

The Eagle

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St John's College

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1917

THE EAGLE

A MAGAZINE

SUPPORTED BY

MEMBERS OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE

VOL XXXIX

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Cambridge

E. JOHNSON, TRINITY STREET

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THE EAGLE.

Michaelmas Term, 1917.

AN UNDERGRADUATE'S DIARY.

THE Rev. C. F. Hutton (B.A. 1881), Incumbent of the College living of Frating, has presented to the College a diary kept by his father, the Rev. F. B. P. N. Hutton, when an undergraduate at the College, from 6 November 1846—the beginning of his second year—until he took his degree in January 1849. The diary, in which considerable gaps occur, appears to have been kept for the information of his brother 'Tim'—the Rev. Thomas Biddulph Hutton, of Sidney—who was working in New Zealand with George Augustus Selwyn, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield. When completed it was sent out to him in New Zealand. Most of the episodes recorded, although immensely interesting to the recipient, have no special attraction for posterity, but we have occasional side-lights on the College life of seventy years ago which are well worth recording in the pages of *The Eagle*, and the pen-and-ink and pencil drawings with which the note-book is decorated have an interest of their own.

Our author, who describes himself by the now almost obsolete term of 'Junior Soph,' starts from Bexhill. Railways are still a novelty, and he is suitably impressed. 'I entered a second-class carriage and was quickly drawn along at a

quick and easy pace to Brighton; there he changes, arriving in London 'safe and well' at about 1.30 p.m. 'Arrived at the Metropolis' his 'first care' is to 'procure a cab' which takes him to the 'Shoreditch or Eastern Counties station.' On the way to Cambridge he passes Wenden, the original name of what is now Audley End station, and so to Cambridge. He has tea in his rooms, 'smokes a clay,' and meets a few friends, with whom he sits till 11 p.m. 'talking over the affairs of the College and of one another' very much like a modern undergraduate. The next day is Saturday—Hall at 5 and Chapel at 6. Sunday is a strenuous day, for he 'arose at 8,' had to interrupt his breakfast and rush to Chapel, returning to a second breakfast of pigeon-pie, coffee, and potted meat in a friend's rooms. Thus fortified, he repairs 'to Scholefield's for sermon,' but arrived too late to get in. The Rev. James Scholefield, Regius Professor of Greek from 1825 to 1853, was at this time Vicar of St Michael's; he is commemorated in the University by the Scholefield Prize. After lunch the diarist goes to the University sermon—'a middling sermon of an hour and twenty minutes duration from the parable of the tares, by Dr Wordsworth.....he was much too favourable to Papists, of whom I have, and trust I ever shall have, a just abhorrence.' This must have been Christopher Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, the length of whose sermons was well known. Hall followed at 3.30 and Chapel at 6.15.

Our author complains of the number of lectures; 'many of them are excessively stupid and uninteresting: I think we have far too little theological teaching and too much classical and mathematical'; but he adds 'wiser heads than mine think otherwise, so they must be right.' He makes an acute observation concerning one of the lecture-subjects, Paley's *Moral Philosophy*—'a very hard book to get up, but its difficulty consists in its easiness; it is so self-evident and appears so exceedingly easy that you say to yourself, "What bosh, to give us such easy stuff!" so you throw the book by, and when the lecturer puts you on you look like a fool.' On one occasion he cut a lecture and had an imposition to write: 'We are treated just like school-boys; I had a good reason for not going yesterday, I overslept myself.' In connexion

with lectures and College discipline there is a good deal of vague, miscellaneous anti-tutor-and-don talk, but an exception is always made in favour of 'the dear Selwyns.' The reference is to William Selwyn, afterwards Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, who is commemorated by one of the windows of the present Chapel. He had a house at Melbourn, near Royston, and Hutton paid frequent visits there. Here he met 'a Mr Atlay, Tutor of St John's,' a Pro-proctor for the year. 'I pumped him famously about all the Proctors' goings-on, but solely for my own benefit and curiosity.' Dr Atlay was afterwards Bishop of Hereford, and his portrait is in the College Library.

