Sir George Crapp greatly displeased me in trying to avoid his responsibilities by treating this submission as a joke. You may be inclined to hold this against him. Do. I must find as a matter of law, however, that the submission of these delicious creatures (smiles at the delicious creatures) is untenable. I can only protect the English character if I have the power to eradicate those influences which tend to threaten it. Now, I can think of no greater influence upon Englishmen than Englishwomen, and no worse influence than foreign women. I also believe an Englishman embraces an Englishwoman. Therefore, this court is fortunate enough to have jurisdiction. Next, the young ladies submit that their stockings are not an alien importation at all but in the best English tradition, and they called numerous American gentlemen in evidence, who said they conceived the typical Englishwoman as dressed in tweed suits and woollen stockings. But, upon cross-examination, they admitted that the suits and stockings were brown or lovat, not red. To this the young ladies replied that the brighter colours are a legitimate extension of the tradition which, far from obscuring or distorting their limbs, enhances and attracts attention to their beauty; that, far from eclipsing all prospects of matrimony, the stockings provide a great stimulus to eligible young men. Finally, they submit that the nylon industry is a ‘racket’. Well done, girls!

These, then, are the arguments set forth by both prosecution and defence. It is for you, not me, to decide between them. But since I doubt whether you are bright enough to do so, the question you should really ask yourself about the defendants is: do I like them?

A. P. E.

Apprenticeship in Prophecy

IMPRESSIONS OF A STEEL WORKS

THE entrance to the cabin was full of shovels, brooms and barrows, which one tipped over as one went in. Further in were benches and boxes upon which were seated a dozen men bent forward in silent contemplation of the floor. Every few minutes a train would roar overhead, shaking everything. Grimy 'pin-ups' were the only decoration to be seen. There was silence until Bill arrived. There was silence for a good long time after that. I realised that Bill was the foreman and after half an hour I was suddenly armed with a shovel and sent to clear slag off the railway line. This was the Yard Department at Steel, Peach and Tozer, a branch of The United Steel Company. Half in Rotherham and half in Sheffield, it employed over eight thousand people, and this was my introduction to the nine months I was to spend in different departments, as a labourer, fitter's mate, and office worker, in an endeavour to see the relevance of the Christian Gospel to Industry.

I spent three weeks in the Yard Department, largely learning the language. Everybody has to spend some time in it before he can go to any other department, and there are plenty of jobs to do—sweeping, shovelling and controlling traffic, folding wagon sheets, and above all, mashing tea. From there I went into the Melting Shop, where limestone, pig-iron and scrap are melted in the furnaces and poured into the moulds. Most of the time I was working with men in their late teens and early twenties. Faced as they were with the problems of courtship and marriage, their conversation, not unnaturally, ranged from, 'what to do with the woman' to the housing shortage, buying furniture and the 'in-laws'. It certainly had its humorous side. One of the men, with whom I was working, came back on the night shift on the first night of married life. He was greeted with appropriate derision from his fellows. Most of the work was done in shifts; a week of mornings, a week of afternoons, and a week of nights. The jobs included working with the 'mould brickies', in the 'slag oiles' (holes), in the stockyard, or just on the 'flippin' banjo' as the shovel was called.

The cabin is a great institution in a steel works. It is a base from which one begins the day's work, to which one constantly returns

APPRENTICESHIP IN PROPHECY

to mash tea and eat 'snap', and in which one may spend the whole of the day reading 'Reveille' from cover to cover. Because the same men sit in it year after year, it acquires the atmosphere of a club and 'debates' are frequently held at snap-time on every kind of topic. It is generally to be discovered in the corner of a mill, or as a separate building, or tucked away under a railway line. It is the centre of communal life and the group psychology of a cabin is a fascinating study. It was from one of these cabins that I spent a month working with a group of middle-aged and old men, whose job it was to unload lorries carrying bricks for the moulds, and to keep the railway lines free of slag. Here the chip on the shoulder of those who had been through the thirties was only too obvious. Most of them bore a constant grudge against the evils of Capitalism, the Conservative bosses, and 'them idle rich'. Apart from these subjects the debates were generally on football or sex, and never failed to be lively, though everyone knew the line which everybody else had always taken and always would take.

