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CERVANTES.

THE two sister countries that stand out prominent in the earlier history of European civilisation are Italy and Spain, and each of them has one really great representative in literature. Spain is represented by Cervantes and Italy by Dante. But there is a great difference between these two giant figures. Dante received a call "to pass through Heaven and Earth", and suffered exquisite agonies of pain and joy in the composition of his *Inferno*, while Cervantes was of a lighter and merrier disposition. His was a genial wit which could not be suppressed. In one direction he went even further than Dante, being a direct impersonator of his own country.

His power of "holding the mirror up to Nature" will become clearer if we undertake a detailed discussion of his life and works. Cervantes was baptised at Alcalá de Heneres, a small town on the outskirts of Madrid, on the 9th of October, 1547 Judging from the custom then prevailing of naming people after the Saint on whose day they were born, we may feel fairly sure that he was born on St Michael's Day, September 29th. He was the fourth of seven children, his father being a medical practitioner in a small way It has been suggested that his family belonged

to the nobility of the land ; but as we can trace his ancestry only as far as his grandfather (who was a Licentiate in Law), we must accept the statement with some reserve.

Very little is known of the first twenty years of the writer's life. His father moved from town to town, and was settled at various times at Madrid, Valladolid, and other places. Cervantes tells us that while his parents were at Valladolid he saw a company of peripatetic performers under the direction of Lope de Rueda, the great Spanish dramatist. The sights he saw filled his soul with a glowing enthusiasm for the drama of his country, and aroused in him such a deep and intense interest in literature that he was led to write several plays, only a few of which have come down to us. He describes in detail the rude simplicity with which such a company carries out its performances ; and yet he feels within himself that stirring call which was to be converted before the close of his life into "something rich and strange"

Cervantes comes into notice again early in the year 1569, when he contributed an elegy and a ballad on the occasion of the death of King Philip's wife, Isabel de Valois. These are found in a publication collected by Juan Lopez de Hoyos, a great philologist and theologian. He refers to Cervantes as his "dear and beloved disciple", and published a large number of sonnets and juvenile essays by his pupil. This leads us to the question whether Cervantes was educated at a University Dr Robinson Smith urges strongly that he must certainly have spent some time at Salamanca, and supports his theory by illustrations from the Exemplary Novels—in particular from the *Feigned Aunt* and the *Licentiate of Glass.* Remembering that Cervantes' works are often autobiographical, we are inclined to attach some importance to his description of the "student-page" in the latter work. But this is as far as we can go. The question, like several others connected with Cervantes, must be left undecided.

Another insoluble problem presents itself immediately At the end of the year 1569, we hear of Cervantes in Rome ; but how he got there remains a mystery The generally accepted view is that he travelled with Cardinal Julio Acquaviva from Madrid ; and it is certain that the

Cardinal was sent by the Pope to express sympathy with Philip on the tragic death of his wife. About this time a certain Cervantes was banished from the country on account of a duel with one Antonio de Sigura : and, by giving his imagination free rein, Robinson Smith conjectures that it was our Cervantes who was thus exiled. He refers to *The Little Gipsy* and the *Licentiate of Glass*, and shows the familiarity with which Cervantes treats of the soldiers on their march to Cartagena and then of the subsequent voyage to Genoa and the journey from Florence to Rome. But here we pass entirely into conjecture and must leave the question undecided.

We now move from the realm of controversy to that of certainty. On the 29th May, 1571, a famous treaty was signed between Philip II., the Pope and the Venetian Senate with the object of overthrowing the power of the Turkish fleet in the Mediterranean. Don John of Austria led the allied fleets and defeated the Turks at the memorable battle of Lepanto. Cervantes was present at this battle ; he had rallied to the standard along with other gentlemen of Spain and Italy And from this time we begin to notice the greatness and nobility of his character. In spite of a racking fever, he insisted on taking his share in the conflict and fought in a barge in the thickest part of the battle. We cannot do better than quote his own words : "I held my sword in one hand : from the other flowed waves of blood. My bosom was struck with a deep wound, my left hand broken and crushed ; but such was the sovereign joy that filled my soul that I was unconscious of my wounds. Yet was I fainting with mortal pain." His left hand was severed from the wrist and he was wounded in several places ; but the glory still remained to him. To use his own words : "The scars a soldier wears on his face and breast are stars rather, leading others to a heaven of honour and the hope of deserved praise."

Thus he began a military career which lasted five or six years. He was in a hospital at Messina for some weeks : but such was his ardour that, even before he was well, he was again on the march. Some of his later experiences are recorded in *Don Quixote*, one being the story of Captain de Viedma. After the fleet was dissolved, he served his King

for three years and was stationed at Naples. In the hope of bettering his fortunes, he obtained letters of recommendation from Don John to Philip and embarked on the *Sol* for Spain in the autumn of 1575. The vessel, while on its way, was surrounded by Moorish pirates and, after a stubborn fight, Cervantes, with all his companions, fell into the hands of the raiders and was carried to a hopeless captivity at Algiers for five years, "from whence he learned to have patience in adversity."

It was during this captivity that Cervantes' character was largely developed and strengthened, and several noble traits brought out clearly We have seen that he was in possession of letters of recommendation to the King, and this fact greatly enhanced his value in the eyes of his captors. His first master was a man named Dalí Máni (Limpy), a mean and cruel tyrant. Smarting under the wrongs of oppression and restraint, Cervantes was always on the alert to escape. His first attempt looks ridiculous to us, and serves to accentuate the hopeless condition of the slaves. He set out with a guide to walk to Oran, but was forced to return after the guide deserted him. The next attempt was made in the following year With the help of a gardener named Juan, Cervantes transferred fifteen slaves into a cave in a garden near the sea, and, as his brother's ransom was effected at this time, he sent messages for help through him. A ship was brought to the rescue but the whole scheme was betrayed through the treachery of a renegade, nicknamed El Dorador. Cervantes took on himself the entire responsibility for the plot: "None of these Christians who are here are to blame in this affair for I was the sole contriver and the man who persuaded them to escape." If there were not good evidence for this story we should be inclined to doubt it, as it seems hardly credible that fifteen slaves could have been concealed and fed for some weeks without being discovered.

Cervantes was treated all the harder after this, but nothing could shake his indomitable resolution. He espoused the Christian cause with the greatest enthusiasm. In a play written a few years later there is a famous passage beginning, "If I might but find myself in the King's presence", which shows how keenly he felt for himself and his comrades.

Another attempt at escape was made in 1580, but we need not enter into its details. It is sufficient to say that the Moors recognised in him a person dangerous to their security, and offered to give him his freedom; but he would not desert his comrades. Hassan Aga, his second owner, is reported to have said "that he should consider captives, and barks, and the whole city of Algiers in perfect safety, could he but be sure of that handless Spaniard"

In the meantime, Cervantes' parents had been making strenuous efforts to collect the amount of his ransom and at length, through the generosity of the Christian merchants at Algiers, he was freed from his servitude. Characteristic of the man is the investigation he then asked for, in order to show that he had not degraded himself during those five bitter years. All at the enquiry vouched for his nobility of character He then embarked for his native land, and, if a later passage is a reminiscence, he tells us that they "leaped on shore, which with tears of joy they kissed again and again"

On his return home from Algiers, Cervantes found his parents greatly impoverished through their efforts to ransom him. He turned his attention to literature. In 1583 he published an endless pastoral—the *Galatea*—which always remained a great favourite of his. In reality, it is just a continuous succession of songs made by men who lived under the love-spell of certain enchantresses, whom they followed about and entertained with their protestations of love. In his efforts to obtain a living, Cervantes also wrote a large number of comedies, only three of which have come down to us. They contain none of the brilliant humour of *Don Quixote*, and seem to be the outcome of youthful ideals. As two of them are concerned with life in Algiers, it will be most convenient to deal with them here.

The "Trato del Argel" deals with the Moorish traffic in Christian slaves. It has as its basis a slight love plot—the loves of Aurelio and Silvia, Isuf and Zara—but the main purpose of the work is to bring home to the Spanish people the tragic state of affairs at Algiers. Though the play ends happily with the liberation of the Christian lovers, yet throughout the main interest is concentrated on the awful-

ness of their sufferings. The most admirable scene is the one dealing with the two children, Juanico and Francisco, a happy repetition of which is found in the next play, the "Baños del Argel." It is pathetic to notice the influence of Moorish customs on the infant minds. One child is old and strong enough to remain true to his faith, but the younger loves the gorgeous Moorish robes and refuses to recognise his brother The second play resembles the first in its artificial love plot—that of Costanza and Don Fernando—but again the real picture presented is the life of the captives. The third play, "Numancia Vengada," is an expression of the high ideals which Cervantes set before his countrymen. It is an account of the heroic resistance offered by Numantia to Rome, and is intended to have a practical application to the condition of Spain. It is a curious fact that, two centuries later, during the serious siege of Saragossa in the Peninsular War, the Spanish people recognised the high ideals of the play and acted it as an incentive to keeping up their stout resistance.

Meanwhile Cervantes had married a lady of gentle birth, Catalina de Salazar y Palacios, who, in addition to her name, brought him a small settlement of land at Esquivias. Little is known of his life during the next fifteen years, but it is just these years that are important to us. Cervantes held two state appointments, and his duties led him to wander through the country, gathering material for his great work. He acquired at this time the familiarity with country villages and inns, which stood him in good stead in *Don Quixote*. His first post was that of a commissary, collecting stores for the Great Armada. In this capacity he journeyed all over the country, making his headquarters at Seville. It is here that we find the cause of much difficulty in his later life. His first trouble arose out of the seizure of a quantity of bread belonging to the Cathedral of Seville, for which he was excommunicated. In reality one of his subordinates was responsible for the blunder, but, as usual, Cervantes took all the blame on himself. In 1594 he was appointed collector of the royal taxes in Granada, and, in after years, was continually harassed by the Government for small sums which were deficient in his accounts.

There is reason to believe that he was imprisoned for a fortnight during the year 1594, and the story goes that *Don Quixote* was begun during one of these terms of imprisonment. He was in such straits that he petitioned the King in 1590 to give him an appointment abroad. It was a time of great stress and poverty for him, but his natural cheerfulness pulled him through. It was with him a case of "a merry heart goes all the way" We find him settled with his family at Valladolid in 1603.

And now we come to what Macaulay called "the best novel in the world beyond all comparison." Cervantes, like every other great novelist except perhaps Smollett, did not write his masterpiece till well advanced in years—he was fifty-seven when the first part of *Don Quixote* was completed. The book was immediately received everywhere with acclamation: the famous story told by the historian Barrano Porreno gives us a good idea of its popularity. King Philip was standing one day on the balcony of the palace in Madrid, when he noticed a student standing at the corner of the street, reading a book, and every now and then bursting into laughter. "That student," said the King, "is either out of his wits, or reading the history of *Don Quixote*."

It is fairly certain that the book had been finished before the end of 1603, as there are in it echoes of several plays written before this date, especially the "True Second Part of Guzman de Alfarache." But the reference to the three princes who visited their uncle the King at Valladolid helps very much to settle the date difficulty—another of our numerous problems. The princes are referred to as three ass-colts out of five that were to recompense Sancho for the loss of Dapple.

The book appeals to us from the beginning. Its introduction and the details regarding the Knight's equipment are very entertaining. After he is fully armed, the Knight rides forth as a champion of the oppressed, and is dubbed by the innkeeper. He meets with severe treatment at his first encounter, and is brought back bruised and battered to his home. Sancho Panza is induced to accompany him, and the pair are both amusing and instructive. And here the fun

continues. Sancho is promised the government of an island by his master and this gives rise to much witty conversation and discussion. It would be impossible to describe in detail any of the adventures which the pair go through, but references may be made to the most famous. The story of the Knight's rage against the windmills, which he mistook for so many giants, is a perfect piece of narrative. "Though thou movest more arms than the giant Briareus, thou shalt stoop to me", says the gallant Don, and charges them at full tilt to his great discomfiture. The incident of freeing the boy who was being whipped by his master is also noteworthy. We may now pass on to the memorable account of the galley slaves, which opens the Knight's eyes a little to the folly and ingratitude of the world. After a long conversation with the prisoners, Don Quixote frees them by force, but is soon stoned and robbed in return. Owing to his offence against the law he has to flee to the Sierra Morena, where the story becomes "a mixture of genteel pastoral and broadest farce." We may notice here the fondness which Cervantes displays towards the goatherds and pastoral element generally.

Soon after this Cervantes' invention began to fail. The rest of the first part is taken up with the stories told at the inn. The "Story of the Captive" has the same plot as the "Baños de Argel", but is also a continuation, as Zara is shown living in Spain. These stories are not of as great value as the previous part. There is an interval of ten years before the second and better part appeared.

During this interval there appeared a spurious continuation of the marvellous adventures by a man who called himself Avellenada. There have been several theories suggested as to who this person really was, the most probable being the one which identifies him with Aliaga, the King's confessor, who had been nicknamed Sancho Panza and who was thus trying to secure his revenge. But whoever the real author was we must be thankful to him. It would not be going too far to say that it is to his counterfeit that we owe the genuine Second Part. We can see that Cervantes was in possession of this false work as he borrows constantly from it, in spite of the fact that he so vehemently, yet good-naturedly, ridicules Avellenada.

Into this second part Cervantes has put his best work. Much of the grotesque machinery of the earlier work has been dropped and more attention is devoted to developing the noble soul of the magnanimous hero. His thoughts and ideas, as shown in his convervations with Sancho, are widened and expanded. The squire also develops in strength, the transition in his case being even more striking. He is no more the typical clown, but an individual personage, and abounds in shrewd maxims and commonsense. In the later part of the book he attains to his much-coveted position—that of governor of an island. This is perhaps the most entertaining part of the work. His great sense of justice and his ability for settling disputes are familiar to all of us through the story of "The Money in the Staff"—a masterpiece of ingenuity He is clearer and more quick-sighted than the Knight, and objects to frequent practical jokes. "These jests are not good the second time", says Sancho. And so the treatment meted out to him through the hoax of the enemy invasion soon put an end to his ambition. He gave up his arduous life and returned to his master.

The interest of the book begins to flag after Sancho's government comes to an end. Not long after the Don is overthrown by the licentiate, disguised as the Knight of the White Moon, and ordered to return home for a year After a severe illness he recovers his senses and dies, mourned by the whole countryside, as Alonzo Quixano the Good. Thus comes to a fitting conclusion the story which "children handle, youngsters read, grown men understand, and old people applaud."

We cannot pass over this great work without a few general remarks on its value. To begin with, it introduced a distinct type of person into the world—we can call it nothing else than Quixotic—just as Byron much later embodied his own personality in the Don Juan type. But this is really by the way Its great value is that it is a picture preserved for us of contemporary life and manners in Spain. The delightful roadside villages and their inns, the foibles and graces of the Spanish peasantry, and, above all, their genial characteristics are vividly impressed on us as we read further and further

From this we pass to a question which has been under much discussion—whether Cervantes really had a specific purpose in writing the book. The view that his chief aim was to ridicule the romances of chivalry has not been supported recently; but it is very probable that he began with the intention of putting an end to all the thousand trifling imitations of these romances which were current in his time. For the real romances, such as "Amadis of Gaul," he had a distinct reverence; but it was necessary to introduce them into his plan in order to give coherence to the whole and make the sting all the sharper At the same time we must remember that, though this may have been his original aim, yet the story outgrows this narrow intent and becomes a satire on Spanish life in general—the laws, literature, drama, and politics. We cannot help feeling that Sancho's administration of the Island is the biggest satire of all—that of the appointment to high positions of unqualified favourites.

With these remarks, we must resume the details of Cervantes' life. We left him settled at Valladolid with his wife, two sisters and natural daughter, Isabel de Saavedra. One incident during his stay here stands out prominently. A certain Gaspar de Ezpeleta, who lived in the same house as the Cervantes family, was murdered on account of his indiscriminate amours. Inquiries were made and suspicion fell on Cervantes, chiefly because his daughter was presumed to have been not altogether virtuous. He was imprisoned along with his family, but release came as soon as the authorities discovered that there was no evidence to justify such an action. In 1608, we find him living in Madrid with his daughter. Shortly after, his wife, two sisters and himself were received into the Third Order of St Francis. In the meantime the daughter had married a man called Molina, and her dowry was provided by Urbina, a person high in the diplomatic service. The whole story of the marriage is very suspicious, as we cannot suppose that Urbina was acting from disinterested motives. From 1613 onwards Cervantes was probably a pensioner of the Count de Lemos, who had gone as Viceroy of Naples a few years before. Cervantes was disappointed in not being asked to accompany the Count and wrote a satire on poets—the *Viage del Parnasso.*

This poem gives us a contemporary picture of Spanish poetry and is also the most original of Cervantes' poetical works. The satire is always keen, yet good-natured. All the poets are represented as being conveyed by Mercury to Parnassus and the vessel in which the voyage is made is described in a lofty strain. Just previous to this he had published the *Novelas Exemplares*, a few of which had been written many years before. They are superior to the comedies, full of charm and character The scene of most of them is in Seville, and, being the first of their kind, they deserve to rank high in the history of literature. Cervantes tells us that he has tried to keep them as pure as possible. On the whole they are an admirable collection of short stories, modelled on the style of *Boccaccio*. The "Curious Impertinent" and the "Captive" had already appeared in *Don Quixote.*

We are now coming to the close of a great and eventful career, and perhaps it would be useful here to quote Cervantes' own description of his personal appearance at this time. He tells us that he has "aquiline features, chestnut hair, a forehead smooth and unwrinkled, brilliant eyes, a nose curved but well proportioned, the beard of silver that twenty years ago was gold, a large moustache, a small mouth . . . . height between the two extremes, neither tall nor short, colour vivid, rather white than brown, shoulders a little bowed, feet no longer light."

Such is the description we obtain of him near the end of his life. Shortly after it was written dropsy set in. Yet he was busy up to the end. At the beginning of 1616 he superintended the publication of eight of his comedies and prefixed an important dissertation on the early history of the Spanish drama. He also wrote a serious romance, "Persiles and Sigismunda", which shows great power of description. Its preface and dedication are noteworthy, as they give the last glimpses of the writer. In the preface we find the interesting description of the ride back to Madrid from Esquivias and the respectful advice of the young student. From the dedication we extract, "With one foot in the stirrup and in the anguish of death, lady, I write thee." Just before, he had written to Lemos' kinsman, the Arch-

bishop of Toledo, saying that his illness was "so much worse lately that I believe it will make an end of me, though not of my gratitude." He gradually wasted away and died on the 23rd of April, the same day that saw the death of his most famous contemporary, William Shakespeare.

Thus passed away the greatest son that Spain has ever produced. It remains to consider briefly his place in literature. Cervantes may be said to have created an epoch in literature ; but the strange part of it is that, at the same time, he did not create an epoch in the literature of his own country His age was pre-eminently the age of the drama, its chief representative being Lope de Vega. The value of *Don Quixote* has already been dealt with ; but even had Cervantes died without writing his masterpiece, some of his other works—his *Numantia* and *Voyage of Parnassus*—would give him a high place even in such a productive age of Spanish genius. But the great service which he rendered to Spanish literature was that he embodied in his work a beautiful, free, and elegant style. In this he is supreme. He was the first author to devote himself seriously to the formation of a good style, cleansed from all impurities and all carelessness.

With these words we take farewell of our subject. What is true of Don Quixote is also true of Cervantes : "His was ever a gentle nature and lovable way, that numbered all that knew him as his friends." We part from him with the same feelings that Keats parted from Coleridge on Highgate Hill—"Allow me the memory, Sir, of having kissed this hand."

P. A. G.

HELLENISM IN BEING.

ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΥ

οἶδ' ὅτι θνατὸς ἐγὼ καὶ ἐφάμερος· ἀλλ' ὅταν ἄστρων
μαστεύω πυκινὰς ἀμφιδρόμους ἕλικας,
οὐκέτ' ἐπιψαύω γαίης ποσίν, ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτῷ
Ζανὶ θεοτροφίης πίμπλαμαι ἀμβροσίης.

Anth. Pal. IX, 577

Man and short-lived I may be ; but the stars,
Whene'er I scan their mazes, pierce the bars
Of this existence, and in livelier mood
I sit by Zeus and feed on God's own food.

J H. A. H

THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

BY

THE REV W. A. COX.

Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.—Heb. xii. 1.

'SURROUNDED,' that is, 'by so great a multitude of spectators.' This Epistle was, probably, addressed to the Jewish Christians of Rome.* Nero's persecution was a memory; a second, that under Domitian, was at hand. 'Ye have not yet,' he says, 'resisted unto blood.' A vast amphitheatre had arisen where Christians would again be 'butchered to make a Roman holiday.' The language of the text calls up vividly what would there meet the eye,—a hundred thousand cruel faces, tier above tier, intent upon the spectacle of blood.† But in the mind's eye of the writer far other spectators, with a far other interest, were there. The combatants, or victims, of 'the former days' are become the spectators of to-day, intently watching whether those now entering the arena will, in their turn, prove 'faithful unto death.'

Our old familiar roll of honour has just been read to us. The Lesson that bids us 'praise famous men and our fathers that begat us' might, perhaps, lead us to think of our benefactors rather too much as 'rich men', 'living peaceably in their habitations', and whose bodies were buried in peace' Very few of them, it is true, were men in arms. Sir Marmaduke Constable fought at Flodden; John Barwick, during the Civil War, 'laid aside the garb of a clergyman and took up the sword.'‡ These, I think, are all. Nevertheless our old, festal roll of honour has a bearing upon that new, tragic roll that is continually growing. Those inscribed upon this

* See Renan, *L'Antechrist*, xviii, xix.

† For the 'accommodation' of the Colosseum see Duruy's *Rome*, v 610.

