



Easter Term, 1901.

NOTES FROM THE COLLEGE RECORDS.

(Continued from p. 176.)

IN the present instalment will be found a number of letters relating to Shrewsbury School. These date from the early days of the dispute which led to the great lawsuit between the College and the Corporation of Shrewsbury of which some account has already been given (see *Eagle*, xx, 485-510). Under the Trust governing the School the College had the right of nominating the Headmaster, who was then to be approved by the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry and installed by the Mayor of Shrewsbury. In 1722, when the correspondence here printed opens, Mr Richard Lloyd was Headmaster. He

Herefordshire and a Prebendary of Hereford and Brecon. The holding of church preferment with his mastership was contrary to the School Statutes, and the Corporation of Shrewsbury had obtained a decree from the Court of Chancery directing Mr Lloyd to resign his Vicarage or his School.

William Clarke, the nominee of the College, was born at Haghmond Abbey near Shrewsbury. He was the son of John Clarke, who is described in the College

Register as a farmer (*agricola*), but who is elsewhere stated to have been the confidential agent of the Kynastons of Hardwick in Shropshire. Clarke was born in 1696, and entered St John's 5 June 1712 in his 17th year. He was enrolled a Fellow of the College 22 June 1718 when he was barely 20 years of age, there being then an exceptional number of vacancies owing to the ejection of the Non-jurors. He was ordained Deacon 25 September 1720 and Priest 29 June 1723 by the Bishop of St David's. In 1723 he was domestic chaplain to Dr Adam Otley, Bishop of St David's. In reading Clarke's letters this should be borne in mind as frequently both the Bishop of St David's and the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry are referred to in the same letter in very similar terms. Dr Otley died 30 October 1723. William Clarke married a daughter of Dr William Wotton, well known as a famous youthful prodigy who (according to Sir Thomas Browne, author of the *Religio Medici*) could read and construe Latin, Greek and Hebrew at the age of six or seven years. Through Wotton's influence with Dr Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, Clarke was collated by that prelate to the Rectory of Buxted in Sussex, so that he was provided for in spite of the failure of his hopes at Shrewsbury. Clarke was a man of very considerable literary reputation in his day. His son Edward Clarke was a Fellow of St John's, while two of the latter's sons, Dr James Stanier Clarke, a Canon of Windsor, and Edward Daniel Clarke, the traveller and Professor of Mineralogy at Cambridge, were also literary men. The Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry at this time was Dr Edward Chandler who took the D.D. degree from Emmanuel College in 1701; he afterwards became Bishop of Durham.

Reverend Dr

Salop, 18 August 1722

Notwithstanding the opinion which our wise Corporation-men seemed be of some months ago concerning the large

arrear due to the College; the matter (being then referred to their Council learned in the law) is not yet complied with, either by paying one penny of money, or so much as answering your convincing letter though I have often pressed them thereunto. So that though they don't now dispute their obligation to pay yet, they so unreasonably delay it as to impose unsufferably upon the goodness of the College, and to deserve very highly to smart for it.

But this perhaps the College may think fit to wink at a little longer till another occasion of contending with them also shall arise, which I apprehend will very speedily upon the following account.

My uncle being pretty much worn out with the dull fatigue of Pedagoguing, is almost prevailed upon to resign that employ of Chiefschoolmaster to our countryman Mr Clark, who is exactly qualified according to the Ordinances of the said School for that office, and therefore we fairly presume the College will nominate him to it. We have reason to apprehend that our worshipfull Corporation will not come into this truly good scheme; because they claim an absolute power to themselves in this matter, and threaten to lay aside those Ordinances in this behalf which they have covenanted to observe. The College being parties to that Covenant cannot suffer one of their own members to be thus unjustly dealt with and therefore (I fear) another bone of contention will shortly arise between the College and the Corporation of Salop.

The present Mayor's name is Michael Brickdale, esq. Another will be elected into that office upon Friday seven-night and sworn at Michaelmas. I have been so often put in expectation of the Corporation and School money, that I deferred sending you a Bill for the £40 received so long since from Mr Wynn, with the hopes of sending you the Arrears so long due from them at the same time, but the persons to whom this matter was referred at the meeting of the Corporation being of late pretty much engaged at our Assize and since gone the Circuits of Wales, I cannot expect to send you a more agreeable answer for some time; and therefore I have underneath sent you a bill of exchange for that small sum, which has been lodged in London ready for you some months, and will undoubtedly be duly paid, to any person you shall order to receive it. If you please to send me your

receipt in the same form *pro* 1722, I hope to prevail upon the Steward to remit the like summ upon his return from collecting his rents in Carnarvonshire before X'mas and then will take care to send you a good bill for it before the next Audit, and to save the disagreeable sight of an arrear for the future, which I know will be obliging to you and no small satisfaction to (Sir) with humble duty to the worthy Master and service to all Friends

your most obedient

Humble Servant

JOHN LLOYD.

Addressed: To the Reverend Dr Lambert, Fellow of St John's College in Cambridge.
p^r. London.

Salop, 13 April 1723.

Reverend Dr

I have no other Apology to make for not writing to you in so many months but that I expected our worthy Corporation Gentlemen would (according to their promise) have waited on you in College.

The excuse which they made is that their affair kept them so long in London as not to give them time to make any stay upon the road.

The reason which they give for not paying the arrears at present is that though they believe the Corporation will pay it, yet they think fit to respite it for a while till they see how submissive the College will be to their will and pleasure in placing of a new Master in the Free-School.

For this reason I must acquaint you that by an expensive suit in Chancery, and other methods, they have rendered that post very troublesome to my Unckle, in so much that he is resolved to resign it very speedily. To induce him the more thereunto they offer him some gratuity for leaving his pleasant house and some of the furniture. This he finds himself obliged to or else resign an agreeable Parsonage that he has quietly enjoyed in Herefordshire many years. The College if they think fit to dispute their right of placing of a Master will do well to consider whether they had not best begin with them beforehand in this matter of Arrears, to which I think they have a good title and may probably discourage the contending with the College in the placing of a Master, when the resignation is

made, but this I leave to wiser heads.

I have underneath sent you a bill of exchange for the £40 due from Watkyn Williams Wynn esq at Midsummer last which I doubt not will be duly honoured. I have kept it some time in hopes of the Arrear to be sent at the same time. And am sorry that I cannot better serve you and the College, who am

your servant

JOHN LLOYD.

Addressed: To the Reverend Dr Bowtell, Bursar St John's College in Cambridg
p^r. London

Honoured and Reverend Master

Since my troublesome employment will not give me leave to wait on you, I presume to send my humble service in this letter and to enquire how you do for I lately heard that you were not in a good state of health; I heartily wish and pray for your recovery and the continuance of your life.

But I have another occasion of writing to you at present for I thinke my selfe obliged to acquaint you and the College with my intention of resigning my post in the Free School of Shrewsbury about Midsummer next. I had some thoughts of doing this 3 years ago if I could have found out a person qualified by our School ordinances to be my successor. After I had considered of this matter for some time Mr Clarke, Fellow of St John's, was first in my thoughts on this account, and it was my opinion then that if he came for a year or two to be an Assistant to me in the School, upon my resignation or death he might make the way easier to succeed me, and in the mean time I proposed to make him a handsome allowance for his trouble. This proposal was accordingly made to the said Mr Clarke but he refused to accept of it.

I believe sir you may remember that my cosen Lloyd (lately Fellow of your College) acquainted you with this matter when he waited on you at Oxford. I think it was about Michaelmas last, when I made a second proposal to Mr Clarke, viz, to resigne my School to him upon such conditions as some of his best friends and relations approve of, and such as he himselfe was willing to accept. In a little time after he had notice how this affair was concerted, he came here in order to sollicite an interest for himselfe amongst the members of our Corporation

and others but he was not successfull ; and indeed I think (as the ministry of our Body stands at present) he hath very little hopes of succeeding in the Schoole, and seems to despair of it by his expressions in a letter which he wrote lately to a friend in this country. Within the compass of a few weeks the Corporation here sent one of their cheif agents to me to make an offer of a summ of money if I would resigne my post, that they might choose a successor, for they say by the Grant of Edward 6th they have the whole power of election upon any vacancy. I desired that if I should resign they would at least ask the consent of St John's College in this choice and accept of Mr Clarke, but they refused and only said I might if I pleased acquaint the College with their intention, but they could not let them joyn in the election of a master. For my own part I have no power by our ordinances in this choice, but as I always have upon any occasion so I shall still thinke mysele in duty bound to promote the College interest in this Corporation: if it were to any purpose to strive against the stream or torrent of violent Corporation men who will (*quo jure quave injuria*) have the power in their own hands. I have till of late years been treated with respect by this Corporation, and have done my endeavours to promote the publick good as well as to cultivate a fair correspondence between St John's and our body politick; but now I find the case altered here, and meet with indifferent treatment from those who have been my own scholars and have the cheifest authority amongst us. This usage together with my old age and indifferent health make me inclinable to accept the offer now made and to take my Quietus. I cannot learn who is the person designed for my successor though since Mr Clarke was refused one Mr Cook formerly of your College and qualified by our Ordinances hath endeavoured to make an interest and though he is a person of merit yet I doubt he will succeed. You will have better advice then any I can presume to send, how to act in the aforesaid affair in order to assert what power you have by the School Ordinances and I believe Mr Clarke hath fully informed himselfe in this case. I beg the favour of a line from you as soon as conveniently you can, or by your order from one of the Fellows, that I may know what measures the College intend to take in this affair, for I have a cause depending in Chancery in which I must either proceed or stop before the beginning of next Term, according as this

proposal between me and the Corporation for my resignation takes effect.

I beg you would be pleased to make my humble service acceptable to my honoured friend Mr Baker to all the Seniors and other friends in St John's who shall think fit to enquire for

Honoured and Reverend Master
your very obliged
humble servant

RICH^d. LLOYD.

Addressed: To the Reverend Dr Jenkins, Margaret Professor and Master of St John's College in Cambridge, These present. A whole sheet.

By way of London.

To the Rev. Mr Lloyd, Master of the School in Shrewsbury.

Reverend Sir

Since you was pleased to communicate your design to the College of resigning about Midsummer I have been obliged to come up to Town. But a letter which your nephew favoured me with assures me you continue in that resolution.

It seems too plain that upon this occasion there will be a dispute about the right to nominate the Master, and in confidence of your kind intentions towards the College I presume to desire your favour in the following particulars: viz. that you'll be pleased to have a duplicate of the form of resignation, exactly the same in all respects, signed at the same time and before the same witnesses, One to be sent to the College, the other tendered to the Corporation, as your Statutes direct. That whereas one of the witnesses may be a public notary (if that caution be necessary) the other may be one of the under-masters, who is desired to deliver the resignation, signed and attested in due form to the persons concerned, and then send a letter to the College that the resignation was delivered by him on such a day there mentioned. Thus the College may be ascertained of the time appointed for nomination by the Statutes that it be within the fixed number of days, in case the Corporation is not pleased to certify a Vacancy to the College, which I presume they will not. Sir, I am loath to give you this trouble, but the regard you profess for St John's College assures me, that you will not fail to assist us with your best advice. Your

the Bishop of St David's at Abergwily, near Carmarthen, South Wales.

Addressed: To the Reverend Dr Lambert, Senior Fellow of St John's College in Cambridge.

Reverend Sir

I received yours of the 13th instant and also a pretty large packet from one Mr Philip Williams. Those papers from Mr Williams I will carefully keep for their proper uses, when there is occasion, which I think now will not be for some time, for the Corporation hearing of the College's resolution to oppose to the utmost their man, who has nothing of his own to defend himself, much less to give to Mr Lloyd, it is my private opinion none of his most zealous friends here will advance so large a sum for so bad, so ill-grounded a title, nor indeed can Mr Lloyd by any means fix them, but they rather seem to decline him. I shall leave no stone unturned to persuade him to act in this matter for the interest of the College, which sometimes he seems inclined to do. The death of the Earl of Bradford will, I believe, very much break the measures taken, who it is generally thought was the chief supporter of these irregular attempts; however it be, the Corporation are much abated in their mettle and I hope justice will at last take place. If Dr Lambert stays any while longer in London, there is one Mr Corbett Kynaston, to be heard of at the Crown and Rolls Tavern in Chancery Lane, a gentleman very fit, I humbly conceive, in this matter to be consulted, and one who will undergo any pains to serve this cause; he is well acquainted with all the proceedings here and will I dare say wait upon the Doctor whenever sent to. Mr Clarke is gone into South Wales to wait upon the Bishop of St David's. I am certain I shall have such timely notice of the resignation as to be able to send for him by a special messenger, which I have in readiness, time enough. I am Sir, with service to all friends your most obliged humble servant

June 18, 1723
Salop.

ROWLAND TENCH.

Addressed: To the Revd. Dr Edmundson at St John's College in Cambridge. By way of London.

July 3, 1723
Salop

Reverend Sir

On Munday last Mr Lloyd resigned his post of chief schoolmaster to the Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses; I was present at the resignation and have procured an attested copy of the said resignation. Mr Lloyd received, before he signed, in my presence, £50 in money, and a bond for £100 more. Immediately after the resignation I gave, as the statutes direct, notice to the Mayor of the vacancy before witness, being the first of this instant. Some few hours after I received yours by the post, the letter enclosed to the Mayor I delivered as directed the next morning; but notwithstanding the civil terms you wrote in, it had no influence upon the Corporation, for they met that very morning and elected one Mr Hugh Owen, an entire stranger here, only A.B., to be our chief Schoolmaster, and in the afternoon gave him possession. In their proceedings they had no more regard for the power of the Bishop than that of the College, and did everything by their own authority. It was moved in the house by some, that are friends to the College right that the letter I delivered to the Mayor might be publicly read in the meeting, but it was refused. A special messenger went on Friday last to fetch Mr Clarke, and I expect him here this day. If the College please to proceed in asserting their right, Mr Philips is ready to collect all the materials he can to make up a bill, but expects first to hear from the College. If I can serve the College in the prosecution of their rights I desire they may use me freely. I am Sir, with service to Dr Edmundson, your obliged humble servant

ROWLAND TENCH.

I thought once they scarce would have chose this man, but rather a statutable one, but this hasty proceeding is grounded upon an opinion they had from London.

Addressed: for the Revd. Dr Edmundson at St John's College in Cambridge.

ffree, J. Kynaston.

Saturday July 5, 1723

Reverend Sir

You have already had an account of our new schoolmaster and the manner of electing him; the Corporation managed it

in their usual method with much art and very little honesty, and had full as great a regard to the Ordinances as they have to their own honour, or anything but their interest. Mr Lloyd resigned on Monday at eight at night and the vacancy was supplied before ten on Tuesday morning. They shewed Sir Ph. York's opinion upon the Case and laughed at any right the College could claim, and thought it proper to lay aside the Bishop's. Mr Hill (who is senior Alderman) called upon the Mayor to have the Statutes relating to the election, and the College letter, read. But was refused both and the question was immediately put and Mr Owen elected and admitted by the Mayor the same afternoon. I came here on Wednesday and found that the Presentation and myself had come here to very little purpose, the one too late and the other too soon to be of any other use but to be returned like two Blanks to the College. For the Corporation declare that they will have nothing to do with any person or presentation that comes from such a Society. Mr Lloyd tells me that he was not satisfied who was to be his successor till after he signed his resignation; but 'tis firmly believed here that an £150 certain was of more consequence to Mr Lloyd than any successor; and I am persuaded that Brigdale (who treated with Mr Lloyd in the name of the Corporation) either thought that they could not remove him without resigning, or that his resigning in that manner would be detrimental to the Colleges right of nomination; I can't otherwise see why they should part with so much publick money, when they had a Decree in Chancery against him. I intend to wait upon the Bishop and represent the case to him as well as I can; and in my opinion a new Presentation can now be of no use, since the school is filled and I was nominated at the election. Had I been in Town it had been to no purpose, since I could possibly have no legal and valid Presentation, or if the Presentation had been good, before I could have informed the Bishop of it the vacancy would have been supplied. There is no way left but one, the Corporation declare open War; The Mayor took the school key and locked out the other Masters during the Vacancy, who I believe begin to be afraid of them. The College can never have a fairer opportunity, or dispute their right against a person less qualified, or less regarded here; I believe he is an entire stranger to the business of a Public School. He carried a little learning out of Wales with him to the University, and as

they say, brought it back at best without Interest. Mr Philips declines acting as a Solicitor till he receives a letter from the College, and I hope that I have done as much as the College at present expects from me, who am a little weary of long journeys that are of so little use either to the College, or him, who is with very great regard, Reverend Sir

My duty to the
Master and Seniors.

your most obliged
humble servant
W. CLARKE

Addressed: To the Reverend Dr Lambert Senior Fellow of
St John's College Cambridge.

July 12, 1723
Salop

Reverend Sir

On thursday night last I received a letter from Mr Newcome dated the 8th instant, wherein I find the College are resolved to contest their right in relation to the school. We could not prevail with Mr Clarke to stay till the expiration of the 20 days to know the result of the Colleges resolution, but he went from hence to the Bishop of St David's the morning before I received Mr Newcome's letter. There was inclosed in the said letter one to Mr Clarke which I sent after him by the cross post a few hours after I received it. On munday last Mr Clarke waited upon the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, but the Bishop declared he would be entirely neuter in this matter. Sure it will not be amiss in the College to put his Lordship in mind by your letter of his duty at least so far as to declare Mr Clarke fit for the school. The Bishop is more (I take it) a creature of the present Earl of Bradford's than the late one's, so that that clog is not removed. For the present Earl was his patron to a living of £500 *per annum*. I suspect efforts will be made to bring him in to the measures of the Corporation. Though I take the Bishop to be a man of integrity and honour. When occasion requires Mr Clarke shall be sent for again. Be pleased to give my service to Mr Bursar, Mr Newcome etc. I heartily wish the College success and am Sir your obliged humble servant

ROWLAND TENCH.

The Bishop of Litchfield etc. is to be directed to at his Palace at Eccleshall in Staffordshire.

Addressed: for the Revd Dr Edmundson at St John's College Cambridge.

free J. Kynaston.

Reverend Sir

I returned here on Saturday, having had so clear an answer from the Bishop that it will entirely excuse me from paying any more attendance on his Lordship. I waited upon him last Monday at Eccleshall and gave him the first account that Mr Lloyd had resigned, and that the Corporation had made Mr Owen his successor; But that the College were in hopes that his Lordship would pay such a regard to the Statutes as not to approve of a person who had not one of the qualifications required by them. His answer was, that the College had never wrote to him, and that he had never seen any original or attested copy of the Statutes which I talked of, that I indeed had shown him a copy of them in Town last winter, but that he thought himself under no obligation to pay any regard to them till he was more fully satisfied of their authority. I endeavoured to represent to his Lordship, how impossible it was for me to wait upon him with either of the Originals, and to procure such an attested copy that his Lordship would approve of, was putting me under very great, and as I supposed, unnecessary difficulties, since neither Mr Owen nor the Corporation had offered any thing to destroy the credit of what I had shewn him, or to prove that the right of election was without any limitations lodged solely and intirely in themselves, and that the College could never have any views of pretending to a power independent of his Lordship's; I had almost said enough to make his Lordship angry, and he told me with some warmth, that the College must not expect that he should embroil himself with a Corporation of so much consequence in his own Diocese, and that he could not refuse to approve of Mr Owen if he offered himself, and had the common qualifications for a School; and added, that it did not appear to him that I came from the College, he had only my word for it who was a party in the question. I told his Lordship that I had taken care to bring such a Presentation with me as would put that out of all doubt, and produced it immediately, and offered it to his Lordship; and though I had not filled up the blank, it would have been an evidence that the College designed to present me. But the Bishop refused to

receive it, and did not go so far as to examine whether it was blank or no, but said that receiving my Presentation would be declaring for me, which he was determined not to do, and that the College must enter a *Caveat*, or some rule of Court, if they expected that he should not approve of Mr Owen. I should beg pardon for being so particular but that I thought it necessary to give you as full an account of his Lordship's answer as I could. If staying longer in Shropshire would have been of any use, either to the College or myself, I should not have returned so soon; But since his Lordship refuses to accept of the Presentation, I can't pursue that affair any further, and there can be no occasion for another. Every body is in hopes that the College will assert their right in a proper manner, for the Corporation declare publicly that no body of St John's shall be concerned in any of the schools, I am, Sir

your most obedient
humble servant

Abergwily

July 15

W. CLARKE.

Duty to the Master and Seniors. P.S. Since I sealed this I received the letter Mr Newcombe sent me to Shrewsbury, and I had determined to stay there, if the Bishop would have accepted my Presentation, but since his Lordship has declared himself in the manner I have mentioned I can't think it necessary to be refused again, and for that reason shall wait here till the College have some opinion that it is absolutely necessary, otherwise I shall be glad to be excused, for it is highly inconvenient. Excuse haste for the Post stays, while I add this.

Addressed: To the Reverend Dr Lambert, Senior Fellow of St John's College in Cambridge.

Free: A. St David.

My Lord

The bearer Mr William Clarke waits on your Lordship with a Presentation from the Master and Fellows of St John's College Cambridge to the Headmaster's place in the school of Shrewsbury, and I am ordered in their names to beg your Lordship's favourable acceptance of the same, that you would be pleased to admit the said Mr Clarke to subscribe and do such things as shall be requisite, before he offers himself to the Corporation.

If the College had been ascertained of the design of that

body to proceed in this unusual manner, I had done myself the honour to attend your Lordship during your stay in Town, but it was not certain which way Mr Lloyd would determine; I am loath to give your Lordship unnecessary trouble, and depended upon the notice of your kind intentions to be tender of the College rights when Dr Hill recommended Mr Clarke to your Lordship's favourable opinion. I have in vain endeavoured to preserve a good agreement with the Corporation that we might proceed in a friendly manner, conformably with the Statutes we are both obliged to observe inviolably for ever. I say nothing of the authority of those statutes, since they were owned by all partys concerned in the late case of Mr Lloyd before the Master of the Rolls, as appears by the Decretal Order in the Register Office. The claim of the College to nominate and elect a master is founded upon those statutes and subsequent covenants, authorized by prescription, and the College find themselves under a necessity to defend their rights, which are now openly violated by the late proceedings.

They stayed till the twenty days for notice of the avoidance were expired, and as Mr Clarke offered himself in the accustomed manner to your Lordship according to the rules in that case provided, 'tis the request of the College that he may be allowed to do what is required by the same ordinances, and if there be any reasonable objection against him, the Corporation will then be at liberty to plead the same, as the Statutes direct, hoping there will be no hindrance on your Lordship's part.

If your Lordship apprehend yourself under obligations not to allow this, our next request is, that you would be pleased to defer the admission of either party till the cause has been heard and determined in due form of law.

This your Lordship's candour and goodness will not give me leave to doubt of, and therefore I shall only beg pardon for this trouble, and subscribe myself

your Lordship's most dutifull
and obedient servant

ROBERT LAMBERT

Senior Bursar of St John's
College, Cambridge

London

July 24

1723

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Litchfield and
Coventry at Eccleshall, Staffordshire.

Reverend Sir

I shall be always ready to pay all proper obedience to a Society which I am in duty and interest obliged to serve, and to shew that I am very sincere in it, shall set out at the beginning of next week for Shrewsbury. I shall endeavour to pursue all your directions with as much exactness as possible, and if the College have any further commands should be glad to receive them at Shrewsbury. I own that I have no great opinion of his Lordship's conduct in this affair, or any prospect of prevailing with him; and as to the two points you mention, I beg leave to return this answer at present, First, That he will refuse to read my Presentation, and Secondly That he will think himself obliged to admit Mr Owen, if the Corporation are pleased to apply to him. And as to what Mr Newcome mentions of offering it before a Public Notary, I am afraid that his Lordship has too much art and insight in this affair to give me an opportunity of doing it, unless it be in a public manner, which perhaps he would resent as a rudeness little less than insulting him. I am glad that you have given Mr Philips directions for providing an attested copy of the Statutes, though I wish it is in his power to do it. That would remove one very material objection and make his Lordship very much at a loss how to reply or excuse what he has already determined to do without excuse. Will it be necessary for me to apply to the Corporation in case the Bishop refuses me? And might I not be at liberty to return when I have done as you have directed? I am not at all afraid of exercise or the fatigue of my journeys but I am unwilling to be long or frequently absent from his Lordship, for I leave him alone without any company or assistant, neither Secretary nor Chaplain, being forced to serve for both. I am Reverend Sir

your obliged
and humble servant
W. CLARKIE.

Abergwily

Aug. 8. 1723

P.S. My duty to the Master and Seniors. I hope your letter may have some influence on the Bishop, though I could wish the College would have applied to him before I had made him this second visit.

I desire that you would please inclose all my letters in a cover to his Lordship and give me leave to make as much use as I can of Abergwily.

Addressed: To the Reverend Dr Lambert Bursar of St John's College in Cambridge.

Free. A. St David.

Salop

August the 10th 1723

Sir

I sent my clerke over last weeke to wayte on the Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield with an examined copy of the Indenture betweene the Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield that then was, the Corporation, and the College, and Mr Aston (Which deed recites all the material parte of King Edward the 6th's grant and the whole grant or conveyence from Queene Elizabeth) and an examined copy of Mr Aston's ordinances. I received a letter from the Bishopp in answer to mine to his Lordship, whereby I guesse that he will avoyde determininge in the affaire all that he possibly can And I doe not apprehend the least danger of his approvinge of or concerninge himselfe in the least in relation to Mr Owen's being placed in the schools. I take it there will be a necessity of makinge Mr Lloyd, late schoolmaster, a party to the intended bill; a sketch of which bill conteyninge all the grants and all the facts and breaches of trust I am in hopes to send to your lodgings in London for you to present to your Counsel before the time of your intended retturne thither. Mr Clarke is not yet returned to Salop. But notice is sent him that his presentation is come to my hands, which shall be delivered to him with your instructions at my first opportunity. With respect I am sir

your most humble servant

THO. PHILIPS.

Addressed: To The Reverend Doctor Lambert at Saint John's College in Cambridge, present.

August 10, 1723

Salop

Reverend Sir

Mr Bursar's directions to Mr Clarke what to request of the Bishop seem to me as if he thought the Bishop had the power of licensing a schoolmaster here, which if he doth, his directions are founded upon a mistake. For our parish is a royal peculiar,

exempt from any Bishop's jurisdiction, and all matters here of ecclesiastical cognizance are transacted by an official of this place, who is put into the place by the school. So that if Mr Clarke is to do anything in order to his possession, such as subscribing etc. he must apply to the court here or any *caveat* must be entered here, for we take all our licences out of this court. We who came in by the Statutes applied to the Bishop only for his approbation, which he signified to the Mayor by his letter. So that I conceive Mr Clarke to have nothing further to do with the Bishop than getting such approbation, which I presume in justice he cannot deny. Whatever is to be done in this court, the College may depend upon a just and favourable compliance. I design to send for Mr Clarke next post; if you think proper to alter any of his directions with the Bishop, be pleased to let us know as soon as may be, for I believe it will be needless upon these grounds to trouble the Bishop with anything more than his approbation. Be pleased to give my humble service to Mr Bursar and all other friends formerly mentioned. I am Sir your obliged humble servant

ROWLAND TENCH.

P.S. Mr Philips has shewed me a letter from the Bishop wherein his Lordship takes it right and expects whoever is Master will take his licence out of the peculiar, and owns his no power there. Mr Philips is proctor of the peculiar. I am fully satisfied the Bishop has nothing to do but to declare the person duely qualified as a scholar, and a man that professes sound principles.

Addressed: ffor the Rev Dr Edmundson at St John's College Cambridge.

ffree J. Kynaston.