The contrast between production men and maintenance men should be obvious, but nevertheless surprised me. The crane fitters, with whom I became quite impervious to height, seemed to approach life from a different cultural background. The reason was not far to seek. All the fitters had served a five year apprenticeship, as had the turners, the electrical engineers, and many other skilled men. Apart from giving them technical skill, apprenticeship had given them an open mind. They could listen to the other side of a political issue, discuss intelligently the trade recession in America, or even understand the competition from Germany. Working with them, I was enabled to see half the factory. This is another cause which gives the fitter a greater breadth of view. He is able to see progress over the whole plant.

My industrial career was rudely shattered by the trade recession. Together with the three hundred others who had entered the firm during the previous eight months, I was given a week's notice. It is not until one is unemployed that one becomes fully conscious of the economic determinism of modern society. The most unnerving aspect of that determinism is that it is quite unpredictable by expert and victim alike. The fear aroused by the beginning of unemployment was very wide-spread, and the word, 'recession' cropped up in every conversation. Economics is a subject upon which a truly prophetic Christianity should have much to say. It appears to have only too little. Many of those who were sacked with me found jobs on the buses or the railways. Some of them were still unemployed three months later—and are probably still unemployed. Not only did they lose a steady wage, but also the communal life of the cabin. Whether they admitted it or not, this had been the highest and most 'spiritual' experience they knew.

It was now replaced by frustrating inactivity.

Fortunately I was taken back into the firm three weeks later in the Education Department. There I spent perhaps the most profitable time in the firm. I was given an insight into the organisation of apprentices, courses run for foremen, arrangements for students and visitors, and a hundred and one other jobs. I was given the task of teaching Strip-Mill lads English, or talking with them for an hour about current affairs. It was most instructive to assess the aftermath of a Secondary Modern School education, and to estimate the effect of the abolition of National Service.

My contacts with the various trade unions in the industry were unfortunately slight. I was a member of B.I.S.A.K.T.A. (The British Iron and Steel and Kindred Trades Association), which is a vast body controlling most of the skilled and unskilled men on production. It is very responsible in its outlook and seems to produce M.P.s and Mayors of Rotherham at will. On the other hand there were unions like the Municipal and General Workers, which in my experience were little better than friendly societies meeting over a pint of beer.

WORKING CLASS ESTRANGEMENT

The reactions of the working man to religion can well be summed up in the two dicta, 'I'm as good as you are' and, 'You don't have to go to church to be a Christian'. Working men as a class, have been completely alienated from the churches since the Industrial Revolution. In his book *Church and People in an Industrial City*, Canon Wickham comes to this most disturbing conclusion. By reference to the pew-rents and to the religious censuses of the city of Sheffield, he traces the periods from the 'bleak age' to the religious boom and on to the decline and fall of church attendance. Even in the time of the religious boom from 1850 to 1900, when the churches were just managing to keep pace with the increase of population, the working classes were not touched. And of the present he can write as follows:

'The extent of working class estrangement is still insufficiently realised inside the churches, partly because the churches do not ask embarrassing sociological questions and also perhaps because we have grown accustomed to the situation, to smaller numbers of all social groups, and can always produce a handful of artisan swallows to suggest that the Summer is with us. It is to deny the hard facts of history: and a sociological comparison of the congregation with the parish, or of the churches with the industrial area in which they are set, would show the critical nature of the situation. It would show the almost total exclusion of adult men, such as miners, steel-workers, engineers, general factory workers, dockworkers, transport workers and so on.'

A PROPHETIC MINISTRY

I make no apologies for this mass of impressions. They are the only criteria by which one can judge any task, and one's actions must be guided by a policy based upon them. It is trite to remark that Christianity is concerned with the whole of life. It is trite to say that any missionary effort must begin where the people are. But how often we completely fail to communicate the Gospel to people who have been without a religious background for generations, and are not concerned enough to identify ourselves with them, in case we too are swept away! The truth of the matter is that every human problem is a religious one. Whether a man is faced by the housing shortage, woman trouble, unemployment, or the H bomb, it is to these questions that the Church must speak. Of course there are no neat solutions. That does not mean that the Church has no contribution. The Christian conception of God as Lord of History, as Truth, Justice and Righteousness; the facts of man's estrangement from God and his alienation from his fellow men—these are of direct relevance to men, wherever they are. Theological insights such as these are derived from the Bible, and can be applied to political and social problems. They form a bridge between faith and action. It is worth noting, in passing, how much we owe to Existentialists like Kierkegaard, Sartre, Kafka and above all, the great American theologian, Paul Tillich. If the existentialist jargon could be 'dejaargonised', the working man would discover it to be his own. The approach to industry involves sooner or later a judgment upon society. This is the type of prophecy in which the Old Testament abounds. It is also something essentially Protestant. In his book, *The Protestant Era*, which has become the theological hand-book of the Sheffield Industrial Mission, Tillich analyses the Protestant principle of 'protest' in the light of proletarianism:

'In the proletarian situation the perversion of man's nature shows its reality in the social realm. This assertion can be theologically denied only by those who conceive of the relation between God and the world as exclusively a relation between God and the soul. But this is not consistent with either the prophetic message or the Protestant principle. The perversion of human existence is real in social, just as strongly as in individual, distortions, and with even more primitive force; and collective guilt is just as real and perceptible as individual guilt; neither can be separated from the other.'

This judgment upon society and upon every form and structure which is set up is of course no easy task to discharge. It requires as great a degree of humility as does the preaching of the Word or the administration of the Sacraments.

Not only, however, is this prophetic approach necessary from

the theological standard point, it is also the obvious starting point in practice. English people have more than a sneaking sympathy with the heresy of Pelagius. They believe that they can get away with it by leading a moral life without much reference to God or religion. There appears some truth in this contention. Furthermore, the British working man has no desire whatever to be "saved" (except perhaps from the Liquor). He is often far too self-satisfied and contented, and he now has the Welfare State to fall back upon in case of need. What he does want, consciously or unconsciously, and in some cases desperately badly, is a meaning and purpose to his life. It is the contention of this article that prophecy alone can give him this. It must be a prophetic approach which sees God as the Lord of History and can justify His ways to man in the events which are taking place in the world today. The working man needs demands to be made upon him. Demands are made when he sees himself as a responsible being in a society under the judgment of God. It may result in his joining a political party or becoming a more active member of his Trade Union. It will differ for every individual. It may result in his going to church. But so far are the thought-forms and the cultural background of the working classes from the churches, that this is extremely unlikely and may well do more harm than good. I myself was not able to recommend a single person I met at work to go to church. They were just not ready for it, even if they had the slightest desire to go.

THE SHEFFIELD INDUSTRIAL MISSION

The Sheffield Industrial Mission has been working along the lines of prophetic penetration which I have tried to indicate. It now has a staff of six full-time, and one part-time, ministers. Each of them is attached to one or two of the major steel works or engineering works in Sheffield or Rotherham. They visit men separately or in groups, meeting them in the different departments, in the cabins of melting shops, mills, foundrys, forges and machine shops, as well as in offices and canteens. The steel industry offers many opportunities for informal contacts of this kind. The minister often meets his "snap" in the cabin with the group or chats with them at shift changes on every conceivable topic. Groups from different mills will meet in the pubs in the evenings, with the minister present, though not in the chair, and discuss specific problems. It may be the H-bomb, marriage and divorce, Trade Union matters or what you will. There is always a desire to go to the root of the problem, with plenty of humour and a healthy realism. One of the most exciting moments in my stay at Sheffield was when a group of foremen realised that Christian witness on the shop floor was their own responsibility, and that the minister was powerless to help them. Industrial Mission also

tries to make a regular contribution in industrial training projects, not only with the junior operatives and apprentices but in foreman and manager training as well. Week-end conferences are organised, where men from all levels of industry are invited to come together and consider the application of Christianity to their jobs and to the rest of their lives. At such conferences the speakers include both clergy and industrialists.

It is essential that the ground for an industrial mission be adequately prepared. Not only must there be a genuine respect for industrial institutions but the approach must be made through the proper channels, through management, Trade Unions and shop stewards' committees. The reactions to such a mission are countless—a great deal of apathy, remarkably little opposition, and some interest, though the interest generally springs from a group rather than from an individual.