‡ See Torry's *Benefactors* in *Eagle*, vols. xiii-xv, here and elsewhere.

will ere long, we trust, have a permanent memorial here. But, meanwhile, in thinking of them to-day we are also honouring our Foundress and Benefactors. Many thousands, no doubt, in the early days of this war, 'willingly offered themselves from pit and plough, from desk and counter; but the boys at our great Schools and the young men at our Colleges felt, I believe, that there was a special appeal to them. The spirit of comradeship, the love of adventure, the ancient traditions and pieties of school and college, the sense that 'to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more', all conspired. Moreover, the writer of this Epistle conceived that those who had borne their own testimony were in some way aware of what their successors were doing and suffering. And can we imagine any greater source of pride and joy to our Foundress and Benefactors than that members of the College, in a supreme crisis, 'willingly offered themselves?' Our Foundress herself lived in a period of wars. The Hundred Years' War between England and France* had 'entered on its last dismal act' when she was a child of eight. Close upon this followed, for thirty years, the Wars of the Roses.† These dynastic wars, between Christian nations and between fellow-countrymen, must have distressed her But, we read, 'she would often say that, if the Princes of Christendom would combine themselves and march against the common enemy, the Turk, she would most willingly attend them and be their laundress in the camp'.‡ Of the present war, a war for Christian ideals against Satanic, she would have approved. The self-denying labours for sick and wounded of so many women of every rank would have gladdened her

Bishop Fisher, again, our true father, was none of those who 'live peaceably in their habitations' and are 'buried in peace'. Let me recall the saddest, but the most honourable, page in our College history. A prisoner in the Tower, soon to undergo sentence of death for conscience sake, 'the

* 1337-1453. See Ramsay's *York and Lancaster*.

† 1455-1485.

‡ See Stanley's *Memorials of Westminster Abbey* and Cooper's *Lady Margaret*, p. 65 (quoted by our Visitor in the Commemoration Sermon of 1911). Constantinople was taken in 1453, when she was twelve.

Society', writes Baker, 'were not wanting to him on this last occasion . He was several times attended by the Master and some of the Fellows during his imprisonment. . Above all there is a noble letter from them . There, 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' *Tuum est eritque quicquid possumus, tui omnes sumus erimusque toti.**

Hugh Ashton, whose monument must catch the eye of everyone who enters the Chapel, was one of our Foundress's executors and himself founded four Fellowships. Him I gratefully mention. Chief of those who have enjoyed his bounty is Thomas Baker, the 'ejected' non-juror, our first historian, and who bequeathed to the Library a valuable collection of books. *Orate pro anima magistri Hugonis de Asheton*, 'pray for my soul', was Ashton's express request. Mindful, perhaps, and fearful of medieval superstition and abuses, Baker felt a scruple to which he gave expression both in prose and verse. 'Wherever his body lies', he writes, 'may his ashes rest peaceably and may I wish him 'that happiness which I dare not pray for, but which my 'hopes are he now enjoys. I daily bless God for him and 'thankfully commemorate him, and, could I think he now 'desires what his foundation requires, I would follow him 'with my prayers and pursue him on my knees' †

Our thoughts now are often of the dead, especially of those who in early manhood have fallen for God and country

> 'Ah Christ, that it were possible
> For one short hour to see
> The souls we loved that they might tell us
> What and where they be!

Prompted by this desire, some have sought to pierce the veil. More wisely most mourners, though not without the hope that passeth within it, are content to leave their dead in the hand of a just and merciful creator Some that have fallen, whom we have ourselves known, seem to our human judgment to have 'offered themselves without spot to God'. Many others there have been, not of wholly blameless life

* Mayor-Baker, i. 102, 465. † Mayor-Baker, i. 4, 93.

nor always of clean lips, who yet cheerfully made the same supreme sacrifice. We are bidden to pray for them all: for all who die in battle or sickness in this war, that thou 'wouldest receive their souls into thy holy keeping and grant unto them a merciful judgment at the last day, we beseech thee to hear us, good Lord' Our own Wordsworth could not now write as he wrote in 1816,

> 'The penal caverns groan
> 'With tens of thousands rent from off the tree
> 'Of hopeful life, by battle's whirlwind blown
> 'Into the deserts of eternity

Some are distressed to think that our men go into action, it may be to their death, with no thought of God perhaps, at the moment, in their hearts. 'Lord', said Sir Jacob Astly on the morning of the battle of Edgehill, 'Lord, thou knowest 'I must be very busy to-day—if I forget thee, do not thou 'forget me.'

Some hundred and fifty years later than Baker, Thomas Whytehead was admitted Fellow on the same, Ashton's, foundation. He presently joined Bishop Selwyn in New Zealand, to die there within two years. He had previously held the curacy of Freshwater for the same length of time. The income of his Fellowship, during his absence there, he bestowed to provide the 'eagle-desk' from which the Bible has been read since June, 1842. He is seen in the nineteenth bay of the roof among five Johnian worthies of that century But Whytehead is remembered for something besides this modest benefaction to his own College. To the English-speaking church he has left a hymn of singular beauty, tender, mystical, heard in many a cathedral and many a church on every Easter Eve.*

Since last Commemoration two famous Johnians have passed away, Henry Whitehead Moss and Henry Melvill Gwatkin. Both enjoyed, and both by their services repaid, our Foundress's bounty. Though others have spoken so fittingly of them, yet, as the contemporary and sometime colleague of both, I could not to-day be silent. Their working-lives, of forty-two and forty-nine years, were in

* 'Resting from his work to-day in *A. & M* ; 'Sabbath of the saints of old in other collections. See *Eagle*, lxxxi, 355,6.

each case lived in one place and devoted to a single task. Moss came back here more than once to preach for us, the Commemoration Sermon in 1905.* He was also present at our last old members' dinner,† and spoke there with the old clear, incisive utterance that suffered no word to be lost, and with apt anecdote, as of old. He was the last of three great scholars who held sway at Shrewsbury from 1798 to 1908. Butler attained a bishopric, Kennedy a professorship; not so Moss, nor did he write; he had no hobby: he lived for the school. Accepted from the first by the Sixth Form, 'the school', says one of them, 'found that it had in him a master 'who was worthy of it, capable and eager, as few could have been, to maintain the high traditions of its past' Under what seemed a cold manner lay real kindness and 'genial warmth' His name will be for ever associated with the removal of the school, 'largely through his energy and wisdom and also by his unstinted personal generosity',—in face of some opposition but to its lasting benefit,—from its old confined *habitat* in the town to a site described as 'of almost unrivalled beauty, looking down on the Severn and the spires of Shrewsbury on one side and on the other facing the Welsh hills.'‡

Henry Melvill Gwatkin, named after the great preacher, was destined to shine in the lecture-room rather than in the pulpit. Through no negligence on his part, his hearers found him at first hard to follow; but, persevering, they soon became accustomed to his voice and were richly rewarded. His range of historical knowledge was vast, his way of presenting it lucid and vivid, his English terse and nervous. His hobby,§ a laborious one—whose nature needs some explanation to the unlearned,—seemed remote from his main study; but, in what his microscope shewed him, he saw, I believe, the operation of the same divine Word whom

* Moss then wrote: 'we have fallen, you may think, we in England, 'on languid and colourless days, when the atmosphere is so depressing 'that heroism can scarcely draw breath *Tempora mutantur.*

† June 24, 1914.

‡ *T. E. P.* in *The Eagle* for last Term.

§ 'The *radula* or band of chitinous teeth which univalve Mollusca employ *C. R.* Nov. 29, 191 6.

he traced in history and in man. 'In wisdom hast thou made them all.' I last spoke to him in the fateful August of 1914. He then said, 'I have no doubt of final victory', and thought the 'atrocities', which had already begun, were 'a system'. Of his books I cannot here speak. His 'Letter to a Swedish Pastor' is now being circulated by our Foreign Office among neutral nations in their own languages as the best brief statement of our case. By it 'he being dead yet speaketh', and to a larger audience than ever in life. There is another weighty letter of his written in 1914, I suppose his last published utterance on matters of religion. It is 'An Open Letter in Reply' to one by an esteemed Prelate in which he discerned the plan 'to make Tractarianism the 'official doctrine and practice of the church and to exclude 'unsound persons from ordination.' 'You are alarmed', wrote Gwatkin, 'at the recent growth of criticism. If I cannot go 'with you in this the reason is not that I hold the opinions 'which seem to you so dangerous. The Creeds seem like 'the outlines of history or astronomy: I cannot imagine them 'disproved; but I can well imagine them transformed by 'new light into something very different from what we now 'mean by them. The Creed was not disproved when we 'learned that the making of heaven and earth was the work 'of ages, or that the heaven into which our Lord ascended 'is not locally above our heads Sound criticism', he continues, 'is as truly a divine revelation as Scripture itself, 'and we shall fail in our duty to truth and to Him who is 'the truth, if we foreclose the question' 'We need to 'remember', so he enforces this plea for freedom and charity, 'that the goodness of God is leading others as well 'as ourselves; and by the mystery of his dealing with your 'own soul I entreat you to reverence his dealing with 'another'.*

A third name claims mention. On April 19 died Henry Josiah Sharpe, sometime Fellow,† who for forty-nine years held a College living. A fellowship used to be called 'a long lane with a church at the end of it': here the church stood

* *The Bishop of Oxford's Open Letter* etc. Longmans. The Lady Margaret's Professor wrote in the same sense: *The Miracle of Christianity*.

† See Obituary.

at the beginning. He was a man of keen scientific intellect and of some achievement, a diligent and loving pastor, a warm friend, a character wholly free from malice or guile or self-seeking.

So far I have dealt with memories; let me end with hope. In his noble last Sonnet on liberty, written in 1811, Wordsworth sang:

> 'Here pause; the poet claims at least this praise,
> 'That virtuous liberty hath been the scope
> 'Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
> 'In the worst moment of these evil days;
> From hope, the paramount duty that heaven lays,
> 'For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.
> 'Never may from our souls one truth depart
> 'That an accursed thing it is to gaze
> 'On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye!

That curse, and the curse of Meroz, we happily, perhaps narrowly, escaped. And if man's heart never before suffered as it is suffering now, when was there opened a wider door of hope? The peace we hope for will not at once usher in the new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, but it will, we trust, bring them nearer. The free nations now fighting as brothers in a righteous cause cannot, surely, hereafter be arrayed one against another. England and her great daughter-nation are now spiritually reunited, 'like friends once parted grown single-hearted' *Quis separabit?*

On the morrow of Waterloo Wordsworth wrote of our then bitter enemy, Napoleonic France:

> 'Even the proud Realm from whose distracted borders
> This messenger of peace was launched in air,
> 'France, humbled France, amid her wild disorders,
> 'Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,
> 'That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,
> 'And utter England's name with sadly plausive voice'.

Is it not thinkable that, one day, the same may be true of a free and disillusioned Germany?

For ourselves, here, we hope that our Courts and Halls will soon be filled again with students of the arts of peace, and that the broken thread of our old life will be gathered up. We hope, too, for various improvements in our studies and methods; and some of our best heads are already

planning, rightly and wisely planning them. But let us remember withal how great was the thoroughness and efficiency of Germany in these matters; how great was the industry at her many universities, how vast their output. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* Yet how destitute of insight and foresight have her rulers, and her teachers, shewn themselves! How great has been her moral downfall, how utter her negation of Christ! Therefore, in this house of prayer, I will end with the Collect specially commended to our use at this time

'Lord of all power and might, who art the author and 'giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of thy 'name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all 'goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same through 'Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*'

CIRCUMSTANCE.

RICH argosies at Ashar lie,
  Ships moored and mirrored in mid-stream
  Asleep; and in a noonday dream
Brood always on their Odyssey

Brave is their exodus; for them
  Waters of pearl that, unconfined,
  Unhurried, subtly devious, wind
The wilderness a diadem.

Away past green Mohammerah,
  Past restless, fevered Abadan,
  Past all the scattered tents of man
To where the troubled waters are

The fancy follows; roaming free
  Beyond old ocean's mountain gate
  To Hindostan, that lies in state
For men to gaze on majesty;

To Plymouth, hopeful of our kind;
  To church bells ringing on the hill
  That greet an English wanderer still,
As once they greeted "Golden Hind";

To Cambridge, through whose narrow streets
  And dreaming courts, in jest and song
  And long dispute of right and wrong,
The pulse of youth for ever beats;

To villages in Holderness,
  Where Hedon sleeps at Havenside;
  Where Paull rides out the swinging tide,
And Winestead wears her woodland dress;

And, far beyond the northern shire,
  To kind hearts harbouring in York;
  The dancing shadows, and the talk;
The vacant seat beside the fire;

The solemn woods, that wear a fleece
  So white and soft and innocent,
  It seems, in winter's great event,
The snows have covered them with peace.

So fares the soul; no singing breeze
  More free, not though the ropes and stays
  Of great ships speed it on their ways,
To cross, and cross again, the seas.

But here, within a narrow space,
  From desert rim to desert rim,
  The feet are stayed; the gypsy whim,
That lives within the desert race

Caged: and the road that man has made,
  Where dead things make it foul of breath,
  Hath seen such cruelties and death
That in high noon we were afraid.

G. E. JACKSON, Lance-Corporal.

Mesopotamia,
April 1917

RATH JATRA.

AT the end of a long hall, full of busy clerks and copyists, the Settlement Officer sat talking to one of his assistants.

"To-day is the Rath Jatra, Jogesh Babu, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; the office will be closed at three o'clock that we may go and see the car pulled."

"I had to look after the pulling of the car for several years in Pirijpur, but I never found out the exact meaning of it all. Do you think you could explain it to me some day and tell me the names of the god and his relations and the whole story of his journey backwards and forwards?"

Jogesh Babu was flattered by the invitation and exclaimed precipitately, "I shall be glad to explain everything to your honour, but"—here he hesitated—"but my cousin who lived in Puri for many years is coming to visit me on Tuesday. He knows all about it, and after consulting him I shall be able to explain the matter very fully to your honour"

But he never did so, and to this day the Settlement Officer's ideas on the subject are as vague and indistinct as those of Jogesh Babu. He will probably read it up in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* some day, and wonder how exactly the learned account explains the feelings of the many and various classes of people who attend the festival year by year

* * * * *

A crazy tikka gharry, drawn by two miserable-looking ponies, rattled noisily over the uneven roads through the bazar of a small town beside the Hooghly, not far from Calcutta. The sun had recently emerged, after a short shower, and blazed down cheerfully on the roof under which the four passengers, wedged between each other and the

sides of the vehicle, mopped their damp brows and wondered if a turn in the road would bring them a breeze. In this uncomfortable fashion did the Collector, the Policeman, and two junior officers wend their way to look after the somewhat hazardous passage of two Jagannath cars through the large crowds attending the Rath Jatra, to see that no one, either by accident or design, was run over and that rival factions conducted themselves quietly and committed no breach of the peace.

The pace of the gharry decreased as they left the quieter streets of the bazar and passed slowly along the Grand Trunk road between the booths of a large fair The men and women crowding along in the same direction were generally oblivious to the howls and execrations of the driver until prodded in the back by the noses of the gharry ponies. Then they would turn round, stare stupidly into the faces of the animals for an appreciable instant and finally leap frantically to one side. Numerous old women, apparently indifferent to purchasers, roasted nuts in large iron pans by the roadside, while equally indifferent men presided over trays of greasy sweetmeats. On many stalls were displayed large quantities of the cheapest toys from Japan and Germany, alongside household requisites of local and foreign make. The proprietor of a moving-picture show advertised the thrills of his representation of the "Turkey War" by the violent and soulless beating of a large drum, and as they lumbered past a husky artist bawled an offer to take a photograph of the party, "gharry and all", for eight annas. Within a dingy tent ten small boys waited patiently in the front row for the curtain to go up on a peranbulating wild-beast show, while the proprietor outside exhorted passers-by to swell the audience to practicable dimensions. Perspiring coolies, working in relays, rotated miniature "Earl's Court" wheels at a dizzy speed to the delight of the passengers crammed into the cradles thereof, while a vendor of quack medicines, in a battered bowler hat, harangued an interested crowd with all the eloquence of the European professional.

"In the old days," shouted the Collector to his companions, above the din, "had we graced this show with our presence we should have proceeded on richly-caparisoned

elephants amidst the respectful salutations of the populace, whereas"—his reflections were interrupted by the appearance of a clumsy-looking constable with a lathi, who did his best to salute the party in a smart soldierly manner The Collector raised his hand solemnly towards his hat to acknowledge the greeting, the crazy vehicle bounced violently over a hole in the road, and he nearly knocked off his colleague's helmet. "Whereas now," he went on, after an anathema on the state of the road, "our progress must suggest that of a party of intoxicated mill assistants."

His vis-a-vis nodded an amused assent—it was less exhausting than shouting—and the gharry proceeded beyond the fair to a whitewashed police outpost, in front of which a company of armed police had piled arms. The passengers descended, and after a few words with the officers in charge were conducted to an adjoining building, upon the verandah of which the Collector and the policeman took their seats, while the other two pushed their way through the crowd to organise the ceremony Across the road, on a wide strip of grass, stood a great iron car, the product of an enterprising Calcutta firm of engineers. Gay with flags and painted pinnacles it rose thirty-five feet from the ground to the topmost point of the canopy over the throne of the god. The successive platforms of the edifice, broadening to the base, formed an admirably efficient series of trays for the reception of the numerous copper coins to be hurled by the faithful to their deity when he had taken his seat. At present he was still in the temple close to the road, and the sightseers either idled about looking at the car or wandered slowly up and down the broad road listening to the various groups of men who performed religious songs and dances to such as would look on.

The performers in the main were unpleasant to look at and their performances were unedifying. With wigs and painted faces they grimaced and bawled to small and impassive audiences, while attendant musicians squatted on the ground and beat furiously upon their drums. Passing slowly down the road a gaily caparisoned cow with a fifth leg growing out of its hump was paying its lucrative annual visit to the fair in charge of its fortunate owner. Head and

shoulders above the dark-skinned natives of the district stalwart red-faced Kabulis, each grasping a staff like a weaver's beam and dressed in outlandish garments, prowled about on the look out for their debtors, from whom, with fearful menaces, they would demand repayment of debts indiscreetly contracted a few months before. Many women in the crowd hurried along in groups of four or five, each holding her sari over her face with one hand and clutching the dress of the woman in front with the other In front of the Collector and the Policeman a group of Baisnabs commenced to perform. Two of them, dressed in red with jingling anklets, sang and gesticulated in vulgar fashion to the accompaniment of the drum and cymbals of two men seated under an umbrella to protect them from a passing shower Behind the two white men stood a deferential Sub-Inspector of Police, who translated the archaic words of the song.

Said this functionary, "He is reciting the glories of the great god Mahadeb"—slight pause—"He is mad and smokes ganja"—another pause, while the singers howled ecstatically a description of the god's intoxication—"and his wife, the goddess Durga, is standing on his chest", and so forth, with numerous repetitions to the same effect.

A roar from the dense crowd surrounding the car announced the coming of the god. Preceded by drummers and servants in livery bearing silver maces, he was borne from the temple under a red umbrella by panting coolies, a squat massive figure closely shrouded in red cloth. An itinerant vendor of cigarettes and betel, who had established himself on the bottom platform of the car, was hastily removed, the god was set down on the ground in front, and ropes were attached to haul him up to his throne at the top. The sun had long gone behind the clouds and the rain pattered down from the grey sky on just and unjust alike, the god, his worshippers, the numerous pickpockets from Calcutta, and the police, who by this time had formed a cordon round the car, outside which they kept the crowd. Within the cordon stood the junior magistrate in a waterproof, waiting till the car should be ready to start on its journey. Going behind the car he found two gaudily-painted

wooden horses, their heads held firmly by a stupid Uriya servant, to whom he applied in vain for information as to when the horses would be attached. On his return to the small space in front he was somewhat embarrassed to find a party of visitors from Calcutta within the cordon—three ladies and a mild looking youth with a camera. He looked at the surging crowd outside the ring of police, listened to the discordant yells of some drunken coolies, thought of the dreary job in hand, the awkward and anxious hour-and-a-half through the rain and over the muddy road, and finally ventured to inform the determined-looking lady who led the party of intruders that they could not very well remain where they were.

"Of course," remarked the lady, with an asperity almost justified by the state of the weather, "I know we are not wanted", whereby he gathered that they were missionaries bent on obtaining an insight into the mysteries of the Hindu religion, and protested that only consideration for their comfort had inspired his desire to see them elsewhere. However, the lady was persuaded to lead her flock in the wake of a stout constable who forced a way through the crowd and established them alongside the Collector on his verandah.

They found the two officers endeavouring, with the help of some orderlies, to keep their little sanctuary free from the stealthy encroachments of a number of old women and small children. The jemadar orderly, a tall Mohammedan in red livery, carefully extinguished and concealed the cigarette he was smoking behind the building and bustled up at his master's call. "Get out!" said he, and pushed a small boy off the plinth. "Now then, get off!" he shouted to the old women who fringed the verandah. "Ah! my son", whined a scantily-clad old dame as she wriggled her way farther inboard, "what is an old woman like me to do in all this crowd?" The orderly's face assumed a terribly menacing aspect as he slowly backed before the advancing tide of intruders, and he bawled, "Why don't you get down when the Sahib says you must?" and turned for help to his master. "I'm no good at this game", remarked the Collector, and retreated inside the building. His companion was more

expert. He moved down slowly on the advancing horde, the main body of which was strengthened by several men screened from the orderly's attack by the old women. In modest accents, and totally heedless of the unfortunate chorus from the front rank, he chanted, "Be off! Be off! Be off!"—till the tide was stayed and even receded a little.

Having secured comparative privacy, he too went inside, and found the Collector entertaining the missionary party and two worldly engineers to the tea provided by their colleague standing in the rain outside. The lady who had just snapped off this unfortunate youth's head proved to be a kindly soul after all, and, stimulated by the tea, was edifying the company by a discourse on the religious instincts common to all mankind, when a series of whoops and yells outside announced the riotous arrival from the neighbouring mills of the coolies who were to pull the car They had already looted the stock of several fruit sellers on the way, and were vigorously pelting each other with plantains and fragments of pineapple when the Policeman came out to see what the disturbance was about. The tea-party listened for a lull in the storm, but the noise grew greater. An excited, "He has insulted the Superintendent of Police in our presence", obviously from an Indian officer, moved the Collector to an amused and expectant grin as he poured out more tea. Outside the constables bawled and their officers protested wrathfully until the hubbub died away, and the Policeman, somewhat wet, considerably annoyed, and with a piece of pineapple sticking on to his ear, reappeared.

"It's perfectly disgraceful the way these budmashes behave," he burst out. "I told the scoundrels they weren't in the mill now, and one of them threw half a pineapple at me."

"Well, what did you expect? Why don't you let the others manage it? Sit down and have some more tea." Which the outraged officer did.