Exercise in those days was mostly taken on foot. Melbourn was a walk of ten miles, and there are frequent references to the Grantchester Grind, in the course of which Hutton and his friends practised jumping ditches, but on one occasion we hear of a 'double velocipede' which carried its riders to Trumpington in a quarter of an hour. A walk to Madingley provokes the statement that Madingley churchyard was the scene of Gray's *Elegy*. In spite of the experts, who assign it to Stoke Poges, Grantchester has also been mentioned in this connexion; so local patriotism will have its way. Our author's social meals are frequent and appear Gargantuan in these severely rationed days. 'On Wednesday morning I breakfasted with Williams, on Thursday with Meggison, on Friday with Rawes of Trinity, and to-day with Valentine, to-morrow with Jones, and Tuesday with Kirk.' To repair the exhaustion induced by his Degree Examination, he 'ate a hearty lunch off pigs' feet and cheese, drank four glasses of port, and took a pipe.' We hear of wild-duck for supper, or rashers of bacon, a slice or two of cheese, and a glass or two of ale; and at a supper given by one Luggier, of Christ's, there appeared upon the table 'a fine salmon,' 'a whole side of lamb,' a ham, a pair of fowls, potted meat, ducks, pressed beef, scolloped oysters, 'potatoes, salad, greens, and other vegetables,' tarts, puffs, strawberry, creams, jellies, blanchmanges, 'and divers sweets.' The writer adds, 'It was a Little-go party,' as though this explained everything. Elsewhere he gives a recipe for egg-flip, 'which men up here generally like, but I can't bear it.' It looks a harmless

compound, but the number of eggs required prevents its revival in Cambridge until after the war. From other pages we learn that Cambridge is a 'sink of iniquity,' that Portugal Place is not a good locality to lodge in because it is so much disturbed by street cries, and that an otherwise stupid entertainment had been rendered 'instructive' by a discussion of the merits of 'the new gun-cotton' as compared with 'the old gunpowder.' A visit to the north of England produces the astounding observation, 'an intelligent people but very indolent.'

The diarist reveals himself as a very human figure—loyal to his friends, anxious amid many drawbacks to make the best use he can of Cambridge life, and in his own way acute and observant of what went on around him. We are most grateful to the donor of the diary for giving us the opportunity of making his acquaintance.



SOME EPITAPHS

(From St Paul's)

THOU askest where the monument is found
Of him who did yon mighty dome uprear ;
Circumspice—cast but thine eyes around,
Each stone will his memorial appear.

(From the Greek Anthology)

(a) FORTUNE and Hope, farewell !
For I have gained the port ;
I know you but too well,
Make others now your sport.

(b) A seaman's grave is here,
Yet sail thou on ;
The rest did safely steer,
When we went down.

(c) To the folk in Sparta staying,
Traveller, bear this reply :
Tell them that, their laws obeying,
Here we lie.

(After II Maccabees xv 38)

IF you deem my life successful, say I hit whereat I aimed ;
If a failure, then consider lack of power my purpose lamed.



BILLETS.

(“The Brigade will be relieved by the —th Brigade on Nov. —th, —. Billeting parties will meet the Staff Captain at — Church at 10 a.m. on the —th.”)

Extract from the —th Brigade Orders.