INFERENCES FOR AN ORDINAND

There are many immense problems confronting an industrial mission which have not been considered. What is the place of Christian laymen? What are the merits and demerits of priest-workmen? To what extent is a nation-wide policy on industry essential or advisable? Should the industrial ministry be full-time and what should be its relations to the parochial ministry? Many of these questions are dealt with in Canon Wickham's book cited above, but they are questions so searching to anyone entering the Ministry of the Church that they cannot be answered by a book alone, but must be answered on the basis of actual experience.

The ordinand of today, or as Sheffielders would call him, 'the apprentice parson', is faced with difficult decisions when he considers his training. If he has been to university he is bound to do two more years at a Theological College and may well emerge from five years' academic training completely out of touch with contemporary problems. This training will make it difficult for him to gain an awareness of God, active in secular events, by the time he is ordained. Nor will it be any easier for him after he is ordained, since he will then be under pressure to submit to the psychologically self-induced projection of the Church as the centre of Society, which is mere wishful thinking. National Service provides a break, but it is an artificial society and valueless from the point of view of providing insights for a prophetic ministry. The period of the Long Vacation is scarcely long enough to provide any sense of identification with one's fellow-workers or a sense of dependence on one's wages as a means of livelihood. To go through university and Theological College without any attempt to see God active in secular events is irresponsible, almost to the point of blasphemy. The aim of the Theological Colleges is to

provide us with spiritual resources and to enable us to be 'happy living alone with God'. I would not for one moment deny the value of Theological College life, but it has the direct effect of blunting our awareness of God's presence in power, in every human sphere, religious or secular. Only a Theological College can provide one with the spiritual resources essential for dealing with the countless personal problems with which a minister is confronted. But it provides no training for encounter. It is argued that this kind of training comes after his ordination and that in fact the first three years of his ministry are part of his training. But any thorough appraisal of contemporary society must be made from the layman's position and can only be made through encounter in the secular sphere. It has been said that to be aware of a problem is to be half way to its solution. The tragedy of this particular problem is, that so few were aware of it. But awareness is not a complete solution. It must lead to thought and action, in the wondering faith that God has permitted us to be where we are.

P. C. DODD

The Real Atacama

'How clever of you,' we have been told, 'to find a desert all of your own; but where *is* the Atacama?'

'It is in North Chile,' we have replied.

A quick nod of not-very-convincing comprehension.

'Ah, yes. But what's so very special about it? Why go on an Expedition to it?'

'It is the driest desert in the world. Because of the Humboldt Current, you see.'

An even quicker nod, followed by another question, a better one.

'What sort of people did you meet?'

'Ah, there was Klöhn, and Kunsmüller, Edwards, Mrs Lindberg, Miss Mostny, Father Le Paige, the brothers Salomon and Reinaldo Yasky, Lomnitz, old McEvoy, MacDonald, our friend Rudolph, Monsieur Blanch . . . oh lots of people.'

'Any Chileans among those names?'

'Guess which? Yes, Edwards and Kunsmüller. But most of the *worthwhile* people in the Atacama, the people one *meets*, you understand, seemed to be foreigners. There were German geologists, Austrian and Swedish archaeologists, American engineers, Belgian Jesuit priests, seismologists from somewhere in Central Europe, Japanese prospectors, French mine managers, Basques in all sorts of roles; Englishmen run the last British-owned railway in perhaps the whole of South America impeccably; one train a week, on the dot. There are real Chileans too: farmers, mineworkers, Indians, llama herders; but they only speak Spanish. Some of the aliens have almost settled down for good, captivated by the beauty and mystery of the desert, and yet still keep their foreign ways and speak atrocious Spanish. The Atacama is a sort of scientific colony, a playground for explorers and prospectors and adventurers. They're plundering the desert, these aliens, for the sake of museums and self-interest and excitement.'

'But without them the desert would remain undiscovered, empty.'

'Of course. The Chileans are in two minds over this. They might look at the explorer in his anarak and fur hat and say, giggling, "But why go to the desert? It's all arid; and in winter it

is cold; all dried up; ugly. But the centre of Chile, the lakes, *that* is really worth seeing. Here, let me help you off with this anarak!" They might, on the other hand, say, broodingly, "The North of our country is unbelievably rich; bursting with salts and ores and oil; if only our government would act. You outsiders are opening our eyes".

'Let's see some colour slides of this place, then.'