By this time the god had been hauled up and settled on his throne, behind the red cloth which was arranged as a curtain to screen him from view A nosegay of flowers was placed before him and the red cloth was dropped. The personal appearance of the deity suggested derisive comment

to such of the unbelievers present as were unobservant of the effect his appearance had on the delighted crowd. Some simple-minded people prostrated themselves in the muddy road and recited prayers, many made a reverence and threw pice up to the image. His attendants thronged the platforms of the car and gathered up the coins in brass pots, retreating hastily to shelter behind the pinnacles when the shower of money became too heavy Down below a jocular group was busy attaching the wooden horses to the front of the car. The wooden driver, radiant in blue and yellow, was dropped into his appointed slot, a real whip was pushed into a hole in his left hand, while the reins were tied on to his right, and the noisy coolies in front, paying out three great cables, shouted, "Hari! Hari! Hari!" While the police arranged themselves round the car, a heavy wooden beam was slung in front, a foot above the ground, and the cables were twisted round the axles of the numerous small iron wheels underneath. Everything being now ready to move off, the magistrate looked round and nodded to a man high up in the car, who beat furiously on a gong. The coolies yelled and dragged on the ropes, the group of officers within the cordon behind the coolies stared anxiously at the motionless car and the magistrate raised a whistle to his lips. But the heavy car had not been moved for a whole year; by now its wheels were firmly embedded in the turf, and despite frantic heaving on the ropes, frenzied beating of the gong, and encouraging shouts from the officers, the coolies could not move it.

The magistrate blew his whistle, an attendant constable fired his carbine, and the heavy beam in front of the car was dropped with a clang to the ground to prevent any forward movement while men went underneath to clear away the earth from the wheels. The enthusiasm reached its height when, in response to a fresh effort by the coolies, the great car began to move, and at a gradually increasing speed rumbled steadily out towards the middle of the road. Once fairly started, the journey was made in long straight runs from side to side of the road, for since there was no steering gear on the vehicle it had to be coaxed into the right direction by manipulation of the ropes, and by placing

bricks under one or other of the flank wheels during the numerous stoppages.

The course was erratic, and as it drew too much to one side of the road the attendant crowd was thrust by the cordon towards the muddy ditch, into which people fell over one another in heaps. Telegraph poles were missed by inches and obstructing stays expeditiously removed by a mistri in attendance with his tools, as the car was persuaded to swerve very gradually towards the middle of the road again. The speed at times became alarming, and when the beam was dropped to stop the car the monster kicked it sportively along the road for a few yards before coming to rest against it with a final bump. The housetops, in the overgrown gardens behind the lines of trees, were thronged with women, who raised plaintive cries as the car approached, while at the signal of the man with the gong the crowd shouted, "Hari! Hari! Hari!" every time a fresh start was made. The wet evening closed in sombrely, the rain descended steadily, and tramping thousands splashed up the mud from the road until further progress was stopped by a telegraph pole some distance from the final resting-place of the car

This necessitated a prolonged halt while arrangements were made to draw the car back, and by this time the unoccupied coolies—half-naked, dirty, and dishevelled—were ripe for a little more mischief. Up a tree by the roadside they spied two outlandish Kabulis, who were comfortably seated on a branch watching the proceedings from under a large umbrella. One or two wags on the ropes commenced to throw small stones at the queer-looking couple, one of whom, divining what was coming, hastily descended into the crowd. In a few seconds several hundreds of men were rapturously scooping up handfuls of mud and stones from the road wherewith to pelt the stranger up the tree. He at first feigned to take no notice of the shower of missiles, but very soon scrambled hastily towards the ground amidst the delighted shouts of his persecutors. His long legs jerked grotesquely through the air as he clutched at the branches, which ripped up his voluminous garments and turned the umbrella inside out as he dragged it behind him into safety.

A more agreeable frame of mind having been restored by this interlude, the coolies, some of whom had previously shown signs of getting out of hand, dragged the car back, and finally, after some successful manœuvring, lodged it by the roadside to remain for a week, at the end of which period they would pull it back with the same ceremony to its original resting-place.

The day's work was brought to a close in semi-darkness by the cautious dragging of another car for a few yards beside the road. This structure was an ancient and dilapidated wooden one, confidently expected every year to fall to pieces at the first attempt to move it. As it was out of the question to drag it far, all anxiety was at an end when the first pull showed that it was going to survive at least one more Rath Jatra. After three short pulls through a sea of mud the ceremonies of the day were over, and the gathering dispersed quietly through the wet night.

The magistrate hurried home dirty and tired, but pleased at the successful completion of his work. His companions of the outward journey had returned to the house with the two engineers, and all of them were thirstily drinking his beer as they listened to the Policeman's account of the exciting times they had at Puri, when one of the enormous Jagannath cars took charge and moved headlong down the slope of a bridge in its road. Said he, very impressively, to the Collector, as their host entered the room, "My dear fellow, I assure you I ran for my very life."

* * * * *

"I can hear old Stephenson saying that now," thought the Settlement Officer as he sat in the now deserted office staring absently at the grass and trees in the hot sunshine of the still afternoon. Those were good times at Pirijpur, he thought, as he put on his hat and went slowly out to his car. But the memory of his struggles on Rath Jatra day was more pleasant than a repetition to-day would have been; and he drove off under the trees home to tea.

CAPTIVE?

I saw the sunset glaring,
  Through the trunks of a wood of beech,
And I wondered, would my soul find peace
  When Heaven it should reach?

Or would some spark undying
  Of earthly desire remain,
To sear through dumb unconsciousness
  And kindle old lusts again,

Till my spirit, like some tiger,
  Prowling behind its bars,
Bloodshot of eye, should fret and chafe
  To break back through the stars?

F D.

H. M. GWATKIN

Φιλομαθὴς ἐὰν ᾖς, ἔσῃ Πολυμαθής.

The motto printed above, well known to every Salopian, may well form the introduction to this attempt to describe the making of a learned scholar.

I AM asked to write down what I remember of my old friend Henry Melvill Gwatkin's school days. We were together, both at Shrewsbury School, which he entered in 1856 (I followed in 1858), and afterwards at St John's College, to which he proceeded in October 1863, being two years my senior in standing. I think it must have been in the first "half" of 1860 that I became at all intimate with him. I cannot imagine there was ever a schoolboy quite like him. He was the product, mainly of course of his own upbringing (his father had been Senior Wrangler), and strongly-marked hereditary tastes and powers; but also of the very elastic boarding system which Dr Kennedy allowed for certain boys at Shrewsbury Quite a considerable number of the most brilliant *alumni* of the school in those days, most of whom entered at a comparatively late age, were allowed to live in private lodgings in the town. Among them were the late Headmaster of Shrewsbury, Henry Whytehead Moss, and his not less distinguished brother Tom, Mr T. E. Page, the present Bishop of Llandaff, and for a time Mr A. H. Gilkes, afterwards Headmaster of Dulwich. As far as I know they were under little supervision, but I never knew any harm come of the system. Those who entered under it were all picked boys. The life they led was more like that of undergraduates than that of school boys. I do not know how old Gwatkin was when he went to Shrewsbury, but he lived there under that

system for about seven years, from 1856 to 1863, so that he must have been a young boy when he first went there. He had for two years an older brother in the school, who would be a protector and adviser As I knew him, he was very much of a recluse, though by no means a soured or morose one, always full of a quaint humour of his own, and independently pursued his own way He may have been teased when he was younger but in my time boys let him alone, and looked up to him with much amused admiration for his already fabulous learning and research. He took little exercise, except when he went "beast hunting", to get objects for his microscope. He did a prodigious amount of reading of all kinds. He worked in school at mathematics, but, when I first knew him, not at classics. His favourite subjects out of school were history—including mediaeval history—and Natural Science, the only subject in which he did not go in for a Tripos and gain a first class at Cambridge. He graduated as 35th Wrangler, and 9th in the First Class of the Classical Tripos; he was also in the First Class of the Moral Science and Theological Triposes. He would I believe have gained a fifth First Class, for Natural Science, but, as he could not be in two examination rooms at the same time, he had to make his choice between Science and Theology In school days he spent much time over his microscope, and mounted with exquisite finish and skill hundreds of objects, his favourite "beasts." I remember he helped me to make a microscope, which I still possess. He had several hundred maps, which he had made himself, to illustrate his work in history, natural science, and geography As a small boy I had the honour of drawing the outlines of a good many of these for him. His notes on history he used to keep on separate sheets of paper, of which there were many hundreds. The advantage of this plan, which I have followed to this day, to my own great gain, was that fresh facts and comments could easily be added at any point without difficulty

The way in which he was treated in school illustrates the wise freedom which Kennedy allowed in the case of an exceptional boy. When I first knew him we were in the Fifth Form together At that time he did not attempt to work at Classics. I always heard that, as a young boy, he

had been promising in Latin and Greek, but disappointing his Form Master by his devotion to other subjects was allowed to go his own way, and no notice was taken of him. He just sat at his desk, absorbed in his mathematics or history (he was never idle) while the rest of us were construing our Æneid or Cyropaedia. Every few months the master's eyes would twinkle, and he would say "Gwatkin, will you go on?" Up went the flap of Gwatkin's desk, Euclid was put on one side, out of the well came Virgil. When his neighbour had shown him the place, he would proceed to read a few lines, very slowly, with an innocent guile which specially pleased us, to try and get some idea what it was all about. After the vain struggle had gone on for a few minutes to everyone's amusement and delight, the Master would say "I think that will do, Gwatkin", and Virgil would be put to rest again for a few months, and Euclid or Gibbon take his place. But one day all this came to an end. Kennedy himself came to take the Form, and the "lonely furrow" was no longer possible. Gwatkin was put on, and showed what was in him. "Gwatkin, you must be a scholar!" thundered the Doctor. So he was taken up forthwith into the Sixth Form, and had to take his full share of the work, Latin and Greek Verses and the rest of it. Neither he nor any of us had any special coaching; and we never had fair copies. But we had an ideal and a very high standard held before us. In making ourselves scholars we had to work out each his own salvation, only catching, if we would, something of the sacred fire from the inspiration of our great master. It was this large treatment, ignoring petty details, which in the Sixth Form of the Shrewsbury of those days produced two Craven Scholars, one a Senior Classic, the other admittedly, and beyond comparison, the finest scholar of his year, out of boys who had been rejected for Entrance Scholarships at Eton and Winchester. Thorough in everything, Gwatkin would spend a couple of hours over a single verse, but he made it all right. While the rest of us sent up some thirty verses, he would at first send up six. But they all scanned. He never accomplished elegant Latin Verse; but he produced excellent Greek Iambics of a sesquipedalian and sonorous kind. I remember

when he and others left for Cambridge, our common friend, Tom Moss, celebrated the occasion by a poem, in which were these lines:

> "Euripidean tinklings fill thy shore,
> Mournful Sabrina, weeping o'er the past,
> And Sophocles brief-worded; but no more
> Shall Æschylean strains float on the blast"

It can easily be understood that Gwatkin took little part in school games or sports or the ordinary life of the boys. On one occasion only he did so, and it was memorable. Some of his day-boy friends managed, by way of a joke, to persuade him to train and practise for the Day Boy Sports: they ran trial matches with him, and he was allowed to win; he did them in record times, fudged of course. And ingenuous, unsuspecting soul that he was, he all but had a fatal quarrel with his best friend who tried to convince him that he was being humbugged. The amazement of the Doctor when he saw his latest discovered scholar stripped in the stadium may be imagined, and Salopians of that period will hear in fancy the tones in which he cried "What Gwatkin!" The episode had its ludicrous side, but I think it was really good for him. It drew him out of himself, and brought him into touch with ordinary boys. At any rate it gave him for a time some good exercise.

At College his life was of the same character, that of the strenuous and untiring student. His work was not his taskmaster He loved it. There too on one occasion he was drawn out into a passing intimacy with all sorts and conditions of undergraduates. An editor for *The Eagle*, most long-lived of all College Magazines, was to be elected. Some one proposed Gwatkin. Another candidate, a very excellent one, was also put up: and the number of subscribers to the Magazine, many of whom subscribed purely for the purpose of voting in the great election, rose to be far the highest on record. The most lively, not to say rowdy, men in College put themselves on Gwatkin's Committee, and he stoically underwent untold agonies from the tobacco smoke exhaled in his rooms. The idea was that there should be a very good fight, but that the other candidate, who was also very able and a more practical man of the world, should win.

On this occasion it is pleasant to remember that my dear old friend really for once showed the wisdom of the serpent, for he had kept a number of votes up his sleeve until the last evening, and all but secured a majority The occasion was celebrated in these lines by the same poet whose verses I have already quoted :

> "Wanted—a Gwatkin, not destined to fill
> An Editor's post, but convinced that he will;
> Whose foes are his friends, and whose friends are his foes,
> Whom opponents support, and supporters oppose"

I am not sure how far he realised that some of his supporters had not been whole-hearted. At any rate he bore no grudge, he never said an angry word. And we marvelled at his beautiful temper, and loved him the more. He was always kindness itself, and to none, I think, more than to me. When I was going in for the Classical Tripos, he offered to give me lectures, all to myself, on history. He would stand on a long cushion in front of his hearth, a favourite position, swaying to and fro, and with an occasional dive at some book in his shelves, pouring out learning all the time, while I sat and took notes, which I still possess, most helpful and inspiring. It was the only instruction in ancient history that one ever had.

In later years our paths, to my great regret, diverged ; but "the letter to the Swedish clergyman" brings back my old friend to me, in all his strength and thoroughness, his love of truth and justice and right, his detestation of meanness and cruelty and violence—and with all this his touch of Socratic irony, his unstrained considerateness and all pervading kindness.

GEORGE H. HALLAM.

OF BERNARD ADAMS.

WE two ground at one Mill ;
Four hands ; one handle.
The skies grew dark
But either burned his candle.

God did require,
Death spoke, and I am reft
My comrade's hands have drooped
Only his light 's left.

Now the work's hard indeed.
Shall I leave grinding? No!
Because 'tis harder
I shall stronger grow

EDMUND VALE.

Folkestone,
March 18th, 1917

THE GILLESPIE BAND—A RETROSPECT.

THE passing away of Mr Robert Alexander Gillespie, the Stipendiary Magistrate for West Ham, has revived many cherished recollections among those who were "up" in the late sixties, and who remember very vividly the remarkable success of the "Gillespie Band", an institution that was unique, quite unlike any Band that had ever appeared before and certainly not to be compared in any way with any Band that has ever appeared since.

Mr Gillespie's College career was, so far as work was concerned, quiet and uneventful; he passed his examinations, took his degree, and went on to Lincolns Inn and the Temple to become a Barrister "in due course" But from a social standpoint it was quite a different matter. "Bob" Gillespie knew everybody and was a most popular personality. His jovial features, good temper, and good humour, caused him to be liked by everyone, and even those who might not always approve of all his methods and ways were generous in their criticisms and were forced to join in the general estimate of a kind hearted and really good fellow.

How the Band started.

The birth of the celebrated Band is soon told. Fifty years ago "Wines", dinners, and suppers, were all the rage, and to brighten them up there were two or three small professional Bands who used to be engaged to play and sing themselves, and accompany any guest who might volunteer a song. At the head of these, and by far the best of all, was a most picturesque and worthy old fellow who was known as "white headed Bob", who, with his violin and one or two assistants, used to discourse sweet music on festive occasions. His success brought others to follow and the competition led the songs to deteriorate, until the Vice-Chancellor felt bound

to interfere. The edict went forth and the Bands were known no more. It was at this crisis that Gillespie rose to the occasion. He had a good voice, a sense of humour, and a rhyming facility, and having bought a banjo and had some lessons from one of the disestablished professionals, he soon made himself a welcome guest at many a "Wine" and supper. Some of his College friends joined with him with their instruments, Bainbridge on the piano, Hey with the violin, and O'Grady with the bones, and the thing was done.

It was at this stage of affairs that the present writer one day was passing down Bridge Street and heard his College friends playing away together on the first floor The result at that time was not altogether successful. It was an exaggeration to say that they were playing *together*, and although Gillespie was in command he was so taken up with attending to his newly acquired instrument that he had little time to look after his companions. It was in these circumstances that the future Conductor of the Band rushed up into the room and taking an old piece of music and folding it into an improvised *bâton*, and with a call of "now boys all together" got the forces in order and rapidly secured a result which was most taking and refreshing. The effort was magical, light and shade were added, and in an hour's time the happy Johnians were playing away in time and in tune to their great satisfaction and delight.

Thus began the Gillespie Band, which soon was to give equal pleasure to its numerous friends and supporters.

This is how Gillespie himself describes the birth of the Band in one of his early songs:—

I'd have you all to understand,
Some convivial spirits joined hand in hand,
With the laudable object of forming a Band,
To rouse the town of Cambridge.
Professional Bands, some two or three,
Were formally put down by decree,
And then it occurred to us, that we
Would start this Band in Cambridge.

Chorus: So now we'll do our best to play
This comical air in a comical way;
And try to drive the blues away,
By aid of our Band in Cambridge.

How the Band was improved and grew strong.

Once started the Band grew in size and importance. Not the slightest attempt was made to balance the instruments or to complete the *ensemble*, but members were elected who were likely to be jovial—they chose what they would play, and took their place in the ranks. Looking back after a long interval of years it is simply marvellous how the Band was got into shape at all.

An acquisition.

But there was one great acquisition. Alfred Scott Gatty, of Christ's (now Sir Alfred Scott Gatty, the Garter King of Arms), who was already showing his hereditary talent, soon joined up and accepted the position of Vice-President, and, taking the part of first violin, he proved a tower of strength. He arranged our Overtures, and we played his pieces and sang his songs with gusto and delight.

The Band gives Concerts.

No sooner had the Band been formed and taken to regular practice than the question of giving a Concert to the general public arose, and a tentative and modest scheme was arranged whereby a small Concert was given in the lower Town Hall. This however, although hurriedly prepared, was so thoroughly successful that immediate preparations were made for greater efforts, which resulted in the two Concerts given in the large Town Hall in the middle of the May Terms of 1868 and 1869. It is upon these Concerts that the reputation of the Band rests. Every seat in the Town Hall was occupied, all the ladies in the stalls, which nearly filled the Hall, were regaled with ices, and it is not too much to say that in originality and popularity these Concerts easily stood first in the list of events for what was known as the "festive season." At one of them we were specially fortunate. Corney Grain was at that time at the Bar, but the fame of his inimitable comic songs, which he was singing as an amateur, reached Cambridge, and we ventured to invite him to join the Band as an extra member. An American organ was to be his instrument—we were assured that he looked young enough to pass as an Undergraduate—and on the proposal being made to him it was to our joy accepted; and our visitor, needless to say, largely contributed to the strength and success of our performances.

It should be noted that not the slightest claim was made from a serious point of view as to the musical part of the entertainment. We sang and played the popular songs and pieces of the day in time and tune—that was all, but it gave us great pleasure to do this, and the enthusiasm with which everything was done in the Orchestra was communicated to the audience, and was really the foundation of the complete success of the whole affair.

Although much of the music and many of the songs might truthfully be described as nonsense, there was nothing frivolous in the demeanour of the Band, all the ways and habits of the great Orchestras of the day being imitated in the most faithful and serious style. Thus, following the example of Sir Michael Costa, the greatest *Chef d'Orchestre* of his time, every member of the Band appeared in solemn form upon the platform and at once began to tune his instrument. "A" was given by the harmonium and everyone started to put his instrument in order, the din and noise being indescribable. To the moment the conductor took his seat, struck his desk with his *bâton* (decorated, it need not be said, with a light blue tassel), and perfect silence reigned. Then off we went. The idea of the joke caught on and the songs, written chiefly by Gillespie and Gatty, were received with tumultuous applause. Corney Grain, of course, delighted the audience and the medley Overtures of the Band gave joy both to themselves and their visitors!

Gillespie "went down" some time before the Concert of 1869, but he came up very often to play with the Band and kept in touch with the members and their doings. He brought up with him in 1869 a new song, "The Band I left behind me", sung, of course, to the tune of "The girl I left behind me", and he brought down the house when he sang

At 4, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn
From week to week you'll find me,
But at Concerts I shall always be,
With the Band I left behind me

The Concert in London.

But we sought fresh worlds to conquer Gatty's brother, at Oxford, had established a Band in that University on similar lines, and the idea of a joint Concert, to be given by the united Orchestra in London, soon matured. It was given on June 19th, 1869, in the old Hanover Square rooms, the original home of the Philharmonic and ancient Orchestras of fame, and a most extraordinary affair it was. The Oxford men joined their forces with ours, a dark blue tassel was added to the *bâton*, the programme was made up of some of the greatest successes of our May-time triumphs, and the whole was given for the benefit of St George's Hospital, then in want of funds.

To tell the truth, it was with a little hesitation and trepidation that the dash into London Society was made, only one rehearsal was possible in the Concert room itself, and the preparations were made with all that happy-go-lucky, haphazard nonchalance which had carried the Band through in the past, and was trusted to land us safely in our higher efforts. At the last moment, in addition to our Oxford friends, application was made to one or two of the younger members of the Philharmonic Band to accept an engagement and come in and strengthen our forces, attending, of course, at the preliminary rehearsal. This is mentioned to emphasise the extraordinary nature of the *contretemps* which took place—which would have absolutely ruined the Concert in ordinary circumstances—but which only brought out in a marked degree the marvellous character of the Band in this performance. Arrangements had been made for the Band attendant to bring from Cambridge to London most of the instruments and all the music and to have them ready at the Concert rooms for the rehearsal in due course. When, however, we arrived, the instruments were there, but *there was no music* How the MSS. got lost was never cleared up, but in the meantime it was quite clear that if the Concert was to take place it must do so without any music at all. All the Band consented to do their best, but the consternation of the serious Philharmonic members, when they were asked to play without music, may more easily be imagined than described! It will hardly be credited, but the difficulties were

overcome. The Medley Overtures were called out by the names of the tunes included in the arrangement, which were written down by each performer on a sheet of paper before him. Of course the ordinary members knew them well, but the professional friends felt their way and, amid roars of laughter, played up in most brilliant style, so that in the evening, after an apology and explanation by the Conductor, all really went well.

There was another hitch. Our topical songs were written to popular tunes of the day, the favourite one at that time being a song with a refrain, "Of course that's no business of mine" It was arranged that we should have a verse on St George's Hospital, for which the Concert was being given. At the last moment Gillespie's Muse failed him for the first and only time, and he came in despair to the Conductor and pleaded that the verse must be omitted. An impromptu verse was, however, immediately run together, and the following was given in the evening with great applause :

At a corner which most of you know very well,
A fine Institution there stands,
To succour distress and alleviate pain,
The support of us all it demands.
And now that its coffers are empty, I'm sure
To fill them you will not decline,
It's easily done, if you say to yourselves
I'll "make this a business of mine!"