Reverend Sir

My Lord Bishop's illness obliged me to return with so much haste to Abergwily, that I had not time to give you an account in what manner and with what success I was received at Eccleshall. But since I had done all that was necessary, I fancied you would excuse me from giving you a relation of it till I was more at leisure. I delivered your letter to his Lordship and he acknowledged that the Corporation had not paid him so much regard as the College had been pleased to

shew him, and he desires to be known to Dr Lambert, when he is next in London. The letter was received with great appearance of satisfaction, and it fully answered my purpose. He took no notice of St Mary's Peculiar, nor seemed apprehensive that you were in the least unacquainted with it, and all your care and concern upon that occasion might have been very well spared. He took my Presentation with great readiness and returned it with as much complaisance, and begged leave to be excused either from examining or approving me, because that would be making himself a party in the dispute which he desired and would endeavour to avoid. Otherwise he was very well inclined to shew his regard for the College, but could not come up intirely to what I expected of him. Such was our conversation, very civil and very insignificant, and I had the pleasure of seeing him shift and shuffle and set himself against his authority to preserve his interest. He renewed at last his old objection, which he could not get over till he had seen an attested copy, and had time allowed him till his next return to London to advise upon it. I humbly hoped that Mr Philips' copy would fully satisfy him in that matter, and that he would attest it to be an exact copy of those Statutes which were allowed and read in the late proceedings in Chancery between the Corporation and Mr Lloyd, and that Mr Lloyd (who was there with me) could assure his Lordship of the truth of it; and I added, that Mr Philips was of opinion that he had given his Lordship a legal and sufficient notice of his trust and could not think that we were obliged to attend or answer all his Lordship's scruples. After much soliciting his Lordship was prevailed upon to write to the Mayor, but so cautiously and with so much art, that he would not allow of the College Title, or recommend me to the Corporation. He read over his letter to me and I was glad to receive it as it was, since the Statutes only require him to allow, and prescribe no form for doing it. I don't remember the words exactly, but it was to this effect, and almost in the same terms "That I had been with him and produced a Presentation to the Head-Schoolmaster's place from the College of St John in Cambridge. That he had no original of the Tripartite Indenture by him to which they refer in their letter, and could not so well judge whether they had a Right to present, or not. Therefore he did transmit me and my papers to them for an answer etc."

Mr Lloyd was present, and if there should be occasion can evidence that I offered to be examined, and that his Lordship said he did not suspect my being qualified and had no objection to me. I gave the letter and my Presentation to the Mayor on the 4th instant and on the sixth his Worship returned the Presentation and his answer "that the vacancy was filled, and that the Corporation had a right to do it." I delivered my Presentation in such a manner as Mr Philips directed me. 'Tis now in a fair way of being decided, and I think the Bishop did enough to encourage me to offer my Presentation to the Mayor. The College will now know how to proceed, and I shall think myself very fortunate if I can be able to do them any service in this affair; or myself. I am sensible that you have spared no trouble and am with great regard Reverend Sir

Your most obliged humble servant

W. CLARKE.

My duty to the Master and Seniors.

Addressed: To The Revd. Dr Lambert, Senior Bursar of St John's College in Cambridge

Free: A. St David.

Endorsed: Without date, Mr Clarke, about Michaelmas 1723.

[The letter bears a post mark: Llandovery, 16 SE.: perhaps 16 Septem b].

Reverend Sir

I came here last week from Abergwily, where the opportunity of the Executors had prevailed upon me to stay much longer, than I had designed. I have seen Mr Philips, who tells me the Bill is now before Counsel, though our managers here give out that the College is too discreet to proceed in it. I can only say that I am ready here to receive any further instructions from you, and to submit with great duty to whatever the Seniority shall think most advisable in this affair. I am sorry that my Lord Bishop's death has left me so much at liberty to attend to it. But it will be some satisfaction to think that I have any opportunity of serving the College, or shewing with how much regard I am, Reverend Sir

Shreusbury

Nov. 16, 1723

Your obliged humble servant

W. CLARKE.

If you have any commands you may direct me at Mr Botevyle's in the High Street, Shreusbury.

Addressed: To the Reverend Dr Lambert at the Bishop's Head in St Paul's Churchyard, London.

Sir

Having received a copy of the answer of the Corporation from Mr. Roderick Lloyd and having considered thereof with my neighbour Mr Lloyd and enquired into the facts sett out in the answer, upon talkinge with Mr Richard Andrewes who was formerly nominated by the Colledge to the place of 2nd. Schoolemaster. he hath given vs the account of the several facts in the within written page mentioned which happened in his memory and observation, he beinge neare 80 yeares of age.

I have by this post sent another copy of the facts to Mr Lloyd for instructions to draw the interrogatories. If you find anythinge in your College books or registers relatinge to these facts I thinke if they were sent downe when the commission shall be executed to refreshe and assist Mr Andrews' memory it may be of service. Mr Andrews being very aged it may be necessary to speede the execution of the Commission for feare least by delays the Colledge may be deprived of such a wittnesse's testimony. With respect I am Sir

January 2nd
1724 Salop.

Your most humble servant
THO. PHILIPS.

Mr Walthall was not dropt by the Corporation as is sett out in the answer, but the fact stood thus :

The Colledge receiving notice from the Corporation of a vacancy of Second Schoolmaster wrote a recommendatory letter to the Corporation on behalfe of Mr Walthall. But the Corporation not approving of Mr Walthall desired the College to accept of Hughes [corrected in Dr Lambert's handwriting to Haynes]. Walthall was prevailed on to desist and on Hughes' [Haynes] application to the Colledge he was nominated by them and accepted by the Corporation.

Chaloner being Head Schoolmaster in the troublesome times and an obnoxious person, fled and was arrested and taken into custody by a Troop of Horse and forced to quit his schoole and retire into Wales and Pigott putt into his place. After some absence the Restoration came on and then by the Act of Parliament for restoring persons that had been deprived to their places, he was restored accordingly and Pigott displaced

because he was in upon a wrong foundation. And Chaloner had been duly placed at first.

After Mr Chaloner's death, Mr Bull being nominated by the Colledge came down with such nomination. But the Corporation liked Mr Andrew Taylor better. And the Corporation desired him (Mr Bull) to desist and gave him five guineas for his journey, which he did accordingly, and the Corporation sent a member of their body to intercede with the College to nominate Mr Taylor which they did accordingly and he was regularly admitted as agreed by the Answer.

The Defendants by the Answer say Mr Smith enjoyed the place all his lifetime without the Colledge approbation. The case was thus: Mr Andrews was nominated by the Colledge but Smith was placed in by the Mayor for the time being immediately before his office ended and Mr Andrews applying to the succeeding Mayor was offered by him to take Smith out of the Schooles by the shoulders and place Mr Andrews in his roome and appointed a day for that purpose. In the meantime the matter was agreed by Mr Kynaston, Mr Andrews patron, that he should decline his right, which he did accordingly, but refused to resigne his nomination to the Colledge to enable them to choose another and dispute the title. Which the Colledge would have done if he had consented.

Addressed: To the Reverend Dr Lambert at Saint John's College Cambridge these. A single sheet.

Apparently this letter of Mr Philips caused Dr Lambert to look up the College Records on the points involved. In the College books it appears that Richard Piggott was nominated by the College to be Headmaster 'on the resignation of Thomas Chaloner' 4 September 1660, and that Thomas Chaloner was again nominated by the College 13 February 1662. Mr Philips writes on February 1724 :

Chaloner was turned out in the times of confusion and resigned, and Pigott was placed in his room. Pigott enjoyed it till the Restoration. After the Restoration Pigott was turned out by the Commissioners for putting the Act of Parliament in execution for restoring persons to their former places. The

Commissioners placed Cotton then Second Schoolemaster in Pigott's room, the first Schoolmaster. Chaloner being absent, Cotton declined and went to his old place again of Second Master. The Colledge thereupon recommended Walthall by letter who came down with his recommendation, but voluntarily declined.

Then the Corporation recommended Chaloner, and he was re-elected by the Colledge in the lifetime of Pigott, all this, as Mr Andrews says he remembers. This clears up the cloud both in the Corporations answer and the Colledge Books.

We conclude with a letter from Mr William Clarke, written after the College had been finally successful in its contest with the Corporation. It is addressed to Leonard Hotchkiss, then third and ultimately Headmaster of Shrewsbury School. The first part of the letter refers to the death of Clarke's father-in-law Dr Wotton and that gentleman's unfinished work on the Welsh laws which Clarke afterwards edited with a preface in 1730.

Dear Sir

I think, as you do, that we have great reason to be submissive under our present affliction. The last years of the Doctors life have been literally nothing else but labour and sorrows, and upon the first appearance of his last distemper we all saw death attending it. But though he had much sorrow, he had many mercies with it; his understanding continued perfect to the last moment, and he himself directed what offices should be read to him. Yet notwithstanding all the comfortable circumstances which can be thought of, it is not so easy to forget him. I lost a very indulgent father and a most useful and instructive companion. I'm truly sorry that so many good hours were spent upon his Welsh Work. If he wearied his subscribers patience, I can justly say it helped to wear out his own health. He finished the translation last summer, above 3 books are already printed; the glossary is above 4 parts in 5 quite finished and Mr Williams can easily supply what is wanting there; It shall be done with as much expedition as

possible though I believe it cannot be published before Michaelmas term. Dr Wotton designed a large Preface, which he had thought of drawing up this winter, but the appearance of the dropsy intirely prevented it. There will be no way of supplying that, for he never used any sort of Common Place, but laid up all his materials in his memory. I shall dispose of none of his books, but only those that are purely Rabinical, some in Welsh and in the Northern languages. His study is not large, and we have no duplicates, I having bought for some years no books, that he had.

I heartily rejoice in the good success we have had in the House of Lords. When the Corporation are obliged to own that we had justice on our side, they may begin to repent that they had not more discretion on theirs. If I could have had peaceful possession at first I should have been very well pleased, but I don't care to be concerned in the peevish consequences of such a dispute. I am ready to cancell my instrument of nomination, and desire you would ask Mr Tho. Blakeway for it, in whose hands I left it, and if Dr Philips pleases he may take it up with him to the College and deliver it to the Seniority, I believe that is the best way to give satisfaction to them, and as well to the person they present. If Mr Blakeway has lost it, I would subscribe any form of resignation. I can't think but that the College will press Mr Tench to resign, but it is your best way to keep well with Dr Philips and him, till that affair is over. I will give you my opinion of your scheme for Greek verbs when I come to London. I must be there soon after Easter, and you may direct to me at Mr Wilkins, Bookseller in Paul's Churchyard, London. I should be glad to know the name of the 12 Lords who voted for the Corporation, besides Lords Bradford, Macclesfield and Lechmere; you may easily be informed when the Mayor returns. My humble Service to Mrs Hotchkiss and I am Sir

Buxted,
March 20, 1726,7

your affect. humble servant.
W. CLARKE.

Humble service to all friends
Addressed: To the Reverend Mr Hotchkis at the Schools in Shrewsbury.

R. F. S.

(To be continued).



A DEDICATION.

(After the Danish of Carl Ewald.)

WE strayed, thy little hand in mine,
One summer morning fresh and fine,
In a wood where birches met:
A great sun-bonnet served as frame
To rounded childish cheeks aflame,
—Thy voice is ringing yet!
Of birdies' songs, of flow'rs, of trees,—
Whate'er thy tender mind could seize—
I wove thee tales, my pet:
—Ah, thou canst not remember it,
And I can ne'er forget!

And now my locks are thin and gray,
For years since then have slipped away,
For gladness or regret!
And, ah, the woods where now I roam,
And those wide chambers of my home,
Know thee no more, Ninette!
Since I shall never find thee then,
O, let this Book remind thee then
Of a wood where birches met:
—For thou canst not remember it,
And I can ne'er forget!

G. C. M. S.



THE VALLEY OF LOST CAUSES.

IF you travel by the train from Newcastle to Hexham, you will cross the Devilswater near the end of your journey; but the brief glance, which is all that the hurrying train allows, gives little indication of the size and beauty of the dale from which the river has issued on its way to join the Tyne. You will see a shallow rippling stream with a channel of brownish stone and deep banks of sloping turf, arched over with a canopy of green branches or the tangled tracery of leafless boughs: at no great distance the prospect is closed by the high banks of the gorge, through which the river passes into Tynedale; and the gaunt grey tower of Dilston Castle peeps out above the trees, like a sentinel guarding the entrance to the fairy-land which lies beyond.

It is curious to find so uncanny a name imposed upon a stream of such great natural beauty: it is rather to the freaks of nature or the mysterious works of pre-historic engineers that the devil has usually stood sponsor. Dilston itself is merely a contraction of Divelston, and historians have discovered or invented a Norman knight named D'Eivill, from whom they derive the title of his supposed place of residence. Such residence, however, is purely hypothetical, and it seems more probable that the river and not the fortress was the original bearer of the name. A thirteenth century charter describes certain lands as lying "inter Deniseburn et Divelis," and a contemporary account of the battle of Hexham makes mention of "le ewe Devyls," while Michael Drayton and the old chroniclers call the

stream the Dowel. Whether the devil ever had even a legendary connection with the river remains a subject for conjecture. The Celtic enthusiast will readily prove to his own satisfaction, if not to ours, that the name means Black Water, or White Water, or Winding Water:—all Celtic river-names seem to be capable of bearing one or more of these three interpretations. But this is a romantic neighbourhood, and even a combination of all three epithets must fail to satisfy our craving for the picturesque, the dramatic, and the mysterious. The Muse of Legend, who is usually so fond of inventing traditions to explain outlandish names, has shrunk from applying her ingenuity to the Devils-water, or at any rate all record of her theories has perished, and the Muse of Fancy must be allowed to take her place. We may divert ourselves by weaving a score of weird or exciting episodes into the little-known history of early Saxon times, when Christianity was slowly driving out the worship of the old Teutonic deities. Perhaps a herd of swine once ran violently down a steep place and perished in a deep pool of the river, and the imaginative Gurth who tended them recalled the history of the swine of Gadara, and named the stream accordingly; or if this theory fail to please the fancy, let us try another.

Tradition tells us that the baffled fiends of heathendom continued to haunt the moory summit of the mountain anciently known as Fiends' Fell, till St Cuthbert exorcised them by planting a cross there, and thus gave the height the name which it now bears. Surely we may be allowed to imagine that some stray members of the company were once reputed to have found a refuge among the wild barren uplands where the headsprings of the Devilwater ooze from the peaty ground; or, if we are poetically inclined, we may propound the theory that the devils of the fell and dale were only technically devils (if we may be allowed the expression),—objects of heathen worship, and there-

fore devils in accordance with St Paul's declaration,—not swarthy and malicious beings with horns, tails, and cloven hoofs, but nymphs and fauns of the forest, the mountain, and the moorland stream. Thus it came (if you will pardon the fantasy) that, as heathendom passed away, the Oreads of the north country retreated to Cross Fell, while the nymphs of wood and water sought a refuge in the leafy gorges of this unfrequented valley, till the common folk were brought to regard them with a proper abhorrence as being undoubtedly devils, in disguise.

The theory may be fantastic, but it has the advantage of fitting the facts, if only we observe the face of nature with sufficiently imaginative eyes; and to the unphilological soul it is worth more than a dozen competing etymologies. But the facts are easier to appreciate than to describe. Every turn of the river presents some new and fascinating picture of still or rippling water, of wet stones gleaming like marble mosaics in the river bed or moss-covered boulders cooling their grey sides in the eddying stream, of green branches bending to kiss the water as it hurries by, as though they were wood-gods wooing a water-nymph, or sombre pine-trees standing in serried ranks on the brink of the gorge, with here and there a pleasant haugh of smooth green turf, where Dryads might dance to the music of the moving water. Gaze at any of these pictures on a fine summer day—let it be early summer for choice,—or in the mellow sunshine which often comes to paint the foliage in October, and you will scarcely find it altogether impossible to dream that the valley began its history as a northern rival of Tempe and a last lingering survival of the golden age. But alas! a golden age needs golden weather, and when Astraea fled from the earth, she left only too little of the latter behind her: when the grey mists lie thick upon the hills and the rain comes sweeping down from the south west, the gold vanishes altogether, or is transmuted

into the most unromantic lead. It was not without good reason that the Greeks made the Sun-god the patron of poetry: a wet day in the valley of the Devilswater would have ruined every string of Apollo's lyre.

But beauty of wood and water is not the only charm that our valley possesses. If we are so skilful as to deduce water-nymphs from its very name, we may surely be able to conjure up one or two pictures from its history; for on three occasions the dale of the Devilswater has been the scene of events entitled to rank as part of the history of England, and there must be numberless unrecorded episodes which our imaginations may at least attempt to recover. But whether we deal with fact or conjecture, there is one keynote which runs through the whole history. We have indulged in the playful idea that this was the last place to which the nymphs of Northumberland retreated before they vanished for ever, and the fancy is after all a type of the history of the dale: it is the Valley of Lost Causes, and we shall find few episodes to relate or imagine which do not display the panic and misery of the vanquished as their most striking feature. The valley is a natural hiding place, a woodland sanctuary; and in every age when war has devastated the neighbouring district, the dale of the Devilswater has afforded a refuge to some of its victims.

Even in the misty years which preceded the Roman conquest the process must have begun. Somewhere in the near neighbourhood ran the line which divided the territories of the Brigantes and the Ottadini: boundary disputes and border forays are no modern invention; and no doubt our valley has many a time sheltered the survivors of an internecine war of which history knows nothing. It is probable that a flying column of Agricola's army looked down into this wooded dale, as it moved along the great ridge which rises at the back of Hexham, and perhaps the first Roman invaders of Tynedale drank from the stream at Dilston, before

they marched out across the haughs to force the passage of the Tyne and storm the British stronghold of Corstopitum. During the early period of the Roman dominion this valley must have been the haunt and hiding place of the irreconcilable native: even at the present day and with the aid of modern weapons it would be by no means easy to clear these wooded ravines of an active and cunning enemy, and between the times of Agricola and Hadrian the task would probably be beyond the powers of the local commanders. The cause of British freedom was lost, but it lingered here; and so long as the waning lamp still flickered, its devotees must have lived an exciting and even a fascinating life. The days, no doubt, would for the most part be passed in repose and idleness, except when the refugees sought variety by making a swift foray against a convoy travelling northwards by the great road which lay a few miles to the east, or set an ambush to overwhelm the cohort that was sent to drive them from their hidden lairs; but the night must have been their chief season of daring and revenge. Many a time must the darkness have covered a stealthy expedition against the lonelier farms of Tynedale, from which the forayers would return doubly elated, if only they had been so fortunate as to capture some of their enemies' cattle and shed some of their enemies' blood. From these fastnesses spies would issue, to risk their lives in trying to communicate with the still unconquered clansmen of the north, or punish their recreant kinsmen who had tamely submitted to the Roman yoke; but sometimes,—indeed oftener as month after month went by,—they never came back, and there were women and children waiting for them hungrily in the lonely coverts of Nunsbrough or Dipton Dene.

That cause was lost and vanished; but there came a time when the Roman domination became a lost cause too. The temporary ruin of Hadrian's Wall, which probably occurred during the reign of Commodus, must

have filled these hiding places with anxious fugitives; but the ruin was soon restored, and the Roman rule still continued. It was when the final onslaught of Caledonian fury burst the great barrier for the last time and found a foe too degenerate and an empire too enervated to repair the disaster, that our valley once more became the home of a lost cause, and sheltered some of the denizens of Roman Tynedale from the merciless triumph of a barbarian conqueror. Who can say what scenes of death and suffering these rocks and streams may not then have witnessed? That level stretch of turf, shadowed by the overhanging crag and edged by the tawny gravel of the river bed, may once have been a camping place where delicately nurtured women and children have huddled shivering together, and cried for the luxuries which were lying wet with blood or buried in smoking ruins beside the Roman Wall. How wearily must the days and weeks have crept away, as the fugitives waited and waited still for the Legion which was never to come! Perhaps the lost cause lingered here for years, and little by little the Romanized Britons lost their refinement and slipped back into something like the savagery of their ancestors: perhaps the Picts tracked them to their hiding place within the hour; and dreadful as this fate must surely have been, perhaps it was less terrible than the other.

Similar episodes must have marked the long years of battle and bloodshed during which the English invaders were slowly conquering or exterminating the Celtic tribes of Northumberland; but the first clear picture of a definite event dates from the day which saw the last attempt to reverse that conquest irremediably defeated. The main battle was fought upon Heavenfield, a few miles to the north; but the dale of the Devilswater saw the crowning incident of the pursuit. Deniseburn, as we have seen, was a tributary of the Devilswater,—nowadays it is called Rowley Burn,—and it was beside Deniseburn that King Oswald and his

victorious English overtook Cadwallon, the Welsh devastator of the north, when the ruin of his army drove him to seek a refuge in the Valley of Lost Causes.

It is the closing scene of a grim and lurid tragedy, and we can almost picture its very details. Earlier acts have shown us the truculent Welsh king in the zenith of his pride and cruelty, the tame submission of the apostate Eanfrith and the brutal murder which rewarded it, the dreadful march which spread death and desolation over the southern portions of Bernicia, and the last desperate gathering on the bleak hill-summit beside the Roman Wall. Now in the final act the catastrophe has come with dramatic swiftness. At the first dim greying of the dawn Cadwallon was still a tyrant and a conqueror, still flushed with certain expectation of a victory which was to destroy the last organised effort of his foes: before the sun is well clear of the horizon, he is a ruined and deserted fugitive, flying in mad haste to seek a hiding place in the wooded recesses of this lonely dale; and here, as he turns aside into the narrower and lonelier ravine of Rowley Burn, retribution overtakes him at last. Perhaps his wearied horse fell dead as it struggled to mount the further bank, leaving Cadwallon (one likes to see even the villain of the piece end courageously) to face his pursuers sword in hand and die a soldier's death: perhaps a well aimed arrow cut short his flight, or perhaps he was surprised and slaughtered as he stooped to drink from the burn. At any rate we may catch one last glimpse of the lonely glen, before the curtain falls upon the tragedy: the trees are still whispering gently in the morning wind, and the stream still murmurs placidly amongst the boulders; and there on the grass between them lies the dead body of the fierce Welsh king, still and harmless at last.

Hundreds of times during the succeeding centuries must the thick woods and deep gorges of this valley have served their old purpose. The Danish invasions,

the ravages of William the Conqueror, and the ruthless incursions of the Scotch all spent their fury upon Hexham and its neighbourhood; and this valley would be the natural haven of those who were lucky enough to escape slaughter or the worse horrors of captivity. We must pass over some eight hundred years before we get another definite picture; but the events which the valley is now to recall are the most thrilling and important in its story, and the legend which has sprung from them is one of the most familiar and romantic of the traditions of English history.

It was in the month of May 1464 that the battle of Hexham was fought: that is the name by which it is known to history, though the encounter took place not on the haughs of Tynedale beside that town, as the name would seem to suggest, but here on the banks of the Devilswater, at the spot known as the Linnels. Just below the site of the battle the river is crossed by the Linnels Bridge,—a graceful arch, which was, as an inscription inform us, “belldete of lyme and stone” in the year 1581: here the stream runs between high wooded banks, but above the bridge the valley spreads out to enclose a little saucer-like plain,—a kind of natural amphitheatre of great beauty, with the river brawling through it in a double curve like a huge S; and it was here beside the Devilswater that the cause of the Red Rose became a lost cause at last, at least until the battle of Bosworth restored it.

The history of this portion of the Wars of the Roses is very obscure, but it seems probable that the position of affairs in the early part of the year 1464 was as follows. The Lancastrians held the castles of Bamburgh, Dunstanburgh, and Alnwick, King Henry himself being at the last named stronghold: they were expecting to receive aid from Scotland, and it was vitally necessary to keep their communications with that country open, in order to afford the king a place of refuge if matters went from bad to worse. Suddenly, however, we find

those communications cut by Lord Montagu at the head of a powerful force, though we cannot tell whether his success was due to a rapid march from the south (Edward was at York), or whether he reached Berwick by sea and thence moved south. In either case he must have used the old Roman road which ran from Berwick to the neighbourhood of Corbridge and is now called the Devil's Causeway; and whether he came from north or south, he seems to have established himself on Hedgeley Moor, which that road crosses,—a position admirably suited for preventing any of the three castles we have mentioned from communicating with Scotland, and a base from which he could threaten all three simultaneously without disclosing the real object of his attack till the last moment before it was delivered.

King Henry was at Alnwick, less than twelve miles distant from his enemies, and the direct road to Scotland was barred. The capture of the king meant the ruin of his cause; and it was therefore necessary to take him to Scotland by some more circuitous route. The chroniclers record that Sir Ralph Percy attacked Montagu on Hedgeley Moor, was basely deserted by Lords Hungerford and Ross, and after a gallant struggle against desperate odds “comme home fuit occise,” as the Norman French account puts it,—he died like a man, declaring that “he had saved the bird in his breast.”

Various writers have explained Percy's dying words in various ways; but a reference to the map will enable us to set forth a new or at least a modified theory, and perhaps to rehabilitate the bespattered characters of Ross and Hungerford. Was not the battle of Hedgeley Moor in reality a rearguard action, and the bird in Percy's breast a promise which he must have given to check the advance of Montagu even at the cost of his life, while Henry was escaping into Scotland? Nobly he fulfilled his promise, if our suggestion be correct, though not altogether effectually, as we shall presently

discover: he remained to die upon the field, while Ross and Hungerford, after making a demonstration of support in accordance with a prearranged plan, retreated swiftly to Alnwick to escort Henry in his flight. No doubt they would cross the Coquet at Weldon, and there join the Devil's Causeway: that road would bring them to the Dere Street a few miles north of Corbridge; and it was probably their intention to make their way westward, either by the Tyne valley or by the Roman military road beside the Wall, and so by the Maiden Way and the West Marches into Ildesdale.

But if that were so, the plan failed. Percy had done his best, but he could not delay Montagu's advance for many hours, and before long the Yorkist general was in hot pursuit: he may even have detached some of his lighter troops to seize positions on the supposed line of Henry's flight; for such a conjecture explains the fact that the Lancastrians made no attempt to break away westward, but retreated to the best position they could find, and there turned to bay. That position was on the Linnels in the Valley of Lost Causes.

We know little of the details of the battle that followed; but it is probable that after a desperate struggle superior numbers and the moral effect of a previous victory won the day. The nature of the ground made an orderly retreat impossible, and the battle ended in the complete rout of the Lancastrians, great numbers of whom were slain or captured, while the rest took to the woods and denes which had sheltered so many survivors of earlier lost causes. King Henry himself seems to have been a spectator of the battle, but it is probable that as soon as the day began to go against his party, he was hurried from the field. "He fled so fast," says Hall, "that no man could overtake hymm, and yet he was so nere pursued that certain of his henxmen or folowers wer taken, their horses being trapped in blew velvet; wherof one of them had on his head the said King Henrie's healmeth, some say his

high cap of estate, called abococket, garnished with twoo riche crounes." The Norman French account corroborates the story, and we may therefore conclude that, like his grandfather at Shrewsbury, "the King had many masking in his coats," or at any rate in his hats.

Henry escaped into Lancashire, and eventually made his way into Scotland, but many of his principal supporters were not so fortunate. The Duke of Somerset, himself a descendant of John of Gaunt and the brother of Lady Margaret Beaufort, was taken prisoner: he had changed sides more than once during the war, and not long before this battle he had been specially pardoned by Edward, so that "of verray gentilnes and the noble honour that oweth to be grounded in every gentilman he shuld have been stablished in ferme feith and trouth unto his highnes"; but he had "rered werre ayenst our seyd soverayne lord," and there was no mercy for him now; he was taken from the field and beheaded at Hexham, where his bones still fill some nameless grave in the abbey church. Many other lords, as well as knights and esquires, suffered the same fate, and lost their heads at Hexham or Newcastle; and even of the few who escaped death or immediate capture most were hunted down and beheaded at a later date. But these closing scenes of the tragedy do not belong to the dale of the Devilswater: the river

"with blood of Englishmen

Whose stream was deeply dy'd in that most cruel war,"

soon ran fresh and clear as ever, and the rich grasses of the Linnels soon swallowed up the bones of the fallen.

Tradition has planted the romantic figure of Margaret of Anjou so firmly in the neighbourhood of the battlefield of Hexham, that even the ruthless pen of historical criticism cannot wholly dispossess the place of its picturesque legend; and we have already plunged so

deeply in the pleasing waters of fantasy that we may certainly be pardoned if we refuse to return to the dry land of proved facts. The Queen,—so the story runs,—fled from the battle with her son Prince Edward, and took refuge in the neighbouring woods: after narrowly escaping from one band of outlaws, the fugitives fell into the hands of another robber, and it was only Queen Margaret's prompt appeal to the man's generosity that saved them from plunder and ill-treatment. "To your loyalty," she said, as with a proud gesture she pointed to her boy, "I entrust the son of your king"; and the appeal was not made in vain: the robber sheltered the queen and prince in his cave, and eventually enabled them to make their escape from the country.