'The first few slides will show some of the people I mentioned, and the places where they work and live. Here is Father Gustave Le Paige, Belgian Jesuit, twenty years on the Congo, transferred to Chile. Professional archaeologist, part-time pastor. I wonder whether he knew about the Atacama's undiscovered archaeology? He must have guessed. He lives in the little village of San Pedro de Atacama; here you see the village square, the bust of Bernardo O'Higgins (national hero, the San Martin of Chile, the Bolivar of Chile, the man after whom are named peninsulas and all the principal avenues in Chile's towns), and the church. I played "Holy, Holy, Holy" on that church's harmonium, probably brought by mule and boat and human backs all the way from Europe, like the steamer on Lake Titicaca! Father Le Paige has, in three years, found hundreds of prehistoric sites, rock engravings, tombs, ruins, tools, textiles, pots. He has amassed a large roomfull of these things, a museum of great fascination. But more about these finds later. Le Paige is the centre of a large organisation which he has created for the purpose of archaeological exploration; these San Pedro Irregulars, the children and also some of the adults who live in the oasis and near it, bring him anything they find which might be of human manufacture: arrowheads, pots, ornaments, they take them all to El Padre. Father Le Paige has no car, but on foot and mule back and on the back of the occasional passing lorry, he has covered a huge territory to great effect. It is wonderful to go into the field with him. He scuttles ahead, stops, pecks at the ground, changes direction, stops to pick something up, scrabbles up a rock face, doing everything at great speed and talking very fast a mixture of French and Spanish—largely grunts and ejaculations in both languages. He has evolved his own theories and chronologies, and that's dangerous, of course. Since we are on archaeologists here is Mrs Lindberg, wife of Klohn the geologist. Lively, excitable, an expert on textiles and pots. Here is Klohn, a vast silent man, who must be looking for oil but won't admit it. I have a funny story about him. We were at the little oasis of Toconao and he said, slowly, "This church here, at Toconao, it is the oldest in the Atacama." "No, Carlos," said his wife, "the one at Chiu Chiu is." "No," said Carlos Klohn firmly, "the one here is." "But the one at Chiu dates from 1743 and this one was built in 1755." "Then," said Carlos majestically,

"then I must be wrong." He may find oil one day if he persists. This next one is Lomnitz with the Yaskis and Dragicev: they are seismologists, who were making and recording an explosion a day, and lived between periods in the field in the luxurious but optimistically vast tourist hotel at Antofagasta. I have always respected seismologists, but one day I heard one of them say to another, laughing, "You know why we got no record? Our clocks aren't synchronised." Later they told the Press that they were still working on their data. Here is wonderful American engineer Mr Rudolph, from the huge American copper mine of Chuquicamata; a man who has spent many years travelling over the desert on horse, mule and now car. He knows the nearby Andes intimately, and it was he who was to lead us to some of the most beautiful scenery there could be. Look out for the pink lake. One more character: Kunsmüller, also from Chuquicamata, the hunter and photographer, the grave-robber and seeker of arrowheads. At this stage an account of our expedition might be worth hearing.

'Four of us left for South America early in July 1958. Many months earlier the idea of visiting a desert had burgeoned into headed notepaper and a duplicated Scheme which we sent to all the firms we had heard of who made food. John Aarons of St John's was to be Surveyor, Lawrence Barfield of Magdalene the archaeologist, Colin Haysom of Downing the quartermaster, I was to be geomorphologist. There had, at one point, been six of us; but the extra two were fictitious. We nearly induced a fifth member to come, but, after meeting us, he is reported to have said "They must be mad. There isn't anything there." Four explorers in search of a Theme. A glance at the poor maps that were all we could find showed us a land of volcanos and salt flats (Salares). With masterly intuition we invented this theme: we should look for proof that the lakes had at some time been bigger and that prehistoric man had lived around the shores of these wet, swollen lakes. Lessons in the field of public relations were learnt one after the other. The first was: don't be funny before a reporter. It was learnt twice. The first time, Colin said to the *Manchester Guardian* "If our cars break down, we'll load food and water on our special wheelbarrows, and wheel them across the desert." Popski, it seems, had done this. The whimsical remark was translated into deadpan print. Just like the Goons, people said, and asked us for specifications of the barrows. The second time we let slip the word Inca. "Are you looking for Inca gold, then?" "If there is any gold we shall not hesitate to pick it up!" Somehow the Italian press heard of this and reported: "Duke of Edinburgh finances Expedition to Seek Inca Treasure." People drew conclusions about the Purse and the Reserves.