The End.

The Band did not long survive the going down of its leading members and the fame of its meteoric appearance in the University firmament will remain probably only so long as there are men who took part in or can remember its short but brilliant career.

Although it is not within the scope of these notes, it may be added that Gillespie carried into his after life and work all those qualities which were so remarkable at the University His topical songs at the Mess dinners of the Sessions Bar, to which he belonged, were framed on the same lines that were so amusing and successful at Cambridge, and his friends and colleagues throughout a long and merry life will always cherish the happiest memories of his kindly heart and jovial good spirits.

G. C. W.

'AULD LANG SYNE' IN RUSSIAN

Nyeuzhél znakómykh nam zabýt',
Nye vspómnit' nikogdá?
Nyeuzhél' znakómykh nam zabýt'
I dávniya lyetá?

Za dávniya lyetá, moi drug,
Za dávniya lyetá,
Iz drúzhby kúbok výpyem my
Za dávniya lyetá.

So mnoi ty byégal po gorám
Sbyirat' tsvyetý vesnoí:
S tyekh por vsyo stránstvovali vdal'
Ottúda my s tobói.

V ruchyé pleskális' vmyéstye my
Po útru uzh s zaryí:
Shumyélyi myézhdu nas moryá
S togó-to vrémyenyi.

Ya rúku dam, moi míly brat,
Dai i tvoyú togdá:
My výpyem drúzhno ryúmochku
Za dávniya lyetá.

Zaplátish' sam za vsyo, chto pyosh',
Plachú ya za syebyá:
Da výpyem cháshechku yeshchó
Za dávniya lyetá.

DONALD MACALISTER.

BEATS. II.

I PROPOSE to discuss in this paper the 'heath fires' type of beat and the 'tour of duty' The 'heath fires' type I imagine to be peculiar to such towns as this, which is fortunate in having a real heath within half an hour's walk of the Guildhall. I shall not attempt to describe the heath: that has already been done in an English Classic and the heath is not unknown in exalted Art circles either Anything I could say about it would be a bathos. As a matter of fact I have said things about it, as will be readily imagined soon by the reader, but they need not be preserved for posterity

The heath in question is covered with gorse. The particular emissary of Satan who is told off for such duties put it into the mind of someone in authority that gorse is highly inflammable. A heath covered with blazing gorse, whispered the angel of darkness, would be a godsend to wandering hostile aircraft. What could be more useful and expedient than to send a 'posse' of special constables under a special sergeant to deal with any possible heath fires? He in authority thanked the devil's emissary for such a helpful suggestion (at least, I hope he had the politeness to thank him: he would never have evolved such a scheme from his own inner consciousness) and proceeded to set the requisite machinery in motion. The result of this conspiracy was that on one bitter Autumn night one sergeant (not Thompson; he had business of far greater national importance to do) and six specials, *quorum pars magna fui*, trooped up on to the heath and spent three cold night hours there, looking for fires to extinguish. We were given nothing with which to extinguish them, and no instructions of any sort, so that it was perhaps fortunate that the day had been soaking wet and consequently the heath was drenched. A heath fire on

that particular night would have been a miracle: if we had been told to set the gorse alight, and if the future welfare of Europe had depended upon it, we couldn't have done it: but if the miracle had been worked I was quite clear in my own mind about what I should do. On the way up I had carefully inspired my fellow-victims with the idea that the only thing we really could do in case of fire was to try and beat it out with our truncheons, and if that failed, to roll on it. I was going to see that they were all thoroughly engrossed in extinguishing the fire in that manner, and then I should have softly and silently vanished away to the nearest telephone to ring up the Fire Station. Thus I should avoid much discomfort and gain *kudos* at the same time. As the miracle was not worked, my scheme was never put into practice.

The evening was exceptionally uneventful. We arrived on the heath and consulted the beat-cards. Nobody knew his way about the heath—the sergeant, having lived only fifteen years in the district, had not before known of its existence—and so it was decided that the best scheme was for one pair to go round on one side, one on the other, and one to patrol up and down the middle. This we did. My companion and I went round to the left, disturbed several couples whispering sweet nothings together in the wet, timed our round badly, and came to the pre-arranged meeting-place much too soon. So we were told to go round again. We went off about three hundred yards into the gorse and sat on a seat till the time for dismissal, when we turned up looking tired and foot-sore. We then had to organise a search-party to look for the sergeant, who had hopelessly lost himself while looking for us. We found him calling somebody to witness something in the middle of a particularly wet and prickly patch of gorse.

It was while we were sitting on that seat that I realised how fully I agree with Mr Petulengro—"There's the wind on the heath, brother" But there I stop. When he goes on, "If I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever", I cordially disagree. Perhaps it is more thrilling to make heath fires than to look for them on a rain-sodden night. Perhaps the wind is some use then. I asked my companion's opinion about it, but he was not a Borrovian.

The 'tour of duty' is not so bad if you are lucky You may get a beat of a reasonable length in a quiet part of the town. On the other hand you may have a short beat in a crowded part. In the latter case you are given half an hour in which to get from one point to another a hundred and fifty yards distant from it. A beat of that kind is dreary and monotonous. A man does not feel at his best when doing such a beat, especially in Summer, when he starts in broad daylight, and is conscious of looking like a minion of the local Gas Company The one break in the monotony is a visit from a pair of sergeants, whom the beneficent authorities send round to discuss local politics and the national situation with the specials. When the populace has retired to rest, the special has to try all the doors of shops and houses. I used to feel that I really was doing some good at this until I realised that there is always a regular constable doing the same thing just in front, and usually another following. Consciousness of this fact considerably cooled my ardour

Civilians have all noticed that if there is a disturbance and they go to fetch a policeman, he will always refuse to come because "it is not on his beat" This is exasperating for the civilian, but I never before realised what a blessing it is for the constable. Once I was out in a bad part of the town with a resourceful companion. We had become separated, and I was a bit in front of him. I came upon a man and some women in a state of great agitation because a couple, whom I could see retreating in the background, had been causing a disturbance. They were apparently a nuisance to the district, continually fighting and using unnecessarily picturesque phraseology I was hailed as a saviour of society, and urged to act forthwith. What was the use of a special if he did nothing? I did not relish the prospect of running in two rather drunk and very violent roughs, so I vacillated. The crowd were becoming sarcastic when my companion arrived on the scene. The case was explained to him, not without reference to the unenterprising conduct of his 'pal' He took in the situation at once, and assuming a most professional manner addressed himself to the two most aggrieved parties: he said, "Well, why on earth don't you report them?"

Now I was under the impression that this was exactly what they were doing. However, as nobody made the obvious retort, I concluded that 'report' had a technical meaning of which I was somehow inexcusably ignorant. I suppose the same thing was passing through the mind of the man addressed. After a pause he looked very wise and said profoundly, "I've got a jolly good mind to. I'm blest if I won't!" and with that he turned round and pensively went into his house.

"I've never known it fail yet", said my companion to me, after the crowd had dispersed. Resource is a very necessary part of the equipment of a special constable.

One night we were resting on a bridge over the river. My companion said: "What would you do if you saw a man struggling in the water down there?" It was a bitter night: the water looked coal black: factory buildings rose up sheer from the water on either side, and no foothold was visible as far as the eye could see: it would mean a fifteen foot plunge from the bridge. I shuddered at the bare possibility of such a thing happening. After due consideration I answered: "I should see a very bright light burning in an unshaded window about two hundred yards down that street, and I should go and investigate at once"

"And I should go and support you", said my companion.

F C. O.

REVIEW

The Child of the Moor By LAURANCE E. TANNER.
J W Arrowsmith, Ltd., Bristol, 1917

Lieut. Tanner has written a charming little book, a sort of allegory of the superlative child that the every-day child who is fashions secretively for its own ideal. But, though superlative, little David, the hero, is not a hazy personage—for that would be unchildlike. He and his thoughts are quite precise; Mother Nature herself appears to him in the guise of an all but human little girl, growing up with him, always just older than he is. How Nature, thus in miniature, consoles and teaches the lonely David in his progress to manhood must be left to the reader to discover It is all pleasantly and gracefully told. The author writes with a serious simplicity; and he attends closely to the logic of his fanciful tale, for Nature has her limitations in her sympathy with the human David. Readers of the *Eagle* will remember some of the verses, reminiscent of Exmoor, its streams and its heather, which are interspersed in the book, and not be sorry to be called back from drill and bombing practice to "the patter of fairy feet."

Roll of Honour.

JOHN BERNARD PYE ADAMS, B.A.

Lieutenant Adams, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who died of wounds on the 27th February 1917, was the only son of Mr Harold John Adams, of the Patent Office and St John's, Oakwood Avenue, Beckenham. He was born 15 November 1890, at Beckenham, and educated at Clare House School, Beckenham, and Malvern College, entering St John's in 1909, having been elected to an Entrance Scholarship for Classics in the previous December. He won the Browne Medal for a Greek Epigram in 1911 and 1912 and for a Latin Ode in 1911 He played Hockey for the College, and was Secretary and President of the College Classical Society He took his degree in the First Class of the Classical Tripos of 1912.

In 1913 he was appointed Warden and Assistant Educational Adviser of the Hostel for Indian students in Cromwell Road, South Kensington. 'He threw himself', writes Dr T W Arnold, Secretary for Indian Students, 'with the enthusiasm of his ardent nature into the various activities connected with 21, Cromwell Road, and endeared himself both to the Indian students and to his colleagues' His fine abilities, his tact and humour made his influence felt, and he had, in an exceptional degree, the power of winning the confidence and affection of the students. On the outbreak of war he was gazetted a Lieutenant in a Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and was out at the front, acting latterly as temporary captain, from October 1915 to June 1916, when he was wounded and came home. He had only returned to the front in January 1917.

Mr T R. Glover writes: "John Bernard Pye Adams was my pupil during his Classical days at St John's, and we were brought into very close relations. He remains in my mind as one of the very best men I have ever had to teach—best every way, in mind and soul and all his nature. He was, I think, something of an athlete, but we did not talk much of that. We met first of all in the ordinary round of classical work; he did composition for me and essays, and I like to

think that perhaps the suggestion came from me that led to his winning three of Sir William Browne's medals. A College Prize Essay of his of these days was printed in *The Eagle* (vol. xxvii, 47-60)—on Wordsworth's *Prelude*. He had a natural gift for writing—a natural habit of style; he wrote without artifice and achieved the expression of what he thought and what he felt in language that was simple and direct and pleasing. He was a man of the quiet and reserved kind, who did not talk much, for whom, perhaps, writing was a more obvious form of utterance than speech.

"Once he disappointed me. In his third year he came to my lectures for the historical section of the Second Part of the Classical Tripos, and I looked forward with great satisfaction to having him as a post-graduate student for it. But he chose otherwise. On religion, I should imagine, he kept at that time his deepest thoughts to himself, and he was giving his mind to it, thinking things out for himself. By the end of his third year he had decided to be ordained, and he conceived that some training in Economics would best equip him for his future work. So he turned from Classics, which I felt might quite well have led him on to a Fellowship, to studies in which he had little chance of distinction. I lost him as a pupil, but as a man I liked him better for the sacrifice—though I do not know that he ever thought of it in that way. I do not think he would have.

"In his fourth year, C. F Andrews, then of St Stephen's College, Delhi, was about Cambridge, and his picture of the claims of India won Adams, and he resolved that he would be a missionary. At the end of the year F M. Cheshire, of St John's, who had been looking after Indian students in London, went out to India, and his work and place in Cromwell Road were offered to Adams. It meant the opportunity of knowing Indians from every quarter of India—an exceptionally useful preparation for a man whose life was to be spent probably in one Presidency or Province. He took it and, as he told me, it proved a right choice. It was like him that once when the Indian students held a meeting in Caxton Hall, to protest against some feature (real or imagined) in the management and indeed in the whole scheme of Cromwell Road, Adams went with his chief to hear the

worst about themselves. Frank and honest natures like his do not take hurt.

"When the war came he had difficulties of decision as to the course he should pursue, for which I respect him. Like others of our number who had no gust for war, and no animosity against the enemy, he took a commission not so much to fight *against* as to fight *for*; the principles at stake appealed to him, and with an inner reluctance against the whole business he went into it—once again the quiet thought-out sacrifice. He was wounded in the Spring of 1916 and I had a letter from him; I was at Simla and I remember it well, coming after a long interval. I have often wondered what some of the men, who wrote to his father of his courage, would have said of his frank avowal of being glad to be out of things, of his confession of fear felt under the responsibility for other men's lives. The best of them would, I expect, have owned to much the same feelings. When it came to personal danger, he impressed men as being unconscious of it.

"While on furlough he wrote a book—*Nothing of Importance* he called it—borrowing the newspaper phrase for the week-in week-out bicker between the trenches, when no 'push' is taking place. Those who heard him read some of it are not likely to forget it—its vivid description, its straight simple style, its restrained intensity of feeling. It is to be published by Messrs Methuen & Co., when the War Office allows. It will be more a 'human document' than many of the books born of the war.

"What we have lost who knew him these paragraphs may hint—I do not think we really know the extent of our loss. But we keep a great deal, a very great deal—*quidquid ex illo amavimus quidquid mirati sumus, manet mansurumque est.* Yes, that is true; and from the first my sorrow (it may seem an odd confession) was for those who were not to know him, whose chance was lost, for the work he was not to do. For himself, if ever a man lived his life, it was he; twenty-five or twenty-six years is not much, perhaps, as a rule, but here it was life and it was lived to some purpose; it told and it is not lost."

Frank Roland Blakeley

Second Lieutenant Blakeley, of the Indian Infantry, was killed in action 22 February 1917 He was a son of Frank Blakeley, Esq., of Normanton, where he was born 22 June 1896. He was educated at Normanton Grammar School and entered the College in the Michaelmas Term of 1914, intending to read for the Modern Languages Tripos. When war broke out he was in Germany and was made a prisoner, but escaped to Denmark. At Cambridge he joined the Officers Training Corps and was gazetted a Second Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion, Somerset Light Infantry He went to India with his battalion; there he studied Hindustani and was for six months at Quetta, after which we was gazetted to the unit with which he was serving when he was killed. He had only been at the front about a month. He was a good gymnast and a good all-round athlete.

Rev. Vincent Coke Boddington, B.A.

The Rev V C. Boddington, temporary Chaplain to the Forces, died 13 March 1917, at the Pinewood Sanatorium, near Wokingham, of tuberculosis contracted while on active service. He was the son of the late Mr Arthur Cavendish Onslow Boddington, and was born 16 April 1886, at Titley, Kington, Herefordshire. He was educated at Shrewsbury and Hereford Cathedral Schools, and entered St John's in 1905 as a Choral Student. He rowed in the Lady Margaret boats in each of the years 1906-7-8, and played Lawn Tennis for the College. After a period spent at the Clergy Training School, Cambridge, he was ordained in 1910 as Curate of East Ham and became a temporary Chaplain to the Forces in 1914. Mr Boddington married, 6 November 1915, at St Mary Abchurch, City of London, Florence Garrett, second daughter of Mr S. Bastard, of Chigwell.

V C. Boddington sang in the College Choir as a Choral Student for five years. His studentship was twice renewed—a very unusual occurrence. In his undergraduate days he had a tenor voice which has seldom been equalled in the

University, at any rate during the last twenty years. As a singer he was constantly in request, not only in his own College, but at the University Musical Club and at concerts of all kinds in other colleges. He worked wonders as Secretary of the College Musical Society He used to waylay 'doubtful' members of the May Concert chorus as they left Hall, and sweep them into the practice-room. On one occasion, if I remember aright, he darted from his place soon after the rehearsal had begun, and dragged to his side a bewildered undergraduate who had poked his head in an enquiring way into the room, and made him join in the singing. It turned out afterwards that the new member of the chorus had started out with the intention of attending a football or cricket club committee, but had tried the wrong lecture-room. However, Boddington thought he ought to be in the College chorus, and in that chorus he remained. Such are the powers of Orpheus or a V C. Boddington.

Always smiling, good-tempered and optimistic, Boddington had a wonderful way of managing people. When his interest was aroused, he would throw himself with unbounded energy into any project—an energy which sometimes exhausted his bodily strength. If he felt that he was helping his friends, prudence not infrequently was thrown to the winds. When I lived in College, he was often in my rooms. In 1908, when I was revising the College Anthem Book, he came in one day and asked if he could help with the index. I answered that about ten hours' work remained to be done, and gratefully accepted his offer of help. We both went to work that evening after Hall. At midnight I decided that we had both done enough. He pleaded that in a few more minutes he would have finished his part of the work. I left him and went to bed, after giving peremptory orders that in a few minutes' time he was to turn out the lamp, sport my oak and go to his own rooms. I quickly fell asleep in my bedroom and slept soundly till about 7 a.m., when I awoke and heard voices in my further keeping-room. One of the voices was Boddington's. He had been discovered by my gyp, to the latter's astonishment, working away at the Anthem Book index. He had worked all through the night and had finished the whole work. He admitted the pangs of hunger

and thirst had forced him to raid my gyp-room, but smilingly protested that he was none the worse for his night's work. I rebuked him, but am not likely to forget his characteristic and generous self-sacrifice. Soon afterwards we spent a few days together (with another friend of mine) in the Lake district, to banish the terminal cobwebs. The unfeigned delight which every hour, amid that famous scenery (then new to him), gave to his enthusiastic mind infected his two older companions, and we were genuinely sorry when he had to leave us. During that summer, and also in the following year, Boddington and I played a number of times together as partners in the College Lawn Tennis team. He was as impulsive and chivalrous in games as he was in his life generally He was proud and fond of the College in which, as he often told me, he spent four or five of his happiest years. His devotion to the College music I personally can never forget. He did not pretend to intellectual powers. He had a simple, clean, boyish mind, with boyish enthusiasms ; when these ran in useful channels (those which served his friends and College) they were directed with a vigour and tenacity of purpose the impetus of which is still to be felt by those who saw them rise and flow.

CYRIL B. ROOTHAM.

LAWRENCE DRURY CHIDSON.

Captain Chidson, of the King's Royal Rifles, who was killed in action in France on the 23rd April, was the eldest son of Mr Charles Richard Chidson, now of Streatham. He was born 5 November 1894 at Chidson's Ranch, near Tigardville, Portland, Oregon, in the United States. He commenced his education at Streatham Grammar School, and in 1905 won a choristership at Westminster Abbey, being a member of the choir until 1910. He then entered Dulwich College, where he was in the Classical Sixth, a prefect, in the 1st XI. at Cricket, and a Lance-Corporal in the O.T.C. In December 1913 Chidson was elected to an Entrance Scholarship for Classics at St John's, was admitted to the College, and in the ordinary course would have commenced residence in October 1914. On the 5th of August in that year, the second day of

the war, he joined the 5th East Surrey (Territorial) Regiment and in the September following obtained a commission as 2nd Lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. He was promoted Lieutenant 1 January 1915, and at the time of his death held the rank of Captain. In 1915 he was commended for gallantry by the Divisional General, and on 14 November 1916, at the Battle of the Ancre, won the Military Cross.

The official award, in the *London Gazette* of 3 March 1917 was as follows: "He assumed command of, and led, his company forward with great gallantry Later, he rendered most valuable assistance in consolidating the position."

On April 23 his battalion was held up at a German strong-point and he was busily engaged in organising bombing parties. He suddenly left the trench with the object, it is supposed, of warning another company of what was going on, when he was struck by a machine-gun bullet and instantly killed.

It is worth putting on record that the verses, "Dimples: A Recruit Officer", reprinted in *The Eagle* (vol. xxxvi, p. 235) from *Country Life*, were written by a brother officer with reference to Captain Chidson.

Henry Frederick Edgecumbe Edwardes, B.A.

Second Lieutenant Edwardes, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, was the younger son of Mr Edgecumbe Ferguson Edwardes, of Springfield, Crediton, Devon. He was born 21 December 1878 at Sandgate, Kent, and educated at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Crediton, where he was head boy He entered St John's in 1897 and was an Exhibitioner of the College, taking his degree in the Classical Tripos of 1900. He afterwards devoted much time to the study of French and German, holding diplomas from the Universities of Caen and Marburg. He also held the Teachers' Diploma in French and German of the University of Leeds. He was successively a Master at Carlisle Grammar School, 1901; Coatham School 1905; Shrewsbury (temporary), 1906; the High School, Kimberley, South Africa, 1907; Wakefield Grammar School, 1909; and University College School, Hampstead, 1913. In the Spring of 1914

he was appointed Sixth Form Master at Abingdon School. In the Autumn of that year he enlisted in the 21st Battalion, Royal Fusiliers (University and Public Schools Brigade). At that time he had no wish to take a commission, serving with the battalion and going to the front in 1915. After a winter spent in the trenches the brigade was disbanded and many of its members drafted into other regiments. Edwardes was one of those selected for a commission, and in the Spring of 1916 joined an Officers Cadet Battalion quartered in Emmanuel College. Early in July 1916 he was gazetted to the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in the Special Reserve of Officers. He returned to France in September 1916 and spent a second winter in the firing-line. He was killed in action on the night of 6 February 1917

Kenneth John Rattray Gardiner.