THE adventures, tragic and comic, of the subaltern who is sent on in advance of a unit to arrange its billets have been described by more practised pens than mine; the joys and sorrows of a town major—whose chief occupation is to catalogue and allot billets—have formed the subject of at least one whole volume. But after all, the drama in which billeting officer and town major are the protagonists, is but a prologue to an epic whose subject is the stay of the unit in billets. As a rule, the town major more or less reluctantly reveals to the billeting officer what accommodation is available; the billeting officer does his best to extort the right of entry into as many barns and houses as possible. But after these preliminary negotiations the business of billeting rather resembles a jig-saw puzzle, the completion of which is complicated by the regard to be paid to the idiosyncrasies of such people as the colonel, the quarter-master, the medical officer and the company commanders. Of course, sometimes the preliminaries give scope for diplomatic action. One subaltern of my acquaintance arrived in a village in the Somme country, where billets are scarce, to find all available accommodation allotted to other units, with the prospect of his own battalion having to bivouac in an orchard. A barrister by profession, after careful enquiries at the town major's office, he discovered that when a billet had been secured for a unit, the billeting officer concerned had to sign for it. With this formality, however, the billeting officers, who had in other ways stolen a march upon him, had not complied. He therefore hastily marked the name of his unit on all the best billets of the village, signed for them, and, when confronted

by half-a-dozen irate representatives of other units, took up the attitude of *j'y suis, j'y reste*. As he said (and the town major perforce agreed) he had the law on his side: and (to quote a late eminent Master of the Rolls) “he did not care a d—n for any doctrine of equity.”

No one who has not fought in France can form an adequate idea of the visions conjured up by the blessed word “billet.” At the worst, it implies shelter, a tolerably peaceful night, and fairly regular meals. At the best, it means warmth, baths, clean clothes, shops, the fair sex, concerts and cinematograph shows—in short, all the appurtenances of civilization which can't be obtained in the front line. Even in England a billet appears a desirable thing to those who dwell in camps; but in France it is a thing to be spoken of with reverence.

In military text-books billets are either merely billets or “close” billets—close, in the sense of tightly packed. But in France this official classification has no meaning. For ninety-nine men out of a hundred the thing that really matters about a billet is, indeed, its “closeness”—in the sense of proximity to the front line; and after that, whether it is in the town or country. The billets within a few thousand yards of the front line consist mainly of deserted farms and houses, more or less destroyed by shell fire, and are used by battalions out of the line for a short time or by gunners, sappers and similar folk whose business involves work in the line, but who do not reside there. Such billets have their advantages. Being for the most part entirely at the disposal of the military authorities, all kinds of permanent conveniences, such as washing places and cook-houses, can be made; and structural alterations can be carried out without wounding anyone's susceptibilities. Indeed, when a unit occupies a billet of this kind for some time, it can generally make itself very comfortable. The infantry, who are but temporary sojourners in such places, rarely have the opportunity of doing this; but it is an unenterprising company of Royal Engineers which cannot achieve much. One mining company I came across had really done marvels with a somewhat dilapidated country house. Having plenty of skilled labour, and means of getting unlimited timber, canvas, etc., they had furnished, decorated and adorned (with Raphael Kirschner and *La Vie Parisienne*) a

large mess-room and ante-room ; had constructed excellent stoves and ovens ; and had fitted up bed-rooms with tables, chairs and beds. The beds were of the type usual near the front line—a wooden frame on four legs, covered with one or more thicknesses of wire-netting ; and, given enough sand-bags and blankets, no one could ask for a more comfortable resting place. In addition, they had a hen roost occupied by fowls found wandering about the premises, and two fine geese were being fattened up for Michaelmas. A roulette table was prominent in the mess-room, and units passing through the village were always invited to treat the mess-room as a club. My own battalion, which spent many odd days in a most dreary set of huts near by, owed a great deal to the hospitality of that R.E. mining company.

But, on the whole, the disadvantages of billets near the front line quite outweigh their advantages. Movement of men or transport may be observed by the Boche, and lead to the billets being shelled. Battery positions are generally near by, and though their presence as a rule means pleasant social intercourse, it involves a good deal of noise, and may provoke artillery retaliation on the part of the enemy. Moreover, military necessities and activities permeate the atmosphere ; there are none of the amenities of civilian life which makes a stay in billets so welcome. An infantry battalion, as a rule, has to find parties both by day and night to work in or near the line ; and the British soldier cannot be made to see that working parties are anything but an invention for making life miserable—his view being that “you walk the devil of a way up to the b—y line and then back again, just to do some other fellow’s job.” Stringent precautions as regards gas and enemy aircraft have to be taken ; and there is a constant liability to be called upon to “stand to” or even to move up into the line in the case of suspicious enemy activity. Even if the billets are still occupied by civilians, relations with them are rarely happy. With some justification they regard the presence of troops as an invitation to the enemy to shell their home ; while in the army the idea is widespread that civilians who remain near the line are, without exception, spies. That this idea is not without foundation is shown by the number of cases in which an order deporting the civilians