Despite Press and people we reached South America three weeks later. Buenos Aires was holding a pro-Peron riot that evening; two of us were arrested for taking unethical pictures of ferocious mobs and mounted police. Both of us were released, after a brief interrogation and the ordeal of having our names taken. So we left Buenos Aires, crossed the waterlogged Pampas by rail (oh for the days of British ownership: would you call it overstaffing or underemployment when it takes two guards to punch your ticket and a third to look at the hole?) The Andes were magnificently snowy. And we entered Chile a day and a half later.

'Chile hadn't expected to see us arrive. "The Andes are snowed up at this time of year, you see. Trains can't cross." Chile was shocked at our haste. "Leave for the North in three days' time? Why hurry? See our parks, our city, our museums." It was not the museums that kept us in Santiago de Chile, but the combined efforts of the Argentine and Chilean customs. We should still be there but for the friendship of a man who had a cousin if not something closer, in every Government office. He opened doors. Three of us flew north to Antofagasta, the fourth bumped there by lorry, so that he could keep an eye on our ton of equipment and food. At Antofagasta we found a Land Rover, a remarkable feat in a country where (our advisers had written) the only decent car belongs to the British Ambassador—a Rolls—and mules are hard to find. Our Land Rover had been borrowed by someone and lent to someone else so that no one knew to whom it belonged. We boarded it and drove away, after writing Cambridge Expedition—Expedicion de Cambridge with our fingers on the dust which covered an otherwise excellent car. We travelled 200 Km to Chuquicamata and its guesthouse, its peanut butter, and fresh vegetables flown in daily, its baths and beds and tablecloths: and hundreds of Americans and thousands of Chileans. Here began our excursion; but first, a true but significant anecdote. We had been invited to dinner by Mr and Mrs Macdonald, who lived at house 673. The Expedition washed and shaved and put clean clothes on and drove through Chuquicamata to the American quarter. It was night, but we had been there the evening before and so easily recognized the house, and the car which was standing outside. Since we were rather late, we ran in and I shouted "Sorry we're late; we've been having a bath." The people who were in the room turned round and we knew none of them; they looked shocked. "We're looking for the MacDonalds . . ." "My name is MacDonald," said the other Mr MacDonald. We blushed and went next door and there, in an identical house, with an identical car outside the door, was the real one. We sighed with relief when we saw that his face was recognisable.

'From Chuquicamata we went east, over some brown and red

hills, across the Plain of Patience, into the basin of the Salar de Atacama. The hills are called Cerros de la Sal; veins of rock salt glitter in the sun, and is quarried for table use. The Salar is vast, thirty miles long and almost as wide; glistening salt and patches of swamp and stretches of reeds and rough grasses. At its borders the white of the salt fades into the dark grey and black of the surrounding volcanic lavas. No one had ever reached the centre of the salar; the marsh was impassable. We responded to the challenge, and hired a guide. He made a mistake and we sank to our axles. "You should have stopped before," he said, "for it is very marshy here." Eight hours later, after we had winched ourselves out on our brake drums, he smiled apologetically; we gave him some Ryvita. We skirted the eastern shore of the Salar and visited the oases of Peine, Toconao, Tilomonte. Near Toconao we met our first stretch of Inca Road, our first tambo, our first mummies. Here is a photo of one. Note the hair and skin and finely woven clothes well preserved by the dry climate. The same newspaper that had told the world about our wheelbarrows had forecast disappointment in our archaeological work. Our desert was "a nothingness", "monotonous in its sameness", "never inhabited until its underground wealth was discovered", the "barren bosom of a continent". The Incas had kept away from this nothingness. And yet, what is this stretch of paved road doing here in the midst of nothing? What are all these ruins which others before us have recognised as Inca tambos, or post houses? What is this fragment of pottery adorned with little stylised llamas? Why are there prehistoric camping sites near all feasible sources of water (and sometimes where water isn't even feasible)? Why is the desert in places littered with hundreds, thousands of potsherds, the heritage of centuries of breakages? Here lived some of the earliest inhabitants of South America, whose cousins left clear traces in Patagonia as well as in the rest of the continent. The Incas invaded, and stayed briefly. The Spaniards came, and it was perhaps their coming which led to the abandonment of some of the magnificent stone-built cultivation terraces that rise steeply on the sides of deep quebradas; although some have been left because the springs which watered them have dried up. Everywhere where you expect a man would shelter or hunt you find his litter. We too have created an archaeological horizon, tin and glass rather than stone, but of great horizontal extent.