Captain Kenneth John Rattray Gardiner, of the Royal Engineers and the King's African Rifles, died on a hospital ship of dysentery on 1 February 1917 and was buried at sea. He was the elder son of Mr and Mrs William Rattray Gardiner, now of Mount Edgecombe, Redhill. Captain Gardiner was a man of cheery and optimistic disposition and, in the course of a comparatively brief life, had an interesting and varied experience in many lands and early gave promise of a successful career He was born at Alperton, Middlesex, 19 July 1889. At the age of two and a half years he went to Russia with his parents; he was educated there—first privately, and later at the School of the Reformed Churches in Petrograd. In 1903 he entered Eastbourne College and subsequently passed through the Crystal Palace School of Engineering. On leaving there he received an appointment as interpreter-assistant to the firm of Messrs Hughes and Lancaster, who were drawing up a scheme for the drainage of Petrograd. He remained at Petrograd about seven months, and on his return from Russia he acted for some time as assistant to the Surveyor to the Urban District Council of Seaford, Sussex, where important drainage schemes were in progress. In October 1909 he entered St John's and took a course of Engineering at the Engineering Laboratory,

and then returned to Seaford for a short period. Captain Gardiner next received an appointment with the important firm of Norton Griffiths & Co., who had contracted for the work of constructing a water supply to the City of Baku, in Southern Russia. This occupied him for about a year, when he came home on furlough. He returned to Baku in the capacity of an inspector, and remained there a short time. He then visited Australia, and returned by way of South Africa, where he was engaged for some time in the office of the Town Surveyor of Bloemfontein. On the termination of that engagement he returned home, and shortly after he received an appointment in the Public Works Department in Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa. While in Government employment in the Protectorate he carried out quite a lot of pioneering work, visiting districts on surveying expeditions, with only native labour to assist him, which had not been traversed by white men for very many years. Captain Gardiner had been in service in East Africa about a year, during which time war had broken out, when his repeated requests to be allowed to return home to join the Army received official sanction. On returning home he received a commission in the Royal Engineers as Second Lieutenant. Previously he had qualified as an efficient Volunteer in the 1st Cadet Battalion Cinque Ports R.V., in the London Scottish, and in the United League of Frontiersmen, East African Protectorate Volunteer Reserve. He went to France in October 1915, and served with his unit until February 1916, when he was invalided home. Having been recommended for service in a warmer climate he was sent out to take part in the East African Campaign in July 1916, being attached as Lieutenant to the King's African Rifles. He served as Adjutant both in France and East Africa. Captain Gardiner was possessed of a charming personality and made friends wherever he went. One of his gifts was a wonderful facility for making himself familiar with foreign languages, of which he had a working knowledge of seven or eight. He made it his business to learn the language of every land he visited. He was a keen sportsman, interested in football, swimming and shooting, and held many trophies to testify to his skill and prowess. Possessed of talents

above the ordinary run of men, his faculty and facility for managing men was evidenced by the invariable loyalty of the men and natives who served under him both in the Caucasus and East Africa; while his bright and sunny disposition enabled him always to look on the bright side of life.

John Robertshaw Hill, B.A.

Second Lieutenant J R. Hill, of the Royal Engineers, who was killed in action on 6 May 1917, was the eldest and only surviving son of Mr Thomas Rawson Hill, of Westfield, Birr Road, Bradford, and grandson of the late Alderman John Hill, Mayor of Bradford. He was born at Manningham 18 September 1883, and was educated at Bradford Grammar School, entering St John's in 1902 with an Exhibition, afterwards becoming a Foundation Scholar of the College. He took his degree through the Natural Sciences Tripos, Part I. in 1904 and Part II. in 1906, his special subject being Chemistry. He remained in residence for a time, pursuing research in collaboration with Mr Humphrey Owen Jones (the famous chemist who, with his bride, lost his life when climbing a spur of Mont Blanc). The results of their combined research were two papers, entitled: "The effect of constitution on the rotatory power of optically active Ammonium compounds, Part II., 1907", and "The replacement of Alkyl Radicles by Methyl in substituted Ammonium compounds, 1908" He then proceeded to the Imperial Institute, where, in conjunction with Dr Dunstan, Principal of the Institute, he worked on certain aspects of excitation and passivity of metals. This research resulted in the publication in the *Transactions of the Chemical Society* of two papers in collaboration with Dr Dunstan. About this time Mr H. O. Jones wrote of him: "I have had ample opportunity of seeing Mr Hill's work, and have formed a high opinion of his ability. He is a particularly neat and careful practical worker, and should be able to deal successfully with such problems as he is likely to come across in the course of analytical and other investigations". While Dr Sell, the University Demonstrator, wrote of his "thorough knowledge of chemistry", adding, "He is a man of great

ability, and combines, with an extensive acquaintance of theoretical and general chemistry, a considerable experience in the various branches of practical work" After about three years' work at the Imperial Institute, he received the Government appointment of Chemist to the Federated Malay States. His work at the Institute of Medical Research at Kuala Lumpur was thus described by Dr Fraser, the Director of the Institute: "I have formed the opinion that John Robertshaw Hill possesses great ability, and that he is every way excellently qualified in his work. I regret that on his own initiative he resigned this service, but I am confident that he will perform in a thoroughly satisfactory manner the duties of any medical post to which he may be appointed" He was Government Chemist at Kuala Lumpur from August 1910 to October 1913. Dr Sansom, the Principal Medical Officer of the Federated Malay States, wrote: "Mr Hill is a capable and reliable chemist. His training and knowledge fit him to undertake important work efficiently and satisfactorily I regret his resignation, as he was a most useful official, but I have every confidence in his future usefulness"; adding in a personal note, "I am sorry you are not returning to the F.M.S., as I had you in mind for something". It was during his work in the F.M.S. that the problem of the cause and cure of beri-beri was successfully discovered. During the last year or so of his stay he became a private in the newly-formed Malay States Volunteer Rifles, and won fame as a Rugby three-quarter. He had been captain of the Rugby and Hockey teams while at St John's. In his last letter, dated May 6th, the day on which he was killed, he spoke of playing 'footer After leaving Kuala Lumpur he did research on "Mangostin, a Crystalline substance allied to the Resins", at the Davy-Faraday Laboratory in connexion with the Royal Institution. As war broke out during the vacation, he enlisted for the period of the war as a private in the 16th West Yorks Regiment. In the intervals of his drill he completed his paper, which appeared in the *Journal of the Chemical Society* in May 1915. In that year he was transferred to the Royal Engineers as a chemist and received his commission in 1916. A friend of Lieutenant Hill, who succeeded him in his post in the Malay States, and

also relinquished it in order to enlist, wrote as follows: "Your loss is very great, but I know very well that your dear son is a great loss to the Army as well as to the chemical profession. In Malay he was loved by everyone, and I know that the day on which the news is known there will be a very sad one. Your son has helped me in every way to combat shell shock. Knowing your son as I did, I have been asked by his C.O. of last year to convey his deepest regret and to mention to you what a thoroughly good fellow and highly efficient officer we all considered him to be" His C.O. continues: "He will be a very great loss to a company whose standard of work and general efficiency was equal to that of any unit in the Brigade" His friend continues: "A few days ago, prior to this sad occurrence, an officer of P Company wrote: "Hill deserved the D.S.O." His Lieutenant, writing to say that Hill was killed instantaneously by a shell about 9 p.m. on May 6th, adds: "I cannot tell you what his loss means to us. Always such a gentleman, so kind and yet so firm, he was beloved by all. He was also one of the most efficient and capable officers I ever met with".

Peter Mason.

Second Lieutenant Peter Mason, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, who was killed in action on the 17th February last, was the eldest son of the Rev. William Tate Mason (of Sidney Sussex, B.A. 1857); a nephew of the late Rev. Peter Hamnett Mason, for fifty years Hebrew Lecturer and many years President of St John's; and a grandson of Mr Peter Mason (of St John's, B.A. 1823), Headmaster of the Perse School, Cambridge, from 1836 to 1864.

Lieutenant Mason was born 21 November 1895 at Brooklands, Abergele, North Wales, and was educated at St Chad's College, Denstone, and the Perse School, where he was a Sergeant in the O.T.C.

He entered St John's in 1915 and read for the Classical Tripos, but his residence was very brief, for he soon decided to join the Army, leaving the College in 1915, and, after a period of training, obtained a commission in the King's

Royal Rifle Corps. We are allowed to give the following extracts from letters to his mother :—

His Commanding Officer wrote : "Your son was a first-class officer He has always done his work in a most cheerful fashion, no matter how difficult or unpleasant were the circumstances. He is one whom we can ill afford to lose and whom it will be very difficult to replace. He was killed during a successful attack on the German trenches south of Miraumont. He had got very far forward with his platoon when the enemy counter-attacked, and it was then that he was killed."

His Company Commander wrote : "This was his second time in action, and he went in with the Battalion in an attack on the morning of the 17th. He and another officer were at the head of the attack and were both killed close together. Peter was one of the cheeriest fellows I have ever met, and I miss him tremendously. He was always in splendid form and did not know the meaning of fear."

Horace Gerard Townsend Newton.

Captain Newton, of the 13th Hussars, was the only son of the Rev. Canon Horace Newton (of St John's, B.A. 1864), of Holmwood, Redditch and Glencripesdale, Acharacle, Argyll-shire. He was born 7 July 1886 at Beechwood, Driffield, Yorks, and was educated at Arden House, Henley-in-Arden, and at Rugby He entered St John's in 1904, and after keeping three terms left in November 1905 in order to join the army. He went out to India as a probationer in 1906 and was gazetted to the 13th Hussars as 2nd Lieutenant 20 June 1908, Lieutenant 13 July 1910 (temporary Captain 14 December 1914 to 11 March 1915), Captain 12 March 1915.

When war broke out he was with his regiment in India, and in November 1914 went to France, where in February 1916 he helped to organise a Corps School of Instruction, of which he was made Assistant Commandant and Adjutant. In June 1916 he was recalled to his regiment and left for another front. He was accidentally drowned on the 25th April last. No details are yet available. His Colonel writes:

"Quite apart from my personal sorrow I know how grieved the whole regiment will be, for both officers and men were very fond of him. His death will be a real loss not only to the regiment but to the service generally". Captain Newton married in December 1911, and leaves a widow and one daughter.

William Marcus Noel Pollard, B.A.

Second Lieutenant Pollard, of the North Staffordshire Regiment, was reported in the official lists issued in the papers of the 21st April last to have died of wounds received in action. We have been as yet unable to ascertain the exact date of his death.

He was a son of the Rev. William Pollard, Rector of Killashee, co. Longford, and was born 1 January 1890 at Kilglass, Edgeworthstown, co. Longford. He was educated at Denstone College, Staffordshire, where he was Captain of the School, Captain of Football, a member of the O.T.C., and Captain of the Shooting Eight. Entering St John's in 1909 with an Exhibition he took his degree in 1912 by means of the Theological Tripos. While at St John's he was Lieutenant in G (the College) Company of the University O.T.C., and was also a member of the Committee of the College Rifle Club. After graduating he at once returned as a Master to Denstone, where he was House and Sports Master and second in command of the O.T.C.

After several times offering himself he was at last passed and accepted for active service, going to the front early in 1917. His Colonel writes: "None will regret him more than his brother officers".

Bernard William Theodore Wickham.

Lieutenant Wickham, M.C., of the South Staffordshire Regiment, was killed in action on the 14th April last. He was the only son of the Rev William Arthur Wickham, formerly Vicar of St Andrew's, Wigan, now Rector of Ampton, Suffolk. Wickham was born at St Andrew's Vicarage 23 October 1894, and was educated at Millmead,

Shrewsbury (Mr Deedes), and at Christ's Hospital, which he entered by competition, taking the first place on the list. In due course he became a Grecian and an Exhibitioner of the School, entering St John's in October 1913, having been elected in the previous June to an Exhibition for Classics. He also held an Exhibition from the Grocers' Company. During his year of residence he was a member of the O.T.C. On the outbreak of war Wickham at once joined the Army, being gazetted Second Lieutenant in the 9th Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment 19 September 1914. In August 1916 he was awarded the Military Cross, the official notice of the award being as follows :

"For conspicuous gallantry in the face of the enemy On the morning of the 28th July 1916, in the vicinity of Contalmaison, 2nd Lieut. Wickham, with a platoon which had been at work all night wiring in No Man's Land, was in a forward trench, when the enemy made a bombing attack. The garrison and the greater part of the working party were obliged to fall back for want of bombs. 2nd Lieut. Wickham, with two men of the Durham Light Infantry, stood his ground, searched the trench for bombs, and held it for more than an hour until reinforcements arrived. Though wounded early in the action he continued in charge of a joint party of South Staffords and Durham L.I. until the attack was beaten off, and a Sergeant could be found to march his platoon out on relief"

The exploit is a little more fully described in a letter written by his Company Commander "The circumstances were roughly as follows : On the night of the 27th we were ordered to do some work in part of the front line. Part of this work consisted of wiring around a certain bombing point. I detailed Bernard to take his platoon to do this wiring ; he did this, and, when he had finished the wiring, carried bombs, ammunition, etc., up to the point. About 9 a.m. on the 28th the Hun made a bombing attack on the post, which I forgot to mention was at the end of a sap. Bernard was at the post at the time and was wounded shortly after the attack started. About the same time as he was wounded the order came to withdraw from the sap. However, instead of withdrawing, your son, along with two

privates of the Durham Light Infantry, continued to throw bombs and hold the sap. They held it for about an hour, when reinforcements appeared. Only for them an important post would have fallen into the hands of the Boche, and I sincerely trust that their action will meet with the recognition it deserves. The other officers of the Company join with me in wishing Bernard a speedy recovery You have every reason to be proud of him. His action is at present the common talk, not only of our own Company and Battalion, but of a Battalion of Australians and a Battalion of the Durham Light Infantry, both of whom were near the scene of the exploit about the time that it occurred."

His Commanding Officer wrote : "So far as I can gather, he found himself in a very tight place. He had done his own particular job, an attack was unexpected, and nobody could have blamed him if he had taken his men out. But he stood by, and, like a gallant soldier, refused to take any orders to relieve until he knew where they came from. With a few men—some of them unknown to him—he held his ground, got a hold of a few bombs, and kept the Boche at bay until reinforcements arrived. He stuck to his post after he was wounded and kept his men together—any men there, his own and others—until the attack was beaten off. It was a plucky deed, but I was not surprised at it knowing the boy. A C.O. has sometimes to send officers and men on dangerous errands—that is his hardest task—but as long as he can count on boys like young Wickham he is happy They are brave because they think of themselves last and they make their men brave. May I sincerely congratulate you on having a son like that ?"

It is interesting to compare these letters with the following account which Lieutenant Wickham gave of his feat ; this is as follows :

"On Thursday night we paraded at 6 p.m., and with my platoon I carried up pickets and barbed wire to a certain sap East of Pozières. We arrived there about 10.30 p.m., and started work about 11.30, putting out an obstacle. This work took till about 2.0 or 3.0 a.m., and I had one man wounded by machine-gun fire. We could see the Boches when they sent up the flares, and I have no doubt they could

see us. The sap we were working in was only held by one platoon, and during the night the bombers occupied 70 yards more of the sap without the Germans finding out. So I was asked to stay up there and help to hold it with my men. The men had had no food since tea at 4.30 the day before, and had worked hard all night, carrying, wiring, watching, so about 8 a.m. I let them eat half their emergency rations. I got a round of bread and jam from an officer up there, and I had eaten half a biscuit when the Germans made a hurricane bomb attack and retook the 70 yards of sap before we could look round. The Durhams held an old sap-head, and we passed up bombs and machine-gun ammunition. There were two officers up in front, and these were both brought back wounded, so I went up there to take charge. We bombed them right out of reach and then stopped. We opened up again in case they were coming back, but they had come back, and opened up at the same moment. One of the first bombs knocked out the man next to me, and wounded me in the right calf and right elbow. But I could still walk and bomb, and we bombed away as hard as we could, and so did the Boche, and the men were getting fewer and more done up, so I passed back for the Anzacs and two more Lewis guns, and, after what seemed ages, they came up. We got the German bombers under, and were organizing two raiding parties to go forward, when two Australian officers came up and took charge of their men. They decided to stand fast and let the Stokes guns bombard the Boche sap. The Boche bombarded us too, but without doing any damage. About 12 o'clock two platoons of Durhams came up to reinforce, and I was carried to a Dressing Station and my men went home. . . From the time I started from my bivouac with my men I had no food except a round of bread and jam and a piece of biscuit up to the time when I reached the Advanced Clearing Station at Albert about 5 p.m., when I was given some tea and bread and butter. . . . I don't think much of the German bombs. We were outranging them all the time with our Mills' Hand Grenades, and they were bound to give back. Their bombs are not so destructive as ours either, though they should produce greater effect on *moral*, as they make six times as much smoke as ours. I was carried down from the front line by the Anzac stretcher bearers. They took me to the Dressing Station. Then I went on down the road on a wheeled stretcher to Contalmaison Chateau. The Germans started shelling it, and wounded a stretcher bearer Contalmaison Chateau looked much more knocked about than it did when I went up there on the night of the 12th to fetch out wounded. From here we went to Albert in a motor ambulance, I being asleep. Here I was washed, labelled, and given some tea."

After this Wickham was at home for some time and then rejoined. Early in 1917 he was in hospital at Boulogne for some weeks. In one of his latest letters home he wrote: "I am well content to be with 'C' company I am a citizen of no mean city"

He was again in charge of a wiring party in front of the German trenches in the night of April 13—14, when he was shot through the head and died almost immediately He was wearing a steel helmet and the shot must have been a direct shot from a German sniper. He was buried in a little military cemetery at Zillebeke, near Ypres, wrapped in a Union Jack, his platoon acting as pall bearers.

Mr Wickham has received many letters of sympathy on the death of his son. His Company Commander writes: "He was a splendid soldier, and one of the very best of officers. I have known him since he joined the battalion in September 1914, and have always had a great admiration for him . ."

A former Commanding Officer (retired) writes: "You know how highly I valued him. There are some boys—and he was preeminently one of them—who want to make one know their parents and the homes they come from, because their every word and thought is a tribute to their upbringing. Character far outweighs mere cleverness or ability. It is in fact the one thing which counts in life. . Even in this life your boy's work is not ended, and will not be ended with this generation. He and those like him did more than give their lives for their country; they helped to build, stone by stone, the new and better England. . . No man who has ever been under your boy will be able, if

he wished to, to escape completely from his influence. He will have set his stamp upon him, and some part of it at least will remain, the impress of character . My heart is still with the officers and men who gave me of their best, putting duty first and self last. . War strips the trappings from men and shows only their souls; one learns to appreciate them better. Among the very best was young Wickham."

Harry Ben Williams.

Second Lieutenant H. B. Williams, of The King's (Liverpool) Regiment, was killed in action 3 May 1917. He was the youngest son of Mr H. B. Williams, of Westmount, Bidstone, Cheshire; born 8 April 1894, at Oxton, Birkenhead, he was educated at Birkenhead School, where he won many honours and joined the College in 1913 with an Entrance Scholarship for Classics. Soon after war was declared he proceeded to France, where he remained for some months in association with a unit of workers connected with the Friends' War Victims Relief Expedition. He returned to England in April 1915, and enlisted in the Army. He was connected with the Inns of Court O.T.C. and spent many months at Berkhamsted assisting in the training of recruits. On being pronounced medically fit he was gazetted to a commission in the Liverpool Regiment and proceeded to the front on the 9th January last. He was in the first important engagement in connection with the battle of Arras on April 9th, and for his valour on that occasion was awarded the Military Cross. He fell on May 3 while leading his men in an attack on the German positions. His Commanding Officer wrote: "I feel unable to express my sympathy with you in the great loss which you have sustained in the death of your son. He shewed keen ability in his work as an officer He had no fear, but, what is more valuable, he had a cool head and great control of men in action"

Obituary

Rev Joseph Bickersteth Mayor.

Joseph Bickersteth Mayor was the son of the Rev. Robert Mayor, one of the first missionaries sent by the Church Missionary Society to Ceylon, and of Charlotte Bickersteth, sister of Henry Bickersteth, Lord Langdale, and of Edward Bickersteth of Watton, a leader of the Evangelical Movement.

Joseph Mayor was born on October 24th, 1828, at the Cape of Good Hope, as his father was returning home from Ceylon. In 1841 he was sent to Rugby School, where he was for a term under Dr Arnold, of whom he always retained a vivid recollection. He kept a strong interest in the school throughout his life, and was for many years one of its Governors.

In 1847 he went up with a scholarship to St John's College. His two elder brothers, Robert and John, had preceded him there. All three brothers in turn became Fellows of the College. He took his degree in 1851, being placed second in the First Class of the Classical Tripos. The Senior Classic in that year was J B. Lightfoot, afterwards Bishop of Durham, who was a close friend of his, both at Cambridge and later. Amongst others of a large circle of friends formed at the University may be mentioned Professor Liveing, Dr Edwin Abbott, Sir John Seeley, Dr Hort, H. J. Roby, and Augustus Jessopp.

In 1852 he obtained a Fellowship and was appointed College Lecturer in Moral Science. He was ordained Deacon in 1859 and Priest in 1860. He had some thoughts at this time of taking up parochial work, but eventually decided to remain at Cambridge and give himself to teaching and study. In 1860 he was appointed a Tutor of the College.

In 1863 he married Miss A. J Grote, niece of John Grote, the Professor of Moral Philosophy, and of George Grote, the historian of Greece. His marriage made it necessary for him to give up his College post, and he was appointed Head Master of Kensington Proprietary School, where he remained

for five years. In 1869 he resigned this post, left London, and removed to Twickenham. In the following year he became Professor at King's College, London, where he continued to teach for fourteen years, as Professor of Classical Literature from 1870 to 1879, and later as Professor of Moral Philosophy from 1879 to 1883. In 1883 he gave up his College work in order to devote himself to study and writing.

In the following year he removed to Kingston-on-Thames, where he remained till his death. During his residence there he took an important part in many forms of public work in the district, particularly work connected with the Elementary Schools and Endowed Schools. He received the Honorary Degree of Litt.D. at the Tercentenary of Dubin University in 1892, and was elected an Honorary Fellow of St John's in 1902. He was also a Member of the British Academy.

He died at Kingston on November 29th, 1916.

His most important literary works were editions of Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, 3 vols. 1880-5 ; *Epistle of St James*, with Introduction, Notes and Commentary, 1892 (3rd Edition 1910) ; with further studies, 1913 ; *Clement of Alexandria*, Seventh Book of the Stromateis, edited from Dr Hort's notes, with English translation, Commentary and Dissertations, 1902 ; *Epistle of St Jude and Second Epistle of St Peter*, with Introduction, Notes and Commentary, 1907.

His other published works included *Greek for Beginners*, 1869 ; *Guide to the Choice of Classical Books*, 3rd Ed. 1885 ; Supplement to ditto, 1896 ; *Sketch of Ancient Philosophy*, 1881 ; *Chapters on English Metre*, 1886, 2nd Ed. 1901 ; *Handbook of Modern English Metre*, 1903, 2nd Ed. 1912 ; *The World's Desire*, and other Sermons, 1906 ; *Tolstoi as Shakespearian Critic*, in R.S.L. Transactions for 1908 ; *Virgil's Messianic Eclogue*, 1907 (with Prof. R. S. Conway and Prof. W Warde Fowler) ; *Select Readings from Psalms*, with *Essay on the Growth of Revelation*, 1908. He also edited several posthumous works of Prof. John Grote, viz., *Examination of the Utilitarian Philosophy*, 1870 ; *Treatise on the Moral Ideals*, 1876 ; *Exploratio Philosophica*, Part II, 1900. He took a leading part in founding the *Classical Review*, and was its first editor, from March 1887 to December 1893.