There is a little cave in the long narrow dene of Dipton Burn, which the tradition of the countryside has fixed upon as the place where Margaret and her son were concealed; and if there be any truth in the story, it is not remarkable that her refuge was never discovered: even at the present day, with a guide-book to direct the explorer, it is a matter of some difficulty to hit upon the exact spot. The cave lies at the foot of a precipitous rock,—one of the walls of a deep narrow ravine, and its mouth is masked by a heap of stones and rubbish which the centuries have weathered from the cliff above: the dene is full of trees and under-wood,—stunted oaks, tangled alders and ashes, and on the higher banks the tall brown-stemmed sombre-headed pines, which stand out so gloriously when the evening sun looks eastward along the dene and gives even to grey limestone the radiance of golden-tinted marble; and down in the twilight below runs Dipton Burn, presenting an indescribable succession of little pictures, each different from the last, but each composed of the same elements,—cool, clear water, leafy branches, green turf, and mossy stones.

A lovely spot it must have been on that fatal spring day more than four hundred years ago: the trees would

then be attired in the tender and delicate gold and green of newly born foliage, and the latest primroses would not have vanished from the rough slopes of the gorge. Surely, in spite of all doubts and denials, we can see the whole picture as clearly as though we ourselves were hiding amongst the hazel bushes and spying upon the fugitives, as they rest there in the last of the evening light. There is a little fire burning close by the foot of the overhanging cliff, so that the smoke may spread and lose itself as it crawls upward against the rock. One of the robbers (tradition mentions no more than one, but we must supply him with a comrade or perhaps a son) attends to the cooking of the rude supper which is thus at short notice to be transformed into a royal banquet; let it be venison stolen from the Prior of Hexham's park at Dotland, or good beef lifted from the richer pastures of Tynedale: on a mossy stone beside the burn sits the Outlaw of tradition, a stout, brown-bearded ruffian, clad in hose and jerkin of well worn leather; and on the strip of green turf at his feet, with his elbows on the ground and his chin propped on the palms of his hands, lies the young prince, or rather what was and will be the prince. For this brief period of happiness he is a prince no longer, and his rough host is regaling him with wilder and stranger histories than princes usually hear at first hand. In outward appearance he is still a gentle delicate boy of eleven, with a handsome face, long fair curls, and blue eyes which open wider at each astounding tale; but in his own imagination he is sometimes a sturdy bowman of Hexhamshire, sometimes a dashing reiver of North Tynedale, but most often a noble knight fighting by Percy's side at Chevy Chase (the outlaw's grandfather may have taken part in the battle), rescuing his leader from captivity with his own unaided sword, and finally driving the Scotch in headlong flight over the border: that is how his young imagination corrects the unsatisfactory episodes of history.

And here on the mound before the mouth of the cave sits Queen Margaret herself, gazing with wistful eyes now at the boy whose young life embodies her political ambitions as well as her motherly affection, and now at the pine-crowned rock to the eastward, which the last glory of the setting sun has illumined with such mellow and pathetic light. Darkness will soon be falling, and all that loveliness will have faded to shadow in a few moments: her own hopes and prospects were once as bright, and upon them the night of ruin and defeat has fallen already. But day will dawn upon crag and pine-tree: shall not a new day dawn for the cause which has set, as it seems, for ever in that red carnage on the Devilswater haughs? That is surely the keynote of Margaret's life and character. Everything seems to be lost: her king and husband has fled, and she cannot tell whether his flight has carried him beyond the pursuit of his enemies; she herself and her son depend for life and freedom on the faith and chivalry of a lawless and possibly murderous outlaw: but still she hopes; still, like the Hope of a famous painting, she thrums expectantly on the one loose string of her crazy lyre, and still she hears from its voiceless quivering a prelude strain of the grand triumphal music which is to welcome Henry and herself, as they once more enter into undisputed possession of their own. It is hope sublime, hope unquenchable,—but hope that is fated never to find fruition.

Queen Margaret is the most striking but not the last representative of the lost causes with which the dale of the Devilswater has been connected. Seventy years later the suppression of the lesser monasteries roused the north of England to a rebellion, and there must have been some who sought safety in the old refuge-places on that March morning when the Duke of Norfolk rode into Hexham to take possession of the Priory and receive the submission of those whose offences had not

put them beyond the reach of pardon. It was to Hexham that the leaders of the rising of the North first retreated on the sudden collapse of their rebellion; and though the two rebel earls escaped into Scotland, we may imagine that some at least of their misguided followers hid themselves where so many had been hidden before. Hexham is said to have been the place where the Scotch army first drew blood against King Charles, and no doubt that invasion would for a while repeople these quiet woods and gorges; but to speak generally, Tynedale was a backwater in the great stream of the Civil War, and it was not until the cause of the Stuarts was lost for ever that the valley of the Devilswater came to be intimately associated with it.

It was to Dilston,—to the manor house which then nestled beside the gaunt grey tower of our earliest picture,—that the third Earl of Derwentwater brought his Countess in the autumn of 1714, and here he lived and perhaps plotted during the months which followed his home-coming. He was rich, young, handsome, and popular; he possessed every personal quality needful to make him the leader of his neighbours and the idol of his dependents: but he was a papist and a Jacobite, an adherent of a lost cause in religion and a lost cause in politics.

However, the lost cause has not yet shed all its vitality, and in August of the following year matters came to a crisis. The Pretender landed in Scotland and was proclaimed King: the Earl's political sympathies were no secret, and in order to prevent his position and influence from being used in support of the rebellion, the government issued a warrant for his arrest. But the warrant came too late: the Earl received warning of his danger; he fled from Dilston, and tradition has naturally given him a hiding place in the valley which opened out behind his home.

Whether that hiding place were near the Linnels, as tradition declares, or in some remoter and more secluded

recess, we need not stop to consider: at any rate the quiet drowsiness of the dale was soon broken by the stir of preparation and the sough of the coming storm. It is probable that many of the leading Jacobites of the neighbourhood followed the Earl's example; and between the hidden conspirators and their unhidden adherents constant communication was maintained. Not far from the site of the battle of Hexham, on the long sloping flank of our valley, stands a huge holly bush,—it must have been still huger in those days,—and close beside it is a little stretch of an ancient road, which recalls Macaulay's description of the roads of 1685, and is probably in much the same condition nowadays as it was when horsemen in laced coats and full-bottomed wigs rode splashing through its quagmires. This holly bush is reputed to have been the Post Office where the secret emissaries of the conspirators concealed their letters and received their replies.

There is a certain air of burlesque about the whole proceeding; for the government does not appear to have made any serious effort to discover the Earl's whereabouts, and in any case the system was decidedly happy-go-lucky and hazardous. But the story is a pretty one, more especially as many of the emissaries (so it is said) were ladies of birth and (let us imagine) beauty, and it may be that they were often driven to use all the subtleties of feminine address and fascination before they could collect or deposit their letters without being observed. Let us imagine a susceptible young gentleman of a somewhat romantic nature, and send him riding casually into the dale of the Devilswater, where he shall encounter my lady emissary, as she hastens, masked and mysterious, towards the holly bush above the Linnels. What a fencing match they will make of it, especially if my lady be not too bigoted a politician, and the cavalier sufficiently attractive to take her fancy! Somehow we cannot help feeling confident that she will not reject the offer of his escort and company: she will

tease him vivaciously, and perhaps make subtle attempts to inveigle him into treason; for of course we must add to the dramatic qualities of the situation by making our hero an ardent Whig. Presently she will invent some trifling errand or service to keep his eyes occupied while she visits the holly bush, and the next day she will meet him in her undisguised person, and chaff him mercilessly about the fair unknown upon whom he was so eager to press his intentions.

Beyond the Linnels is Nunsbrough, a wooded horse-shoe ravine which is one of the wonders of the north; and here tradition has planted another story of the unfortunate Earl. Here, it is said, as he walked in the dusk of the evening, to relieve the weariness of his seclusion, he was met by a weird grey figure, which warned him that he ought already to be in arms for his king, and gave him a crucifix which was to protect him against sword and bullet. Nor is there any inherent improbability in the story, if we except the suggested ghostliness of the apparition. It is well known that the Earl was most reluctant to commit his fortune and friends to the miseries of civil war: what could have been more natural than that some enthusiastic Jacobite should devise this masquerade to cure him of his hesitation? But whether that be so, or whether the final impulse came from his wife, who (as the story runs) taunted him with his backwardness, flung her fan at his feet, and demanded in exchange the sword that he was so loth to draw, his reluctance was overcome at last, and the 6th of October saw him in open rebellion. He and his retainers rode away by Corbridge and the Dere Street to join their partizans from the northern districts of the county, and when he returned to Dilston a few days later, the lost cause was lost once more: the rebels had failed to surprise Newcastle, and they merely paused here before beginning that ill-ordered and circuitous march which ended so disastrously at Preston.

That ends the valley's history as the Valley of Lost Causes, unless it happened that in 1745, when General Wade was struggling to drag his artillery up Tynedale, some of the Pretender's avowed adherents found it wise to conceal themselves in the old places. Yet once since then the dale was nearly called upon to resume its familiar office. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the country was alarmed by the prospect of a French invasion, organised arrangements were made for transporting the women and children of the districts near the sea to Alston at the head of the South Tyne valley; and no doubt, if the emergency had ever arisen, the dale of the Devilswater would also have served as a place of refuge and concealment. But happily the cause of England was no lost cause, and if God help us it never shall be. The wilder period of Northumbrian history is, we trust, closed for ever; and the Valley of Lost Causes is a place of pilgrimage for those who love natural beauty and romantic association, rather than a haven of refuge for those who fly from battle, murder, and sudden death.

R. H. F.



TO CHLOE, ASKING A POEM.

CHLOE, had I but Ovid's power of song,
 Wherewith to hymn your beauty and your grace,
 To all posterity you should belong,
 And men should praise the memory of your face.
 Had Horace but bequeathed his lyric skill
 To me, to sing of wine and Venus' sport,
 A pleasing task right gladly I'd fulfil,
 And trace your lustre as a poet ought.
 Or if that gay divine, dear Herrick, chose
 To waft me inspiration from his lyre,
 And grant me power to speak, do you suppose
 I would not frame a song at your desire?
 Nay, Chloe, ask me not for dainty strains:
 Had I the power, the pen I'd quickly seize.
 Alas! my better judgement now refrains—
 Apply to Mr Austin, if you please.
 But these poor lines may solace you withal
 (I may not say "a poem"—merely "verse");
 Lines, penned by me, resemble each and all
 The sombre movement of a tardy hearse.



THE COMMEMORATION SERMON.

St. LUKE xxii. 25 *He said unto them: The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them, and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so; but he that is greatest among you let him be as the younger, and he that is chief as he that doth serve.*

THE titles of "benefactor" and "saviour" were much affected by the Greek kings of Syria and of Egypt, and are to be seen upon their coins. Gentile flattery and servility, says our Lord, often accorded these titles to mere despots. In the new society it should not be so. There, supremacy and its titles should be based upon service. With good cause, then, do we give to those whom we commemorate to-day the name of "benefactors," for they have rendered us the service of calling us, as a College, into existence. All that the College is, has been, or yet may be,—the lives of research, of learning and of teaching, the lives of prayer and meditation that have been spent in it, the great or useful careers the foundation of which was laid here, the friendships that have been formed within its walls, all are due to our foundress and our benefactors.

"Let us praise famous men," so begins the proper lesson.* We cannot praise our own "famous men" without, in so doing, praising the foundress and benefactors to whom we owe them. You praise the man who planted the tree when you descant on the luxuriance

of its foliage, or the excellence of its fruit. And, of all praise, this, could they hear it, would be the most pleasing to our benefactors. What greater satisfaction can we conceive them as having than the knowledge that their gifts have borne the fruit they designed them to bear? Every College does well to have its greatest men in remembrance, and may be proud to possess permanent memorials of them. Who can walk unmoved in that noble Walhalla, the ante-chapel of Trinity, where "deep-browed Verulam" is for ever seated, and where, as Wordsworth sings,

"the statue stands
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone"?*

And besides its "famous men," who by great deeds or by immortal writings or discoveries have made it illustrious, every College owes an inestimable debt to those lesser-known, who, by devoted service or by nobility or charm of character, have raised the ideal of life, of work or of intercourse in the place that knew them. But those to whom we are to do honour to-day, whatever else they may have been or may have done, have this as their common and as their special claim upon our gratitude, that without them we should not have been: they are "our fathers that begat us."

Many, indeed, upon our roll of benefactors are also upon the roll of fame, as having played some notable part in the history of their time: others, were it only for some 'one event' in their lives, should be more than mere names to us. Thus, not to speak of men so famous as Cecil or Archbishop Williams, Sir Marmaduke

* *Prelude*, Book III. "Upon entering the chapel of Trinity the Queen was delighted to observe six Trinity noblemen holding torches round the statue of Newton. It is a great thing that even six of the peerage should be fit to hold a candle to that immortal astronomer." Letter from Charles Merivale dated Oct. 26, 1843. *Autobiography*, 1899. p. 160.

* Ecclus. XLIV, 1-16.

Constable, the only benefactor upon our list to-day who was "famoused for fight," served in France under Edward IV and Henry VII and, "accompanied with his seemly sons," fought the Scots at Flodden.

John Barwick, who declined a bishopric at the Restoration, had in 1642 "outmanœuvred"* Cromwell (who lay in wait for him at "Lowler† hedges") and conveyed a large sum in money and College plate to the King at Nottingham. John Knewstub, at the Hampton Court Conference in 1604, stoutly opposed conformity; while, at the Savoy Conference in 1661, Peter Gunning, our Master (who, it is said, was specially pitted against Richard Baxter), opposed with equal vigour all concession to the Nonconformists.

In defence of the privileges of the University which were assailed by James II in 1687, Thomas Smoult (with John Billers, also a Johnian, at his side) withstood the furious Jeffreys to the face, when "Peachell (the Vice-Chancellor) faltered, and Isaac Newton was silent."‡ In the following year, Francis Turner (Gunning's successor, both as Master of the College, and also as Bishop of Ely) was one of the "Seven Bishops"§—three of whom were Johnians—who resisted the King's policy of indulgence to the Dissenters; while Thomas Watson, Bishop of St David's, the friend of Baker, both favoured that policy (surely a wise and right one in itself, however wrong under the circumstances) and

* To be exact, was one of those who did so. See *Dictionary of National Biography*. Barnabas Oley of Clare, who (it is said) 'knew all the highways and byeways between Cambridge and Nottingham,' led the party. See *D. N. B.* and Mr Wardale's *Clare College*, p. 129.

† So Baker writes it. An old man who has lived at Lolworth for ninety years well knows the name and spot. Another *Johnianum* is connected with 'Lowler.' Henry Martyn was curate here from 1803 till April 7, 1805. See *H.M., Saint and Scholar* by George Smith (1892), pp. 35, 74.

‡ See Mr Mullinger's *St John's College*, p. 190.

§ But for an accident Wm. Lloyd of Norwich would have been a fourth Johnian among the protesting bishops. *ib.* p. 192. The arms of the four may be seen side by side in the north oriel window in the Hall.

ardently promoted the reading of the King's declaration throughout his diocese; yet, as appears from his bearing under William and Mary, from no mere subservience to power. Condemned by a sentence of doubtful justice, he died, deprived and excommunicate, in 1717.*

In Soulden Lawrence we have the upright judge who, in 1814, left by his will a sum of money to compensate a suitor who, through his misdirection of the jury, had lost his cause.† Perhaps of all our benefactors the most accomplished and many-sided was Thomas Linacre, scholar, physician, and divine, the tutor of princes, the friend and medical counsellor of Erasmus, Colet, and More, and in a great measure founder of the Royal College of Physicians. A saying of his, spoken in his later years, may well be pondered still. After reading afresh the Sermon on the Mount, he said: "either this is not the Gospel, or we are not Christians"? One of the most beautiful and saintly characters among our benefactors was Thomas Whytehead, the scholar- and poet-missionary, whose short life of twenty-eight years fell in the first half of the century that has passed away. After a short curacy at Freshwater, he went out to join Bishop Selwyn in New Zealand, and would have become, had he lived, the president of a new St John's College near Auckland. Dying in March 1843 he left us nearly all

* Watson died at Great Wilbraham, where, in 1683, he had bought the estate and house known as *the Temple*. Having been deposed on a charge of simony, he was excommunicated for contumacy May 4, 1701. "He was buried (says *D. N. B.*) in the chancel of the parish church under the south wall, but without any service, as he was still excommunicated." There is nothing to mark the spot and the Vicar, the Rev. T. W. Hutchinson, informs me that there is no reference in the parish records to this singular burial. The Bishop is, however, several times mentioned in a long Latin epitaph setting forth the merits of his faithful secretary, John Ward. Ward married his patron's niece Joanna. Their son, grandson and greatgrandson bore the name of Thomas Watson Ward. They seem to have lived at *the Temple* and were buried at Great Wilbraham. *The Temple* (adds Mr Hutchinson) was sold to the Rev. James Hicks in 1788. Watson's arms are in the same window as those of the four.

† See *D.N.B.* and Mr. Torrey's *Benefactors*, p. 84.

his books, having previously given us, out of one year's income from the fellowship his tenure of which was so brief, the "eagle-desk" from which the lessons have been read in Chapel since June 1842. To the English-speaking Church he has bequeathed, what is so rare, a hymn of deep religious feeling and of great poetic beauty, "Sabbath of the saints of old." Almost his last act was to translate this together with Bishop Ken's evening hymn into rhymed Maori verse.* In the storied ceiling above our heads he stands, side by side with Dr James Wood, with Wordsworth, Wilberforce, and Henry Martyn, a fifth among the Johnian worthies of the XIXth Century.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." If we ask why and how it is so, Aristotle supplies an answer. He is enquiring, as though it were something extraordinary, why it is that benefactors take more interest in the welfare of those whom they have benefited than the benefited take in theirs.† Dismissing, as inadequate though human enough, the explanation that it is because benefactors look for a return, and therefore desire the prosperity of those to whom they may fairly look for one, he assigns what he calls αἴτιον φυσικώτερον, "a cause that lies deeper in our nature." "Benefactors (he says) love those whom they benefit as the artist loves his work." τὸ εἶναι πᾶσι φιλητόν, "existence is dear to all"; ἐσμὲν δὲ ἐνεργεῖα, "now our being consists in conscious activity." And whereas the recipient may be passive and even unconscious of the benefit, the benefactor is consciously

* So *D.N.B.* Mr Torry and the late Dean Howson speak only of Ken's hymn. In *A and M* (which retains the metre of the original) the first line is *Resting from his work to-day*. The poem, like R. Baxter's well known *Lord, it belongs not to my care*, was not written as a hymn, but is the last of a series on the days of Creation. It will be found at pp. 243-5 of T.W.'s *Poetical Remains and Letters* with a preface by the Dean of Chester (1877). The book is in the College Library.

† *Eth. Nicom.* IX, 7.

active. "Furthermore, the benefactor associates with the recipient the idea of the noble; the recipient on the other hand associates with his benefactor the idea of the profitable, and this is a less loveable idea." But he also points to αἴτιον φυσικώτατον (as we might call it), a cause still more deeply seated in our nature. "Moreover," he says, "all love more that which is effected by labour and travail. Now to receive benefits is easy, to confer them is hard. And for this reason mothers love their children more (more, that is, than their fathers do); for the act of giving birth is painful."

It may seem out of place to speak of 'labour and travail' in connexion with our benefactors. To give money, when one has it to give, seems so easy. Our benefactors, however, were, I believe, for the most part men of moderate or of modest fortune. Nor can we estimate how much careful thought and self-denial may have gone with their gifts. Certainly Bishop Fisher had 'labour and travail' on our behalf in abundance. Bishop Fisher was no millionaire freely and amid general applause doing what he would with his own. The Lady Margaret dying without having given effect to her wish in our regard, it was left to Fisher, as one of her executors and the original inspirer of her wish, to carry that wish into effect as best he might. This (in some measure) he only did, as Baker expresses it, "after much solicitation and long delay, after a tedious "process at Rome, at Court and at Ely, under an "imperious Pope, a forbidding prince (who had 'no very "strong inclination to favour a design that must swallow "up a part of his inheritance') and under a mercenary "prelate, with great application and industry and at an "equal expense."*

The College was not ungrateful. Upon the fall of their father and friend and patron, "the Society" (continues our historian) "was not wanting to him. He

* Professor Mayor's Baker, i. pp. 62, 66. He is speaking of the dissolution of the old house, Jan. 20, 1510.

"was several times attended by the Master and some of the Fellows during his imprisonment. Above all, there is a noble letter from them wherein, as they profess to owe everything to his bounty, all that they enjoy, and all that they know, so they offer and devote themselves, and all they are masters of, to his service, and beg of him to use it as his own."*

Of all forms of giving one of the noblest and that most truly "blesses him that gives and him that takes" is that which aims at the furtherance, by material means, of some ideal end. When the last century was young, Mr Sidney Cooper, 'the English Paul Potter,' who is still with us, was a poor boy at Canterbury, who used to sketch the cathedral, or the country round, upon his slate. An artist (Cattermole) who saw him at work, gave him paper and pencils. Having no penknife, the boy one day asked a kind-looking old clergyman to cut his pencils for him. The old clergyman, who proved to be Dr Manners-Sutton, Archbishop of Canterbury, both sharpened the pencils and also, adds Mr Cooper, "gave me £5 for my childish drawing." He speaks of this as the beginning of his career.† In 1833 the Princess Victoria, our late beloved Queen, having become interested in an Arctic expedition then being fitted out to search for the Rosses, contributed to its equipment a set of mathematical instruments and a pocket-compass. The President of the Royal Geographical Society states that "the gift proved extremely useful. In the estuary of the Fish River, where there was great disagreement in the other needles in denoting magnetic north, that of the Princess could alone be relied upon. It almost seemed like an emblem or forecast of the excellent steadfastness to duty of the great Queen, 'true as the needle to the pole!'"‡

* *ib.* p. 102.

† *My Life*, by T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., 1890. i., pp. 45. 6. ii. p. 54.

‡ *St. James's Gazette*.

The benefactor of a College, such as our own, seeks to render the like service, to furnish the like equipment to a society, and in view of a far-stretching future. If we ask what spirit he is of, the answer must be that, besides his love for "religion, learning, education and research" and for the place that is (or is to be) their home* and where he naturally desires to be held in remembrance,† it is a spirit of faith and hope. It is quite true that some of our benefactors shewed a certain distrust of new developments. Their ideals were, in some cases, those of their own, or of an earlier day. "Dr James Wood," writes the late Dean Merivale, his younger contemporary, "with St John's College at his back, had strenuously resisted the establishment of "the Classical Tripos . . . The older men continued to "harbour deep jealousy of the new lights they could "not exclude."‡ Even as regards Mathematics, "St John's College," he tells us, "lagged behind or "offered passive resistance (*i.e.* to the introduction of "analytic methods). Old Dr Wood, our Master, had "been a leading geometer of the elder generation, and "his College still bound itself at the wheels of Wood's "Algebra and Wood's Mechanics, till the younger "Tutors found that their men were at a great disadvantage."§ Yet Dr Wood, thus doubly defeated, both as regards the new Tripos and as regards the new method, nevertheless cherished that hopefulness and that faith in the future by which he became one of the most munificent of all our benefactors.

The life of a College or of a University is like a stream. The stream may at times run low or run

* Statute XVII.

† *e.g.* by dirge, obit, collect, speech, or sermon.

‡ *Autobiography*, p. 84.

§ *ib.* p. 60. He adds: "I remember one of the London newspapers having a leader on the subject which ended with 'Geometry has had its day; and a long day too, from Archimedes to Dr Wood.'"

turbid, yet deep in its bed it still flows on, and the sources that feed it are not dried up. There have been times of unproductiveness, times even of indolence and self-indulgence in our Universities. Much of the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth century were such times. Adam Smith, who was at Oxford from 1740 to 1747, tells us that "in the University of Oxford the greater part of the Professors have for these many years given up altogether the pretence of teaching."* The poet Gray, who lived at Cambridge for the most part from 1734 to 1771, speaks in a letter to Wharton of "our Sovereign Lady and Mistress, the President of Presidents and Head of Heads (if I may be permitted to pronounce her name, that ineffable octogrammaton), the Power of Laziness."† William Wilberforce, who came into residence here in 1776, writes with great severity of those of the Fellows with whom he was intimate. "Their object," he says, "seemed to be to make and keep me idle. If ever I appeared studious, they would say to me, 'Why in the world should a man of your fortune trouble yourself with fagging?' I was a good classic, and acquitted myself well in the College examinations, but Mathematics, which my mind greatly needed, I almost entirely neglected, and was told that I was too clever to require them."‡ C. Merivale, whose Cambridge life extended from 1826 to 1848, calls that time "a period of slack water," and speaks of the Universities as having "entirely forfeited the lead in the teaching of the nation at large, if indeed they had ever possessed it."§

While we most gratefully acknowledge the revival of

* *Wealth of Nations*, v, 3, 2.

† Tovey's *Letters of Thomas Gray*. LX.

‡ *Life of Wm. Wilberforce by his Sons*, 1838. i, 11.

§ *Autobiography*, pp. 85, 6. "The moment of my first entrance into Cambridge life was just the fag end of an academic movement of some force, which began with the conclusion of the great revolutionary war." *ib.* p. 82.

activity of various kinds in our Universities, yet let us note that, even as regards the past, much may be set against the testimonies just quoted. In 1765, under the sway of "Laziness," our own Master and benefactor, William Samuel Powell, established annual examinations in the College, a thing unheard of before; and in the same year, under the growing influence of the Royal Society, of which he was a member, set up an observatory in College, some sixty years before the erection of the University Observatory. Whatever we may think of Wm. Wilberforce's testimony, let it never be forgotten that it was a University prize, won in 1785 by Wilberforce's contemporary, Thos. Clarkson, for an essay on slavery, that led, through the indomitable perseverance of Clarkson himself, aided by the exertions of Wilberforce in Parliament, first to the restriction, then to the abolition of the slave trade, and finally, in 1833, to the abolition of slavery itself in the British dominions. Lastly, Charles Merivale's "period of slack water," which, after all, says the historian of *The Romans under the Empire*, "suited me best," saw the rise of more than one new Tripos, while the Natural Sciences Tripos was to come into being only three years later; saw also the beginnings of the lifework of Cardale Babington, of Cayley, and of Adams.

The author of the Epistle to the *Hebrews* conceives himself and his readers as "encompassed by a great cloud of witnesses," the heroes of faith in the remote and in the recent past, intent upon the issue of the struggle upon earth. In the XVIIIth *Paradiso*, the poet, now in the sixth sphere, sees a multitude of beatified spirits that group themselves into flaming letters and spell out sentences from the Latin Bible. So we might conceive the spirits of our generous and loving benefactors as tracing, for our admonition, such sentences as these: δωρεὰν ἐλάβετε δωρεὰν δότε, "freely ye have received, freely give;" ᾧ παρέθεντο πολὺ περισσώτερον αἰτήσουσιν αὐτόν, "to whom men have

committed much, of him they will ask the more;" lastly, and, while they spell out this sentence, we must picture them as glowing and sparkling (as do Dante's spirits for greater emphasis) with an intenser brilliance: ἡ φιλαδελφία μενέτω, "let love of the brotherhood, let brotherly love continue."

W. A. C.



ON THE FRINGE OF THE EMPIRE.

ABOUT twenty miles off Cape York, the extreme north-eastern point of Australia, lies Thursday Island, a spot in which people of all colours and from all parts of the earth (or most of them) do congregate for the gathering of the pearl-shell oysters. It is a port of call for the British India and other steamers, and I fancy that, as the genuine globe-trotter approaches it, he feels that he is getting pretty near to the edge of the world, and is confusedly reminded of Robinson Crusoe and cannibals, and probably takes a private peep at the revolver hidden in his cabin-trunk. One hundred and twenty miles to the north-east of Thursday Island three small volcanoes, of which the fires have long been extinct, form the group known as the Murray Islands. From their summits one may see on a clear day the Pacific rollers breaking upon the Great Barrier Reef, within the extreme northern end of which they lie sheltered. On these islands three members of the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition of 1897-98 spent several months making the acquaintance of the natives, and the following pages are extracted from letters sent home by one of them.

Darnley Island,
May 7th.

We sailed for this place from Thursday Island on Monday last in a 60-ton pilot schooner, which the Queensland Government very kindly put at our disposal for those few days. Our schooner is too large a boat to venture among the reefs which lie between this and

Murray Island, and so we have landed here to take passage across thirty miles of coral sea in a smaller boat.