has been followed by the shelling of those same billets ; and in one case I found by personal experience that the spy danger is a real one. Near a certain group of billets there was a small cottage still occupied by an old lady, who daily used to spread out linen of the most various types in the little field attached to her house. With her was staying her son or nephew Jean, *permissionnaire*, who managed to scrape acquaintance with troops occupying the billets, and no doubt picked up a good deal of information from them. At any rate, one day the billets were heavily shelled ; suspicions were aroused ; Jean and his mother or aunt were found to be one and the same person, and a German to boot ; and the washing was discovered to be a method of signalling to aeroplanes.

No ; when a soldier in France talks of billets, he really thinks of towns or villages far enough away from the line to permit of a respite from the constant pressure of military duties, and where the social and physical environment enable him to secure some of the sweets of civilian life for which he longs. Not the least of the pleasures of billets are the relations with the occupiers themselves. My own experience has been most favourable, though others have been less fortunate. A great deal depends on the character of the units which have previously occupied the billets. For example, just as American tourists spoil health resorts for less wealthy people, so the financial resources of overseas troops create in the mind of the French villager an expectation of a scale of expenditure which the British Tommy with his shilling a day cannot satisfy. Hence, in some cases, disappointment and lack of cordiality. But, generally speaking, tact and deference to individual prejudices soon lead to the establishment of friendly relations, and these in turn bring more substantial benefits. Coffee at all hours of the day, the use of a stove, assistance in cooking, the provision of eggs, poultry, butter and milk, extra straw for the men—all these are obtainable at a price. But one of the greatest prizes is what an officer’s batman calls a “white” bed—meaning a bed with real sheets and pillow-cases. Not that the beds of an average French farm house are particularly comfortable. Made of wood, with a hard and bumpy chaff mattress, placed

on top of a weird arrangement of spiral springs, they are generally too short for a British officer. (One night, indeed, I managed to push the whole foot of the bed on to the floor, much to my host's wrath). But after a long course of more or less dirty blankets, and the stuffiness and restriction of a sleeping bag or Wolseley valise, the joy of once more getting between sheets is indescribable. Of course, the number of beds available is strictly limited. The men almost invariably sleep in barns or outbuildings, and are best off when these are well filled with straw. The only drawback then is that "no smoking" has to be the rule. A subaltern hopes for a bed: captains and field officers generally expect one.

Notoriously, the inhabitants of North-East France and of Flanders are a thrifty race; and it goes without saying that they make a very good thing out of troops billeted upon them. But it is a very real boon for both officers and men to obtain some of the luxuries of life at all, especially when they are supplied with a smiling face. Occasionally, however, one meets with nothing but black looks, and a blank refusal to provide anything but what the letter of the law makes obligatory. In such cases, the interpreter attached to a unit is a valuable ally; and a judicious exhibition of the iron hand (such as a suggestion to instal the battalion cooks in the occupier's best bedroom) generally establishes a *modus vivendi*. One curious fact, within my own experience, is that one gets better treatment in those districts once temporarily occupied by the Boche than in the country further west. It looks as though a taste of Prussian *Blut und Eisen* has made it easy to bear the minor ills of life. Sometimes, again, one receives hospitality on the most generous scale. In one small village my colonel was billeted on a gentleman farmer, whose ancestors had occupied the farm for generations. Not only did his host insist on providing most excellent meals and refuse to accept a *sou* in payment; but by his conversation, and the accomplishments of two vivacious daughters, made the stay in the village a delightful experience. Only once before had English troops been billeted in that farm; and with great delight the old gentleman produced a document originally handed to his great grandfather, by virtue of which an

ensign of dragoons and some of his men were, in 1814, quartered on the family. Such an incident gives rise to a curious sense of kinship with the past; an ensign of Wellington's army and an officer serving under Haig, though separated by one hundred years, yet here find a meeting place.