The following reminiscences of Joseph Mayor's Cambridge days have been contributed by Professor Liveing, Canon Wilson, and Mr H. G. Hart.

Professor Liveing writes :—

Joseph B. Mayor was one of the first group of commencing B.A.'s who were allowed to compete for honours in the Classical Tripos without having first obtained honours in Mathematics, and took advantage of that permission, as well as of the privilege granted for the first few years after the institution of the, then new, Moral Sciences Tripos, of competing as a middle Bachelor in a second tripos. Hence when, in 1853, the Master and Seniors reviewed the system of College Tuition, in order to provide instruction in the subjects of the new triposes, Mayor was chosen as College Lecturer in Moral Science. At that time there were two College Tutors, appointed by the Master, standing *in loco parentis* to their pupils and receiving their fees, and each had a staff of Assistant Tutors, chosen and paid by himself, and their lectures covered all the subjects in the College curriculum, which was more comprehensive than the University examinations. Mayor's lectureship was an addition, paid the modest stipend of £120 a year by the College, and he was expected to teach especially the advanced students in Moral Science at the same time he had to take a share in the general instruction by lecturing to the poll-men in some of their work. The position was a new one, and Mayor took much interest in organising it, though it was long before the new triposes were generally regarded as comparable, as educational tests, with the older ; and the names of but few of his pupils appear in them. Still he did not fail to make friends of the most thoughtful, who were glad to discuss with him the writings of the Greek and German moralists, although they had no intention of competing in the Moral Sciences Tripos. He continued to hold this lectureship after he became one of the College Tutors in 1861.

During the whole of this period questions of College and University reform occupied much of the attention of resident members of the University. J B. Mayor generally sided with the reformers, but was no extremist. The differences

of opinion on some questions were, of course, great: but there was no breach of kindly relations between the controversialists in St John's, and Mayor's attitude always contributed to this happy result. In party discussions he never forgot what was due to opponents.

Quite early in his career he joined a club known as "the Society". This was an association, limited to twelve members, originally for the discussion of literary questions, and, in the days when College dinners were at four o'clock, met once a fortnight after Hall. Later, when the usual dinner hour became seven o'clock, the Society dined together, each member being host in turn. It included, at different times, such men as N. M. Ferrers, R. B. Litchfield, H. J. Roby, R. Burn, L. Stephen, H. Sidgwick, H. Fawcett, W A. Wright, J. Stuart, and others, all strenuous men, whose meetings, on easy terms, were always stimulative and led to fast friendships, and Mayor was a regular attendant as long as he continued to reside in Cambridge.

Canon Wilson writes :—

I am asked to write a few memories of my old friend the Rev. J. B. Mayor They go back to the fifties', and, alas, they almost end there.

It is just two years ago that there were reprinted in *The Eagle* some reminiscences of H. J. Roby that I wrote for the Manchester School Magazine. I described him as being when I went up to St John's in 1855 "one of a brilliant "group of young fellows which included Courtney and J. B. "Mayor, both still living, and J. E. B. Mayor and Newbery, "who have passed away. They were reformers, and won "our hearts". J. B. Mayor will always be linked closely with H. J Roby in the memories of my generation at St John's. They had the same aim, to foster and find new outlets for the intellectual life of the undergraduate members of the College.

"At that time", as I wrote in my memories of Roby, "the gulf between Fellows and undergraduates was wide "and unbridged". I also have the clear impression that St John's was extremely limited in its educational outlook and interests. There were new Triposes, those for Moral

and Natural Sciences, for example; but they were scarcely yet within the actual horizon of either the Fellows or the undergraduates of St John's. And in saying this I do not forget Professor Liveing's early and excellent work for Chemistry Mayor in particular set himself to find in the College men of real but undeveloped ability; men whose classics and mathematics were not good enough to command high place in the two great triposes; but who could study philosophy and economics with great pleasure and profit. And he certainly found them. I have had the curiosity to see whether the early Moral Science Tripos lists bear out my impression. This is what they say In the first five years, 1851-55, two Johnians out of 43 obtain honours, one of the two being Mr Mayor himself. In the next five years, 1856-60, seven out of 21 were Johnians; and in 1862 St John's secured the whole list!

I do not know how he found men out. He had not the geniality and humour and almost rollick of Roby; he was grave: but he was sincerely friendly. And he was friendly in an uncommon way. It was not by invitations to breakfast, or to tea, or to walk with him. I cannot in the least remember how he got at some of us, who like myself were not in his lecture, and had no obvious link to him. But somehow we found our way to his rooms, on some pretence or other. And to undergraduates who came up into no ready-made circles of public school society, with no introductions, and who got no stimulus from lectures, this occasional contact with an older and active mind, this glimpse into another sphere, was extraordinarily helpful.

It was inevitable that when two or three of us undergraduates resolved to start *The Eagle* on its long flight we should consult him. He consented to be the Fellow Editor'; but insisted that the undergraduate editors should get the full benefit of the experience: he would not do their work. I remember he absolutely refused to look at the MS. or proof of the introductory or editorial article I wrote for the first number.

Of his later and principal work in life I have only a slight knowledge. I hope that these few College memories may be of some interest.

Mr Hart writes :—

I feel it is a privilege to be allowed to send a few notes on my recollections of Mr Mayor from the time when I first knew him in 1862. In that year three Rugby boys went up for the Scholarship Examination at St John's, and two of us were elected to Scholarships and one to an Exhibition. Mr Mayor (as he then was) most generously invited us all and a fourth boy who was to enter St John's to come up to the Lakes, where he offered to give us some classical coaching. Of course we all accepted the kind invitation with gratitude, and we met at a house close to the South end of Derwentwater, which Mr Mayor had taken the trouble of selecting for us. He himself, with two of the Miss Mayors, was staying in Borrowdale, a mile up the valley, and we used to walk up every morning with our books and composition, and spend an hour or two in translating Thucydides and other classics, and having our compositions corrected. We probably did not realise fully how seriously this must have ruined the rest and refreshment of Mr Mayor's hardly-earned holiday, but in some degree we were conscious of what was being done for us, and the memory now enables me to appreciate his great kindness more completely. The work with him, however, was not Mr Mayor's only thought for us, but being a vigorous walker he introduced us to some of the wonderful beauties of the neighbourhood, and we enjoyed several expeditions with him to various famous points, including Scawfell and Skiddaw, which we should probably have been too lazy (none of us having been brought up to the pleasures of walking) to visit without his encouragement.

During our month at the Lakes, several distinguished friends of Mr Mayor visited him, and we had the pleasure of seeing something of them. I remember, for instance, that Dr (afterwards Bishop) Lightfoot was one of these, also Dr Roby, and—most important of all to us—our late Headmaster, Dr Temple, while in the same house as ourselves Dr Ferrers, afterwards Master of Caius, and the still more famous Professor Seeley, were lodging for a week, so as to be near Mr. Mayor

It is not surprising that, after all these evidences of Mr Mayor's thoughtful kindness to us, we all went up to Cambridge in October knowing that whatever else we found we should find in our College Tutor the most understanding and sympathetic of friends. Nor were we disappointed, for at a time when complaints were common that one Tutor was lax and indulgent, and another rigorous and exacting, Mr Mayor succeeded in just striking the happy mean. Strict he doubtless was, and no good Tutor ever could avoid strictness, but his natural justice and his insight into the feelings and ways of young men enabled him to hold an even course in his dealings with his pupils, that only those who most needed a check were bold enough to criticise, while those who were there to live simply and to work had every encouragement to carry out their aims, and so a close and human friendship between such pupils and their Tutor grew up which perhaps had no parallel in our own or any other College.

Of his later life others will be more able to write than myself, but of those who knew and loved him at Cambridge there can be few now who had closer intercourse with him, or who feel a deeper reverence and gratitude for him than myself, and I am very thankful for the opportunity that you have given me of expressing something of what I owe to him. I thought it was best to confine myself almost entirely to my Cambridge recollections, which would be most likely to interest readers of the *Eagle*.

John Arnold Nicklin.

The early death of John Arnold Nicklin adds another name to the bede-roll of Johnian poets. The account of his life that follows has been contributed by his brother, the Rev. T Nicklin, Warden of Hulme Hall, Manchester.

John Arnold, born 9th November, 1871, was the younger son of Thomas, only surviving son of John Nicklin, of Hooter Hall, Sandbach, Cheshire, whose testamentary heir "J A." was. John Nicklin had been the eventual senior heir of Anne, the sole heiress of John Montfort of Alpraham, Bunbury, Cheshire, a descendant of a collateral branch of the Earl of Leicester's family This history had greatly interested "J A.", who was proud to insist that an ancestor of his had

been one of Sir James Audley's Squires at Agincourt, gave his first-born child the name of Montfort, and drew probably from it some inspiration for "The Young Squire"

On his mother's side he was connected with the present Secretary to the University Local Lectures Syndicate, Dr Cranage, and could claim as an ancestor George Cranage of Coalbrookdale, who, in Charles II.'s reign, took out a patent for a method of puddling iron. Perhaps it was from this side that "J. A." derived a scientific bent which shewed itself in him when he was a boy, in a desire to make *post-mortem* examinations of animals and to become a surgeon. This, however, soon gave way to a literary impulse, and even while still at his Preparatory School (Mr Walter Hay's, Kenneth House, Shrewsbury) he began turning out verses—mostly of a comical character His reading, so far as it was self-determined, soon shewed the same bent. Tom Moore, Burns, Pope, Edgar Allen Poe, *The Arabian Nights*, Carlyle's *Essays* were amongst things that he read, and one of these suggests an aspect of "J.A.'s" life, which must next be mentioned.

While still a small boy he suffered from bad ear-aches, connected perhaps with adenoids and enlarged tonsils. As he began to grow up, he was greatly troubled with somnambulism, and, like Shelley, would be found wandering from his bed, and shrieking in terror How far Poe gave food for his imagination to increase this trouble, it is impossible to say, but he himself referred to these experiences as associated with his poetic gifts in his 'Inspiration' These night-terrors too, not improbably, had something to say to his proclivity for sitting up alone into the early morning, writing, after doing the day's work which would have satisfied most men. It is these vigils which found expression in "The Dumb Hour clothed in Black"

From Mr Hay's he passed to Shrewsbury School, with which his affections were closely entwined for the rest of his life.* What manner of schoolboy he was is seen in the account given by his old school-friend, the Rev R. G. Binnall, Rector of Manton, Kirton in Lindsey:

* See his article, 'Sabrinæ Corolla', in *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1901.

"When I first went to Walter Hay's school, John was head-boy, and from that time onwards—there and at Shrewsbury School—the points in his character which more particularly impressed me were his high sense of duty and honour—the quiet but firm way in which he always put a 'stopper' upon any school-boy conversation which savoured either of irreverence or uncleanness, his sympathy with 'lame dogs' and constant readiness and indeed eagerness to help them over stiles. He had (as you know) a very keen sense of humour, which made him a delightful companion. He was always down on any attempt at bullying on the part of bigger boys, and yet he never seemed to incur their enmity. I think we all realised that he never acted out of pique, that he was always absolutely just and had the honour of the school and the highest welfare of each of its members at heart. He never seemed to make a bid for popularity and yet he was always popular, and I am sure that it was generally felt that his friendship was a thing very desirable for its own sake, and not simply as leading to the attainment of selfish ends."

At Shrewsbury he was no great athlete, though there, and afterwards, at Cambridge especially, and at Liverpool, he played fives. At Cambridge he also played lacrosse—once for the University In the work of the school he never ranked as an exact scholar, but his scholarship must have been above the common or he could not have gained, as he did, a Second Division in the First Class in his second year at College (1892). The commendation given at Shrewsbury to the 'spirit and inspiration' of his verses stimulated the development of his gifts for literary criticism and expression. He went up to Cambridge to try for a scholarship, and was elected at his first attempt to a scholarship at St John's, where his brother then was, and where four of his father's cousins had preceded him (Rev J Lewis, Vicar of Ford, near Shrewsbury, B.A. 1852; Rev John Auden, Vicar of Horninglow, B.A. 1853; William Auden, Vicar of Church Broughton, B.A. 1856, and Prebendary Thomas Auden, B.A. 1858).

During his College days, and for some time before and after, he would take long walks, discussing and arguing on politics, social and moral questions, and in fact anything, with zest and acuteness, often with heat, but, as he said

afterwards, with keen appreciation of the stimulus given by such divergences of opinion, when there can be no question of their leading to a rupture. Among the College-friends commemorated in his poems were A. Hamilton Thompson, J. M. Hardwich, and W A. Corbett.

It was while he was at Cambridge that he began to publish. Some poems by him appeared over the signature 'C. O. S.' in *The Salopian*, one or two of which, *e.g. In Memoriam*, were afterwards reprinted in *Nunc Dimittis*. He contributed one or two literary *critiques* to the *Eagle*, and several poems appeared in the *Athenaeum* and *Academy* As it happened, when he came down from Cambridge there was a superfluity in the market of applicants for Assistant Masterships, and for two years he was without regular occupation in a profession. He used the time with profit, partly for the writing of his Essay on Thackeray, which won the Cambridge University Members' Prize (1894),* and in preparing for the Press his *Verses* (1895). This volume, however, he withdrew from circulation on his appointment to a Mastership under Mr Dyson, at Liverpool College, in 1896. About this time he wrote too 'A Master of Arts', which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, December 1896, and from this time he contributed a succession of reviews to the *Daily Chronicle*—a connexion which led eventually to his immersion in journalism.

Mr R. T Bodey, who was his colleague during his five years' service at Liverpool, writes of him at this time: 'He was a born humourist, and had a very keen eye for the lighter sides of school-life; the self-assurance of one boy, the perpetual 'stodge' of another, the sudden development in a third of a passion for personal adornment, all were treated with an unfailing sense of fun and with an unerring instinct for the right word. But his playful satire was always without malice, and when his brother-masters came under review, his words were invariably free from any note of rivalry or jealousy . I know that his fine scholarship, his discriminating instinct for the value of words, and his wide

* He had won the College Essay Prize in his first year with an essay on 'Dryden's Political Writings.

reading in English as well as in ancient literature were very fully appreciated by his classical colleagues. But, as Third Form master, he was not so placed that these gifts could have full scope. And I think that some feeling of being a 'misfit' may have been a factor in his resolve to throw up teaching for leader-writing. But our staff was the poorer for the loss of his bright, if sometimes wayward, spirit.'

It was in 1901 that the offer was made him of a post on the regular staff of the *Daily Chronicle*, an offer which, after considerable hesitation, he decided to accept and to throw up his scholastic career In 1903 he married, and shortly afterwards issued his *Secret Nights*. The title lent itself to a perverted interpretation which injured the book. He had chosen it in his keen sensitiveness to the meaning that the Latin-sprung word carried to a scholar, and no one was more surprised than he to find that it was misunderstood. Unfortunately a year or two later the *Daily Chronicle* went through a process of reorganization, which finally led to his retirement. During the ferment which attended Mr Joseph Chamberlain's advocacy of Fair Trade and Imperial Preference he was told off to contribute a long series of economic articles, under the title of 'Fiscal Facts and Fallacies' For some time his means of subsistence were most precarious, and on the death of his mother at Rossall, in 1904, his dejected feelings found voice in 'The Bitter Wind' and 'Requiem' At the very time he was trying, but unsuccessfully, for the post of Librarian to the Writers to the Signet. The privations and depression of this period were sheltered by his home-life from becoming despair, and when the *Tribune* was projected, he was given at once a post on its staff. The years of its existence, and of his association with it, were outwardly the most flourishing and peaceful in his life. Meanwhile his inward 'dis-content' found voice in *Nunc Dimittis* (1909).

Lieut. S. H. Rylett, who was then his colleague, writes of him at this time: 'There was a considerable disparity of years between us and still greater disparity of attainment and ability He was a polished scholar and writer, enriched by years of experience in the latter profession, endowed with a

genius which enabled him to tinge with brilliancy any subject which he touched with his apt pen. I, on the other hand, was a young man with small endowments and still less culture. However, he liked me and was, up to a year or two before the war, my continual guide, philosopher, and friend.

He was the beau-ideal of a gentleman, an idealist who never wavered from treading what he considered the right road, though temptations of a most alluring description to desert the causes, which he held most dear, strewed his path.

It was this idealism which prevented him from becoming a worldly success. Many a time and oft have we discussed propositions which had been put to him and which, if he had accepted them, might have brought him considerable money. Always, however, if his acceptance would have necessitated a sacrifice of principle on his part, however small, he was adamant and would not compromise, and held himself "as pure and cold and lonely as a wild cedar on the mountain roads"

But there was a curious paradox in his character Loathing intrigue and all pandering to low tastes he yet imagined that he had the making of, or rather was, an astute politician, and got mixed up in political intrigue. Imagine the pathos of it all. This beautiful soul, a sensitive and pure poet, plunging into the quagmire of political intrigue. Of course he was only used by others for their own ends and then left derelict. But whatever quagmire Jack had been in he came out with soul untouched and unpolluted.

My great grief is that I was unable to tell him before he died how he had helped and inspired me. I shall never meet his like again, and the memory of his exquisite beauty of character will make it very hard for me to install another man in the niche of my heart which held my dearest friend.'

After the decease of the *Tribune* he wrote for the National Liberal Publications Committee, and, besides, supplied a weekly 'London Letter' to a provincial syndicate. For some time he was employed also as a reader by Messrs Clay —work, however, which he relinquished in the summer of 1915, when the opportunity was offered him of a clerkship at the Admiralty. These labours did not exhaust his energies. He

found time to edit a number of volumes of English Classics, and to send in occasional poems to the *Westminster Gazette*. He had edited, in 1901, *Poems of English History*, and, later, *Lyra Seriorum* and Scott's *Old Mortality*. Now he edited, in rapid succession, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and *House with the Seven Gables*, Mrs Gaskell's *Cranford* and *Mary Barton*, and *Selections from Temple's Essays*.

For some months before the end he suffered from a troublesome cough, but it was only at the end of February that he went down with an acute attack of influenza. The fever was high and prolonged, and presently tuberculosis shewed itself, but there was every reason to think that with rest and feeding it would disappear When, however, he should have rallied his strength, the bread necessarily substituted for the old white wheaten, was such as he could not assimilate, and his strength never was regained. Finally bronchitis set in and three days afterwards he died of heart failure, 16 April, 1917.

In the last years of his life all who came in contact with him remarked, as a leading feature in his nature, his unusual reserve and reticence, especially in regard to his own circumstances. He himself was aware of it and regarded it as a characteristic of temperament which he had inherited from his mother, from whom, although his father had been a considerable versifier, he believed he drew also the melancholy of his muse. What in her was voiceless, in him, he considered, had found expression. This reserve bred a loneliness of spirit, which in the disappointments of the last year of his life worked at least momentary despair, and there can be little doubt that this interfered with his chances of recovering, although he himself to the very end looked forward to longer life and further work.

This picture of his life would not be complete without something being said of his devotion to his sister Her illness, while he was at home between taking his degree and beginning his work at Liverpool, brought them into close sympathy, and for the rest of his life one of the most powerfnl influences over his nature was the desire to interpose between her and anything unpleasant. In the latter years of his life, when she had settled near him, he found in her companionship a

revival of energy and intellectual inspiration which he could less easily gain elsewhere. At the same time his interest in his children restored to him a poise and sanity of judgment which seemed at one time in danger of being overthrown.

His childhood had been spent in a severely evangelical atmosphere. When he grew to manhood, he passed out of this, at first, as it appeared, into a recalcitrant outlawry from conventional Christianity, but in the last years his views matured into a simple faith, and he asked in the night on which he died to have sung to him again and again the old hymn, 'Jesu, Lover of my Soul', and welcomed in those last hours a clinical communion.

Miss H. Constance Nicklin, in the following beautiful lines, has described her brother as he appeared to those who saw him day by day

"A very marked characteristic was his nervous appreciation and sense of colour in the landscape. He would come to a standstill in the street to catch some tint in the sky, asking particular and eager questions as to his companion's impressions. An anxiety seemed to be upon him that he might not by the mind's eye be able to call up a *coloured* remembrance of what he saw, only a kind of black and white reproduction, a memory etching. It is this doubt that inspires one of the last poems he ever wrote—'Colour Blindness'—still unpublished. This intense love of colours in nature showed itself even in infancy. Both he and his old nurse remembered distinctly a clashing of wills resulting in stormy tears, when, on a certain occasion, at the age of three, she insisted on his going indoors, while he had an equally firm will to remain outside. In after years he explained to her what he could not explain then—that he wept to be taken from the beautiful sunset that he saw in the sky.

"Of late years, at times, he expressed great depression as to his writing; a new school was arising, or had arisen; he fancied himself out-of-date in sentiment and style.

"The restlessness and general turmoil of atmosphere produced by the war seemed to heighten this. Although engaged on war service at the Admiralty, to which he gave his utmost energy, he had the feeling that he was, somehow, 'out of it'. He spoke of Théophile Gautier, who during the Franco-Prussian War went about whispering to himself 'Pauvre Théo, Pauvre Théo'

"There came a change. To give the best of the best that was in him, in spite of wars and rumours of wars, of unrecognition, of the feeling of belonging to the past; to give his best, that must be his aim and inspiration.

"A process of change, too, had been for some time working in him, in regard to his attitude to Death and the Future. One has only to compare his 'Nunc Dimittis' of a few years ago with 'Easter-Morn' (still in manuscript).

"He had interested himself in spiritualism—had taken part in *séances* arranged by Sir Alfred Turner, a well-known believer in spiritualism. One of his last conversations, before he finally broke down, was with the friend to whom is dedicated his poem 'Washing-Up', and on this subject. His whole soul revolted against what seemed to him the gross materializing of spirit in what is known as spiritualism. In his last illness he spoke of never having before so absolutely realized the Christian conception of a resurrection and immortality, and the realization seemed the source of supreme satisfaction to him.