This island is only one hundred and twenty miles from Thursday Island and yet, owing to unfavourable weather, we have been five days on the schooner. At this time of year the wet windy season of the N.W. monsoon gives place to the fine weather of the S.E. trade-winds which prevail from May until November. The fair S.E. weather has not yet settled itself, being unusually late this year, and so the winds are still strong, irregular and showery.

Starting in the afternoon of Monday we anchored early under the lee of a coral islet and had a very quiet night. On Tuesday we raced along to windward at ten knots an hour, and our captain determined to go on through the night instead of anchoring as usual, so that we might reach Darnley Island early in the morning. About 11 p.m. we were wakened by a rending, grating noise that seemed to shake the whole ship. We rushed on deck and found ourselves hard and fast on a coral reef and the tide falling. She would not come off, so we fixed a small anchor far astern and waited for the next tide. As the tide fell the schooner lay over on her side or bilge (in nautical phrase), and it was a novel experience to make one's bed in the angle between the bulwark and the deck that sloped up at 45° under a fitful moon and driving misty clouds. When the tide rose in the morning we got her off by dint of much hauling on windlasses, and with the loss of three anchors. This gave us a late start, and as tide and wind were against us we had to anchor under an islet ten miles from Darnley. On Thursday we reached here and anchored in the afternoon. Two stalwart handsome Kanakas or South-Sea boys came off to us. These men have settled here in numbers, though they are natives of islands far out in the South East Pacific. We arranged with them to take us on to Murray in

their lugger for thirty shillings. Friday morning they came alongside in a smart 7-ton lugger to take off our heavy gear, but said it was too blowy to start for Murray. As they came alongside we heaved them a rope which fell short, and then the whole crew of about eight men and boys (except the captain, who sat calm and collected on his heels holding the tiller) shouted at one another to jump overboard and catch it, until one did jump and the excitement reached a climax. We lay at anchor all day, and in the night the wind rose again and we had another mild excitement—the anchor dragged and we had to get up sail and cruise about till daybreak. Now we have come ashore and settled ourselves till Monday in the court-house, because it is still too blowy to sail, and the natives may not and dare not sail on Sunday. They observe the Sabbath as strictly as the Scotch, so we must loafe here two days.

May 8th Sunday. This morning the weather seems at last to be set fair. The sea is as blue and purple and green and as flecked with white as on the Cornish coast sometimes; the sky is blue, with white cumuli on the horizon. The court-house, our abode, is a low thatched cottage of one long room. The walls are of bamboo covered with wattle and whitewash, with numerous square holes for windows—the floor of concrete. It stands, with about a dozen native houses among coco-palms, at the edge of a curved beach of yellow sand, the middle of a pretty rock-bound bay. All round the village are gardens, full of bananas, yams, melons, etc., and behind the land slopes up to six hundred feet, covered with woods and patches of palms and open grassy ground.

The people here are a very mixed lot since the pearl-fishing industry, which is carried on all round about, has introduced Kanakas, Malays, Manillamen and even negroes. They live in pious harmony together and are ruled partly by the "mammoos" with two underlings, *i.e.* a headman and two native policemen, and partly by an

old Englishman, Captain B. Besides the latter there is only one white man on the Island, a beach-comber, Dirty Johnson by name. The people live in bamboo and thatch houses at the edges of the beach all round the coast. They are all Christian converts, but Captain B. gives them a bad name for laziness, selfishness and general unreliability. They have been spoilt by much contact with the pearl-fishers, some of whom are always to be found loafing about—they come in to get water, yams, bananas etc.

Captain B. is perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Island. He is a little withered sun-dried man of sixty-five with a stern face, dressed in a tattered cotton shirt and patched cotton trousers, his feet bare and spread out like a native's from long disuse of shoes. He is the son of an English Army Captain, and was well educated at the College of ———. He has travelled much and is widely read, especially in classical French authors, and remembers the music of most of the well known Italian Operas and all the famous singers of the middle of the century. He ran away to sea, and at twenty-four became a ship's-master and then for nearly thirty years commanded large vessels of every kind, and during that time saved a competence, on which he retired to a country-house. After three years bank-failures left him penniless; all his fortune was gone, just as his father's had gone years before. So, feeling disgusted with the methods of civilisation, and too proud to live on his well-to-do relatives, he set sail for Australia. There he killed rabbits officially for some time, and then, finding Western Australia too civilised, he set sail for New Guinea to find the rich gold-fields that are believed to exist there. He settled among a savage tribe on the banks of one of the rivers and made himself a home and garden. But after some years he had to shoot a native, and escaped down the river on a raft with many adventures and thrilling incidents. Then he came to Thursday Island and served as signalman on the look-

out station for some time; but again civilisation jarred and he sailed to Darnley Island. There, on a promontory above the native village, he has made himself a bamboo house and a sufficient garden from which, by regular labour, he secures a vegetarian diet. He has been recognised by the Hon. John Douglas, the autocrat of Torres Straits, as an assistant magistrate and registrar, and receives a small salary. And so he has his courthouse and there he rules with a rod of iron and gives the rascals "gyp." The people all respect and fear him, but often for more than a week he speaks no word to anyone. All day he delves, and at sundown he lights his lamp, climbs on to his mattress and reads till ten. He says he is happy and will never move again from this place. He offered to sell me the title to his house and garden, for he does not expect to last more than a few years. I said I would think it over, and not decide till I shall have seen more of the Islands of the Straits. (At a later date it was my privilege to nurse Captain B. through a sharp illness, and the week I spent on the Island was one of the most enjoyable, so that I was only prevented from accepting the renewed offer of his freehold by an exaggerated sense of my own importance).

Murray Island, May 13th. We packed ourselves on board our seven-ton half-decked lugger on Monday morning last soon after day-break and started in bright sunlight to beat to Murray, thirty miles to windward, against a stiff breeze. Behold us then seated all three on our ton of baggage and boxes, piled in the middle of the boat, while on the strip of deck at the stern our South-Sea skipper squats on his heels holding the tiller—on the fore-deck a dark Islander, well built, muscular and ugly; and halfway up the windward stays of the foremast hangs or sways or dangles on a single cross-piece or ratline, a very long, black Islander with huge prognathous face, and beetling brow-ridges and retreating cranium, an awe-inspiring figure: yet every time we catch his eye he bows a gracious bow and exposes

a good six inches of huge teeth in a really genial smile. All over the boat from the top of the masts to the end of the bowsprit swarm four boys, of all sorts and sizes, dark cross-breeds of various kinds. Under the fore-deck, over a small wood fire in a large iron plate, squats a wizened Manilla-man the ship's cook, and he like all the others grins affably at us and speaks a little pigeon-English. The breeze is strong and the lugger dips her lee bulwarks,—the sea is short and choppy and she jumps at each wave with a smack and sends the spray flying across the decks and us. The sailing is done in a very happy-go-lucky manner. The men do not care to haul tight the sheets each time we go about, and leave it to the boys who do not even know how to make fast the sheets, so that, although the lugger is a smart boat by build, she goes hardly at all to windward and all day long we race to and fro across the wind, Darnley on the one side and the dim outline of Murray on the other, and though Darnley recedes a little Murray comes no nearer. Here and there a yellow sand-bank lies on the blue water, and here and there the water is a bright patchy green in colour where the coral-reefs lie close to the surface. These spots our savage crew know well and we dodge in and out amongst them safely enough. Every four hours we produce our one loaf of bread and small tin of potted meat and drink a coco-nut, and all day long the crew eats long yards of sugar-cane, and the sound of their munching fills the boat. At sundown comes a heavy shower of rain and everything and everybody becomes damp and chilly, and still the wind blows strongly from Murray and jets of spray shoot across us from time to time. And now it is dark and all the crew creeps round the fire to sleep, except our lanky friend with the cavernous face. He sits cross-legged and silent by the helm, and as the old moon rises above the leaping waves he becomes a grotesque and fearful thing, an abysmal blackness on the silvery light. I don't think he knows why we beat

to and fro across the wind, he only knows that he has done it before and that sometimes he has arrived at his goal. The other two settle down to sleep as best they may on the wet rugs, and I sit moody and anxious on the damp deck ready to let fly the foresail if a gust should come too strongly or the boat should strike a reef, and think of sharks and other cheering topics. About three times every hour through that long, long night that gruesome black thing puts down the helm and the lugger swings round while I do all I can to haul tight the sheets, until, just as a blessed glimmer of light appears on the eastern sky, we come under the shelter of Murray and I fall asleep dead-tired. At sunrise the falling of the anchor wakens me to find that we have come to rest some fifty yards from the yellow sandy beach. The beach is fringed with coco-palms, and among them stand the native houses singly or in little groups. Behind the palms the land rises steeply, at first covered with flowering bushes and then open and grassy to a height of some hundreds of feet. There is no sound from the land, for everyone is still asleep. The stillness is only broken by the leaping of millions of small fish and the rushing of the larger fish that pursue them, rippling the surface of the water. We have gone from purgatory to paradise. The change from the dreadful night to this lovely peaceful scene is to me so sudden that I have to pinch myself to make sure I am awake. But the greatest performance by our crew is yet to come. Our skipper emerges refreshed by his night's sleep and, no doubt, dimly conscious of a gross neglect of duty. He wears his hair short and black except for one tuft of frizzly bleached hair that makes him look like a frivolous cockatoo. Now it behoves him to shew us, before we leave his ship, that he is a smart sailor, that he has sailed in English ships and knows the ways of Englishmen. He rushes wildly along the bulwark, reaches the fore-deck with a hazardous spring and there dances wildly, swearing at

all the crew, especially the grinning boys, in pigeon-English "You bl**dy monkey, why you stand there! why you think I keep you long of this ship you bl**dy monkey?! You think I keep you eat and sleep, make fast, make fast, make fast." There is nothing much to be done but he intends that it shall be done in style. Then they all shout and bellow to wake the people on the land, and presently an old grey man pushes off in a canoe, a great hollowed trunk with large outrigger on either side and a bamboo platform amidships.

Solemnly and silently he sets us ashore, and we find Jack Bruce the only white man of the Island taking his morning tub.

Bruce has installed us in the old mission house here, disused since the missionaries left the Island some years ago, thinking they had completed the conversion of the people and driven out all "devil-devil." It is a wooden house of one storey, with three large rooms and a wide verandah, and several small rooms behind. It is somewhat dilapidated, but is just large enough to hold us comfortably, and as there are several tables and chairs left in it we have, with our own camp furniture, a luxurious abode. We sleep in our camp beds on the verandah, each man in a small world of his own, shut off from the rest of the universe, especially the mosquitoes, by a fine white curtain. The house stands on a steep hill-side about one hundred feet above the beach and the native houses, so that we look out across the tops of the tall coco-palms to a wide expanse of sea with Darnley Island on the horizon. It is a beautifully coloured sea, for the water is perfectly clear, and as the tide falls the coral-reefs begin to shew up on the blue as patches of the most vivid luminous greens of every kind. Just now the weather is perfect. There is a constant breeze that carries masses of fair weather clouds away towards the North West horizon, and keeps our verandah moderately cool.

W. McD.

[To be continued.]



WITH THE YEOMANRY HOSPITAL AT PRETORIA.

LAST year I found myself among those who had decided that khaki's the only wear, and at five days' notice started for the Cape to take part in the formation of an Imperial Yeomanry Hospital at Pretoria. Owing to the strain on the resources of the Army Medical Department, we started without the services of a military Commandant, and consequently without the slightest knowledge of military routine I had to discharge the duties of that officer. Truly a pleasant predicament in the Bay of Biscay. We had eighty orderlies on board who had been selected on various grounds, but very few of them for actual experience of hospital work. Indeed, at that stage of the war trained orderlies were almost impossible to obtain. One of my first tasks was to select non-commissioned officers, and to try and reduce this motley crew of old soldiers and civilians to some semblance of discipline. Our troubles began at Madeira. Here some of the men went ashore without leave, got drunk and then had a quarrel with the police. A rescue was attempted, and in a moment the police drew their cutlasses. One of the men fell close to me with his head cut open. He was a Seaforth Highlander, and if the policeman had possessed the physique of his victim the blow would have been fatal. To add to the confusion the steamer began whistling for us to go on board, and the British Consul could not be found.

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The shipping agent undertook to deliver my hasty note to him, and then we had to leave the men to their fate and the tender mercies of the Portuguese.

But this incident had a somewhat sobering effect on the remainder, which process was hastened by inoculating them against enteric fever. I was inoculated myself and found it decidedly sobering in its influence. We also gave them instruction in stretcher drill, and in the elements of nursing. Gradually we found out the kind of work each man was suited for, and on our arrival at Capetown they proceeded to the Yeomanry Base Hospital at Deelfontein, where they were trained in their allotted departments while our arrangements were being completed.

Our first view of Capetown was most depressing; everything was veiled in fog, so that of the vaunted beauties of Table Bay we could see nothing. It seemed unnecessary to travel six thousand miles for a Scotch mist! But our chief anxiety on getting news from the shore was lest the war should be over. Perhaps my readers will not be surprised to hear that we found the war was still going on.

There is no need for me to add to the many descriptions of Capetown. As soon as it was feasible we started for the North by a night train, and next morning woke to find ourselves among the beautiful Hex River mountains still tipped with winter snows. The fresh air blowing across the veldt recalled the words of the late G. W. Steevens; "there is nothing else in existence clear enough with which to compare it. You feel that hitherto you had been breathing mud and looking out on the world through fog. This at last was air, was ether." By mid-day we had reached the edge of the Karroo, the great table-land desert. To readers of Olive Schreiner the Karroo is invested with mystery and beauty. At first sight these are signally lacking in a wide expanse of red earth covered with scattered rocks and scrubby bushes, raised here and there into

small kopjes. Sometimes it takes the form of long waves of this everlasting red, sometimes it is a plain surrounded by a ring of table mountains. You may travel a hundred miles and never see a tree or a stream, On and on goes the train—surely round this corner there will be something fresh; but no—more veldt, more kopjes, more thorny mimosa, more scrubby bushes. Truly it is a country of magnificent distances. At intervals we see an ostrich farm with its vindictive-looking birds enclosed behind a barbed wire fence; with heads nodding at each step they are following a solitary wayfarer, who plods along the baked road that stretches like a red scar across the veldt. Where did they learn that look of concentrated malignity? Does even the ostrich feel towards us as Paul Krüger did in that distressful country?

This is the first impression; the mystery and beauty of the Karroo are not revealed to the casual observer.

At high noon the landscape swims in mirage in every direction. A kopje juts out like a cape into a shimmering sea, the ant heaps look like children's castles on the beach. But we draw nearer, and the sea mockingly flees before us, resolving itself into the heat haze that rises from the baked Karroo.

Towards sunset a subtle change is seen. The hard outlines soften; the dull reds and green become touched with richer hues, the sky flames with gold. The smoke rising from a Kaffir kraal is turned into a golden cloud; every moment the colours are changing like a kaleidoscope.

The sun dips below the horizon which is now dyed a rich, rose-pink hue all round. Soon this rose-pink curtain rolls up and leaves a deep blue behind. The blue fades to grey, the grey fades to black, and while we are watching the night has come swiftly upon us. And with the night, the cold, a piercing dry cold. The sky is spangled with stars; and as the moon rises, throwing its magic light over the veldt already sparkling

with hoar frost, the grey leaves of the thorn-bushes become pure silver, the rocky boulders assume new and fantastic shapes. Who that has seen this happen can deny to the Karroo its mystery and beauty?

Deelfontein, the Yeomanry Base Hospital, is situated on the Karroo near De Aar Junction. Here we halted for a time while arrangements were going forward. This gave us the opportunity of learning many things, for the hospital, under Col. Sloggett's able administration, was a noteworthy success.

Where formerly there was nothing but a railway siding and a store, a miniature town of iron huts and tents had arisen—a hospital of a thousand beds with an operating theatre as fully equipped as if in London, a church of its own, a steam laundry and even a bacteriological laboratory. Here we were joined by Surgeon-Major Kilkelly, who had been appointed our military commandant, and I left with him to go to Bloemfontein. No longer was this the “tented city of pestilence” it had been, but a pleasant little country town. We were encamped on the veldt beyond the Residency behind which was the “flowery spring” from which the town takes its name. Here I saw what a “donga” really meant. Going across the level veldt we suddenly encountered a deep trench cut by tropical rains in sandy soil. Now quite dry it could easily contain and completely hide hundreds of men. Yet from the conformation of the surrounding country, its existence would never be suspected.

Military law was strictly enforced at Bloemfontein. All civilians had to be indoors at eight o'clock, and after that time one had to be prepared for the sentry's challenge. At Deelfontein this had been but a farce, for a friend of mine in response to the challenge, “Halt, who goes there?” once said “Kruger.” The sentry rose to the occasion and replied, “Pass Kruger, and all's well”! But a flippant answer at Bloemfontein would have made him acquainted with the guard room.

I spent nine days at Bloemfontein acting merely as a forwarding agent. At home a medical man may devote himself to the stethoscope or the scalpel; in Africa, everyone had to become a business man. The buying of stores, the drawing of rations, and the arrangements for transport formed part of his routine.

South of this point the journey had presented no special difficulties, but from this point on the obstacles were considerable. The principal one was of course De Wet. The heavily loaded trains were not allowed to travel through the dangerous zone at night; the officers travelled in wretched little carriages captured from the Boers, or in covered cattle trucks, the men on the top of trucks which were loaded high up with stores. Even travelling on the South Eastern seemed quick in comparison, for it took two and a half days to get from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. And we were lucky. One officer who had to go to Pretoria passed a hospital train on a siding—he saw some nurses looking tired and dishevelled. On his return a few days later he said he saw the same train on the same siding; and the nurses were then looking rather more tired and a good deal more dishevelled.

One of the most striking facts on this journey was that all the way we were scarcely ever out of sight of a dead horse or mule. It brought home the enormous mortality that war means for these animals. Such sights as the station at Roodeval riddled with bullets, the burnt trains, the long line of veldt fires, the broken bridges, and the ruined farms represented the inglorious side of war, a side which in this campaign has not been lacking.

At last the long wished for sight of the Pretoria Forts greeted our eyes. Two of these guard the southern entrance to Pretoria. It will not surprise my readers, though it apparently greatly surprised the Boers, that Lord Roberts did not enter Pretoria that way. Lying in a hollow between the surrounding hills, Pretoria is

a picturesque town. To a Cambridge man, the little conduits running along the roadside bore a familiar aspect. The villas are pretty, often artistic and embowered in roses. When we arrived, Pretoria was pink with peach blossom. We were quartered in the district called Arcadia, and the name is not inappropriate. The pretty stream that enters the town from Fountain Grove fringed with weeping willows, and with the nests of weaver birds hanging over its edge is indeed a refreshing sight. To the eyes of a traveller wearied with the veldt, the town is an oasis in the desert. Of its buildings, of the buildings where our men were imprisoned, of Winston Churchill's map drawn on the walls of the Model School with the stages of Lord Roberts' advance mysteriously marked upon it I need say nothing; these are by now familiar facts to all.

We secured for our hospital a fine country house on the hill side about two miles outside Pretoria. It had belonged to an Englishman who was believed to have sold ammunition to the Boers, and it was acquired by the simple method of "commandeering." The owner appeared to have been ready for any contingency as he had both Union Jack and a Transvaal flag on the premises. The upper floor of the house was turned into wards for sick officers, the ground floor into offices and wards for men. A large conservatory at the back formed a charming mess-room. But all told the house would only hold about fifty invalids. The remaining three hundred and fifty had to be accommodated in tents which were placed in the grounds. When complete the hospital was excellently equipped, an operating theatre that commanded the admiration of the Hospital Commission, large kitchens, stores, bathrooms, and a supply of the most modern drugs. But it was not thus at the beginning, as may be easily imagined when it is remembered that all the equipment had to be brought up a thousand miles of single rail which was constantly being cut. In spite of all these difficulties, we were

able to open the Hospital at Pretoria just one calendar month after the advance guard landed at Capetown. Of our lavish supply of drugs we at first only possessed a box of seidlitz powders and a bottle of quinine pills. Lights were a great difficulty—paraffin could not be obtained in anything like sufficient quantity, and the army allowance of candles and matches was very scanty. "When is *the* match going to be lit?" was the usual question after breakfast. We discovered some colza, which by cautious admixture with our precious paraffin was induced to lend a flickering light. But before long our difficulties were brought to an end by the skill of Captain Dumaresq R.E., who rapidly installed an excellent service of electric light, the motive force being supplied by an old traction engine.

Milk was very scarce, and in the train we had to depend on condensed milk, keeping the fresh for those cases where it was essential. Eggs cost sixpence each and were mostly bad.

While speaking of diet, I may say how much the addition of jam to the rations has been appreciated. I believe this innovation was due to a suggestion made by my colleague, Dr Sandwith, of Cairo, in the Soudan campaign. Of him it may be said, as of Sir Christopher Wren, "*si monumentum quæris, circumspice*," for South Africa is literally strewn with jam-pots.

Clothes presented another problem. The man came in from the veldt in clothes which were quite unfit for human beings to wear; yet, if they were destroyed how could they be replaced? We had plenty of pyjama suits, and our convalescents at first used to promenade in these. The weather was beginning to get warm, and this attire was cool and consequently popular, though the effect produced was a little quaint. But when the stores came up we were able to fit out everyone leaving the hospital. The British public have been most generous in supplying comforts, and in some cases undue advantage has been taken of this by enterprising

Tommies. I heard of one man who managed to secure for himself from one source or another twenty-three pyjama suits! and I fear this was not an isolated instance.

August 18th saw our hospital formally opened. The place was swept and garnished, the band of the 2nd Lincolns was in attendance, and punctually at the time appointed Lady Roberts drove up, accompanied by the Commander-in-chief. The presence of Lord Roberts was in itself sufficient to guarantee the success of the opening ceremony, and we concluded our day's work with much mutual congratulation. The next day saw our first patient admitted, who promptly sampled the seidlitz powders and the quinine pills. The day after that we took in a few more, and on August 21st a convoy of a hundred sick and wounded arrived at half-past ten at night. Some of them had spent three days in bullock waggons, and a few were delirious or unconscious. The oxen that drew the convoy were so worn out that many of them fell asleep while still yoked to the waggons; the rest seemed to huddle together for mutual support. Amid the flickering light from swinging lanterns the work of drafting off the patients to their respective wards went on. Mere novices as we were at the work, we felt some pride in accomplishing this in three-quarters of an hour. By that space of time every man had been got to bed and given a good draught of milk or beef tea.

From that time forward our hospital was in full swing. We soon raised our accommodation to 400, and this was rapidly utilised. Difficulties were gradually overcome, and the hospital proved so successful that it is now the only one still supported by private enterprise.

Of the political side of the war I have thought it best to say nothing. Everybody has made up his mind one way or the other, and facts can produce but little effect in modifying opinions. But I had

the opportunity of talking to the secretary of Joubert's election committee, who had been a member of the Volksraad himself. Some of his information may be of interest. He told me of an interview he had had with Krüger, in the course of which the President said, "Why do you always oppose me, why do you hate me so?"

"I do not hate you, President," he replied, "but I hate your Hollander policy, and I know that sooner or later it will lead to war with England." He told me that the armament scheme had been proposed before the raid, and this occurrence simply gagged the opposition to it. He had an interesting conversation with Joubert after the famous election in which it was believed, with reason, that Joubert had the majority of the votes, but that Krüger had the advantage of counting them. He urged Joubert to fight it out, saying that if he did not he would never get the support of the burghers again. "I thought you would have understood," said Joubert, "Paul Krüger would never allow me to be President: he would have civil war first."

Another man I met had been station master at a town near Capetown, notorious for its Afrikaner sympathies. Some months before the war he felt suspicious about some large cases consigned to a prominent member of the Bond in the town. On his own responsibility he opened them—they contained Mauser rifles and ammunition. Any idea of a Dutch conspiracy has been indignantly repudiated; for what "big game" could they have been intended? We made the interesting discovery in a shop at Pretoria of a number of little plaster busts of Krüger, labelled "President of Cape Colony." This throws an interesting side-light on the popular aspirations of a people, who occupied the northern part of Cape Colony for "purely strategic reasons!"

There has been pessimism enough and to spare over this war, and that not without reason: let me conclude

with some words of hope. For the agricultural development of the country enormous sums would have to be spent in constructing reservoirs and irrigation works; on the other hand only the fringe of the mineral resources has been touched. At Middelburg there is iron on one side of the line and coal on the other, both close to the surface; there is reason to believe that Pretoria is as rich in gold as Johannesburg.

When I was at Ladysmith kindly nature was doing her best to cover the rents that men had torn in her garment. The Spring was making all things new; life was in the ascendant once more, even in that tortured town. And the sight seemed to tell of hope in the future for South Africa, a not impossible dream of the Pax Britannica.

W. LANGDON BROWN.



THE GYMNAST.

I, LONG years loitering in the study
Of old Greek classics and divinity,
Sought but such pastimes (like a cuddy)

As had a smack of femininity—
Golfing and bowling; and the issue
Was masses of superfluous tissue.

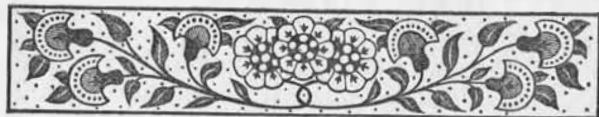
A full-orbed, globular Adonis,
I greatly spurned such toil as cricketin';
The links I haunted with my cronies,
As redolent as I of nicotine—
A jolly life! but yet a blunder,
I grew rotunder and rotunder.

But lo! a young Greek god is seen
From out the starry heights of Ulster—
As unto Dido once, I ween,
Ere Trojan histories convulsed her,
Came Mercury on fluttering pinion,
A marvel to the Carthaginian.

"Behold!" he cried, "O perfect spherity!
Behold my figure lithe and plastic.
I speak the sober words of verity,
By use judicious of gymnastic,
You shall attain, O far too succulent!
Like beauty, right and tight and truculent."

'Twas true the tale. Each day resplendent
In shirt of white and snowy breeches
I lift the weight and swing suspent,
Exactly as my Mentor teaches,
And hope (nor is my hope chimerical)
I shall be soon not quite so spherical.

QUIS TERETIOR?



ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Vereeniging,
9 March 1901.

Dear —,

We have had rather a poor time here the last few days, as it is not playing the game at all, and has rained the greater part of the last four days, although the rainy season is nearly over, and they seldom get rain for more than a day at a time. Our tents stood all right, but one section had two or three down. As we seemed likely to be here for some time we got a Pecoana grammar the other day; some people say it is the pure Zulu language, others say it is Basuto, but whatever it is the Basutos can understand a good deal of it. We got a couple here last night, and tried to get the pronunciation from them. We would say a word, pronounced according to the instructions, as far as we could make it out; a blank look would come over their faces, this would suddenly turn into a broad grin, ending in roars of laughter, as it dawned on them what it was we were trying to say, and then they would say it for us in a very different way to ours. The best thing is their numerals; six is literally "crossing over," because you have used up the fingers of the left hand, and cross over to begin the right. The plurals are also sometimes peculiar, and the singular does not give much hint of what they will be (*lekoto* = a leg, plural *maota*).

March 12th. Rain stopped for a bit this morning I am glad to say, so started to dry things, but have not been able to finish as rain has come on again. Yesterday I had a poor time, as I got about seven hours'

sentry in the rain. During the night before the rain soaked through the earth which forms the roof of the block-house, and started dropping inside. The result was my blankets got fairly soaked; luckily I managed to borrow one for last night, or I should have been in a bad way.

March 14th. Had two dry days and got fairly into shape again; I should think we ought to have done with rain here now, as I hear a wire came to-day to say we were to start down South in a week. I have had enough of pickets, about one night in four for about a month. I hear my brother has had two months' hard work down below, fighting nearly every day; when last heard of he was still all right. He seems to have caught me in weight at last, as he says he is eleven stone, and I only did eleven stone and a pound or two with my clothes on the other day; legs all gone to pot.