The attitude towards each other of the French people and of the men billeted on them is an entertaining mixture of friendliness, respect and contempt. Almost everywhere the inhabitants realise how great the service of the British Army has been and is to the cause of the allies; and most of them appreciate the high standard of honesty, cleanliness and good order enforced throughout the British Army. The British soldier meanwhile sees everywhere what a tremendous burden France is to-day carrying on her shoulders and how gallantly and uncomplainingly the women, children and old men are working in support of husband, brother and son in the firing line. On the other hand, each side is fond of deriding the standards and customs of the other; and cannot understand that people who speak a (to them) outlandish tongue are really to be regarded as civilised. The British soldier may drink French beer; but he thinks that a nation which habitually brews such stuff is not all that it should be. The Frenchman, on the other hand, considers that people who, after a day's work, rush about a field in pursuit of a ball are hardly to be reckoned sane. Of course any real social intercourse or exchange of ideas is prevented by the language difficulty. But it is really marvellous what is done by means of signs and a few common words. When the British soldier wants anything his usual practice is to lay hands upon it, and if the owner objects, to produce money and to bellow the word "pardon" over and over again. Conversation is generally carried on by each party thereto shouting at the top of his (or her) voice the key-word to the matter in dispute, and gesticulating vigorously. These methods are reinforced by the use of a curious *argot*, possessing now a vocabulary of some score words, which is used by French and British alike. The basis of this common tongue is a number of French words in frequent use, pronounced according to the taste and fancy of the British soldier. A well known example is "napoo" (= *il n'y a plus*)

which means "all gone", "finished", "dead", etc., according to context. Other instances are "oofs" (= *œufs*) and "dewlay" (= *du lait*). When in billets the men spend a good deal of time in *estaminets*, or in the kitchens of their billet, drinking beer or coffee and eating eggs, bread and butter or anything else purchasable. Hence, the anglicized version of French words is the most common in the case of drinks and foodstuffs.

But life in billets is very far from being all eating, drinking and sleeping. A unit is taken out of the line not only to "rest" but to regain and increase *morale* by every possible means. Thus, the daily programme of a unit in billets is generally a full one. Before breakfast, except in the depth of winter, comes a short run or physical exercises. The morning and sometimes the afternoon are devoted to all kinds of training, ranging from saluting and squad drill in the interests of discipline, to the pursuit in full fighting kit of an imaginary enemy over twenty miles of country. In the infantry, musketry, bombing, and bayonet fighting all receive their share of attention; and other branches of the service are exercised in their own particular spheres of work. At the same time, great attention is paid to cleanliness and smart turn-out; and every one is busy seeing that deficiencies of kit are made up, that lost or expended stores of all kinds are replaced, and that all fighting material, transport and similar things are thoroughly overhauled, and repaired. The Quartermaster of an infantry battalion (or his equivalent elsewhere) torn between the demands of his unit, and the grim reluctance of the Ordnance department to part with any goods of any kind, is probably one of the few people who prefer the line to billets. A man with a well developed conscience never makes a good quarter-master; he has to reconcile somehow or other too many diverse interests, by means whose chief (or only) justification is their ends. After work comes play, which is regarded as not the least important part of a stay in billets. Football goes on throughout the year, and in some cases regular competitions are organised. The standard of play is remarkably high, especially in the case of A.S.C. or R.A.M.C. units, whose *personnel* changes little, and who can therefore maintain a regular team. Cross-

country running and boxing are encouraged; cricket is rarely played, owing to the difficulty in getting the necessary implements and suitable ground. During the summer bathing in the La Bassée canal used to be very popular; and fishing in the same water attracted a certain number of men, though I never heard of any fish being caught. But as any fisherman knows, it is the fishing, not the catch, which matters.