"Yet if he were often beset by melancholy—largely the effect of health—his was nevertheless a happy nature, unusually responsive to simple delights, sympathetic companionship, and passing reliefs and recreations.

"He himself quoted Wordsworth's 'Stray Pleasures' as showing how he liked enjoyment to come to him—simply, spontaneously, by the way An evening walk; an hour of the music he so intensely loved; a talk with an understanding friend; an afternoon with his children listening to the drolleries of Uncle Mack's Minstrels on Broadstairs beach—these were genuine refreshments to him. He disliked change—bustle—busyness. A phrase, only half jokingly, and invariably used by him to end a fairy tale of his ideal of happiness was '*and they never went by train*'

"No one has ever spoken of him without remarking on his extraordinary power of sympathy His understanding of temperamental idiosyncracy amounted to genius.

"A selflessness that always prompted him to yield his own claims in favour of the claims of others may account for his failure to gain visible success in life. It made of him the 'good man for whom some are even prepared to die'. He had an affinity for the 'poor in spirit, the pure in heart'; an alienation from, if not actual antipathy to, the shrewdly self-interested.

"And with this selflessness was a delightful *naiveté*. He had been filled with whimsical chagrin that his doctor, a burly, prosaic Scotsman, should have found him, a man of letters, with no more significant book beside him than a Co-operative Stores List. Great was his delight when one day the worthy physician remarked Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal* upon the bed. Greater his delight that a large dictionary should be conveniently concealed by the bed-clothes.

"In the earlier days of his illness his mind teemed with ideas. Some of these he communicated to friends by letters. He also planned to add Prior to his 'Vignettes' of Poets, and half contemplated a compilation of Charles Wesley's Hymns, having an opinion that many of them excelled anything of Keble's. As his illness increased he became more dependent on others, although to the last day almost he would vividly explain and criticise what was read to him.

"Baudelaire, George Herbert, Charles Wesley, H. G. Wells, Milton, Tennyson, Landor, Southey, Longfellow, Coleridge, Wordsworth—all these solaced hours of pain and weariness. But it was Wordsworth that, above all, conveyed to him some meaning and delight. He said that he reversed his previous opinions and set Wordsworth pre-eminent.

"A few hours before the end—all unconscious that the end was near—unwittingly the last lines of Landor's 'Gebir' were read aloud to him:

> 'Ah! what is grandeur? glory?—they are past!
> When nothing else, not life itself, remains,
> Still the fond mourner may be called our own.
> Should I complain of Fortune? how she errs,
> Scattering her bounty upon barren ground,
> Slow to allay the lingering thirst of toil?
> Fortune, 'tis true, may err, may hesitate,
> Death follows close, nor hesitates, nor errs.

> I feel the stroke! I die! He would extend
> His dying arm; it fell upon his breast:
> Cold sweat and shivering ran o'er every limb,
> His eyes grew stiff, he struggled, and expired.

"After that no more. He lies, scarce a stone's throw from Theodore Watts-Dunton, in the beautiful cemetery praised of Pater"

Little need be added to the above. It is however Mr T Nicklin's wish that another hand than his own should write a few words on his brother's claims to remembrance as a poet. Those claims are, I think, indisputable. Nicklin was no perfunctory or dilettante writer of verse. He had an eager and inquiring spirit to which conventional explanations of things were profoundly unsatisfying; a delicate, one may say painful, sensitiveness to beauty and ugliness in nature and life; a fine feeling for the value of words. It is not strange that his tortured spirit found solace in 'swallow-flights of song' Mr A. H. Bullen, than whom we have no better judge of what is poetry and what is not, writes to me: "Some of his verses have stuck in my memory, *e.g.*, 'The foxes wrangle as they sup,'

> 'Titania sports with Bottom on the lawn,
> *And in the deep wood leaps the wanton Faun*.

He has written things that might well pass as work of that strange genius, T L. Beddoes"

Nicklin's published work, as will have been gathered, is by no means inconsiderable in amount. Apart from his translations of 'Little Go' classical subjects made to earn an honest penny, and tracts on a fiscal controversy written for a political party, we have his essays contributed to *The Eagle*,* *Macmillan's*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, &c., of which a selection might probably be republished to the enhancement of his reputation, his editions of literary works, executed with taste and without the pretence of erudition, his leaders and reviews in *The Daily Chronicle* and *Tribune*, his little book *Dickens Land* (1911) designed to accompany Mr Haslehust's sketches, of which he wrote 'If it falls into the

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* *E.g.*, 'The Barrack-Room Ballads', *Eagle*, xvii, 483; 'William Ernest Henley', xviii, 38; 'The Dredging Song', *ibid* 551.

hands of a Dickensian or topographical expert, it will be frightfully mauled, but the writing, *qua* writing, is pretty good'; finally, his four published volumes of verse—and other verse still in manuscript.

The history of Nicklin's first poetical venture *Verses* is told succinctly in a note in his own handwriting in my copy

'Published November 10, 1895.
Withdrawn May 5, 1896.
Sold 24 copies.
Jack Arnold Nicklin.

This, however, is not all. The fine quality of the verses was recognised by many critics. 'It is poetry of the sadness of life, always originally and musically expressed' (*Scotsman*); 'What he writes has substance in it, and form also, and many a stanza contains a concentrated picture' (*Times*); 'The sonnet on Walton and "Art Two Views" linger in the memory' (Mr Austin Dobson). Mr Edmund Gosse described the verses as 'delicate and poetical'; Mr Arthur Symons as 'admirable in substance, and some of the poems apparently intimately personal" Several critics traced in the work quite rightly the influence of Henley, but failed to see the difference between the two. On this I may be allowed to quote from a notice in *The Eagle* (xix, 183):

"Strength and felicity of expression, a sensitive enjoyment of nature, as well as of music and its sister arts, and with these qualities a horror and desolation of spirit which is terrible in its seeming sincerity . Mr Nicklin's congeners are not full-blooded optimists like Mr Henley, but de Musset and Baudelaire and Paul Verlaine. And he is no mere echo, but a voice of terrible sincerity and intensity. The poem which seems to me the strongest and most intensely personal of all is 'I am so shaken by these fevers white':—

I think the sodden asphalte of the street,
That knows so well the tramp-tramp of my feet,
Begins to wonder with a dull surmise
In its brute soul, where trod and crushed it lies,
What is it that he lingers here to meet?

I think the yellow lamps that flicker there
So ghostly wan through the damp-choking air,
Must ask themselves 'What makes he here, and why,
Where shadows lurk the deepest, should he pry
And peer and start with such a blood-shot stare?'

I think the very houses weary grow
To hear my heavy footfall dragging slow,
And through the night must whisper in the dark,
'How chill the sleet! Art waking, brother? Hark!
God send the dawn that he may homeward go!

In the arched blackness, at the River's side,
I bend to watch it lean a swollen tide
One moment at the bridge's pier, and then
Crash down a little cataract again,
And humming, onward sweep, unchecked and wide.

The station-lights make patines on the flood
Of gold and amber; inwards, foam-bells stud
Back-water and eddy, and the dripping bank,
And blowing up the channel, salt and dank,
The night-wind cools the fever in the blood.

. Though none of the other poems seem to me to have quite the same sustained power as this, there is none of them which fails to give a true æsthetic pleasure What nobility of style there is in the single line—

Love that forces his dauntless way;

what a delicate power of word-painting in these:

I met him in those gardens grey,
Silvered with frost and crystal dew,
He watched the ghostly alders sway,
The palpitating mists at play
Over the paling blue."

In *Secret Nights* (1904) Nicklin republished 11 of the 21 poems of *Verses*, and added 8 new ones: in *Nunc Dimittis* (1909) he republished 4 other poems of the suppressed book, and added 33. In *Nunc Dimittis* there is the old heart-hunger, with the new regrets and remorse that come when one wakes to find that youth has passed. But there is still the same vivid brush-work, the same delicacy of phrase. It is from this volume that Mr Bullen quoted the lines I have given.

The war certainly drew new notes from the poet's lyre. Stirred by the response made by all classes to the Call to Arms, he ceased for the time to pry too closely into the secrets of his own heart, and turned instead to sing of the transformation which a noble resolution was working in the men and women about him. The young squire, the city clerk, the pitman, the poacher, the fisher-lad, the slum-boy from Whitechapel, the scholar, are all different men. If the

young wife bears a 'widowed heart', the woman who had been taunted with having children born out of wedlock is at last honoured as 'A Mother of Men'.

> But she strides to-day with head unbowed ;
> What is this thing that makes her proud ?
> What is it makes her hard eyes shine ?
> Six strong sons dead in the fighting line !
> The gossips at the door may stand ;
> They dare not sneer at the unringed hand.
> Men mutter a prayer and raise their hats
> For a shameless woman and nameless brats.
> The childless wife must speak her fair,
> The laggard's mother shrink from her stare.
> She scorns them now, as they scorned her then.
> Mother of heroes! Mother of men!

Two or three of the poems are more pensive and personal. One, 'Sunt Lacrimae Rerum', expresses a feeling which we have often had since the war :

> The pathos of a sunset shore,
> The pain on Evening's tender brow,
> Is such I never saw before,
> Is such I never felt till now.

In the 'Prologue' the poet's lamentation over lost youth and lost ideals is no longer self-centred ; he would fain have been young to serve his country like the others :

> When on his sleepless unrest the Reveille*
> Breaks, with 'bold bugles blowing points of war
> And he sees, in waking vision, bright Youth sally,
> Through Destiny's door,
>
> Forth to the tented field, and shining Honour,
> Throned on the thundering heights' dread majesty,
> And *his* grey soul feels despair close upon her,
> In misery
>
> Of torpid blood and life's declining vigour,
> Acknowledging with cold reluctant tears,
> The toll at last exacted in full rigour,
> The toll of years,
>
> And he has but a song to bring his brothers,
> A dirge for those who in their young prime fall,
> Is all his pity dedicate to those others ?
> Not all ! Not all !

* Pronounced 'Revally'.

The four published volumes contain altogether sixty-four different poems ; and other poems, as Mr T Nicklin tells us, are scattered in periodicals. Others, again, remain in manuscript, in particular a series of blank-verse 'vignettes' of men of letters in some typical setting :—'Spenser in Ireland', 'Collins at Chichester', 'Goldsmith in the Temple Gardens', 'Sir Thomas Browne at Norwich', 'Johnson posts to Lichfield', 'Swift writing the character of Stella', 'Herrick in London' He had thought of 'Mallarmé at Pembroke' (we had both been among the elect who heard Mallarmé, with hierophantic tones and gestures, read a lecture, which no one understood, in a dimly-lighted oak-panelled room in Pembroke College) and, at my suggestion, of 'Gray and Bonstetten at Pembroke'—but these studies were never, alas, completed. Of those, however, that were finished (some of them printed in the *Westminster Gazette*) a charming little volume may be made. And it is satisfactory to hear that, in his last illness, the poems by which he set most store—published and unpublished—were copied out under his direction. There is the prospect therefore of a volume which shall contain a final collection of his best lyrical work.

It is no mere phrase to say that poets learn in suffering what they teach in song. Jack Nicklin was a poet in his sensitiveness to joy and pain as well as in the artistic power of rendering his impressions in words. He had in his time more than his share of unmerited buffetings and disappointments. Let those friends and acquaintances who were stimulated by his restless interest in life, and admired his dumb courage and persistence,—let those others who knew him only by the revelation of his gifts which he has given us in his verse,—see to it that if he had the poet's sorrows, he shall also have the poet's reward, and reap after death the recognition which he only partially obtained in life. Let his children be proud to bear his name.

G. C. M. S.

HENRY JOSIAH SHARPE (sometime Fellow).

Died April 19, 1917.

Henry Josiah Sharpe was born at Warwick in 1838. He was a pupil at Merchant Taylors' School, then in the City of London. The Headmaster was Dr James Hessey, the author of *Sunday. its origin, history and present obligation* (1861), whose motto, though regardless of *h*, was excellent and not perhaps without a good effect on his pupils: *esse quam videri.* Another master whom Sharpe used to speak of was John Bathurst Deane, called 'Serpent' Deane from his book on *The Worship of the Serpent.* The mathematical master was the Rev. J. A. L. Airey, 'a splendid master' (wrote Sharpe many years after), 'who gave us all an interest in our work which, I think, none of us ever lost' Schoolfellows were A. Freeman, C. H. H. Cheyne (author of the *Planetary Theory*), P T Main, our old Chemistry lecturer, and Alfred Marshall, late Professor of Political Economy All of these, except Cheyne, became Fellows of the College. Sharpe was Sixth Wrangler in 1861, being placed between Freeman and W D. Bushell of Harrow He was admitted Fellow May 10, 1862. He held for a time a deputy-professorship of mathematics at Belfast. In 1868 he took the College living of Cherry Marham, and a year or two later married Clara, daughter of the Rev J Smith, Rector of the University Church, Aberdeen. With this kind and active 'shepherdess', as Dr Jessopp expresses the parson's wife, he lived and worked at Marham till 1906 and from that time till 1917 at Marston Morteyne, also in the gift of the College. Here, after some months of failing health, he died April 19. The annals of a country-parson are usually uneventful. Suffice it to say that 'he ran his godly race' as the friend and helper of his flock in things temporal as well as spiritual. At Marham his principal parishioner was Lady Glentworth, a friend of many years, who in 1903 completed her hundredth year At Marston the Duke of Bedford was a near neighbour at Woburn Abbey The Rectory at Marston is partially moated, with grounds containing some fine cedars. His predecessors here were Dr Spicer Wood, formerly Tutor and President, and Mr Torry, sometime Dean. A severe

attack of influenza in 1915 led Sharpe to contemplate resignation, but a numerously signed petition and a mass-meeting of his parishioners induced him to reconsider his decision. With the sanction of the Bishop of St Alban's the Rev. J Loftus Hopkins, of T.C.D., became curate, and relieved Sharpe of much of the work; but the hoped for restoration to health did not come. He continued, however, to reside and his address to his parishioners, dated August 24, 1916 in reference to the 'National Mission of Repentance,' is a powerful and moving appeal. A few sentences may perhaps be quoted:

"Of what are we to repent? Is it of being engaged in "this war? Why, we are grateful to God that He gave us "the opportunity to play this heroic part in the great "upheaval wave of human progress. We could have avoided "being in this war—at least for a time—if we had been so "base as to sin the sin of cowardice to our great ideals. If "we had looked on calmly whilst Belgium was being "martyred, and our plighted word was being dishonoured, "we might have avoided this war—for a time. But thanks "be to the God of our Fathers Who saved us from such "baseness. Thanks be to the All-Wise Who thought us "worthy to fight for the survival of Freedom and Honour "amongst Nations!"

After dwelling upon certain 'national errors', notably the enormous sum spent annually in drink, practically half a million daily, he proceeds,—I quote a few sentences to shew his interest in social questions:

"But black as the foregoing may be, *it is not so black as "the apathy with which many of us regard the deeper causes of "drink*—those hidden roots of which the craving for drink is "only the bud and evil flower For our best doctors and "medical officers of health assure us that the drink crave "is a *natural result of the insanitary and unhealthy conditions* "amongst which many of our working classes live, and that as "long as these insanitary conditions are permitted to soil our "land *there must be evil fruit.* They, the medical men, assure "us that in both town and even in the fair country villages the "workers are often housed *as no rich man would house his "cattle*—small, airless, insanitary huts, destitute of air, and

"light, and space, yet where large families are being brought "up with splendid heroism by strnggling mothers who should "be called heroines for what they try to accomplish."

He often attended the congresses of the Royal Institute of Public Health.

Sharpe was a very lovable man : of keen scientific intellect, but of simple faith ; gentle, but flashing out at times when what he held dear was lightly attacked ; kind, humorous, open-handed, guileless. His tomb at Sonthsea is to bear words that were often upon his lips :

> What I spent I had ;
> What I kept I lost ;
> What I gave I have.*

These words, it may be remembered, are inscribed on the wall behind the subject in G. F Watts's *Sic transit gloria mundi* (1872), 'which conveys most completely his lesson on the theme of death' : they find an echo, too, in Bishop Wordsworth's well-known hymn, 'we lose what on ourselves we spend' At the memorial service at Marston on April 25 'rosemary for remembrance' was distributed at the church doors to all comers. This beautiful old custom is alluded to in *Hamlet*, iv 5 and *Romeo and Juliet*, iv 5. A similar use of sprigs of box is mentioned by Wordsworth *(The Childless Father)*

> Fresh sprigs of green box-wood, not six months before,
> Filled the funeral basin at Timothy's door ;
> A coffin through Timothy's threshold had past ;
> One child did it bear, and that child was his last.

The rosemary or box was sometimes thrown into the grave. Both are evergreens, and their use is generally explained as symbolical of immortality Sharpe's memory will long be green in both his old parishes.

W A. C.

Sir Joseph Larmor writes :

Mr Sharpe's connexion with mathematical and physical science was not restricted to the passing of examinations : it formed one of the main interests of his life. Thus in his early days he served for a year as deputy-professor at the Queen's College, Belfast. His name was familiar to readers of the Cambridge mathematical journals as a contributor of investigations on subjects of practical physical interest and therefore not seldom of great mathematical difficulty. He was in the habit of submitting his perplexities to the late Sir George Stokes, and later to other physical mathematicians in Cambridge and the extent of the correspondence is a measure of the recondite and sometimes intractable character of the problems which he so strenuously attacked. Thus in recent years he devoted much time and thought to the problem of the convergence of sound by parabolic reflectors, which involves the use of refined and detailed mathematical methods, the same in fact as belong to the most abstruse departments of modern physical theory : and his papers on the subject in the *Proceedings of the Cambridge Philosophical Society* and elsewhere are substantial contributions to scientific progress. For his interest extended to the practical interpretation and experimental verification of his results. He was a learned and diligent student of the cognate work of Lord Rayleigh and other leaders of the modern school, and may indeed be said to have belonged scientifically to a generation more recent than his own.

* For the use of these lines as an epitaph Sir John Sandys kindly refers me to Hearne's *Curious Discourses* (1720), where, however for 'kept we have 'left' See also Amos, *Martial and the Moderns*, p. 108.

Canon Edward Alexander Stuart.

Edward Alexander Stuart, who died at Canterbury on 25th February last, was son of the late James Stuart, of Sudbury Hill, Harrow. He was born at Calcutta 17 April 1853, and was educated at Harrow from 1866 to 1872. Thence he proceeded to St John's, where he gained a Foundation Scholarship. He took a Second Class in the Classical Tripos of 1876. He had already been Captain of the Cricket XI. in his last year at Harrow ; at St John's he was an oarsman, and captained the L.M.B.C. in 1875. At Cambridge he was already noted for his strong Evangelicalism, and, after taking his degree, he was ordained by Bishop Pelham in 1876, with a title from St Andrew's, Thorpe, in the diocese of Norwich. From Thorpe in 1877 he changed to a curacy at St Giles', Norwich. It was in 1879 that he moved to London, holding first the incumbency of St James',

Holloway, and, from 1893 to 1907, that of St Matthew's, Bayswater For the last ten years of his life he was a Canon Residentiary of Canterbury. He had already in 1905 been appointed to a prebend of St Paul's. He was twice Select Preacher to the University, in 1892 and 1899.

Canon Stuart was a notable preacher To St Mary-le-Bow, where he held a midday "Lectureship" from 1888 till his death, he drew every Thursday a gathering of eager hearers, and he was famous as a Missioner He exchanged his parish for the canonry at Canterbury so as to be more free for mission-work. We may quote the words used by Canon Bambridge in Canterbury Cathedral, commemorating the man and his work* :—

"Though himself a Churchman of convinced opinions, yet he was truly large-hearted and charitable and a man of the widest sympathy with those who differed from him. Fitly, then, do we think of him to-day in this Cathedral Church, where not a few of us may still seem to see his manly form and hear his clear, ringing voice expounding with heart-conviction and true eloquence 'the whole counsel of God' With mind and heart filled with love and reverence for the Word of God, Edward Stuart was essentially the preacher, and great were his gifts of attractiveness, persuasiveness, and power in the delivery of his Master's message. Perhaps few men have so felt the necessity laid upon them to preach the Gospel as he felt it ; but preaching was the work he loved, and therefore the whole force of his strong, deep, silent nature was instinctively devoted to it. In his ever-ready desire to help others he never spared himself. Whether up and down the whole of England, or as a great mission preacher to the Churches of far-off South Africa, or New Zealand, or Canada, time and talents were ungrudgingly given, and wherever he went his one great theme was 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified'. All classes respected him, all valued his teaching, and all were helped. His time, his thought, his prayers were all consecrated to his work, and God gave him great success and great blessing in it"

Canon Stuart married Emily Ada, daughter of John Guy, Esq., of Catton House, Norwich.

* See *The Church Family Newspaper*, March 9, 1917

OUR WAR LIST

The following additions and corrections should be made to previous lists :—

Aubry, C. P., 2nd Lieut.	R.F.A.
Brown, S. R., 2nd Lieut.	R.F.A.
Browning, K. C., 2nd Lieut.	R.E.
Burn, E. W., Pte.	M.G.C.
Calvert, E., Capt.	R.A.M.C.
Chadwick, B. L., 2nd Lieut.	R.G.A.
Chapple, A., 2nd Lieut.	R.F.C., Staff of School of Military Aeronautics.
Clarke, D., 2nd Lieut.	Cheshire Rgt.
Clements, T H., 2nd Lieut.	M.T., A.S.C.
Cort, J. L. P., Instructor	H.M.S. *Conway*.
Curzon-Siggers, W A.	R.F.C., Record Section
Douglas, S. M., 2nd Lieut.	Royal Fusiliers.
Fairbank, J., Pte.	M.T., A.S.C.
Ford, F C., 2nd Lieut.	Duke of Cornwall's L.I.
Garner, H. M., Sub-Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
Gwatkin-Graves, E. A., 2nd Lieut.	M.G.C.
Hobbs, V W Y., 2nd Lieut.	The Buffs.
Hyde, R. W., Staff Captain	Bengal
Jarchow, C. J. F., 2nd Lieut.	Sherwood Foresters.
Johnson, E. F., 2nd Lieut.	Berkshire Rgt.
Joseph, F A., Driver	H.A.C.
Kinman, G. W., Major	O.T.C., Hertford School Contingent
Langton, F E. P., 2nd Lieut.	R.F.C.
McLean, R. C., 2nd Lieut.	M.G.C.