Yours truly,

* * *

Simmer and Jack's Mine,
Elandsfontein,
Transvaal,

28 March 1901.

Dear —,

We left Vereeniging on the 22nd to come here, a matter of about 40 miles. We left about 3 p.m., but did not manage till 8 next morning here. We had got about half-way when we met some down traffic, and by means of muddling up the whole show they did not get away before dark, and so had to stop the night. From the station we moved out about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile East. After getting settled there we were shifted over here to relieve the Manchesters. About 5.30 on the 25th orders came for 30 men to move at once. So off we started in what we thought was the right direction; a good many men carrying both blanket and overcoat as they could not all go on the cab that took over one

of the officers. We kept fairly good line, and did not break our necks, thanks to there being a good moon; once, however, we found it getting soft and wet under foot, and found we were just walking into a dam. Finally we got across all right, and most of us slept in a room which is the dining hall for the mine people. The Manchesters kicked up the very dickens of a row, and kept it up long after 'lights out.' At 4 30 a.m. they kicked us out to relieve their outposts. Later in the day the rest of the Company came over and they cleared out. The post I got to was a very good one by day, although at night, according to all accounts, it is not extra safe. There are, so far as I know, no Boers about, but close by is a detail camp of Imperial Yeomanry, and apparently some of them are very keen to shoot something, or else rather nervous, as every now and again they let drive. One of our men saw them drilling yesterday, and one of them ran his bayonet into his hand and had to retire. When I got back here, on being relieved at night I found the first three sections were quartered in the big room, and we were in groups of four in the rooms the mine men live in. There is electric light in the big place, which has a good kitchen attached, and in some of the rooms. About 50 yards away are some big tanks which make a first-class swimming bath, and up the road is a sort of Club. There are two "pool" tables, but the cloth is cut up all over the place and the cues have no tips: in addition there seemed to be nothing but pool balls, etc., which makes it rather confusing when both red and white and red and spot is brown; it helps to pass the time, however, when off duty. Behind there is a big room which has been used as a gymnasium; the horizontal bar is all right and there are some mattresses; the vaulting horse and spring board are all in good order, but we have not been able to keep them from sliding about, which makes your final landing place a matter of doubt when you land full flight on the steed

and he skids away. The parallels have not got the stand for the bars as far as we have been able to find out. We are here in the middle of the mine, which is, I believe, the biggest gold mine in the world, employing 900 whites and 1000 Kaffirs. All round are shafts and machinery covering a good many acres. I haven't seen any of the engines yet, but hope to soon, especially the pumps. They are working more or less, putting down new railways and getting out the water; one shaft has, I think, 350 feet in it. They say, however, that if the war finished to-morrow they would not get started under three months, there are so many things to put right. The place looks quite deserted now, but it must fairly hum when everything is running. To-day they started a new arrangement by which two sections are always away on detached post, but keep moving round to keep things fair. This is the best place.

Yours truly,

* * *

[These two letters complete the series from our Contributor who has returned from the front.]

[Letters from members of the College who have recently volunteered in the Imperial Yeomanry, give cheerful accounts of their experiences so far. Lieut. G. W. Williams writes from Springfontein within a few hours of entraining for the front, where he has been appointed to a vacancy in the fighting line.

Trooper N. S. Hoare, in a letter from Honing Spruit dated April 24, writes as follows]:—

"We have arrived at this rather out of the way spot, and have just joined General Broadwood's column. Unfortunately coming out here Palmer and Henslow were separated from Chell and myself, and we have just joined Palmer about two days ago. He has just come out of hospital at Kroonstadt, and I am sorry to say Henslow has just gone there with sunstroke I believe, and we have heard no news how he is. We

had a very good voyage out, with only one death on board, although one has died since from heat apoplexy contracted at sea. We had two more who had various complaints from the heat, and went wrong in the head.

We landed at Durban and went through Natal, *via* Colenso, Ladysmith, and Majuba Hill to Elandsfontein in the Transvaal. Nothing of any note occurred there, and after stopping there for a week we went on to Kroonstadt—and this was a place full of danger as far as I was concerned, for here they provided us with horses, and I got a buck-jumper However, I weathered that storm and came on here.

The Boers are all about, but do not trouble the garrison here much. The other night we were all sitting round the fire when a shot hit the ground about two yards from where we were. Later on one of our sentries was shot in the thigh, and that is the only time we have been under fire. However, we are going on a three months' trek *via* Standerton and Lindley, and we are certain to see some fighting shortly. Last night our pom-pom, which the Artillery have with them, opened fire on a body of horsemen, who afterwards rode into camp and seemed very annoyed because they belonged to our party.

At present the only way the Company to which I belong has distinguished itself, is by having one of its men shot as a spy. He was caught in a Boer house giving information to the Boers. At Kroonstadt I saw the 'Varsity Volunteers on their way home, and Oakeley, of course, was looking very fit.

The hardships are nothing like so severe as I expected, as the commissariat department has got into better working order and, although life out here is not like one's rooms at Cambridge, I enjoy it immensely. If I could run home for the week-end I should be very happy indeed. We have an awfully good time, and it is far nicer than waiting for the result of the 'Little Go'"



L'AMOUR ET L'AMITIÉ.

IF Love be Friendship, from itself decoy'd,
Friendship is Love's pure essence unalloy'd.

L. HORTON-SMITH.

CONSTANT ONLY IN INCONSTANCY.

(Words importing the masculine gender shall include the feminine!
Interpretation Act, 1889.)

How like is man to butterfly,
That tastes each passing flow'r;
He loves to sip; then—flutter by:
A fresh sweet every hour!

L. HORTON-SMITH.

A CHALLENGE.



MEMBER of the College who has recently devoted considerable attention to the subject of cipher writing, believes that he has devised and matured three different systems of secret communication suitable for general use, and especially for Government requirements.

These three ciphers have all of them, it is believed and claimed, a distinct advantage over any cipher (including Wheatstone's Cryptograph) of which the inventor has seen any account. The systems are all readily worked by a more or less simple apparatus, and the enciphering and deciphering processes are expeditious. Their special excellence consists in their singular inscrutability and their security under conditions in which an ordinary cipher altogether breaks down. This supposed inscrutability the inventor now wishes to put to the test.

With this object specimens of the three modes of cipher writing with translations of each specimen, and also untranslated specimens of each mode are given below. No word occurs in the untranslated specimen which does not occur in the corresponding translated specimen.

The inventor makes the following spirited offer:—If on or before the first day of July next a correct translation done by some member of the College of all three pieces is received by him from the Senior Editor of *The Eagle*, the inventor will send the sum of £50 to The Boat House Fund. If by that date translations of two pieces are received, the sum of £25, and if by the same date the translation of one piece is received, the sum of £10 will be sent for the same object.

Solutions marked "Cipher Challenge" should be sent to The Senior Editor of *The Eagle*, and should reach him by the twenty-ninth day of June.

CIPHER A.

A A F O D U C T J P T C O Z Q J Y C A R P F G E
O X U M F T J X Z D K N R F U C G Z O L U R D C
I M K S C Q D L Z T Z X U V D M S K P I A Z X Z
P C H N D S F K A C K O Y N F K I R F K D L J K
Y H K Y C G J B V G K K Y B U P X Z K U W U B
W I T P K I X I Y K N L Y U Q W H J M G N Q L
O J X I X E B W M S X T F H D S M P D U M I B C
B K H Z L M O A B H W J Y V N J R V R K V M Y
W M C S K H C O Q W B C

Translation of above:—Please remember that the Dutch hold possession of Holland. You will not call black white, nor white black, nor say yea when you mean nay, nor say nay when you mean yea. Bear in mind that whatever is is, and that eleven times eleven are a hundred and twenty one. Now, Sir, good-bye. Mark.

A A N Y G O D P L P I D F Z G Z I L B W R V O F
L I S R L X S E L G S J R T V O N A H M O R J V
T Z R V B E Z M K B G G X R L O Z A K M G Q A
P V P Q M P M L O V U W U K M E Z O E F R N J
S O P N W B A J P O W Q P F S K Q A E D W R C
S F P V T Q T C Y T T O J B Q W M U O P J Y O X
G I G B J W Q V Y G J G J H B I G K A G V H A Y
D X O R I F K N L R X E V C H W B A A O J U Q
F V L K I W W X X Y S F B N R Z C J V Z I O Y
R H K

CIPHER B.

O R P N E 5 8 I F J G H X P A K 1 Q Z O 3 4 M 2 9
C W U B V T L R N S 7 D Y 6 2 E O 5 D 6 K S P C
5 7 9 L J Z E G 6 6 5 R 3 C V L U Y Z M 4 6 X Z W 8
D O T 8 N 8 6 K H I M K 9 1 S 7 U 6 B 2 B 6 Z D T 8
G U U O G 4 7 1 Q F G I 2 L 2 J O P 2 E Y M 6 F U
N O M J X J 9 0 J L Y D G K T T 2 Z C F 1 X Z 9 G
T D 1 J H O H B 9 H 2 J M 1 T 3 D J M G 7 1 Y
W T P 6 Z F V 2 M R V I 3 S U X 4 D Q N D P H E
Y 1 8 I I O D 8 Y T 1 X K L H 1 A T 1 6 D L A
R H 3 G 6 F J L 6 F O 4 G O D O

Translation of above:—Please remember that the Dutch hold possession of Holland. You will not call black white, nor white black, nor say yea when you mean nay, nor say nay when you mean yea. Bear in mind that whatever is is, and that relatives are related. Now, good-bye, Sir.

N G J 4 X I Y C 1 A U 2 5 S 0 N 6 V B G Z 3 Q H
 7 9 J 8 R D K L F W T E 4 P M U F 1 S Y 1 2 P
 M W R W L L P 7 C P 6 2 D A Y 3 L L D O J X T 3
 Y Q N 6 6 4 Q L C X A 7 C Q 9 P C 7 X L H K J 9
 T Y P Q 2 W J D 4 1 H H 8 X Y 3 L R F S K H S
 7 9 2 V R 1 A A Y E 5 Y B U L 1 P W Q 1 1 E O 9
 Z E A X 3 B S C U 4 M P Z 5 D A X H T V G I G S
 8 F 5 N H V J F K P 3 7 L P O H W 1 5 W O I N J
 6 R 8 Z I 9 3 6 0 1 3 B G 9 A K Y J N Z E X 9 R E
 5 E R K 4 Z D 4 W 4 1 Z 2 Z X H 4 W 8 A 7 Z 6 6
 E Y Y U U Q T 5 6 K 0

CIPHER C.

M D M F H J Y S W G R Q I X N L K T A E B Z V
 O C P U C G M R W S P Q R T Y J K B O X K Y E
 A M N D S G B F C R B J W O H Y Y H V A M S J
 T L T S V N G M T V C O F G S R H O K R P F M P
 A Q J V C B U L Y M D Y R V L M T P D M W L M
 H E T V A C U V K C O K L C N P U W J C M H G
 E F M B M Q I T I N C L T S I W N Y Z P H S M Q
 I N U C G Q L Q Z P N C R F Y E E G W W S E K
 P A T Z C Z O T H F A S Y G D

*Translation of above :—*The Boers have again appeared on the railway ;
 but it is doubtful if De Wet is with them. What is to be our next move ?
 The war drags on. When it will end, who knows ? We keep our powder
 dry, but that is not everything. Will write.

N Q O L E A J C Z K G B V X P R N T W D Y I S
 M H F U A C A G U U G L Y R F K B Q Q T I V G
 U R F P B L X M L N V P E E S I F X A Y M D A O
 H M M X N N T W L Y S A N P W S U B O Z E N R
 B J L U C D Y P M B N W D G M I D Q Z R E Z E G
 W A C E L T L X R B D U I F V Y K X U W X H T
 B U B V Z Y L R Q V U P X G Y Z C R O V G S S J
 T P K W E P Q R Q S M H P P I R G L K Z M A I
 Z N S L I E C D V A N M C R



PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR LIVEING.

At a meeting held in College on the 27th of April, under the
 presidency of the Master, it was resolved to raise a fund for the
 purpose of securing a portrait of Professor Liveing as a mark of
 personal regard and in recognition of his valuable services to
 science and to the University, Town, and County. Professor
 Liveing graduated in 1850, and he has since then been continu-
 ously engaged in teaching in the University. He was the first
 to open a laboratory available for Cambridge Students. He has
 taken an active part in University affairs, and has long acted as
 the University Secretary to the late and to the present Chan-
 cellor. He is also a Magistrate for both the Town and the
 County, and with rare generosity devotes much time and money
 to many organisations for furthering the well-being of the
 people.

Professors Lewis and Thomson and Mr R. F. Scott were
 appointed joint Secretaries and Treasurers. Gentlemen desirous
 of joining the General Committee are requested to send their
 names to one or other of the Secretaries.

It has been determined not to fix any limit to the subscrip-
 tions. The names only of the Contributors will be published,
 and not the amount given.

The destination of the portrait is reserved for the determina-
 tion of the subscribers.

We take the following account of the proceedings at the
 meeting in College from *The Cambridge Chronicle* of 3 May 1901.

"In opening the proceedings, the Rev Dr Taylor said he
 need not explain at any length how the meeting came to be held.

A letter requesting him to convene a meeting was circulated, and was largely and influentially signed. The Chancellor of the University had written, 'I am very glad to hear of the movement for the recognition of Professor Liveing's services, and hope that you will be so good as to add my name to its supporters.' Some of the many who had expressed a desire to have a meeting had written to say they were unable to attend. Sir John Gorst M.P. wrote that he would be very glad to promote, in any way in his power, the object for which the meeting was to be held. The Master of Caius College wrote that he would gladly co-operate with any movement to recognise Professor Liveing's services to the University. The Master of Jesus wrote expressing regret at being unable to attend the meeting, and joined with others in the proposal to make some acknowledgment to Professor Liveing—one of the very oldest friends he had in Cambridge. Professor A. Newton, Professor T. McKenny Hughes, Professor Clifford Allbutt, Professor F. W. Maitland, Professor Hudson, Dr H. Jackson, Mr T. Andrews, Mr F. J. H. Jenkinson (the Librarian), and others had also written. Dr Sandys suggested Mr Brock's name if it was decided to paint a portrait. Continuing, the Master of St John's said he would at once call upon the proposer and seconder of the first resolution, but although it was not for him to speak about Professor Liveing's claim to recognition, for that was the business of others, it had occurred to him to remark that this was a remarkable year—an epoch-making year—in the progress of science in the University.

"Science in the old times was represented by the Professorship of Physic, founded by Henry VIII., and at a later date by the Professorship of Chemistry, founded in 1702, two years before the publication of Newton's Optics, and two years after the appointment of Bentley to the Mastership of Trinity College. But science as it was now in the University, in its large development, was the growth of exactly 50 years, for if they looked back into their records in the University Calendar, under the heading of Natural Sciences Tripos, they would find that the first examination was held in 1851. In the first class there were then four names (that of Professor Liveing being first), and in the second two, making six altogether. Looking to the fiftieth examination, in 1900, in the first class instead of four names there were 40, and in the whole of the Tripos 122, or a greater number than in the Classical Tripos, and nearly double the

number in the diminishing Mathematical Tripos. In the first year the examination did not admit to a degree, and not until 1861 did the examination qualify for the B.A. degree. Two years from the first Natural Sciences Tripos the chemical laboratory in St John's College was being built, and Professor Liveing was, in 1854, appointed the first superintendent of it. In 1861 he was elected to the Professorship of Chemistry which he had ever since held. Thus he was very fitly a representative of science in the University during the whole of what might be called its modern period—exactly 50 years. Professor Liveing also took a very important part in the general business of the University. He had lived under three sets of College and University statutes, and had taken his full share in the framing of two of them. Altogether, they might say he was not only a representative of science, but of modern education generally in the University, and that there was no one living who had taken a larger share in those movements and changes which had transformed their ancient University into what it now is. [Applause.]

"Dr J. Peile (Master of Christ's) proposed the following resolution:—'That as a mark of our personal regard for Professor Liveing, and in recognition of his valuable services to science and to the University, Town, and County, a testimonial be presented to him; and that it consist of a portrait of him, to be painted by an artist selected by a Committee in conjunction with Professor Liveing; the destination of the portrait to be determined by the subscribers.' He felt he was unduly honoured in being asked to propose the resolution, and said no one was less qualified than himself to estimate the merits of a man of science. But he did not know that it needed special knowledge to appreciate the beauty and the worth of a life given to honest work, and as a very old friend of Professor Liveing he felt he could not refuse when he was asked to propose the resolution. The Master of St John's, he said, had already pointed out that it was 50 years ago since Professor Liveing began his teaching. During that time the change in Cambridge had been something remarkable. It was not till about ten years after he became a Professor that the Colleges began to promote the study of natural science at Cambridge, by the establishment of entrance scholarships for science. Since then there had been an enormous extension. The face of Cambridge was being covered over with

museums, laboratories, and lecture rooms, and as one walked along Downing Street, one perhaps felt—he did—a shudder at the havoc caused by the advance of science. [Laughter.] He did not doubt it was necessary, but it was painful, and to him, he confessed that in these days of unnecessary destruction in all parts of Cambridge it was a real source of pleasure to think that the building of the chemical laboratory did not involve the sacrifice of a single large tree. [Laughter.] The chemical laboratory would always be Professor Liveing's best memorial at Cambridge. Everyone who was concerned with the work knew the care and the thought which Professor Liveing gave to every detail of it. No detail was too small to be carefully considered if only he thought it would conduce to make the laboratory one of the best in Europe. As to the work done in that laboratory, it was not for him to speak, but it would be recorded as an evidence of the value of the work that in each of the last five years one, he believed, of Professor Liveing's old pupils had become a Fellow of the Royal Society for original research. [Applause.] Professor Liveing was a man whose opinion was always listened to with respect; it was always sensible, and given calmly and fairly, not pushed, and on that ground he thought it gained in influence. He could remember Professor Liveing as Chairman of the ill-fated Cavendish College, which if it failed, was no fault of his. For long time he had been on the Council of Girton College, and was connected with various trusts in which he displayed a vast knowledge of details and the best way in which funds could be employed. His fairness seemed to be quite remarkable, and it was no doubt the appreciation of that quality—that he was prepared to give any amount of pains to a thing and to the sense of his absolute fairness, which had led to the recognition he had so often received from outside, and particularly in recent years. At the request of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Professor Liveing assisted in making a report upon the grants given to University Colleges throughout England. Of late years he had rendered signal service to the University by organising classes and preparing and developing the way for agricultural science before the department had blossomed out into full success with ample funds and an able Professor. The conception which Professor Liveing had always held of his duty as the head of his scientific department in Cambridge

was a point which had always struck him (Dr Peile). In the old days the relation of a Professor towards the University was quite different to what it is at present. Each scientific Professor then received a salary, by no means a large one, and was expected to run his department on it. Professor Liveing was anxious that the work done in the department should be thoroughly good and stinted in no way, and he also held that it was a matter private to himself, the University trusting him and placing a certain business in his hands which he was to carry out. He never cared to give any account of it, and naturally, when the number of students and fees increased, a certain amount of comment was caused which gave rise to a slight misunderstanding. A conversation with Professor Liveing revealed the fact that for many years the fund was totally inadequate to pay the expenses of the department, and that he, himself, had paid the money out of his own pocket to do whatever was necessary to keep the department up to its fullest efficiency without saying a word to anyone. [Applause] One word should be said in esteem of Professor Liveing of the way in which he discharged a very peculiar trust. It was a matter of common knowledge in Cambridge that for many years, both in the time of the late Chancellor and the present one, he had been a sort of University secretary to the Chancellor in order that the Chancellor might be properly informed of any matter which the head of the University ought or wished to know. In the late Duke's time, he believed that Professor Liveing used constantly to write him letters giving him the information he desired. Such a fact seemed to speak very much for the parties to it—the Chancellor, who was so eager to be thoroughly informed on the state of the University, and Professor Liveing, as the man he chose who, by his knowledge and fairness, could be depended upon to give the proper sort of information, and no more. He thought Professor Liveing must have struck most men as a man of clearly marked individuality, a man singularly fairminded, singularly single-hearted, very thorough in all his work, anxious simply to do what he regarded as his duty in any matter to make his work thoroughly efficient. The words in which James Russell Lowell described Abraham Lincoln were by no means inappropriate to Professor Liveing—'The kindly-earnest, brave, fore-seeing man; sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame.' [Applause.] He was

not 'the new birth of a new soil' as Abraham Lincoln was, but rather his very virtues were those which they might believe had been fostered and developed by the very old soil of Cambridge. [Applause.]

Professor Dewar, in seconding the motion, referred to Professor Liveing's conscientious thoroughness and honest labours. His work, quite independently of any co-operative work with himself, which he had carried on with Professor Liveing for twenty-five years, was marked by thoroughness and absolute reliability, yet with no desire of publicity or notoriety. He had stamped his character on the school of chemistry, and one of his greatest memorials would be the men whom he had seen developing under his eyes, and largely by his own influence and generosity of heart. The personal services he had given not only to the University, and in the maintenance of the laboratory out of his own pocket, but to the encouragement of men of ability, was only known to a few. His generosity of heart had been rewarded by seeing a large number of his own pupils advance into positions important in the scientific world. In that sense his labours ought to be recognised, and that had been a feeling, which he was bound to say, had permeated a large number of the members of the scientific world for many years. Lord Kelvin had authorised him to state that if there was anything he could do to support the movement he gave it his most hearty support. [Applause.] Dr Ludwig Mond had said that he would render any help which they might want, because there was no man for whom he had a higher respect than Professor Liveing. After all these years of work Professor Liveing was still as active minded as he was twenty-five years ago, and was equally as responsive to any new development, whether it was in relation to agriculture, medicine, or the extension of the teaching of pharmaceutical chemistry. They could only hope that he would continue encouraging youth, for it was by a belief in that that advancement would be made. [Applause.]

"The Registry (Mr J. W. Clark), in supporting the motion, said he would like to feel he had taken part in promoting the admirable object of finding some means of commemorating Professor Liveing's life-long work amongst them. He referred to his close attention to detail in connection with the building of the new museums, and said Professor Liveing was always in

the front of the battle and ready to give his help. He was acquainted with everything that was done in the laboratory, and when he worked in the old miserable, inadequate, ill-erected building that was quite unfit for use, he succeeded somehow or other in teaching chemistry. Professor Liveing was a man of uniform kindness, always putting himself in the background, and the University to the fore. In addition he was a man of extraordinary kindness and generosity; and there must be many who would be thankful for an opportunity of recognising this. [Applause.]

The motion was unanimously carried.

"The Mayor of Cambridge (Mr H. M. Taylor) said if he had not at once accepted the invitation of Professor Lewis to be present that day he would have shirked what was really the duty of the Chief Magistrate of the town to take an interest in any movement organised for the purpose of doing honour to a man who really deserved honour from all its inhabitants. [Hear, hear.] A great deal had been said with regard to the scientific attainments of Professor Liveing and to the work he had done in connection with the University. He looked upon Professor Liveing as one of those products of, he might say, the old soil of St John's—men of ability, men of modesty and retirement, men who were never happy unless they were hard at work, and whose ambition it was to do their duty and to be useful to their fellow men, men of the type of Henry Martyn, of John Couch Adams, who fully deserved all the honour that could be given them. Those modest men did a great deal of work that was never known. A great deal more was behind the work of Professor Liveing than that which had been mentioned. For 17 years, he (the Mayor) had lived in the same parish with Professor Liveing, and he knew the trouble which he took in raising a fund annually for the benefit of the parish, and the money came out of his own pocket if the sum collected was not sufficient. For 30 years Professor Liveing had been one of the Borough Bench, and was regarded there as a very valuable Magistrate. He went regularly to the Brewster Sessions, and knew the law of licensing very well. For more than 10 years Professor Liveing had been one of the County Bench attending at the Shire Hall, and there he was a most active magistrate. Though he (the Mayor) had been there but a few times, he had seen enough of Professor Liveing as a magistrate to know the

care with which he watched the interests of a prisoner on trial. He took an interest in all persons in distress, and had been for a long time a member of the Board of Visitors to the Prison, and was now Chairman. He did a lot of work on the Standing Joint Committee, and was a very valuable colleague to the members of that Board. In conclusion, the Mayor said it gave him great pleasure to move:—‘That the General Committee consist of the gentlemen who have signed the letter to the Master of St John’s College, which was circulated by Professors Lewis and Thomson and that the Executive consist of the Masters of Christ’s and St John’s Colleges, Professors Dewar and Somerville, Messrs Fenton, Sell, and W. Aldis Wright, with Professors Lewis and Thomson, and Mr R. F. Scott as joint secretaries and treasurers, and that both Committees have power to add to their number.’

“Mr Joseph Larmor seconded the proposition. It had been a very great pleasure, he said, to the community of St John’s College to hear that a proposal was on foot for doing honour to Professor Liveing. Of course, Professor Liveing belonged to the University and not to a single College, but he was proud to say that, especially during the last few years, Professor Liveing had been making the College more and more his home. He was personally known to them all, even to the most junior of the community, and he went to a great deal of pains to put himself in a position of easy comradeship with all of them. [Applause] That, he believed, was an illustration of the sense of duty of which they had already heard. Professor Liveing was connected with the College as a Fellow, and laid himself out to spend generally two evenings a week there, and to know all that belonged to it. Professor Liveing made it the rule of his life to place himself absolutely at the disposal of the public to execute whatever duty was assigned to him. He had observed that over and over again. Professor Liveing never put himself forward, and had never been known to refuse to undertake any duty, however arduous. His very great activity and knowledge of business and of academic affairs had been spoken of already. The wonder was that with all the calls upon his time he was able to do anything else. He thought there were very few people who could have discharged such a large amount of business and at the same time have achieved such a high position as a scientific worker. It was a matter of common

knowledge that in the domain of the spectroscope the published work of Professor Liveing carried an authority which was second to none in the world. A few weeks ago, at the end of last term, he contributed a paper to the Philosophical Society, containing a vast amount of results in spectroscopy and relating to the lighter constituents of the atmosphere, which must have involved an enormous amount of labour. Professor Liveing, being a mathematician, had been in a position to teach physical chemistry in the early stages of its development; and it was well known that the subject was in his own quiet way taught by him long before it had come to be included in the course of instruction elsewhere. Thanks were due to Professor Lewis and Professor Thomson for their trouble in undertaking the initial arrangements in connection with the meeting.

“Professor Mayor said the Master of Trinity had asked him to state how sorry he was he could not be present.

“The Rev J. F. Buxton thanked the Mayor for the reference he made to Professor Liveing’s generosity in the parish of St Giles. The kindness and gentleness with which Professor Liveing performed such works were beyond praise, and he was very thankful to have the opportunity of expressing his sense of the valuable work he carried on in the parish to which he belonged.

“The motion was unanimously agreed to.

“Professor Somerville, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Chairman, and to the Master and Fellows of St John’s College for the use of the Combination Room, said that since coming to Cambridge, he had not only received a great amount of kindness, but had suffered under a great load of indebtedness to the members of St John’s College, and particularly to Professor Liveing, who not only guided the deliberations and gave his support to the movement that resulted in the establishment of an agricultural department, but he also provided a local habitation.

“Professor Bradbury seconded the proposition, and alluded to the lucid teaching of Professor Liveing. He was the most methodical man he had ever come across and that must account for the great deal of work which he performed in connection with the University. Pupils always asked after him, and spoke in the most affectionate terms of him.

"The motion was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

"The Master of St John's, in acknowledging the thanks, said that St John's College had always taken a great interest in the progress of science, and was very gratified to see one of its members so efficiently and for so long a time representing an important branch of science, and to hear the remarkable testimony of that great and representative meeting to the manner in which he had discharged the duties of that office.

"The proceedings then terminated."

Obituary.

REV EDWARD CHADWICK M.A.

By the death of the Rev Edward Chadwick at Thornhill Lees Vicarage, on Saturday March 16 (the day on which he reached the age of 73), the last of the old incumbents of the Rural Deanery of Dewsbury has been removed.

Mr Chadwick was the son of Mr James Chadwick and of Sarah, daughter of George Murray. He was born in Edinburgh on 16 March 1828. His mother was a Scotchwoman, and he was proud of being half a Scot. He was educated at Wakefield Proprietary School, and Bury Grammar School, and afterwards received private tuition from the Rev R. W. B. Marsh, Vicar of Plaistow. He entered St John's in 1846, and took the B.A. degree in 1850. From 1850 to 1851 he was private tutor to Sir W. Bowyer Smijth. In 1851 he was ordained by the Bishop of Manchester to the curacy of St. George's, Hulme, Manchester, a parish at that time of 30,000 souls: this he held until 1856, when he left to become curate in charge of Castleton, Lancashire. In 1858 he became the first vicar of Thornhill Lees. The parish was even then of considerable population, which has since very greatly increased; and one of the last public appearances of the late vicar was at the consecration last year of a new Church in Savile-town—a rapidly increasing part of the parish. Mr. Chadwick's tenure of the vicarage for forty-three years has been marked by no striking events. It is the record, not so common now as formerly, of an incumbent instituted in comparatively early life to a cure of souls and remaining in the same charge all his life, quietly and faithfully, without seeking or desiring any change. So he worked cheerfully on, till failing health compelled him to relinquish active duty.