'From the Atacama Salar we travelled north to the Tatio. Here, in a depression bounded by tall volcanos, rise the steam and fumes of a family of striking geysers, which perform their best in the early morning, a performance we missed not through sloth but a frozen radiator. When the sun is up, the colours more than make up for the missing geysers. Hot springs have laid down salts

and minerals of great variety and unbelievable colours; as if buckets and buckets of oil paint, red, green, yellow and black, had been poured out and stirred lightly. The *National Geographical Magazine* has not printed our pictures of the Tatio; yet who else would?

'From the cold, steaming Tatio, into Bolivia, to the Laguna Colorada. This fabulous pink lake, peopled by pink flamingos who lay (rationally and decoratively) pink eggs, is bordered by glistening white borax deposits, which rise above the water like icebergs. The flamingos are shy and hard to approach; the water remains pink even after being bottled; not an optical illusion, but caused by the presence of tiny crustaceans. From Colorada to Laguna Hedionda, also in Bolivia: here, evil-smelling slimy muds give the lake its stinking name. Yet even here birds fly about in large flocks; vicunas gallop around its shores; and man has lived for centuries. Woman has spun the same way for centuries too; the design of the little spinning discs of clay or stone, used as a weight as the woman spins as she walks as she talks, is no different today. And the Bolivians walk prodigious distances: llama herders walk for four or five days, sleeping in their ponchos in the freezing nights, from Bolivia to San Pedro de Atacama where they do their trade. They will walk even further when a festival is about to take place. The women have a peculiarly masculine rolling gait that looks efficient.

'Around these lakes there were no permanent settlements: only a few stone wind shelters used by the herders on their way south, and a cave which contained human remains interbedded with volcanic ashes. But, only a few miles to the east of Colorada, we visited three tiny isolated villages: Quetena Chico, Peña Barrosa (muddy rock), and Chucilla. Few cars are seen, few foreigners, but the villagers still shrink from cameras. Ground weaving frames, crude and small, produce fine designs; here, as elsewhere, chemical dyes have introduced unwonted harsh hues. The men still hunt vizcachas and other small animals with the sling, a long woollen cord with a wide piece in the centre to hold the stone, and which they use with great precision, although our attempts ended in near-autostrangulation. Llamas are herded, maize grown, birds and small game hunted, llareta is collected to save the family from dying of cold. Life is gentle in pace, but very uncomfortable.

'I have mentioned *llareta* twice now, I think. It is a mysterious plant that grows in the form of a cushion. It is fibrous, woody, solid, and unappetising. It is the only fuel found in the high Andes. It grows only on the north and west sides of the volcanos. It is in the celery family! Botanists once decided to measure its rate of growth, and found it was about 1 mm a century. Nothing can save it from extinction: lorries go into the remotest areas to

bring this precious vegetable to the settlements and mines; everywhere you can see their tracks fossilized by the formation of a thin crust, looking as fresh as when they were made one or twenty years ago. A family of Basques made its fortune out of this celery, and nearly lost it when they spread out into Bolivia, for when they were caught at it by the natives, there was an ugly scene. The llareta will run out in the near future. The Indians will shiver. The big settlements will be able to import fuel. Perhaps another shrub or celery will be found.