Nicklin, G. N.	I.A.R.O., attached Panjabis.
Northorp, Rev. F.	Chaplain to the Forces.
Ormerod, G. S., Lieut.-Col.	Training Reserve Bn.
Raven, Rev. E. E.	Chaplain to the Forces.
Reade, G. L., 2nd Lieut.	Rifle Brigade.
Reynolds, Rev. W H. R.	Chaplain to the Forces.
Robb, A. A.	French Red Cross Service.
Shore, T H. G., Lieut.	R.A.M.C.
Stanham, C. T., Lieut.	King's African Rifles.
Thursfield, Rev. G. A. R.	Chaplain, Indian Army.
Veevers, W., 2nd Lieut.	R.G.A.
Watkins, A. E., Cadet	R.F.A.
Williams, Gerard W., Captain, *M.C.*	R.E.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Easter Term, 1917

Birthday Honours.

On the occasion of the Birthday of His Majesty the King the following honours were conferred on members of the College :—

To be of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council in Ireland.

Sir William J. Goulding (B.A. 1879), Bt., Chairman of the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland and of the Irish Railway Clearing House. Sir William Goulding was created a baronet in 1904.

The honour of Knighthood upon :

Mr Edward Marshall Hall (B.A. 1883), K.C., M.P for the Southport Division of Lancashire 1900-06, and for the East Toxteth Division of Liverpool 1910-16. He was appointed Recorder of Guildford in 1916.

To be K.C.M.G.

Mr Herbert Edward White (B.A. 1877), C.M.G. Agent and Consul General at Tangier.

To be C.S.I.

Mr Patrick James Fagan (B.A. 1887), I.C.S. Financial Commissioner Punjab and member of the Council of the Lieutenant Governor for making Laws and Regulations.

The honour of Knighthood upon :

Mr. Justice Ashutosh Chaudhuri (B.A. 1884). Barrister-at-Law. A Puisne Judge of the High Court of Judicature at Fort William, in Bengal.

To be a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order :

Captain John Richardson Marrack (B.A. 1908), *M.C.*, of the R.A.M.C. Captain Marrack is a Fellow of the College.

The President of the French Republic conferred the *Croix de Commandeur* of the Legion D'Honneur upon Major General Sir Thomas D'Oyly Snow (matriculated 1877), K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Military Honours.

The Military Cross has been awarded to :—

(1) Rev Nathaniel Walter Allen Edwards, Chaplain to the Forces ; attached Divisional Artillery. He, with great gallantry and regardless of his personal safety, accompanied by three men, went forward under heavy fire and succeeded in rescuing three severely wounded men. He has on many previous occasions done fine work.
26 May 1917

(2) Captain John Trevor George, Monmouth Regiment. He rapidly got his men to work under fire, and thereby prevented a number of casualties. He has at all times set a fine example of courage and determination.
12 March 1917

Mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's Despatches.

H. S. Cadle, Captain, East Surrey Regt.
C. N Coad, Captain, R.A.M.C.
W G. Constable, Major, Lancashire Fusiliers.
J K. Dunlop, *M.C.*, Major, London Regt.
Rev N W A. Edwards, *M.C.*, Chaplain to the Forces.
J M. Gaussen, Captain, Royal Warwicks Regt.
R. H S. Gobbitt, R.N.R.
E. Gold, *D.S.O.*, Major, R.E.
F A. Marr, *M.C.*, Captain, Cambridgeshire Regt.
J R. Marrack, *M.C.*, Captain, R.A.M.C.
J G Scoular, Major, R.G.A.

Awarded the Croix de Guerre.

A. A. Robb, Motor Driver, French Red Cross.

On April 30th it was announced that the King had been graciously pleased to appoint Sir Thomas David, Baron Carmichael, G.C.I.E., K.C.M.G., to be a Knight Grand Commander of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India.

On the 11th of April last it was announced that the King, on the recommendation of the Home Secretary, was pleased to appoint Mr Henry Thomas Kemp, K.C. (LL.B. 1878), Recorder of York, to be Recorder of Kingston-upon-Hull. Mr Kemp is a former MacMahon Law Student of the College.

On May 2nd it was announced that the King, on the recommendation of the Home Secretary, had been pleased to appoint Mr John Ratcliffe Cousins (B.A. 1884) to be Stipendiary Magistrate for the County Borough of West Ham, in the place of the late Mr R. A. Gillespie (B.A. 1869).

Dr Aubrey Strahan (B.A. 1875), F.R.S., of the Geological Survey, has been appointed a member of an Advisory Committee in connexion with the Ministry of Munitions, to deal with the examination and development of such mineral properties (other than coal or iron ore) in the United Kingdom as are considered likely to be of special value for the purposes of the war.

Mr T. R. Glover (B.A. 1891), Fellow and Classical Lecturer of the College, has been appointed Wilde Lecturer in Natural and Comparative Religion at the University of Oxford for three years from 10 October 1917.

The Rev. Dr A. Caldecott (B.A. 1880), Dean of King's College, London, and Prebendary of St Paul's Cathedral, has been appointed Boyle Lecturer for 1917.

Mr Panna Lall (B.A. 1906), I.C.S., has been appointed to officiate as Under Secretary to Government, United Provinces. He is probably the first Indian to hold such an appointment in these provinces.

Captain C. N. Thompson (B.A. 1914) was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple on 2 May 1917 Captain Thompson has been serving in the Rifle Brigade and has been twice wounded ; he is a MacMahon Law Student of the College.

The Rev. G. H. Whitaker (B.A. 1870), lately Rector of Soulderne, has been collated to the Rectory of Woughton-on-the-Green by the Bishop of Oxford.

The Rev. J. F Powning (B.A. 1883), Vicar of Cornwood, has been appointed Rural Dean of Plympton.

The Rev. T. W Peck (B.A. 1885), Vicar of New Basford, Nottingham, has been appointed a Surrogate in the diocese of Southwell.

The Rev G. A. Thompson (B.A. 1885), who has been Headmaster of Horsham Grammar School since 1890, has been appointed Rector of South Tidworth, near Andover.

The Rev David Walker (B.A. 1885), Vicar of Darlington, has been appointed an Honorary Canon of Durham Cathedral.

The Rev. W E. Perrin (matriculated 1882), Vicar of Easton, Norwich, has been appointed Rector of Marlingford, holding the two benefices in plurality

The Rev. A. J. Judson (B.A. 1887), Vicar of Balderton, has been appointed a Surrogate in the Diocese of Southwell.

The Rev. A. Baines (B.A. 1893), Vicar of St Helens, has been appointed an Honorary Canon of Liverpool Cathedral.

The Rev. A. H. H. M. Norregaard (B.A. 1893) has been appointed Chaplain to the *Leander*

The Rev. R. O. P. Taylor (B.A. 1899), Perpetual Curate of Prestwold-with-Hoton, has been appointed Rector of St Andrew's, Millport, and Canon and Vice-Provost of Cumbrae.

The Rev J K. Deane (B.A. 1910), Curate of All Soul's, in charge of St Luke's, Harlesden, N.W., has been appointed Organising Secretary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society for the Eastern District.

The following ecclesiastical appointments are announced :

Name.	*Degree.*	*From.*	*To be.*
Warner, H. J.	1884	V Yealmpton.	V North Stoke-with-Ipsden.
Winckley, A. R. T.	1888	V Newton-in-Cleveland.	V. Baumber-with-Great Sturton.
Bown, P H.	1898	V St Paul's, Southampton.	R. Trotton, Petersfield.
Pollock, L. A.	1884	C. Workshop.	V. Wootton Wawen.
Gwatkin, F L.	1898	C. Binfield.	V. Beedon, Newbury.
Nicholson, W. W.	1888	R. Thorneyburn.	V. Askham Richard.
Holmes, A. B.	1887	C. Church Stretton.	R. Edvin Loach-with-Tedstone Wafer
Long, G. H.	1905	C. St James', Hatcham.	V Patshull, Wolverhampton.
Fedden, W. C. D.	1886	V. St James', West Hartlepool.	V. Consett.
Hutton, A. R. R.	1893	V Whittlebury.	V Sacriston.

We take the following note from *The Morning Post* of 2 April 1917 :—" An American Correspondent writes : Capt. Beith (B.A. 1898) (Ian Hay) is having a remarkable success in the United States as a lecturer on the war. He arrived early in the winter, and had been preceded by his book, 'The First Hundred Thousand'. He came and spoke in public, boyishly and simply, but with material so compelling and so significant that without oratory or direct appeal he had his audiences (packed always) crying and laughing, and rising *en masse* to do him honour He has come at the right moment and said the right thing in the right way, and we all hope that England will let him continue through these critical days in America. Captain Beith's lectures over here are just one of those little things that sometimes turn vast tides "

We take the following paragraph from *The Guardian* of 8 March 1917 :—" A recent appointment to an Indian Chaplaincy is that of the Rev. Gerald Arthur Richard Thursfield, M.A. (B.A. 1908), St John's College, Cambridge, and his services have been placed at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief for service as Chaplain with the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force. It is worth noting that Mr G. A. R. Thursfield is the fifth Richard Thursfield in five generations who has taken Holy Orders. His great-great-grandfather, the late Rev. Richard Thursfield, M.A. Oxon, ordained priest 1795, was Vicar of Patshull, Staffordshire, and his son, the Rev. Richard Periam Thursfield, M.A., St John's College, Cambridge, was Rector of Sidbury, Salop. His grandfather, the late Rev Richard Thursfield, M.A., Caius College, Cambridge, was Rector of St Michael's, Worcester, 1873-1906, and his son, Mr G. A. R. Thursfield's uncle, is the Rev. Richard Cecil Thursfield, M.A., Clare College, Cambridge, Rector of Cranford, Northants ".

We take the following note from *The Cambridge Daily News* of 27 March 1917 :—" A Cambridge Actor.—Mr Eric Howard, who, off the stage, is Mr W H. Hattersley, son of Mr W O. Hattersley, of Cambridge, and a former member of St John's College (matriculated 1908), has been scoring a great success in Mr Alfred Butt's Co., on tour with 'Peg o' My Heart' He is playing the part of *Alaric Chichester*—a difficult part, as those who saw 'Peg o' My Heart' in Cambridge will remember—and when the play was produced at Brighton *The Sussex Daily News* said of his performance : 'One of the principal successes of yesterday evening's performance was achieved by Mr Eric Howard, in the *rôle* of *Alaric Chichester*. His stage picture of the affected young scion of the house of snobs was undeniably clever ; and while scoring every possible point and raising many a genuine laugh, he never allowed exaggeration to mar his delineating. The scene in which Eric, prompted by his mother, proposes to *Peg*, was played in a style that provided continuous mirth.' "

Mr F J Tromp (B.A. 1915) has been appointed Lecturer in Chemistry at the Transvaal University College, Pretoria.

Humphrey Davy Findley Kitto has been elected to a Stewart of Rannoch restricted Scholarship in Greek and Latin.

George Aubrey Lyward, of Emanuel School, Wandsworth, and King's College, London, has been elected to a Choral Studentship in the College.

The following University appointments of members of the College have been made since the issue of our last number: Rev. Canon Peter Green to be a Governor of the Pendleton High School for Girls, Manchester; Dr H. F. Stewart to be a member of the Previous and other Examinations' Syndicate and to be an examiner for the Charles Oldham Shakespeare Scholarship; Professor Rapson to be Chairman of the examiners for the Oriental Languages Tripos.

The following books by members of the College are announced: *Outlines of Medieval History*, by C. W. Previté Orton, M.A. (University Press); *Documents relating to law and custom of the Sea.* Edited by R. G. Marsden (Navy Records Society); *Revision Papers in Arithmetic*, by W. G. Borchardt (Rivington); *Bedfordshire and Huntingdonshire* (Little Guides), by the Rev. H. W Macklin, M.A. (Methuens); *The Jesus of History*, by T. R. Glover (Student Christian Movement); *Poverty and its vicious circles*, by Jamieson B. Hurry, M.A., M.D. (J and A. Churchill); *King Henry Beauclerc and Reading Abbey*, by Jamieson B. Hurry, M.A., M.D. (Elliot Stock); *Getting together*, by Ian Hay (Hodder and Stoughton).

Johniana.

A pedigree of the family of Woodcock of Gilmorton, co. Leicester, has recently been printed for private circulation. From this we take the following particulars with regard to the Rev. Randolph Woodcock, who was admitted a Fellow of St John's 6 April 1593:

He was the fourth son of Thomas Woodcock, of Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, yeoman. He matriculated in the University as a Pensioner of St John's 28 January 1582, and was B.A. 1589, M.A. 1593, and B.D. 1601. He was one of the Proctors in 1599. In May 1601 he was presented to the Crown Living of Peatling Parva, and compounded for first fruits as Rector 9 June 1601. He was instituted Rector of Gilmorton 26 March 1605, on the presentation of John Woodcock, citizen and haberdasher, of London (an elder brother). The two villages are in Leicestershire, about a mile apart; he held both livings until his death in 1641, being buried 1 April of that year. His will, dated 13 March 1641, was proved in London; by it he directed that he should be buried at Gilmorton. His wife Elizabeth survived him, and was buried at Gilmorton 3 August 1653.

One of their sons, Timothy Woodcock, baptized at Gilmorton 2 April 1621, was admitted to St John's, from Repton School, 16 May 1640, matriculating 11 July following. He did not graduate. Under his father's will he received all his library of books.

College English Essay Prizes, 1917

The following are the subjects for the College Essay Prizes:

For candidates of the third year—

Thomas Carlyle's Contribution to Political Thought.

For candidates of the second year—

The scientific spirit of the age.

For candidates of the first year—

The humour of Dickens and Thackeray compared.

The Essays are to be sent to the Master on or before Tuesday, 16 October 1917

The Hawksley Burbury Prize.

The Prize for 1918 is to be awarded for Greek Verse, and the following are the subjects set by the Vice-Chancellor:

(1) For Sir William Browne's Medal, a Greek Elegiac Ode, not exceeding thirty stanzas in length, on the subject—

Mare nostrum.

2. For a Greek Epigram on

L'union fait la force.

3. For the Porson Prize, for a translation into Greek Verse, in the Tragic Iambic Metre and accentuated, of the passage in Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act. I., Sc. iv., 38-86, *from* "*Hor.* Look my lord it comes!" *to* "Go on, I'll follow thee."

The exercises are to be sent to the Master on or before 1 February 1918; each is to have some motto prefixed, and to be accompanied by a paper, sealed up, with the same motto and the candidate's full name written within.

C. U. M. S.

On Friday, May 25th, the Cambridge University Musical Society gave a performance of Sacred Music in the College Chapel, by permission of the Master and Fellows. Dr Rootham was conductor. The programme was as follows:

Hymn	"Iste Confessor"	*Palestrina*
Mass	"Iste Confessor"	*Palestrina*
Motet	"Ave verum Corpus"	*Byrd*
Sonata of Four Parts, No. 5, in G minor		*Purcell*
Psalm III	"Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes"	*Purcell*
Motet	"Ave verum Corpus"	*Mozart*
Elegy	"Meek, as thou livedst"	*Beethoven*

Lawn Tennis Club.

Hon. Sec.—G. S. Need.

We have been fortunate in being able to run a Tennis team of our own without seeking outside help to complete the VI. Throughout the Term we have been favoured with exceptionally fine weather, and the paddock has constantly been the scene of great activity and enjoyment. The turf is by no means at its best this year, but, considering that half the ground was allowed to grow wild last summer and that the cadets have used the whole as a parade ground during the winter, we cannot complain, but must rather express surprise and satisfaction that the courts are in such good condition. In all, a dozen courts have been laid out, and of these eight have been given entirely to the cadets, who have made full use of them.

Up to date we have played five matches and have only once suffered defeat. D. E. Reuben has captained the side, and he and V A. van Geyzel have made an excellent and reliable first pair The other pairs, consisting of F. C. Bartlett, C. A. L. Gale, P A. Gasper, and G. S. Need, in varying combinations, have provided useful support—and occasional surprises. Impending "Trips", "Specials", and "Mays" have temporarily damped our enthusiasm, but we have hopes of more successes both this Term and in the Long Vac. As at Hockey and other sports throughout the year, we have to deplore that so few of the freshers have been seen on the playing fields.

Date.	*Opponents.*	*Result.*
May 5 ...	"E" Coy. 5th Cadet Battn. ...	Won 5—4
„ 8 ...	Trinity ...	Won 8—1
„ 10 ...	Christ's ...	Lost 4—5
„ 15 ...	Indian Majlis VI. ...	Won 6—3
„ 23 ...	Trinity ...	Won 7—2

The College Mission

President—The Master. *Vice-Presidents*—The President, Mr Graves, Sir J. E. Sandys, Mr Cox. *Missioners*—Rev. R. B. Le B. Janvrin, Rev. J. H. Yeo. *General Committee*—Mr Cunningham, The Dean, Mr Hart, Mr Kidd, Mr Palmer, Mr Previté-Orton (*Senior Treas. and Acting Senior Sec.*), Mr B. T D. Smith, Dr Tanner, Mr Ward, Mr Yule, C. Adamson, F C. Bartlett, T B. Cocker, H. A. Crowther, J. W. W Glyn, G W K. Grange (*Jun. Sec.*), W. M. H. Greaves (*Jun. Treas.*), H. D. F Kitto, E. Peacock, W Shaw, J. V. Sparks, A. D. Whitelaw.

The event of the Term has been the dissolution of the partnership, which has existed for twenty-three years, between the Cranleigh School Mission and the College Mission. The School Mission has decided, after long consideration, to enter on a fresh sphere of work at Woolwich. Much as we regret the separation, we feel the cogency of the reasons which have led the School to take the opportunity of a promising field which will be wholly their own. We feel, too, how much the College Mission and the parish of the Lady Margaret have benefited from the long and zealous co-operation and generous aid of Cranleigh School; and wish them the best of success in their new enterprise.

A meeting of the Mission Committee will be held on Monday, June 11th, to discuss the situation, when it is hoped that the Senior Missioner will be able to pay another welcome visit to us.

Erratum.

Vol. xxxviii, p. 30, li. 9,

for "liber collegium" ***read*** "liber collegii".

THE LIBRARY

Donations and Additions to the Library during the quarter ending Lady Day, 1917

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

Donations.

	DONORS.
[*Clark (Rev. J. Haldenby) and Thomas Ashe*]. Poems by Undergraduates. sm. 8vo Camb. 1858. *Ashe (Thomas). Poems. sm. 8vo Lond. 1859. —— Poems. New edition. sm. 8vo Ipswich [1871] Aa.6.14	Rev. E. A. Abbott, D.D.
[MS.] [Original MS. of collections made by Thomas Ashe* for an edition of Richard Crashaw's Poetical Works. 4to. circa 1860] [MS.] [Commonplace book of William Selwin.* 4to. circa 1730] The Rebellion of the Beasts: or, the Ass is dead; long live the Ass !! By a late fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. sm. 8vo Lond. 1825. Aa.6.12* *Lambe (Rev. R.). History of Chess. 8vo Lond. 1764	The Master.
[Crayon sketch by Miss Victoria Monkhouse of the late Professor J E. B. Mayor * 4to. *Class* 18	Mr. Glover.
Williams (Aneurin). Co-partnership and Profit-sharing. (Home University Library). sm. 8vo Lond. [1913]. 1.37.43 Purdom (C. B.). The Garden City: a study in the development of a modern town. sm. 4to Lond. 1913. 1.32.36 Twenty-eight years of Co-partnership at Guise; being the 2nd edition of "Twenty years of Co-partnership at Guise." Translated from the French by Aneurin Williams. 8vo Lond. 1908. 1.32.37	Aneurin Williams, Esq., M.P.
*Bonney (Rev. T G), *Sc.D.* The Alps from 1856 to 1865. (Reprinted from *The Alpine Journal*, Feb. 1917). 8vo Lond. 1917 Archaeologia; or miscellaneous tracts relating to antiquity. Vols. LXVI. and LXVII. 4to Lond. 1915, 16. 5.8 Society of Antiquaries of London. Proceedings. 2nd series. Vol. XXVIII. 8vo Lond. 1916. 5.9 Bushe-Fox (J. P.). Third Report on the Excavations on the site of the Roman Town at Wroxeter, Shropshire, 1914. (Reports of the Research Committee of the Society of Antiquaries of London. No. 4). 8vo Lond. 1916	Rev. T G. Bonney, Sc.D.

[Parliamentary Report]. Royal Commission on the Public Services in India. Report of the Commissioners. Minutes of Evidence. Vols. I-XX. fol. Lond. 1914-17	Sir Joseph Larmor.
*Hurry (Jamieson B.), *M.D.* Poverty and its vicious circles. 8vo Lond. 1917 1.36.22*	The Author.
Smithsonian Institution. Annual Report for the year ending June 30, 1915. 8vo Washington, 1916. 11.55	Smithsonian Institution.
*Previté-Orton (C. W.). Outlines of Medieval History. 8vo Camb. 1916. 20.6.55	The Author.

Additions.

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Dictionary (Oxford English). Sullen—Supple. By C. T Onions. 4to Oxford, 1917 12.4.

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—— —— —— —— The Northern Passion. French text, variants, etc. Edited by F A. Foster. Vol. II. Introduction, etc. 8vo Lond. 1916. 4.5.103*

—— —— —— —— The Chester Plays. Part II. Re-edited from the MSS. by Dr. Matthews. 8vo Lond. 1916. 4.6.75*

—— —— —— —— The O.E. version of the Enlarged Rule of Chrodegang, with the Latin original. An O.E. version of the Capitula of Theodulf, with the Latin original. An interlinear O.E. rendering of the Epitome of Benedict of Aniane. Edited by A. S. Napier 8vo Lond. 1916. 4.5.109.

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—— —— Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series, of the reign of Elizabeth, preserved in the Public Record Office. Vol. XIX. Aug. 1584—Aug. 1585. roy. 8vo. Lond. 1916. 16.4.

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No. 2. Flete (John). The History of Westminster Abbey. Edited by J. Armitage Robinson. roy. 8vo Camb. 1909. 5.25.50.

No. 5. Pearce (E. H.). The Monks of Westminster : being a register of the Brethren of the Convent to the Dissolution. roy. 8vo Camb. 1916. 5.25.53.

[Nos. 3 and 4 have already been presented to the Library.]

Whitaker's Almanack for 1917. *Reference Table.*

END OF VOL. XXXVIII.

Metcalfe & Co. Limited, Trinity Street, Cambridge.