He was a loyal and consistent Churchman, holding firmly to the principles of the Prayerbook. He revered the names of Hook and Keble. From the first the services at Thornhill Lees Church were marked by great care and reverence. His love of order and method was conspicuous in everything he did,

no less in his public ministrations than in his ordinary life. In 1890 the Bishop of Wakefield appointed him Rural Dean of Dewsbury, and he held that office till three years ago. No one else commanded in the same way the affection and respect of all the clergy of the deanery. His unvarying kindness and courtesy, his sympathy and hospitality in the exercise of his office were shown to all alike. The transparent goodness and simple piety of his character won the hearts of young and old. The graces of a true Christian spirit told on all with whom he came in contact and made him beloved by all his parishoners and friends. His assistant curates, of whom there have been many, always held him in veneration. He was of too retiring a disposition to have a strong liking for committees and diocesan business, though he scrupulously performed all that was incumbent on him, and on many occasions his experience of affairs and knowledge of the neighbourhood made him a most valuable adviser. It was characteristic of him that the only society in which he took a prominent place was the West Riding Charitable Society for the widows and orphans of the clergy; he was one of the oldest stewards in the diocese. In his own family he was regarded with the deepest affection, and he leaves behind him the memory of a holy and consistent life and of single-hearted devotion to duty.

Mr Chadwick was also a Surrogate for the Ripon and Wakefield Dioceses.

Mr Chadwick married in Manchester Cathedral on 20 April 1857, Sarah, daughter of William Bates, who survives him. He also leaves three sons, all members of the University of Cambridge—(i) Rev William Edward Chadwick (of Jesus College, B.A. 1881), Vicar of St Paul's, Sale, Manchester; (ii) Rev James Murray Chadwick (of Trinity College, B.A. 1886; (iii) H. Munro Chadwick (of Clare College, B.A. 1892), and one daughter.

HENRY RALPH FRANCIS M.A.

Some effort has been made to trace the career of Mr Henry Ralph Francis, formerly a Fellow of the College, who died at Pulteney Street, Bath, on 10 June 1900 aged 88. Mr H. R. Francis, who was born 11 July 1811, was the third son of Philip

Francis Esq, a member of the College, and grandson of Sir Philip Francis K.C.B. Mr H. R. Francis was admitted a pensioner of the College 5 November 1829, when he is described as the son of Philip Francis Esq of Fulham, Middlesex, and is stated to have been educated at Brentford School by Dr Morris. Philip Francis his father was admitted a pensioner of the College 4 June 1785, he is stated to have been born in Middlesex, and to have been educated at Harrow School, but his parentage is not given in the College Register. On the other hand from the Register of Lincoln's Inn, we know that Philip Francis of St John's College, Cambridge, only son of Philip Francis of Harley Street, *Armiger*, was admitted a student of that society 20 June 1786. He migrated to the Inner Temple where he was admitted 27 January 1790, and was called to the Bar 23 November 1790. He resided at 16 St James Square, London, and at Ranelagh House, Fulham. Philip Francis of Harley Street was the famous Sir Philip.

Mr Henry Ralph Francis took his degree as a Junior Optime in the Mathematical Tripos of 1833, and was also third Classic in that year. He was admitted a Fellow of the College 7 April 1835; his fellowship was filled up again in March 1839. He seems to have been Principal of Kingston (proprietary) College, Hull, from about 1839 to about 1843. He was admitted a Student of the Inner Temple 3 June 1844 and was called to the Bar 28 January 1848. He was a District Judge in New South Wales for the Northern District from 1861 to 1869; for the South Western District from 1869 to 1883. He was twice married, first on 11 April 1839 to Beata Lloyd Jones of Plas Madoc, Co Denbigh, and secondly on 11 February 1862 to Anne, daughter of the Rev Joseph Cooke D.D., late of Newark-upon-Trent. Throughout his life Mr H. R. Francis was a writer for the papers and an active journalist. His first contribution to the literature of angling, to which he was destined to be a large contributor, appeared in the 'Cambridge Essays' for 1856, under the title of *The Fly-fisher and his Library*, and is one of the most valued essays on the literary fly-fisher's shelves. After his return to England from Australia, he contributed many articles to the *Field*, *Fishing Gazette*, and other papers on his favourite pursuit of angling. In 1894 he published *Junius Revealed by his surviving grandson*. Without entering on that knotty subject, it may be stated that in the opinion of many,

Mr H. R. Francis was considered father Sir Philip was the author of the celebrated letters of Junius.

A long account of Mr H. R. Francis, by Mr R. Marston, the publisher, appeared in the *Fishing Gazette* for 20 November 1886; this or the major part of it was republished in the same Journal on 16 June 1900. From this we take the following extracts:

"The veteran fly-fisher whose portrait we present to our readers was born on the 11th of July, 1811, and, by a curious coincidence, all the important events of his life have occurred on the 11th of some month. He was, we are told, a precocious child, learning so quickly and easily as almost to illustrate Dogberry's view that "reading and writing come by nature." During his earlier schooldays his holidays were passed either in London or at his father's shooting-box, near Bury St. Edmunds, and his first angling experience was gained in Suffolk ponds. When he was about ten years old the family removed from Upper Berkeley street to Ranelagh House, Fulham, then a quiet country residence, with finely timbered, ornamental grounds, of which the larger portion has been lately added to those of the Hurlingham Club. They included a pretty piece of water, fed from the river by a sluice way, and well stored with tench, roach, and eels, on which he doubtless practised largely. But his favourite fishing haunts were along the river bank and about Putney Bridge, where the roach fishing was then good and barbel were not uncommon. Here, too, he got his first lessons in rowing, and formed an attachment to old Father Thames which appears to have clung to him through life.

"He entered at St John's College, Cambridge, in November 1829, and became a Foundation Scholar in due course. In 1832 he joined a reading party in North Wales, when he read moderately and fished immoderately. In those days it was easy to make good baskets with the spinning minnow, and his success in that line was great; but he also learned to recognise the superior attractions of the fly, and obtained varied practice by lake and river. In 1833 he was startled by finding himself high in the first class of the Classical Tripos, and we have often heard him say that a success gained without due labour made him set to work in earnest. He worked very hard as a private tutor at St John's and had many pupils distinguished in different ways.

"In the long vacations of 1833 and 1834 he revisited his favourite haunts in North Wales with a few pupils, and though his opportunities for fly-fishing were now comparatively few, he seems to have extended his acquaintance with the streams and 'llyns' of the principality. For twenty years afterwards he continued engaged in the work of education—first in a large proprietary school at Hull, which did not long survive his resignation of the headmastership, and afterwards as a private tutor at the beautiful village of Hurley-on-the-Thames, near Marlow. At the former place he became well known on the waters of the Driffeld Club, which we believe he still occasionally visits. At the latter he extended his early experience of Thames angling, and was exceptionally successful in the capture of Thames trout. He was also mainly instrumental in establishing the Marlow Angling Association, under whose auspices the trout fishing between Temple and Spade Oak was restored after being for a time almost extinct, and has continued to flourish ever since. Its success was due, in the first place, to the liberal support of the late George Vansittart Esq, afterwards Conservative member for the Eastern Division of Berkshire, and of Col. Williams, long M.P. for Marlow, father of the present Gen. Williams, of Temple House. Both these gentlemen placed their private rights of fishery at the disposal of the association, which was thus enabled to apply an efficient check to the poaching then rampant.

"In his summer vacations Mr Francis found time for a good deal of fly-fishing in various trouting districts of England—on the Teme and its tributaries, and in the neighbouring Herefordshire streams, and elsewhere. Indeed, he maintains that a day at Leintwardine or Downton Castle about the close of August, when the trout are still in condition and the grayling just coming on, is the very ideal of pleasant fly-fishing.

"After the year 1850 he used to combine grouse-shooting with angling, and was led to explore scores of streams, lochs, and tarns in Perthshire and Inverness-shire. In Loch Treig (not in special repute as a trouting loch) he was particularly successful. We have heard him say that on one occasion he basketed close upon two stone in a rough walk from end to end of the lake. Much of his success as a fly-fisher in wild country was doubtless due to his being an indefatigable pedestrian. Lightly built, long-limbed, and sinewy, though not muscular,

he was fresh for an evening cast for trout after a stiff day's grousing. He always refused to ride home, even from the most distant beat, objecting both to the slow pace of a pony along a mountain track and to the cramping of the limbs in the saddle after a wet walk over moor and brae.

"About the end of 1855 he resolved on a new career, and after a pleasant residence with his pupils in the old manor house of Treganwy, near Conway, finally gave up tuition and came to the neighbourhood of London, bent on studying for the Bar, to which he had been formally called some ten years before. He opened his first law book early in 1856, choosing the Chancery Bar as best suited to so late a beginner. He had for many years—indeed, from 1834, when he first broke ground in the *Times*—been a frequent, though irregular, contributor to the periodical press, both on political and general topics. But his first contribution to the literature of angling appeared in the 'Cambridge Essays for 1856,' under the title of 'The Fly Fisher and his Library.' The essay reads like the work of a man whose head was busy with his new studies, while his heart was playing truant among hills and streams. However, he seems to have stuck to his work earnestly, though somewhat *malgré*, writing for the newspapers in the intervals of reading equity and drafting conveyances.

"In little more than two years he formed the bold scheme of shortening his legal probation by making a dash for practice at Sydney, where he landed on the 11th of August 1858. On his voyage out he made his first contribution to a question in which he subsequently took an active part—that of the acclimatisation of British fish in Anstraliasia.

"From 1861 to 1870 Mr Francis was actively engaged as judge, first of the Northern, and then of the South-Western District. Railways were then in their infancy, and his long circuits in the north, performed on horseback, by any roads or no roads, tried his constitution severely. He probably presumed too far on his working energies, for we are told that, in addition to his judicial duties and various contributions to the Sydney Press, he used to conduct the Sunday services at his different circuit towns (in order to give the clergymen an opportunity for visiting the outlying portions of their extensive cures), and would also give frequent lectures and dramatic readings after

long days in court.* These things were not to be done with impunity in a hot climate, and a severe travelling accident, in which a buggy-wheel passed over his bare throat, can hardly have improved the state of his nerves. On returning to Sydney about the end of 1870 his life was found in imminent danger from cerebral exhaustion, and change of climate, with absolute rest from all mental exertion, was strictly enjoined on him. He visited sundry tributaries of the Derwent, in three of which he had the good fortune to take the first trout with the fly.

"After a year in Tasmania he returned to England, and in the intervals of graver occupation he has written, we believe, a good deal for the press. We home he contributed to the *Field* a series of articles on Australian field sports, including various experiences in sea and river fishing. More recently he has written two essays for the volumes of the 'Badminton Library' dedicated to fishing, and the readers of the *Fishing Gazette* have seen several articles from his pen.

"The circle of his old Cambridge friends has narrowed sadly during the last few years, but he says the fly-fishers *wear* best, citing, as examples, the Rev J. Chaloner, well known to frequenters of Loch Awe, and the late Rev Joseph Jekyll, long rector of Hawkridge and Withypool, on the Baile, who, though more than ten years his senior when they were fellow-students at St John's, continued up to recent date to be 'bad to beat' on a Devonshire stream.

"Mr Francis is happier than several of his immediate ancestors in having two sons†—both, by the way, successful fly-fishers—and five grandsons to bear his name after him. His father was the only son of Sir Philip Francis, of Junian and political celebrity, who was likewise the only son of Dr Francis, the translator of 'Horace,' who was himself an only son. This series approaches—it could hardly be expected to emulate—the record of another Irish family in which 'it was hereditary to have no children.'

"It may interest American readers of our *Gazette* (some of

* During his travels in the South-West he laid the foundation-stones of two much-needed churches at the remote towns of Denilquin and Wentworth.

† One of Mr Francis's sons, Mr A. L. Francis M.A., is headmaster of Blundell's School, Tiverton.

whom have received Mr Francis's contributions with special favour) to know that the elder branch of his house have been citizens—and not undistinguished ones—of the Great Republic. Col. Francis, long a senator (for Rhode Island if our memory does not mislead us), was always recognised by his far-off English cousins as the head of the family.

REV EDMUND DAVYS, M.A.

The Rev Edmund Davys, B.A. (of St John's College, Cambridge), 16th Wrangler in 1845, died on the 9th of March at Lee-on-the-Solent at the age of 77. The eldest son of the Rt. Rev. George Davys, Bishop of Peterborough, he was ordained Deacon in 1845 and Priest in 1846 by his father, and licensed to the Curacy of Uppingham. From thence he was promoted to the important post of Vicar of St John the Baptist, Peterborough, where during a ministry of fifteen years he was instrumental in the building of two churches and bore the main burden of building a school necessitated by the growing population of the place. But the immediately spiritual part of the clergyman's duty was most to his taste. His earnest loving way of presenting the great truths of the gospel filled the huge church with a devout congregation, and made his ministry a power for good. In 1865 he became Vicar of Holy Trinity, Leicester, and in 1876 he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society, and worked for five years at his own expense in Hong Kong. There for six years he did much useful work among English residents and others, and then returned to work at West Hampstead, where he became Curate, and eventually Vicar of Emmanuel Church until 1893, when, the needs of the rapidly growing population having become more than his strength could cope with, he retired to Lee-on-the-Solent. There to the last he helped the Vicar at a little Mission Church, and "there it was," writes A.G. in the *Record* (to whose obituary notice the present writer is much indebted) "he entered into rest, leaving behind him in many hearts thankful memories of much help gained from the teaching and influence of his faithful ministry and simple guileless life." It may be added that one of the first duties of his successor, the Rev E. N. Sharpe, was to raise funds for the

building of a new church for Emmanuel parish, as the accommodation in the little original Church was quite inadequate for the rapidly increasing population. The new Emmanuel Church (or at least as much of it as Funds would allow) was consecrated by the Bishop (Creighton) of London on the 8th October 1898, and as it is often inconveniently crowded an effort is being made to raise sufficient funds to complete the architect's original design.

J. F. BATEMAN.

REV CANON CHARLES COLSON, M.A.

With the death on 25 April 1901, at Cuxton Rectory near Rochester, of the Rev Canon Colson, one of the most beloved and respected clergymen in the diocese of Rochester, passed to his rest.

Mr Colson, who was born at Dulwich 11 March 1818, was the son of Edward Colson and Elizabeth Hewitt his wife. Edward Colson was a London merchant, as had been his father, grandfather and greatgrandfather, all of good standing and cultivated men. Elizabeth Hewitt came of a Norfolk family. Mr Colson's grandmother (on the Colson side), Elizabeth Brereton, was of an old Cheshire family of that name. Her grandfather, Mr Brereton, married a niece of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, so that Mr Colson was remotely connected with the Marshams (Earl Romney) one of whom married Sir Cloudesley Shovel's daughter, and Mr Colson was greatly interested to know that he was thus distantly connected with Dr Pusey.

Charles Colson was educated at Dedham School in Essex under Dr George Taylor, whose daughter he afterwards married. He preached the sermon at the tercentenary festival of his old school 19 July 1871. The school at that time was very successful and in 1839 not only counted Mr Colson (the third wrangler) as one of its successes, but also Philip Freeman of Trinity, the Senior Classic of his year, afterwards Archdeacon of Exeter, and Mr Barnard Smith of Peterhouse the twenty-eighth wrangler, afterwards a Fellow of his College. The Rev Henry Russell, formerly Fellow of the College, now Rector of Layham, was also at Dedham with Mr Colson. He entered the College as a Pensioner 12 May 1835 and was elected a scholar next year.

He read partly with Mr Charles Pritchard, afterwards Savilian Professor at Oxford, but chiefly with the Rev. W. N. Griffin, the Senior Wrangler of 1837. To the teaching of the latter he attributed his place in the Tripos. It was a great year for St John's; B. M. Cowie afterwards Dean of Exeter was Senior Wrangler. Percival Frost, many years a successful 'coach' at Cambridge, being second, Mr Colson was third and G. F. Reyner afterwards Senior Bursar and Rector of Staplehurst was fourth. Mr Colson is the last survivor of the quartette. Among his College friends and contemporaries were the late Dr Atlay, Bishop of Hereford, who was a pupil of Colson's, the Rev Sidney Smith, Rector of Brampton Ash and Prebendary of Hereford, and the Rev Edward Brumell, Rector of Holt in Norfolk.

During his residence in Cambridge the aesthetic and antiquarian side of the Church movement was beginning to be felt. In 1839 Mr Colson formed a friendship with Benjamin Webb and John Mason Neale of Trinity. With these and others he helped to found the Cambridge Camden Society, he was a member of the original committee in 1839, and one of the secretaries for the year 1839-40. The first published Part of the Transactions of the Society contains a paper *On an expedition to Little Gidding* by Charles Colson. He was admitted a Fellow of the College 7 April 1840 and was ordained at Ely, Deacon in 1841, Priest in the following year. He was for some time curate of St Giles' in Cambridge under the Rev. H. H. Swinney, afterwards Principal of Cuddesdon College. His stay in Cambridge was however short. He became Perpetual Curate of Hoddesdon, Herts, in 1842; and on 15 June of that year married Emma Mary Taylor, eldest daughter of his former headmaster at Dedham. On 8 September 1842 he was presented by the College to the Vicarage of Great Hornead, Herts, where he remained until 1874; his wife died there in 1859. He was for some time Rural Dean of Buntingford. In 1874 Bishop Claughton gave him the Rectory of Cuxton on the bank of the Medway above Rochester, with an honorary canonry in Rochester Cathedral. He was also Rural Dean of Rochester from 1874 to 1889 and examining Chaplain to Bishop Thorold from 1887 to 1891. While at Hornead Mr Colson took in hand the restoration of his church. The Nave and Aisles were re-seated by private gift from a parishioner. A new Chancel, Organ Chamber and South Porch were built, the work being

carried out in the year 1872-3, the architect being Mr A. W. Blomfield. The total cost of the restoration was £2300, raised partly by subscriptions from landowners and others in the parish, partly from members of St John's College (who subscribed £286) and partly from private friends. The work must have involved an immense amount of correspondence and unwearied patience, the result is a fitting memorial to him who was laid there to rest.

Mr Colson's College tutor was the Rev H. H. Hughes afterwards Rector of Layham in Suffolk, and he remained on intimate terms with him all his life, visiting him at Layham once a year. By his will Mr Hughes appointed Canon Colson his executor and residuary legatee. Mr Colson shewed great self-denial and generosity in this position. Mr Hughes' will had been made some years before his death, and Mr Colson believed that if the will were strictly interpreted he would benefit to a greater extent than the testator had perhaps meant him to do. The extent of his self-denial was probably known only to himself. But it is believed that he treated several rough memoranda, which he found among the papers of his deceased friend, practically as codicils to the will bequeathing further legacies. And even after thus diminishing the residuary estate, to which he was in every sense entitled, he spent further sums on such objects as he thought might have commended themselves to Mr Hughes. He founded 'The Hughes Exhibition' at St John's for Ecclesiastical History; he placed a handsome window in the College Library to the memory of his friend; further he placed oak benches in the Chancel of Layham Church, gave to it a handsome oak pulpit by Kett of Cambridge and built a house for the parish schoolmistress. His was an example of generosity and self-denial, which if not unprecedented, must be exceedingly rare. Two of Mr Colson's sons are members of the University: Charles George Colson, of Clare College, 15th wrangler in 1871, and Francis Henry Colson, 4th classic in 1880 and sometime Fellow of St John's. This brief and inadequate notice of a singularly good and unselfish man may fitly close with an extract from a notice of him which appeared in *The Guardian* of May 8, written, we believe, by Archdeacon Cheetham of Rochester.

"At Cuxton he died, and was laid to rest on April 30 in the churchyard of Great Hornead, where his wife had been

interred in 1859. One who witnessed the demeanour of the villagers at the funeral of their old pastor said it was indeed a home-bringing.

"It will be seen that he passed his life in the quiet labours of a village clergyman. Both at Hornead and at Cuxton the church was daily opened for matins, and he continued this duty without help until a month before his death. It is worth recording that he never preached an old sermon, and that he began on Monday his preparation for the following Sunday. He never failed to visit the school twice a day until the last year of his life, when he contented himself with one visit. No one of his little flock was ever neglected or treated roughly. No wonder that wherever he was he was loved and trusted.

"He was so perfectly simple and humble in all his ways that probably his rustic parishioners were hardly aware that their clergyman was a man of great intellectual distinction. But so it was; not only was he distinguished in early days but his mental activity and love of knowledge never ceased. He was eager to read all new books of importance, and in the clerical gatherings of his neighbourhood no one did more to promote animated discussion or contributed more original thought; and, it may be added, no one was so tolerant of the opinions of others, however different from his own. His temper was always unruffled. It is impossible to characterise him by any of the usual partisan epithets. At the bottom he was always an Evangelical in the true sense of the word; but the teachers whom he most valued in his later days was Canon Liddon and Canon Gore, especially the latter. His chief recreation was chess, in which he was a formidable opponent. Socially he had great charm from his quiet humour and perfect simplicity, and many will deeply regret the cessation of the Monday gatherings at Cuxton rectory, in the garden or the drawing-room, according to the season. Charles Colson was in truth an admirable specimen of a type peculiarly English; a man whose ability might have adorned a higher sphere, devoting himself with single-hearted devotion to unobtrusive labours and the pleasant cares of a family, and finding the fullest satisfaction in those labours. While inferior men thought themselves injured in that they were not promoted to great honour he was content to labour unremittingly in the field where God had placed him, caring only to please his Master."



THE JOHNIAN DINNER, 1901.

The Dinner was held this year at the Holborn Restaurant on Wednesday, April 17.

The Toast List was as follows:—*The King*; *The College*, proposed by the Chairman, replied to by Mr R. F. Scott and Mr J. Bigwood M.P.; *The Guests*, proposed by Mr J. J. Lister, replied to by Mr W. H. Eyre of the London Rowing Club; *The Chairman*, proposed by the Rev A. G. Cane.

The following is a list of those present:

Chairman— Sir William Lee-Warner K.C.S.I.

Rev W. F. Aston	T. E. Forster	Rev J. G. McCormick
Walter Baily	H. S. Foxwell	J. Bass Mullinger
Talbot Baines	Rev Courtenay Gale	Rev Canon Newton
Rev J. F. Bateman	R. A. Gillespie	E. Prescott
Rev W. L. Benthall	T. L. Harrison	E. J. Rapson
James Bigwood M.P.	J. T. Hathornthwaite	Rev A. J. Robertson
J. Brooksmith	F. C. Heath	Rev E. J. S. Rudd
Rev W. A. Bryan	F. W. Hill	R. F. Scott
G. J. M. Burnett	A. B. Holmes	Rev A. Simmonds
L. H. K. Buslie-Fox	R. Horton-Smith K.C.	R. C. Smith Carington
Rev A. W. Callis	P. Horton-Smith	Rev J. Snowdon
Rev A. G. Cane	L. Horton-Smith	E. J. Soares M.P.
Rev J. S. ff. Chamberlain	Prof W. H. H. Hudson	W. H. Spragge
Rev K. Clarke	Rev H. Jamblin	Rev W. H. Hornby Steer
Rev J. S. Clementson	H. P. Jones	Rev J. E. Symns
J. Ratcliffe Cousins	Rev H. A. King	Rev J. F. Tarleton
G. E. Cruickshank	J. J. Lister	Rev C. E. Thorpe
Rev H. P. Davies	C. D. Lord	G. J. Turner
S. H. D. Dew	J. Lupton	Rev A. T. Wallis
R. H. Forster	(C. G. Botting)	Rev Benjamin West
(W. H. Eyre)	R. Marrack	(A. T. Walmisley)
	P. L. May	P. T. Wrigley



OUR CHRONICLE.

May Term 1901.

The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Rev Prebendary W. H. Barlow D.D. (B.A. 1837), Vicar of Islington, to the Deanery of Peterborough.

The *Eagle* may be pardoned if it records this appointment with peculiar satisfaction. The new Dean of Peterborough was the first Secretary of the Editorial Committee of the *Eagle* (see *Eagle*, xv, 322), and, as successive Editors have known, has ever since taken a friendly interest in its career.

The *Times* for May 27th has the following note on Dean Barlow's career:

"The appointment of Prebendary Barlow to the deanery of Peterborough will be taken as a recognition by the Crown of the claims of a clergyman who has long been great in the councils of the Evangelical party. From the circumstances of his position and its associations, any Vicar of Islington is important in that respect. He convenes the Islington clerical meeting in January, which under Dr Barlow's guidance has outgrown the Wilson Memorial Hall, has now passed to the Mildmay Conference Hall, and has become a notable gathering of some 700 or 800 clergy from all parts of the country. As Vicar of Islington for the last 14 years, Dr Barlow has had much to do with the appointment of the clergy in that vast rural deanery, part of the patronage falling to him as Vicar, and much also as trustee of the various trust livings. As Rural Dean he has set himself with considerable success to bring the clergy together in rural deanery conferences and monthly clerical meetings, and he has been the means of establishing a number of endowed curacies, to the relief both of the incumbents and of the various clerical aid societies. He was one of the rare cases in which clergy, who under the old system were *ex-officio* chairmen of vestries, were re-elected by the new vestries as formed under the Local Government Act, and he thus became a J.P. for the County of London. Dr Barlow was formerly Scholar and Exhibitioner of St John's College, Cambridge, and took honours in the Mathematical, Theological, and Moral Science Triposes, winning also the Carus Greek Testament Prize. He was ordained to the Curacy of St James's, Bristol, in 1858, became Vicar of St

Bartholomew's, Bristol, in 1861, and Rector of St Ebbe's, Oxford, in 1873. In 1875 the Church Missionary Society appointed him Principal of their College at Islington; in 1882 he accepted the Vicarage of St James's, Clapham, returning to Islington as Vicar of St Mary's in 1887. He received the prebend of Holborn in St Paul's Cathedral from Bishop Creighton in 1898. Dr Barlow has also been active in various projects for the training of the clergy and for education on Church lines. He was one of the original promoters of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, and Ridley Hall, Cambridge. He is on the council of the Midland Clergy College, Birmingham, and has recently become president of St John's Hall, Highbury. He is chairman of the council of Westfield College for Women, and is a director of the Church Schools Company. He will bring to the performance of his duties as head of the Peterborough Chapter the business-like methods and the shrewd judgment that such a position requires."

Dr H. H. Tooth (B.A. 1877), of the Portland Hospital, has received the C.M.G. for his services in South Africa.

The Right Hon Sir John E. Gorst (B.A. 1857) F.R.S., Honorary Fellow of the College, will be the President of Section L (Educational Science) at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association to be held next September.

Mr Muhammad Rafique (B.A. 1884) has been appointed a Fellow of the University of Allahabad, by the Chancellor of that University. Mr Rafique, who is a Barrister of the Middle Temple, is Judge of the Small Cause Court at Lucknow.

Mr D. Kikuchi (B.A. 1877) has been appointed Minister of Education in the new Japanese Cabinet formed by the Viscount Katsura.

Dr L. E. Shore (B.A. 1885) has been elected Junior Bursar of the College in succession to Mr Heitland, who has retired after fifteen years' tenure of the office.

Mr T. R. Glover (B.A. 1891), formerly Fellow of the College, and lately Professor of Latin at the Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, has been appointed Classical Lecturer of the College.

Dr E. T. Sweeting, our Organist, has been appointed Music Master at Winchester College.

Dr William Hunter, Fellow Commoner of the College, and formerly John Lucas Walker student, has been appointed Examiner in Medicine at the University of Glasgow.

The following members of the College have been appointed External Examiners in the University of Birmingham: Mr G. F. Stout (B.A. 1883) in Philosophy, Professor A. Macalister (M.D. 1884) in Anatomy, and Dr D. Macalister (B.A. 1877) in Medicine.

Dr W. Jethro Brown (B.A. 1880) has been appointed Professor of Roman Law and Jurisprudence at the University College of Wales, Aberystwith.

Mr A. W. Flux (B.A. 1887), who has been for some time Professor of Political Economy in the Owens College, Manchester, has been appointed Professor of Economics in McGill University, Montreal.