'From Bolivia we returned to Chile, to the salares of San Martin and Ascotan, and then, as a climax to our part-time anthropological studies, we witnessed the noisy and colourful festival of Aiquina. A tiny village deep in a canyon, Aiquina normally sleeps twenty families; but on September 14 three thousand pilgrims ride, drive or walk here to worship the Virgin of Guadalupe. It is probable that a pagan festival of some kind gave rise to the present fiesta; but so sincere is the pilgrimage that origins don't count. The pilgrims, from the mines of Chuquicamata and San Pedro, from the Bolivian villages, from the irrigated lands of Calama, dance and play brass and percussion instruments for two days and nights. The dancers are dressed in beautiful costumes of rich silks and fine cloths styled according to the "school" to which the dancer belongs: there are the Redskins, the Chinese, the Cossacks, the Gauchos, and one or two others; and they develop a dance routine which they practise for the whole preceding year just for this one performance. It is not a tourist attraction or source of gain. A few Americans from Chuquicamata may come with their cameras, but they are absorbed. We were dressed too strangely and carried too many cameras and tape recorders to be absorbed; but no one minded. The only ones who were unhappy were the Bolivians. Originally this was *their* festival and they mourn its decline into such a noisy, gaudy spectacle. They play their pan pipes sadly and shuffle their dances shyly in a dark corner of the village square, and then creep away.

'From Aiquina we went to Chuqui for a last bath and a chicken dinner and goodbyes, and then to Antofagasta, the exit. This shot shows the great electric cranes which this port bought at great expense and which are idle because there is not adequate power to run them; Chile is like that. It's all potential wealth. Chileans keep saying to foreigners: "Our country could be very rich, you know." Perhaps only if uranium—not all that rare today, it would seem—is found in the Atacama will they look at their North with more respect. But then, that might mean closing down our playground.'

C. VITA-FINZI

on the whole Trade Unions were not hostile to the foreign workers and cases of discrimination and opposition were less frequent than in more recent years. Employers in the textile and other industries, too, were appreciative of the refugees, as well they might have been considering their zeal for work. In general, Government departments seem to have done their work with efficiency and understanding, although some blunders were prevented by strong opposition from organised refugee groups. Since 1950, when the flow of E.V.W.s dried up, the process of assimilation has set in, but as Mr Tannahill shows, there have been considerable differences between the ways in which different national groups have identified themselves with this country. On the whole, those refugees who have remained in this country (about one quarter re-emigrated) seem to have settled down well, although there are unhappy cases, many of them among intellectuals.

Mr Tannahill has not been content to deal only with official policy. He selected from Ministry records a sample of 447 E.V.W.s and was eventually able to interview about 180 of them as well as many others who had been concerned with the refugees. Throughout the book his sympathetic understanding for the human problems of the refugees stands out, although it is clear that he has been at great pains not to allow his sympathies to bias his record of events. Mr Tannahill's account of his interview findings is one of the most interesting parts of his book. It is, indeed, a pity that he was not able to devote more space to an account of what he found out in this way. His general conclusion is that, by and large, Britain comes well out of its treatment of the refugees, but that it has itself been the main beneficiary from its acceptance of a group of people who have worked hard and behaved excellently in their adopted country.

A. S.

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THE following passage appeared in the *Annual Record* of Trinity College, 1955-6, page 7, and records the work of Mr R. Toller, senior painter of St John's, in the redecoration of the Hall of Trinity:

The redecoration of Hall, begun in the spring of 1955, went on throughout 1955-56. The walls and ceiling were re-painted in the summer of 1955 by Mr R. C. Starling and his men, and the beams re-gilded by Messrs Allen and Phillips (of Bridge Street). The Royal Arms, pilasters, and other carvings over the dais and on the Screens and Gallery have since been redecorated with gold and platinum leaf, much vermilion paint and a little ultramarine, by Mr Bamford, of Messrs Northfields, and Mr Toller, senior painter at St John's. Mr Webb, of Messrs Unwin, had dismantled, repaired and reassembled the panels round the dais; and Messrs. Barker and Thompson stripped, toned, and polished the panelling throughout the Hall. The work has been supervised by a Committee of Fellows, and is very generally admired.

Mr Toller had carried out the colouring and gilding of the coats of arms over the Great Gate of Trinity College and on the Clock Tower in Great Court in 1951. More recently, in 1956, he coloured the coat of arms over the gates of Newnham College, facing Sidgwick Avenue.

His very notable work on the Great Gate of St John's in 1937 is recorded and illustrated in *The Eagle*, No. 221 (June 1938), Vol. L, pages 249-53. In the previous year he had coloured the vaulted ceiling of the entrance of the Great Gate.