Mr G. E. Iles (B.A. 1898) has been appointed to a magisterial post in the Soudan. Mr Iles came from Pockington School and studied for the Oriental Languages Tripos. This was followed up by colloquial experience as temporary Market Inspector at Cairo, and later as a Superintendent of native labourers in the irrigation works. Within three years of his degree therefore he finds himself installed in fezzed dignity as Cadi of Omdurman.

The Rev T. Nicklin (B.A. 1890) has been appointed a Master at Ros-al School.

Mr Reginald Thomas Smith (B.A. 1892), who was for some time Professor of Applied Mathematics and Experimental Physics at the South African College, Cape Town, and has been latterly Master of the Mathematics and Physics Department of the Goldsmiths' Institute at New Cross, has been appointed Principal of the Northern Polytechnic Institute.

Ds L. Lewton-Brain (B.A. 1899), Scholar of the College, has been appointed assistant to the Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh for the summer session of 1901.

Ds T. A. Moxon (B.A. 1899) has been appointed a Classical Master at the Edinburgh Academy.

Mr E. A. Ivory Jones (B.A. 1896) has been appointed an Assistant Native Commissioner in North-East Rhodesia.

Ds A. Howard (B.A. 1899) has been appointed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to be Mycologist to the Imperial Agricultural Department for the West Indies.

Ds M. Alexander (B.A. 1900) was admitted an Advocate of the Supreme Court of the Cape of Good Hope 15 November 1900.

Major J. E. Nicholson (resided 1898-99) R.A.M.C. has been appointed Secretary to the Principal Medical Officer of the Eighth Division in the South African field force, and Civil and Military Sanitary Officer for the Harrismith District, Orange River Colony.

J. Sterndale Bennett, who was gazetted a Second Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion of the Worcestershire Regiment 23 May 1900, has been transferred to the Indian Staff Corps.

Mr A. E. English I.C.S. has been transferred from Maubin to Katha, Burma, as officiating Deputy Commissioner.

Mr E. A. Kendall I.C.S., Assistant Commissioner. Gonda, has been appointed to officiate as District and Sessions Judge of that district.

Mr C. Morgan Webb (B.A. 1894) I.C.S. has been appointed to officiate as Deputy Commissioner and is posted to the Tharwaddy district.

Mr C. G. Leftwich (B.A. 1894) I.C.S., Assistant Commissioner, Raipur, has been appointed to officiate as Deputy Commissioner, Betul, Central Provinces, India.

Mr P. S. Patuck (B.A. 1898) I.C.S., Assistant Commissioner, Wardha, has been transferred to Raipur, Central Provinces, India.

At a meeting of the Royal College of Physicians held on April 25th, the following members of St John's, having conformed to the bye laws and regulations, and passed the required examinations, had licence to practice physic granted to them:— B. L. T. Barnett (B.A. 1896), St George's Hospital; H. M. Leathes (B.A. 1892), St Thomas's Hospital; and F. E. Murray (B.A. 1897), St Bartholomew's Hospital.

At the ordinary quarterly meeting of the Royal College of Physicians of London held on April 25th, Dr John Hannah Drysdale (B.A. 1884) was elected to the Fellowship of the College; Mr. C. H. Reissmann (B.A. 1895) L.R.C.P. was admitted a Member of the College.

Dr Walter Edwards (B.A. 1872) F.R.C.S. has been appointed Honorary Surgeon to the Tottenham Hospital, South Tottenham.

Dr H. D. Rolleston (B.A. 1886), formerly Fellow, has gone to take principal charge of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital at Pretoria, in relief of Dr Washbourn.

Mr A. Thatcher (B.A. 1897) has been elected to the MacMahon Law Studentship vacated by the admission of Mr J. E. R. de Villiers to a Fellowship.

Ds J. H. A. Hart (B.A. 1898), Scholar and Naden Divinity Student of the College, was on March 15 elected to the Allen University Scholarship of £250 a year.

The (University) Porson Prize for Greek Iambic Verse has been awarded to Gilbert Norwood, scholar of the College.

S. Horowitz, scholar of the College, was honourably mentioned for the Powis Medal.

Mr H. L. Pass (B.A. 1898) has been awarded the first Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarship and also the Mason (University) Prize for Biblical Hebrew. Ds C. A. L. Senior (B.A. 1900) passed the examination for the Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarship with credit and was awarded a gratuity of £20.

J. C. H. How, Scholar and Choral Student of the College, was on 16 May last elected to one of the (University) Stewart of Rannoch Scholarships for Hebrew.

An open (University) Stewart of Rannoch Scholarship in Sacred Music has been awarded to R. Sterndale Bennett.

M. I. Tractenberg of Latymer Upper School Hammersmith, has been elected to the Exhibition of £30 for two years offered by the College to the first boy in Mathematics in the Senior Local Examinations of the University held in December last.

J. F. Spink of Cranleigh School has been elected to a Choral Scholarship of £40.

The College continues to be strongly represented in the University Union Society; Mr F. W. Armstrong has been elected President for the October Term, and at a poll held on May 28 Mr P. B. Haigh was elected Secretary and Mr A. C. A. Latif a member of the Standing Committee.

Sermons have been preached in the College Chapel this Term by Mr A. W. Greenup, Principal of St John's Hall, Highbury (April 28); Mr W. A. Cox, Commemoration Sermon (May 6); Mr G. H. Whitaker, Honorary Canon of Truro (May 12); Mr A. J. Stevens (June 2).

Among the pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy in the present year is No. 521 "St John's and the Cam. from Trinity Lawn, Cambridge" by J. Buxton Knight. It is the familiar view of the Chapel Tower seen through the trees.

It may be convenient for candidates for Fellowships at the election for 1901 to know that the following dates have been fixed: Candidates to inform the Master of the subject of their Dissertation not later than May 23; Dissertation to be sent in to the Master not later than August 24. The examination will be held in the Combination Room on Saturday October 19. The election will take place on Monday November 4th.

The following members of the College were ordained on Sunday March 3:—*Deacon*, W. E. Robinson (B.A. 1900), lic used Curate of St Mary's Plaistow; *Priest*, G. S. Whitaker (B.A. 1897), both by the Bishop of St Albans in the Parish Church of St Luke, Victoria Docks.

The Ven. Thompson Phillips (B.A. 1856), Vicar of St George's, Barrow in Furness and Archdeacon of Furness, has been appointed a Canon residentiary of Carlisle Cathedral.

At the Statutory anniversary of Sion College, London April 30, the Rev P. Clementi-Smith, Rector of St Andrew by the Wardrobe London was elected an Assistant of the College.

The Rev W. H. Whiting (B.A. 1884), Inspector in Chief for the Lincoln Diocesan Board of Education, has been appointed by the Bishop of Lincoln Vicar of St Matthews, Sutton Bridge, Wisbeach.

The Rev J. Carnegie Brown (B.A. 1885), Vicar of St Paul's Brixton, has been appointed Head of the Jerusalem Mission of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. Mr Brown is to enter on his new work in the autumn.

The Rev A. P. McNeile (B.A. 1895) was appointed in March last Superintendent Chaplain to the Home of the National Incorporated Society for the Recovery of Waif Children, otherwise known as Dr Barnardo's Homes, and also Chaplain to His Majesty's Hospital, Stepney.

The following Ecclesiastical appointments are announced:

Name.	B.A.	From	To be
Newbery, H. C.	(1888)	C. Tynemouth Priory	P. C. Beltingham w Henshaw Northumberland
Poulton, W. H.	(1856)	Warden of Queens' College, Birmingham	R. Arley, near Coventry
Davies, F. C.	(1879)	V. St Stephen's, Norwich	V. Reigate
Standing, T. M.	(1893)	C. Wallesey, Cheshire	P. C. St Jude's, Tilstone, Tarporley
Stopford, J. B.	(1883)	C. Rochdale	V. St Thomas, Leesfield, Oldham
Bach, C.	(1890)	V. Christ Church, Northampton	R. Overstone, Northampton
Roughton, Q. E.	(1878)	C. Snettisham, Norfolk	R. Westerfield, Suffolk
Simpson, R. J.	(1878)	V. St John's, Rounhay	P. C. St Mary's Etal, Northumberland
Prior, A. H.	(1880)	V. St Andrew's Derby	V. Horsley, Derby
Banham, H. F.	(1869)	V. Tudenham St Martin	V. Assington, Colchester
McCormick, J. G.	(1896)	C. Great Yarmouth	V. St Paul's, Prince's Park, Liverpool
Taylor, Frank	(1889)	C. Breewood, Staffs.	V. St Paul's Hamstead Birmingham

The following University appointments of members of the College have been made since our last issue:—Mr A. C. Seward to be a member of a Syndicate to superintend the erection of the new buildings for the Department of Botany; Dr Watson and Mr G. H. Whitaker to be Examiners for the Theological Tripos in the Easter Term 1902; Dr D. Mac Alister to be a member of a Syndicate to consider whether official recognition

and support should be given to the University Appointments Association, and also to be a member of a Syndicate to superintend the erection of the new Medical School; Mr W. Bateson to be deputy for Professor Newton during the ensuing academic year; Professor A. Macalister to be an Examiner in Human Anatomy for Medical Degrees.

The following books by members of the College are announced:—*The working Constitution of the United Kingdom and its Outgrowth*, by the Rt. Hon. Leonard Courtney (Dent); *The Morphology of the Brain*, by G. Elliot Smith (Arnold); *A treatise*

on Determinants, by R. F.

F.R.S. (University Press); *Zoology*, by Prof. E. W. MacBride and another (University Press); *Fossil Plants vol ii*, by A. C. Seward, F.R.S.

Dr T. G. Bonney, F.R.S.

R. Hargreaves (Clarendon Press); *Evangelical*

Truths, by Rev C. Anderson Scott, Kensington Presbyterian Church (Holder and Stoughton); *Pernicious Anaemia. Its pathology, infective nature, symptoms, diagnosis and treatment, including investigations on the physiology of hæmolytic*, by William Hunter, M.D., F.R.C.P.,

Pillage, with other Miscellanies, by Augustus Jessopp, D.D. (Fisher Unwin); *The History of the Legislation concerning Real and Personal Property in England during the Reign of Queen Victoria*, Yorke Prize Essay, by J. E. R. de Villiers (University Press); *Down by the River, a Rowing Man's Miscellany*, by R. H. Forster (E. Johnson, Cambridge); *The causation of functional cardiac murmurs*, by Dr W. A. Foxwell (Cornish).

A former member of the College, Clarence Esme Stuart, Esq., of Addington House, Reading, having noticed in our Librarian's recent History of the College that the copy of Complutensian Polyglot bequeathed to it by George Day, our former Master, had disappeared, has most kindly presented the College with a fine copy in his possession, complete in six volumes folio, handsomely bound and in mahogany case. Of this famous edition (the earliest of the Polyglots), printed at Alcalá in 1514-17 at the expense of Cardinal Ximenes, Darling, in his *Cyclopaedia Bibliographica* writes, "Copies of this great work are of very rare occurrence. The impression was limited to 600. Dr Whitaker's copy in calf, sold for £67 at Sotheby's 1857." Quaritch's catalogue of sales in 1899 shews a copy as selling for £88.

The Library has also recently acquired by purchase the original manuscript of John Sergeant's account of his own literary career and writings. Sergeant, who graduated B.A. in 1643, was admitted a sub-sizar of the College in 1639. Through the recommendation of Dr Beale, Master of the

College, he was appointed secretary to the eminent Thomas Morton, Bishop of Durham; and it is said that it was while he was under the Bishop's roof that his conversion to Catholicism took place. He subsequently became an assiduous and vehement assertor of the doctrines which he had embraced. His controversial treatises have, however, long ago ceased to attract attention; but the late Professor Chandler of Pembroke College, Oxford, held his metaphysical writings in high esteem. The manuscript above referred to,—a small 4to of 159 pages, written in a neat and legible hand,—was edited and published by Dr John Kirk under the title of "The Literary Life of John Sergeant, by himself, in Paris, 1700, at the request of the Duke of Devonshire, new edition by G. London, 1816. Among those whom Sergeant attacked with his pen were Stillingfleet and Tillotson, and in his diary he writes: "Yet though neither *Dr Stillingfleet* nor *Dr Tillotson* did think it in their interest to reply, yet we cannot but judge it grated upon their spirits and stirr'd them to revenge their defeat. A little time after K. Charles 2 put up a Proclamation for all priests to be gone out of England by an appointed day; I then went for a Dr of Physick, and living in the part of the Towne where I thought my self unknowne, I resolv'd to hazard to stay two days before that time allow'd was past. *Mr Langhorne* of the Temple, went to Dr Waring, then dean of the chapter, and told him that an honest Protestant, a good friend of his, desir'd him if he knew one *Serjeant*, who went by the name of *Dr Smith*, to acquaint him that *Dr Tillotson* and *Dr Stillingfleet* had got knowledge of his lodging and resolv'd to have him taken up (and prosecuted as a priest) the very next morning after the time of the Proclamation was elapst. Dr Waring heard this at night, and the next morning before day, sent to give me notice of it. So I left my lodging at an hour's warning, and the next morning run away to France."

A biographical sketch of the career of one of the most eminent of the Old Catholics, Professor Franz Heinrich Reus of Bonn (1825-1900) is dedicated to Professor J. E. B. Mayor by the author, Professor Goetz, in the following terms:

VIRO DOCTISSIMO
DE LITTERIS OPTIME MERITO
STVDIORVM NOSTRORVM FAVORI BENEVOLO
JOANNI MAYOR
QVI VT HIC LIBER DE AMICI SVI VITA SCRIBERETVR
PRIMVS SVASIT
SALVTEM DICIT PLVRIMAM
LEOPOLDVS CAROLVS GOETZ

ADAMS MEMORIAL PRIZE.

The Committee formed in 1892 for placing a memorial to the late Professor John Couch Adams in Westminster Abbey

has handed over to St John's College the sum of £174 8s. This is the balance remaining in the hands of the Treasurer, Professor Liveing, after paying for the memorial and for the presentation of copies of Professor Adams' collected papers to the principal Observatories and many other institutions in various parts of the world. This sum has been accepted by the College for the purpose of founding a prize to bear Professor Adams name. It has been invested in the purchase of £200, London County Council $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock. The following scheme for adjudging the Prize has been drawn up by the Council of the College.

There will be adjudged in the Michaelmas Term of each year a prize for an essay on a mathematical subject. The prize will consist of a copy of the Collected Works of Professor J. C. Adams, together with about £4 in money or books at the choice of the recipient.

The competition is open to all undergraduates of the College who have not entered on their seventh term of residence at the time when the essay is sent in.

The competition is intended to promote independent study of original authorities, and to encourage practice in compact and systematic exposition. Originality in the treatment of the subject is not essential, but freshness and precision will carry weight; the length of the essay is limited to about 3000 words.

The essay, marked "Adams Memorial Prize," should be sent to the Senior Bursar before the end of September.

For the present year the essay is to be on one of the following subjects:

(i) A logical discussion of the elementary operations of the Infinitesimal Calculus.

(ii) The Theory of the differential equation of the hypergeometric series.

(iii) The principles of the theory of the gravitational Potential.

(iv) The dynamics of Steady Motion.

The following authorities may be consulted on the essay subjects:

(i) Harnack's Calculus; Harkness and Morley, Introduction to Analytic Functions; Jordan's Cours d'Analyse; Dini's Functions of a real variable.

(ii) Picard's Traité d'Analyse; Klein's Lectures on the hypergeometric function; the references to Gauss, Kummer, Schwarz, Goursat in Forsyth's Differential Equations.

(iii) Green's Papers; Larmor's Aether and Matter, appendix; Poincaré's Potential Newtonien.

(iv) Routh's Rigid Dynamics; Routh's Stability of Motion; Hertz's Principles of Mechanics; Thomson and Tait's Natural Philosophy; Maxwell, on Governors (Collected Papers Vol 2).

COLLEGE ENGLISH ESSAY PRIZES.

The following are the subjects for the College Essay Prizes:

For Students in their

First Year.

Second Year.

Third Year.

Subject:

Benvenuto Cellini.

Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici.

"The art of the pen is to rouse the inward vision . . . because our flying minds cannot contain a protracted description." (George Meredith).

The Essays are to be sent to the Master on or before the 16th October.

JOHNIANA.

[The following extract from Cole's *Athenae Cantabrigienses* (Brit. Mus. Addl. MSS. 5882), with regard to John Torkington, Master of Clare Hall, is a characteristic example of the style of that chronicler with "a gossip's ear and a tailor's pen." Torkington had been appointed Master in 1781. In 1782 he stood for the office of Vice-Chancellor, but was defeated by Dr Richard Beadon, originally of St John's, but then Master of Jesus College. The votes being, for Beadon 55, for Torkington 10. John Torkington was the son of the Rev James Torkington (of St John's, B.A. 1717), Rector of Little Stukeley, Hunts, and his wife Dorothy, daughter of Philip Sherard, second Earl of Harborough. The Dr Torkington mentioned by Cole, was Dr James Torkington (of St John's, M.A. 1750, LL.D. 1769) who was a Prebendary of Worcester. The family had a property in the parish of Great Stukeley near Huntingdon, and were lessees of the St John's estate in that parish. St John's was their hereditary College, between 1668 and 1717 there were nine Cambridge graduates of the name all of St John's. The Master of Clare was the first of the family to take a degree elsewhere. It appears from Cole's account that the cause of the break in the connexion was the commonplace one of a quarrel about money. The Bursar of St John's who is mentioned was William Craven, afterwards Master. As Cole died at Milton on 16 December 1782, this entry must have been among the last made by him.]

Torkington. B.D. Fellow of Clare Hall.

Son of a Mr Torkington, a clergyman in Hunts, who married, I think, a daughter of the Earl of Harborough. Mr Jebbe, the socinian, now Dr Jebbe and a physician, married his sister. He was chosen Master of Clare Hall, Thursday, All Saints, 1 November 1781, on a warm contest between him and Mr Gould, when Dr Cair was present, though unactive, and hoped to come in through the division. Dr C. calling here, Tuesday, 16 November 1781, said that Mr Gould dining in the Hall the day after the election, Mr Clark, one of the Fellows, said publicly, That if there was one Fool in the College, he was almost sure to be elected Master. I hope the new Master was not present, who it seems was not of Doctor's standing. Dr Gooch calling here on his way to the Audit at Ely, Saturday 20 November 1782, said that Dr Beadon, his son-in-law, meeting last week in Cambridge Streets, Dr Torkington, the elder brother of the new Master, with whom he was acquainted at St John's and now Prebendary of Worcester, The Vice Chancellor pulled off his cap to him, and asked him how he did. Upon which the Dr drew himself up and wondered that he had the assurance to speak to him after using his family so ill. The Vice-Chancellor disclaimed using his family ill. The Dr then said, not his family, but himself, in throwing such a disgrace on his brother. The Vice-Chancellor said it was none of his doing, but if the University, without his interfering, had thought proper to elect him in preference to his brother, he could make no objection to their act. The Dr then bounced and said That all connections and acquaintances with him were

at an end. To which the Vice-Chancellor replied That that was as he thought proper and so took his leave.

He further added that Mr Boice one of the Fellows of Clare Hall, being applied to by the Earl of Denbigh to vote for Mr Torkington, at the request of the Earl of Sandwich, Mr Boice told his Lordship, That he was infinitely concerned, that he was not able to oblige his Lordship to whom he should have been most happy to have returned the many favours that he had received at his Lordship's hands, but that this man was too much below par and utterly ignorant, that it would be a disgrace to the College to elect him; yet if his Lordship had a butler or coachman tolerably qualified, and could get interest to get degrees and Orders he would give him his vote with pleasure.

It was added, that desiring to know how this man came to be admitted of Clare Hall, when his brother was of St John's, this was the solution. When the father, or Dr Torkington came to renew a lease of St John's, he enquired of the Bursar, what was to be the fine. The answer was, £500. Dr Torkington replied that the last fine was only £150. The Bursar told him, that it would have continued so still, had he renewed at seven years end, but now he stayed till seventeen years, the fine was raised proportionably. Upon this the Doctor flew out and said, That none of his family should ever be admitted at St John's College for the future. The Bursar told him, That might be as he pleased, for it was not their custom to solicit for admissions.

I was told the week before, by a person who knew very well, that when Mr Torkington stood for a Fellowship at Clare Hall, he solicited his Tutor, Mr Carr, for his vote, who told him plainly, That as to his morals and temper he had little exception, but knowing his qualifications in every other respect he must try to be excused.

It was no small disappointment, for the same person told me who lived much in Dr Goddard's family, that Mr Torkington hired Dr Goddard's cook, who had been employed all the summer to make preserves and sweetmeats against his Vice Chancellorship. And so sure he thought himself of it, that Dr G. told me, he had the morning of the election, ordered cakes and wine etc. to be sent into the Combination as usual, for the entertainment of the Heads and given orders that the Fellow Commoners should not be admitted. In short the University was ashamed to elect such an ignoramus only 8 or 10 voted for him and 55 for Dr Beadon, and only one of his own College.

It was evident that his interest to be chosen Master was from his family connections. Mr Hicks, who had promised another person to vote for him, was gained over by Mr Greaves of Fulbourne, formerly Fellow of the College and an eternal fictionist, by letting him marry his niece daughter of Col. Townley of Belfeld, exactly at that time, when also Lord Harborough gave him a living in Hunts. In short they were all absentees or out-liers, who brought him in, under an influence of preferment from Lord Harborough's and other patronage; and none liked Mr Gould.

Dr Ch. calling on me on Sunday, 24 November 1782, thought his usage very hard, as did Dr Smith of Caius. They allowed his insufficiency, but said look round among those who have served the office and see if they cannot find an example of as great insufficiency. No doubt they alluded to Dr Plumtre of Queens'. They affirmed that Dr Beadon's ambition was at the bottom, who had cajoled many, though unasked and had wrote 3 or 4 letters to Town in order to have them shewn to Bishops, complaining of the heavy load of his office, which he only undertook at the desire of the University. They say that he had an eye to an Address for the Peace, when the Vice-Chancellor is looked on as the only considerable person. It no doubt carried Dr Farmer to Canterbury.

[The following note on Thomas Watson, Bishop of St David's, is taken from Cole's MSS. vol XL, Brit Mus. Addl. MSS. 5841, p. 15. Thomas Watson was consecrated Bishop of St David's at Lambeth 26 June 1687, he was deprived for simony 3 August 1699. Opinions as to the justice of his sentence vary greatly. Bishop Burnet, on the one hand describing him as

"one of the worst men in all respects that ever I knew in holy orders, passionate, covetous and false." While others, including Thomas Baker, the historian, seem to have believed that he was the victim of political persecution, chiefly on account of his Jacobite opinions. The advowsons Bishop Watson gave to the College were those of Brinkley and Fulbourn St Vigors in Cambridgeshire, and Brandesburton in Yorkshire. He was Rector of Borough Green, but did not give that living to the College as stated by Cole.]

Bishop Watson was the son, as I have been informed, of a sea-faring family of Hull: was educated at St John's College, where he was an eminent Pupilmonger, and where he laid up no small part of his fortune, as it has ever been usual in that large and flourishing society. To which College he gave the Rectories of Brinkley and Burgh Green in Cambridgeshire. On his promotion to the See of St David's it was proper for him to have an Episcopal Seal and consequently a coat of arms. But as he had none that he knew of, he applied to a gentleman of his name of East Hague in Yorkshire, for leave to bear those of his family. Accordingly that gentleman sent his leave with the following letter, sealed with these arms: viz. On a chevron engrailed inter 3 Martlets, 3 crescents. Crest a Griffin's head erased. I copied this letter of Mr Edmund Watson, who was 36 years old in 1666, from the original, which I had in the family and is thus directed: "For the Right Revd Thomas Lord Bishop of St David's. To be left at the Iron Balcone in Leicester Feilds with Dr Johnson, who is desired to send it as above directed."

Hague, Aug. 1, 1687.

My Lord

I have herewith sent your Lordship the pedigree of the Watsons, which you may see was entered the 7 April 1666, with the allowance of Mr Dugdale: the coat my son gave you an account of, and am very willing your Lordship should make use of it, if you please, and shall be very glad I can serve your Lordship in any thing, who am your Lordships

most humble servant
E. WATSON.

I have observed that the Bishop gave 2 or 3 livings to St John's College, and was disposed to have been a much more considerable benefactor had not the Society disoblighd him by not electing Dr Lambert, of St Peter's College, Fellow of their Society. Dr Lambert I was with at Bath two or three days before his death, where he died of a jaundice. The Bishop lived hospitably and beloved by his neighbours at Wilbraham, after his deprivation: as I had occasion to observe in a diary kept by one of them Mr Clenche of Botesham, who afterwards married one of his nieces, the widow of Mr Ward. Yet notwithstanding his living constantly in the country and among his tenants, such was the spirit of faction and party, that being excommunicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose officers fees he would not pay, that on his death as I was informed by Mr Walter Serocold of Cherry Hinton, my father's particular friend and acquaintance, who was at the funeral, having married one of his nieces, the family was obliged to carry him out by stealth and privately at midnight and to bury him, though in a church of his own patronage, without service, attended by his own servants and tenants, for fear of an opposition from disorderly and riotous people. He died June 3, 1717 at Great Wilbraham, and was put in the ground the night following in the Chancel under the South wall, close to it, and within the rails of the Altar. When I was there in 1748, there was nothing over the grave but the common bricks; but his great-nephew told me he designed to lay a handsome marble over him.

On his coffin was put:

T. W. B. st D. aged 80
died the 3 of June 1717.

We take the following from the *Emmanuel College Magazine* for the Lent Term 1901:

"THOMAS SMART HUGHES. [1786—1847]. Mr W. Aldis Wright, Vice-Master of Trinity College, has lately presented to our College Library some manuscripts of Thomas Smart Hughes, sometime Fellow of the College. The manuscripts are (1) Remarks on the Turkish or Ottoman Empire, (2) Belshazzar's Feast—a poem with which Mr Hughes won the Seatonian Prize, (3) A long letter to the *Times* on Parga, and (4) Notes to Belshazzar's Feast.

Mr Hughes was originally a member of St John's College. He won the Latin Ode in 1806, the Greek Ode in 1807, and the Members' Latin Essay Prize in 1809 and 1810. He was elected Fellow of St John's in 1811, and about that time travelled in Italy, Greece, Albania and Sicily, publishing a volume of Travels in 1820. He was Assistant-Tutor of St John's in 1815, was soon after elected Fellow and Tutor of Trinity Hall, and 1818 became Fellow of Emmanuel, where he was also Dean and Greek Lecturer until 1823, when he was married and became Curate of Chesterton.

In later life he held various preferments in the Church, and was also a prolific Author, his most important work being the Continuation of Hume and Smollett's *History of England*."

[To this may be added the following notes: Mr Hughes was married in Peterborough Cathedral 30 April 1823, to Ann, daughter of the Rev John Foster. He was sometime incumbent of All Saints, Cambridge, and Perpetual Curate of Edgware, Middlesex. He died at Edgware 11 August 1847.]

CRICKET CLUB.

Matches played 18. Won 4. Lost 0. Drawn 14.

There has been a marked improvement in every department since last year, but the fielding still leaves a good deal to be desired. No matches were lost, and most of those left drawn were decidedly in our favour.

Batting Averages.

	Innings.	Runs.	Highest score.	Times not out.	Average.
W. Stradling	10	408	84	0	40.8
E. Booker	15	478	111*	3	39.83
H. Addison	15	477	80*	3	39.75
J. H. Franklin	6	198	103*	1	39.6
S. M. Douglas	9	294	150*	1	36.75
D. C. A. Morrison ..	14	358	85*	3	32.54
C. H. T. Hayman	15	422	72	0	28.36
H. H. H. Hockey	12	172	41*	5	24.57
R. McC. Linnell	10	165	31	2	20.62
J. W. Linnell	7	48	12*	1	8
R. T. Race	4	9	4	0	2.25

* Signifies not out.

Bowling Averages.

	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
J. W. Linnell	587	26	22.56
E. Booker	486	19	25.57
H. H. H. Hockey	528	20	26.4
R. McC. Linnell	465	15	31
R. T. Race	386	14	27.61
C. H. T. Hayman	414	11	37.63

Characters of the XI.:

- W. Stradling* (Capt.)—Has unfortunately not been able to play regularly this season, but has scored pretty consistently when he has. Has done much to improve the fielding of the team by his own energy at cover-point.
- C. H. T. Hayman*—Very sound and stylish bat, though at times over anxious to score fast. Has lost some of his bowling form of last year. Fine field in the slips.
- J. H. Franklin*—Has not played much this term; very useful bat. Slow in the field, but usually safe.
- D. C. A. Morrison*—Though starting badly at the beginning of the season, batted in the later matches better than he has ever done before. Is a good and very keen field.
- S. M. Douglas*—Fast scoring and very useful bat. Unfortunately for the side, was not able to play much this term. Excellent point.
- R. T. Race*—Left-handed fast bowler; erratic on the whole, but good on his day. Much improved field.
- H. Addison*—Very fine hitter, who rarely failed to get runs this year; quite above the average as a wicket-keeper.
- E. Booker*—Good bat, though unfortunate at the beginning of the season. Medium pace bowler, who keeps a good length and nearly always gets wickets. Very sound field.
- H. H. H. Hockey*—Very fast right-handed bowler; distinctly above the average. Very fair bat and field.
- J. W. Linnell*—Right-handed slow bowler; breaks both ways and keeps a good length as a rule; on some days seemed almost unplayable. Poor field.
- R. McC. Linnell*—Decidedly useful change bowler, keeping a good length. Occasionally also made runs. Slow and uncertain in the field.

Matches.

- v. Jesus*. Drawn. St John's 210 for 6 wickets (H. Addison 80 not out). Jesus 217 for 6 wickets.
- v. Christ's*. Drawn. St John's 162 for 7 wickets (C. H. T. Hayman 63). Christ's 220 for 8 wickets.
- v. Emmanuel*. Drawn. St John's 226 for 6 wickets (H. Addison 74 not out, C. H. T. Hayman 58). Emmanuel 281 for 8 wickets.
- v. Pembroke*. Drawn. St John's 258 (W. Stradling 84, H. Addison 53). Pembroke 199 for 4 wickets.
- v. Exeter, Oxford* (at Oxford). Drawn. St John's 208 (W. Stradling 75). Exeter 172 for 2 wickets.
- v. Clare*. Drawn. St John's 292 (W. Stradling 77, H. Addison 66). Clare 151 for 5 wickets.
- v. Trinity*. Drawn. Trinity 206 for 4 wickets. Rain stopped play.
- v. Sidney*. Won. St John's 145 for 4 wickets (D. C. A. Morrison 57). Sidney 127.
- v. Trinity Hall*. Drawn. St John's 153 for 3 wickets (E. Booker 51 not out). Trinity Hall 243 for 8 wickets (J. W. Linnell 5 wickets for 48).
- v. Emmanuel*. Drawn. St John's 343 (D. C. A. Morrison 85 not out, E. Booker 69). Emmanuel 179 and 303 for 7 wickets.
- v. Clare*. Drawn. St John's 325 for 4 wickets (S. M. Douglas 150 not out, C. H. T. Hayman 72). Clare 178 for 9 wickets.

v. Caius. Drawn. St John's 141 for 4 wickets (E. Booker 56 not out). Caius 278 for 5 wickets.

v. Sidney. Won. St John's 182 for 7 wickets (W. Stradling 54). Sidney 145.

v. Caius. Drawn. St John's 195 (D. C. A. Morrison 66). Caius 173 for 3 wickets.

v. Trinity Hall. Won. St John's 146. Trinity Hall 60 (H. H. H. Hockey 3 wickets for 39, J. W. Linnell 4 wickets for 15).

v. Queens'. Drawn. St John's 140. Queens' 120 for 8 wickets.

v. Magdalene. Won. St John's 237 for 1 wicket (E. Booker 111 not out, J. H. Franklin 103 not out). Magdalene 142.

v. Christ's. Drawn. St John's 225 (W. Stradling 72). Christ's 113 for 7 wickets.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

President—Mr L. H. K. Bushe-Fox. *Treasurer*—Mr R. F. Scott. *Captain*—G. A. Ticehurst. *2nd Captain*—J. H. Towle. *Secretary*—H. Sanger. *Junior Treasurer*—J. M. Gaskell. *Leut Captains*—P. B. Haigh, M. C. Cooper, C. Barradell-Smith, W. H. Roseveare.

This term has been full of incident so far as the L.M.B.C. is concerned. In the first place, the new boathouse is a reality and no longer a dream. The Club has been in occupation of its new home since the beginning of term, and has found the comfort a delightful change. The boathouse is completely finished as regards its interior, and the outside now requires only the finishing touches.

Another occasion for excitement was provided by a new light ship. It had been felt for some time that the boat, which had been used since 1894, was too large for the crews we have had lately. Particularly was this the case this term, when we had not one man over 12 stone in weight. Mr Bushe-Fox, having watched the Oxford crew at practice in their short boat designed by Dr Warre, decided to have one built for our crew this year on almost the same lines. The result was a complete success, and after a few necessary alterations the boat ran beautifully. It was from the first most comfortable to sit in, and took the corners very easily. At the beginning of the term it was evident that our first boat this year would be a very light crew, but they overcame this natural disadvantage to a great extent by keenness and hard work. They were most happily free from any serious illness the whole time of practice, neither they nor the second boat losing a single member. Mr Bushe-Fox is to be congratulated on the crew he has turned out by his skilful and indefatigable coaching. It is gratifying to be able to record success as well for the second boat. They laboured under the disadvantage of having to propel a tub ship, though even a lighter crew than the first. We hope that this dis-

advantage will not exist much longer, but that they are on the upward path towards the reattainment of the First Division and a light ship.

The race for the *Lowe Double Sculls* took place on May 17th. The result was an easy win for B. C. Cox (Trinity Hall) and C. W. H. Taylor (Third Trinity), who beat H. P. Croft (Trinity Hall) and T. Drysdale (Jesus) in the record time of 7mins. 21secs.

The Races.

The races were rowed on June 5th and three following days. The racing generally was interesting. First Trinity were brought down on the first night after having been head of the river since 1898. Quite a new feature was the "lawn" of the Pitt Club just above Grassy Corner. From the social point of view this appears to have been a great success and to have added largely to the attractions of the races.

The results were as follow :—

First Night.—The second boat got a poor start, but were within their distance of Selwyn when the latter made their bump. Our crew rowed over comfortably ahead of the boat behind.

The first boat went off very fast, and were within two feet of Emmanuel I. at Grassy, but failed to bump them.

Second Night.—The second boat got off much better, and, after gaining steadily on Emmanuel II., bumped them just above the Willows in the Long Reach.

The first boat started smartly, and, going up rapidly round the corners, bumped Emmanuel I. in the Plough Reach.

Third Night.—The second boat rowed over, a bump having been made in front of them.

The first boat went off very hard, and gained rapidly on Pembroke I. from the first stroke, making their bump just on Grassy Corner.

Fourth Night.—The second boat were within a length of Jesus II. in fifteen strokes, and bumped them just above Grassy Corner.

The first boat got a good start, and gained about two-thirds of a length on First Trinity I. by First Post Corner. After this, however, First went steadily away, and our crew had to be content with rowing over.

Characters of the Crews :

First Boat.

Bow—Swings straight and long, and for his weight is a splendid worker. When he has learnt to control his slide, and has acquired the watermanship which experience alone can give, he will be an admirable bow.

Two—Always rowed with the greatest vigour and determination, but never got really used to the novelty of the stroke side. His keenness has been a great factor in the success of this crew and of the Club generally during his year of office.

Three—A consistently hard worker, who can always be relied upon to do his best. Has learnt the use of his outside hand, but has yet to learn how to grip the water and how to get an easy finish.

Four—Slides very well, and is smart with his hands. Shoves hard, but fails to use his strength to the best advantage through not getting his shoulders on at the beginning.

Five—Has improved greatly since last year, having practically cured himself of all his old faults except that of not sitting up at the finish. In the races he rowed really well.

Six—Is sliding better, but has not yet got the knack of gripping the water smartly, and in consequence is often late. A very hard worker, with good body form.

Seven—Filled his place most creditably, and rowed both hard and long, and with more life than in the Lentis. Has a tendency to over-reach, and has yet to learn how to acquire an easy finish.

Stroke—Is an immensely improved oar, and when he has learnt to steady his swing and slide coming forward he will be an excellent stroke. Has any amount of pluck and dash, and works almost too hard.

Cox—Steers excellently. Save for an error of judgment at Grassy on the first night his steering during the races was faultless.

Second Boat.

Bow—Always works hard from start to finish, but must learn to hold his slide at the beginning of the stroke, especially when rowing. Is painfully slow with his body and hands at the recovery.

Two—Has improved greatly. He still needs, however, to get a firmer and quicker grip of the beginning, which would enable him to keep better time.

Three—Rows in an attractive style, which is, however, somewhat marred by his allowing his outside shoulder to drop forward just before the beginning of the stroke. Always takes great pains in the boat.

Four—Rowed hard both in practice and the races. Has hardly sufficient control of his slide, and is inclined to bucket at times and to tear at the finish.

Five—Has not improved as much as might have been expected. Seems to have great difficulty in keeping his head and eyes steady, and is very heavy handed. Must learn to hold the stroke out longer. Always worked hard.

Six—Improved considerably since last term. Is still handicapped by a cramped finish, and as a rule covers his blade too much at the beginning and too little at the finish. Is inclined to be late at times.

Seven—Is inclined to be short at the finish. Rows twice as well when he manages to get his shoulders properly on to the stroke. Bucked stroke up well, and always tried his hardest.

Stroke—Improved much in smartness and rhythm after the first few weeks of the term, but never quite succeeded in covering his blade up to the finish. Rowed very pluckily in the races, and never got flummied.

Cox—Steered coolly and well both in practice and the races. Might have made his bump a little sooner on the second night, but this, his only error, was on the side of carefulness.

Names and weights:

First Boat.		Second Boat.	
	st. lbs.		st. lbs.
R. R. Walker (<i>bow</i>) ..	9 6	W. J. Jones (<i>bow</i>)	9 10½
2 G. A. Ticehurst	11 0	2 C. H. Stokes	10 1½
3 H. B. Carlyll	10 5	3 F. Worthington	10 11½
4 S. R. Brown	11 7½	4 W. Keny	11 1
5 M. C. Cooper	11 3½	5 H. B. Jenkins	11 5½
6 J. H. Towle	11 6	6 F. Slater	11 3½
7 H. Sanger	12 5	7 W. H. Roseveare ..	11 13½
G. C. Simpson (<i>stroke</i>) ..	11 4	J. T. Poole (<i>stroke</i>) ...	10 7
H. C. Sandall (<i>cox</i>)	8 9	A. W. Hayward (<i>cox</i>) ..	8 7½

LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

President—Mr R. F. Scott. **Hon. Treas.**—Mr L. H. K. Bushe-Fox.
Captain—A. Chapple. **Hon. Sec.**—P. U. Lasbrey. **Committee**—J. W. H. Atkins, P. H. Winfield, A. M. Paton.

We have had a fairly successful season, winning twelve matches and losing five doubles and two singles. Unfortunately we have not been able to play a full team in many matches, as Argyle has been playing regularly for the Varsity six. The fact that three first year men have got their colours promises well for our success next season. The Second six have also done well, having won five matches and lost three. The following men have received their colours: F. W. Argyle, R. P. Gregory, H. E. Dawes, F. W. Allen, and P. H. Winfield. These, with A. Chapple and P. U. Lasbrey make up the team for this year. The following have also played for the team: J. W. H. Atkins (who is an old colour, but was unable to play regularly), R. W. H. Hudson, M. E. Atlay, and G. H. Ashe.

Matches Played.

April 25	Fitzwilliam Hall	Won ...	6—3
" 26	Sidney	Lost ...	3—6
" 27	Trinity Hall	Lost ...	2—7
" 30	Caius	Won ...	5—4
May 1	Jesus	Won ...	6—3
" 2	Trinity	Lost ...	4—5
" 3	Selwyn	Won ...	5—4
" 4	Christ's	Won ...	6—3
" 6	King's	Won ...	7—2
" 11	Mayflies	Won ...	8—1
" 13	Hertford Coll. (Oxford) ..	Won ...	7—1
" 15	Clare	Won ...	5—4
" 16	*Christ's	Lost ...	2—7
" 17	Peterhouse	Lost ...	3—6
" 18	*Jesus	Lost ...	4—5
" 20	Caius	Lost ...	4—5
" 22	Fitzwilliam Hall	Won ...	9—0
" 23	Trinity	Won ...	6—3
" 29	Mayflies	Won ...	7—2
" 30	*Queens'	Won ...	8—1
June 1	Emmanuel	Lost ...	3—6
" 4	King's	Won ...	5—4
" 6	Pembroke	Lost ...	4 5

* Denotes Singles.

Second Six Matches.

April 23ClareLost2-7
" 24	...Emmanuel 2nd VI.	...Lost1-8
May 3Westminster College	...Won5-4
" 7	... Caius 2nd VI.	...Won5-4
" 14Jesus 2nd VI.	...Won5-4
" 21Westminster College	...Lost4-5
" 27	... Caius 2nd VI.	...Won5-4
" 28Jesus 2nd VI.	...Won7-2

EAGLES LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

At a meeting held on Tuesday June 4th the following new members were elected: H. Addison, F. W. Argyle, E. Booker, S. R. Brown, H. B. Carlyll, A. W. E. Hayward, H. H. H. Hockey, H. C. Sandall, G. C. E. Simpson, R. R. Walker.

C.U.R.V.

(G Company).

Officers and N.C.O.'s:—*Captain*—K. C. Browning. *Colour Sergeant*—G. A. Ticehurst. *Sergeants*—A. R. Kidner, D. C. A. Morrison, B. F. Woods. *Corporals*—F. W. Armstrong, J. H. Towle, W. H. Kennett, C. F. Hayman. *Lance Corporals*—C. S. Perkins, C. B. Ticehurst, E. A. Martell, G. R. K. Eratt, C. E. Sidebotham.

The new Company is fast gaining a reputation for keenness and marksmanship. The strength is at present seventy-three; of this number fifty-eight are T.V.'s and fifteen recruits. No less than thirty-five of the T.V.'s have become marksmen, this being a larger number than any other Company. Our recruits also promise well.

The best scores are as follows:—

T.V.'s

	200 yds. (Max. 56)	500 & 600 yds. (Max. 56)	Total. (Max. 112)
Sgt. A. R. Kidner.....	47	48	95
Pte. N. B. Souper.....	46	45	91
Pte. R. F. Brayn.....	45	43	88
Lc.-Cpl. C. B. Ticehurst ..	45	43	88
Pte. A. C. Dundas	38	50	88
Col.-Sgt. G. A. Ticehurst..	39	47	86
Pte. J. R. Bradshaw.....	44	42	86
Pte. G. H. Teall	45	39	84
Pte. J. B. Irving	41	41	82
Pte. V. C. Honeybourne ..	41	40	80

Recruits.

Pte. R. McC. Linnell.....	163
Pte. A. G. Walker	160
Pte. F. D. Canham.....	141
Pte. H. A. Browning.....	140

The St John's Cup was won in the Michaelmas Term by Sergeant A. R. Kidner, and in the Lent Term by Private A. C. Dundas.

A. R. Kidner won the Roberts' Cup for the best score in the class firing of Sergeants. He is, of course, shooting in the University team.

G. N. Pocock has also shot for the 'Varsity on two occasions, and we hope he will succeed in getting his Half-Blue next year.

The Company was represented in the Company Medals competition by the following team:—

A. R. Kidner (Capt.).
G. A. Ticehurst.
C. B. Ticehurst.
E. N. Pocock.
R. F. Brayn.
G. H. Bernard.

It was unlucky in having to compete against two exceptionally strong teams, and came in a very creditable third, being a long way ahead of the other three teams.

At the annual camp, which took place at Portsmouth this year owing to want of accommodation at Aldershot, the Company was well represented, taking down one officer, four Sergeants, and forty-two rank and file. We were the only Company to take the full complement of Sergeants. The work done was less interesting perhaps than usual, but we had to mount our own guards, and the Corporals had plenty of opportunities of learning their work. We were quartered in the largest of the three forts, Fort Southwick, together with the Caius and Trinity Companies. The quarters were very comfortable, and everyone appeared to thoroughly enjoy his week's training. Our Fort-Adjutant was especially pleased with our keenness and skill in trench digging, which we tried for the first time.

The weather was not all that could be desired during the early part of the week, but the Sunday was glorious, and nearly everyone took the opportunity of going over to the Isle of Wight after Church parade, where our appearance created a great stir among the inhabitants, most of whom seemed to think we were just off to the Front.

This term the only event of importance has been the Inspection. The Company "fell in" outside the New Court gates after having faced the ordeal of being photographed. The general appearance of the full-dress tunics and the newly-issued slouch hats was very smart.

We are glad to welcome back H. E. H. Oakeley and P. A. Lloyd-Jones among the Volunteer Service Company of the 1st Suffolks.

In conclusion, we appeal to the present first and second years to do their best to maintain the reputation of the Company. This term we shall lose some of our most prominent members, and others must be found to take their places. It is hoped that as many as possible will obtain proficiency certificates, and that many of the present first year and next term's Freshers will join before the end of the Volunteer year in October, so that our strength will not be diminished by the loss of those who are going down this term.

THE COLLEGE MISSION.

President—The Master. *Vice-Presidents*—Mr Mason, Professor Mayor, Mr Graves, Dr Sandys. *Committee, Senior Members*—Mr Cox, Mr Dyson, Dr Shore, Mr Tanner (*Senior Secretary*), Mr Ward, Dr Watson (*Senior Treasurer*). *Junior Members*—J. E. Cheese, C. Elsee (*Junior Treasurer*), J. R. C. Greenlees, W. H. Roseveare, C. A. L. Senior, B. P. Waller, R. P. Gregory, C. E. Sidebotham, C. Coore, H. L. Garrett (*Junior Secretary*), H. C. Sandall, N. B. Souper, E. Booker, J. B. Garle-Browne, and R. P. Walker.

At the Committee meeting held early in the term, J. B. Garle-Browne was elected as a representative of the Freshmen in place of W. Barradell-Smith, resigned.

The experiment of holding small meetings in College rooms in place of the general meeting usually held in the Lent term was, on the whole, very successful. In Mr Tanner's rooms the Senior Missioner, dimly discerned through a cloud of tobacco-smoke, treated of various matters connected with the work at Walworth. In C. Elsee's rooms a meeting was addressed by Mr H. Sneath, the Junior Missioner, and in H. L. Garrett's rooms both Mr Ward and Mr Sneath spoke.

An invitation was sent to the Bishop of Manchester to preach in the College Chapel on behalf of the Mission during the May term, but the Bishop was unfortunately obliged to decline it owing to the pressure of other work.

The Treasurer desires to call the attention of members of the College to the fact that the excursion from Walworth to the College on the last August Bank Holiday, in many ways so successful, cost the General Fund of the Mission something like £20. As the General Fund could not possibly bear this charge every year, it has been suggested that a special Hospitality Fund should be formed for this purpose. At present the College entertains about one hundred of the Walworth people every year, and it would be a most unfortunate thing from every point of view if the expedition had to be given up or the scale of it much reduced. Intending contributors can obtain further information from any of the officers or members of the Committee.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

President—A. C. A. Latif. *Vice-President*—H. L. O. Garrett. *Treasurer*—G. N. Pocock. *Secretary*—J. C. Arnold. *Committee*—T. H. Robinson, S. G. Stewart.

Easter term is never a very enthusiastic one for the Society, as many of its members seem to be more inclined to spend their summer evenings in the coolness of the open air rather than in the heated fervour of debate. However, some very successful meetings have been held, though the attendance has not been all that might be desired, and on more than one occasion the much desiderated quorum could not be formed until the officials had gone forth to the highways and hedges and compelled the

members to come in. We have to congratulate Mr P. B. Haigh (ex-President) on his election to the Secretaryship of the Union, and also Mr A. C. A. Latif (President), who was returned at the head of the poll as member of the Committee. Two other members of the Society, Mr H. L. Garrett and Mr S. H. Robinson, stood for the Union Committee, but though they were unsuccessful we hope to see them having better luck next time.

The following were the Debates held :

April 27th—L. R. B. Garcia moved : "That this House feels a want of confidence in the present Government." H. L. O. Garrett opposed. There also spoke—For the motion, E. P. Hart, S. H. Robinson, J. C. Arnold, and P. B. Haigh ; against the motion, F. W. Armstrong and J. H. A. Hart. The motion was carried by one vote.

May 4th—S. H. Robinson moved : "That this House would view with regret any alteration in the Coronation Oath." S. G. Stewart opposed. There also spoke—For the motion, H. L. O. Garrett, C. E. Sidebotham, L. R. B. Garcia, C. Elsee, and G. N. Pocock ; against the motion, P. B. Haigh, J. C. Arnold, and E. P. Hart. The motion was carried by one vote.

May 25th—H. R. Crofton moved : "That this House would view with regret the foundation of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland." Mr A. A. Robb opposed. There also spoke—For the motion, S. G. Stewart and W. Barradell-Smith ; against the motion, P. B. Haigh, J. C. Arnold, L. R. B. Garcia, J. A. Cunningham, and H. G. Lewis. The motion was lost by six votes.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

President—Dr J. E. Sandys. *Treasurer*—Rev A. J. Stevens. *Honorary Secretary*—C. J. F. Jarchow. *Committee*—O. May, W. B. Marshall, H. E. H. Oakeley, G. A. Ticehurst (*Librarian*), H. J. W. Wrenford, J. C. H. How, A. M. C. Nicholl, J. F. L. Southam.

The May Concert, held in the Hall on the evening of June 10th, is acknowledged on all hands to have been a distinct success. The programme was varied and well chosen, and not so long as to make response to "encores" impossible. The performance opened with a fine trio of Haydn by Mr Bracken-

bury, Miss Gray, and Mr Roper. Mr Brackenbury's well known delicacy of style was well in keeping Haydn's music, reminding one as it does of court dress and sixteenth century periwigs. Miss Teresa del Riego then sang a song of her own composition, which was deservedly "encored," and in response she sang a tragic little comedy in three verses. The Rev F. G. Given Wilson's most pleasant rendering of Wagner's wonderful "Walter's Preislied" from The Meistersingers was followed by an excellent performance on the violincello by Miss Gray. The two pieces selected were by the inevitable Galtermann and Popper, the latter at his very wildest.

Then followed what was undoubtedly the feature of the evening, being an Italian song by Miss Florence Schmidt. The performance was nothing short of wonderful, and defies description.

W.
the saving—of the quartet that followed. He gained for it a deserved encore. The duet by R. H. Crofton and J. C. How would have been more of a success we feel if the performers had endeavoured to look a little less unhappy, and to put a little more "go" into the song. The Rev Given Wilson and Miss Schmidt sang again, and were repeatedly recalled, and the Concert was terminated by the singing of the "Boating Song" and "God Save the King."

Sincere thanks are due to Miss Schmidt, Miss del Riego, and all the other visitors who contributed so largely to the enjoyment of the audience and the success of the evening, and also to J. C. Jarchow and the Musical Committee, in whose hands the management of the Concert lay.

The full Programme is appended :

PART I.

- 1 TRIO in D major -No. VI.....*Haydn*
Allegro, Andante, Allegro, ma dolce.
C. F. BRACKENBURY (Selwyn), Miss GRAY,
E. S. ROPER (Corpus Christi).
- 2 SONG....."O Dry Those Tears".....*Teresa del Riego*
Miss TERESA DEL RIEGO.
- 3 SONGS.....(a) "Ein Schwan" } *Grieg*
(b) "Waldwanderung" }
Rev F. G. GIVEN WILSON.
- 4 VIOLONCELLO SOLO., ... (a) Andante.....*Galtermann*
(b) Mazurka.....*Popper*
Miss GRAY.

- 5 BOLERO..... "I Vespri Siciliani"*Verdi*
Miss FLORENCE SCHMIDT.
- 6 VOCAL QUARTET.... "Rest, Dearest Rest"*Kücken*
W. B. MARSHALL, H. J. W. WRENFORD,
G. A. TICEHURST, W. H. ROSEVEARE.

PART II.

- 7 PIANOFORTE SOLO..... "Prelude"*Rachmaninoff*
Miss TERESA DEL RIEGO.
- 8 VOCAL DUETT "Break, Diviner Light" *Frances Allitsen*
R. H. CROFTON and J. C. H. HOW.
- 9 SONGS..... (a) "Als die alte Mutter"*Overgah*
(b) "Bonjour Suzon"*Delibes*
Miss FLORENCE SCHMIDT.
- 10 VOCAL QUARTET., "A Franklyn's Dogge leped over a style"*A. C. Mackenzie*
W. B. MARSHALL, H. J. W. WRENFORD,
G. A. TICEHURST, W. H. ROSEVEARE.
- 11 SONG..... "Walter's Preislied"*Wagner*
(From "The Meistersingers.")
Rev F. G. GIVEN WILSON.
- 12 CHORUS] "Lady Margaret Boating Song" *G. M. Garrett*
"GOD SAVE THE KING."

ACCOMPANISTS { Miss TERESA DEL RIEGO
 { Mr. E. S. ROPER (Corpus Christi).

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Committee—President, C. Coore; *Ex-Presidents* (in residence), C. Elsee B.A., J. H. A. Hart B.A., J. E. Cheese B.A., H. B. Woodward, B. P. Waller; *Treasurer*, J. E. Cheese B.A.; *Secretary*, N. B. Souper; *elected*, L. G. S. Raynor, G. A. Hopkins.

The following has been the programme for the term :

May 10th. "Bible Translation, with special reference to the Great Indian Versions," by C. Edmunds M.A., in N. B. Souper's rooms, C, New Court.

May 17th. "The Holy Land and the East," by J. E. Cheese B.A., in F. W. Allen's rooms, H, 1st Court. Election of Officers for the Michaelmas Term 1901.

May 24th. "Monasticism," by the Rev the Junior Dean, in his rooms E, 2nd Court.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERVICES.

In the Ante-Chapel at 10 o'clock.

Objects:—(i) Intercession for the College Mission; (ii) Intercession for Foreign Missions; (iii) Preparation for Holy Communion; and kindred objects.

The Committee for the Easter Term has been the same as that for the Lent Term, see p. 288.

The following is the list of addresses during the Term:

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| April | 27th. | Mr Ward. |
| May | 4th. | Mr W. L. E. Parsons, Dean and Lecturer at Selwyn College. |
| " | 11th. | Mr N. W. A. Edwards, Assistant College Missioner at Walworth. |
| " | 18th. | Mr J. O. F. Murray, Fellow and Dean of Emmanuel College. |
| " | 25th. | Mr Forbes Robinson, Fellow and Lecturer of Christ's College. |
| June | 1st. | Mr Dyson. |

THE LIBRARY.

* *The asterisk denotes past or present Members of the College.*

Donations and Additions to the Library during
Quarter ending Lady Day 1901.

Donations.

DONORS.

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|--|---|----------------------------------|
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| <p>— John, Fifteenth Lord Somerville*, born Sept. 21, 1765; died Oct. 5, 1819. [A Memoir.] 8vo. Lond. 1898.</p> | } | |
| <p>*Hibbert (F. A.). Bede: a Poem which obtained the Seatonian Prize at Cambridge. 8vo. Camb. 1900.</p> | } | The Author. |
| <p>*Taylor (C.). Hebrew-Greek Cairo Genizah Palimpsests from the Taylor-Schechter Collection, including a Fragment of the Twenty-Second Psalm according to Origen's Hexapla. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press. Large 4to. Camb. 1900. 9. 1.</p> | } | The Editor. |
| <p>*Sayle (C. E.). Early English printed Books in the University Library, Cambridge (1475 to 1640). Vol. I. Caxton to F. Kingston. 8vo. Camb. 1900.</p> | } | Syndics of the University Press. |
| <p>*Sheringham (J. W.). Graiana Elegia (For Tewkesbury Abbey Restoration). 8vo. Gloucester [1901.]</p> | } | Professor Mayor. |
| <p>Cambridge Philosophical Society. Proceedings. Vol. XI. Part i. [Michaelmas Term 1900]. 8vo. Camb. 1901.</p> | } | Dr. Shore. |
| <p>*Roberts (C. M.). A Treatise on the History of Confession until it developed into Auricular Confession A.D. 1215. 8vo. Lond. 1901. 9.38.48.</p> | } | The Author. |
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| <p>Medical Directory for 1900. <i>Reference Table</i>.</p> | } | Dr. D. MacAlister. |
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