The way in which the evening is spent marks the great difference between town and country billets. In the country a unit is nearly always dependent on its own resources for providing amusements. In my own battalion the men used to enjoy hearing selections of popular airs played by the battalion band at retreat (*i.e.* at sundown). But in cold or wet weather even this method of passing half-an-hour failed. Sometimes concerts are given by the men of a unit itself; but the difficulty of getting a suitable room, and the fact that the same performers always appear, and their repertoire is limited, quickly causes these entertainments to pall. Consequently the men either turn in very early or go to an *estaminet*, where the warmth, the innocuous French beer, and possibly a gramophone, provide a sufficiently harmless form of recreation. In a town, however, matters are different. The *estaminet* is almost as popular as in the country; but there are plenty of other things to do. Merely to walk about the streets, looking at the shops and at the people, is a pleasure. Cinematograph shows, run as a rule by the Army itself, attract large crowds; Y.M.C.A. and Church Army huts exist for those who want to write or read; and nowadays many divisions have their pierrot troupes, made up of professional entertainers who have been engulfed in the capacious maw of the Army. All these forms of entertainment indeed are now pushing their way into the country districts. Halls are being built in remote villages, so that the cinematograph and concert parties may visit them; and it is impossible to pay too high a tribute to the enterprise of the Y.M.C.A. and Church Army for the way in which they have planted their huts wherever they are most likely to be of use to the men. Officers, no less than men, appreciate staying in a town. One source of joy is the opportunity of getting away from Army cooking, and from the enamelled table ware which is almost universal

on service. However well run your mess may be, it is a relief to sit down to a meal prepared and served by even the humblest of French *restaurateurs*. Never shall I forget a delightful little cook shop discovered in one town by a brother officer. The proprietor had been *chef* in a large Paris hotel, and had retired to his birthplace, where he made his living by cooking for the owners of chateaux in the country round. There, in a tiny room behind the kitchen, he would serve a meal which would not have disgraced the Ritz or Maxim's; and he possessed a well-stocked cellar rich in that Burgundy which Dr Middleton called the Pindaric dithyramb among wines.

But it is not merely on the material side that the little French towns behind the line make their appeal. Ypres and its glories are now, alas! shattered, but St Omer, Béthune, Bailleul, and many others only recently known to fame, still stand: each with its imposing church, its ancient town hall, and wide-spreading market place, bearing witness to the time when Flanders, Picardy and Artois were the richest districts of France, and the home of a cosmopolitan culture. Who can visit these places without thinking of Richelieu, Turenne, Condé, and how many more great names in the history of France, England and Spain! Who can go to St Omer without remembering that here stood the famous English Jesuit College; and it is a poor spirit which cannot remember with a thrill that it was through Béthune the Three Musketeers passed in pursuit of Milady, and that it was on the banks of the Lys that the executioner of Lille avenged the honour of Athos and his friends.

Memories of the little towns of North East France will always be vivid in the minds of English soldiers. In some they have fought their bloodiest and most terrible battles; in others they have found rest and temporary forgetfulness—"a light to them who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." Truly, when the history of the Great War comes to be written, it will not be complete unless it is pervaded by a sense of the contrast between the blasted desolation of the battlefield and the tireless activity, endless preparation, and blessed relaxation behind the line.

W. G. CONSTABLE.



THE LOST KEYS.

HUNG in a shabby second-hand shop,
 Slung from an ancient rusty nail
 By a tarred bit of string, a plenteous crop,
 Some twenty or thirty keys for sale.
 Not much use, you say—so there let 'em stop.
 What if with each could be bought its tale?

That fellow's fat, sleek, respectable,
 Quite one of the average middle class;
 But this Cassius, lean and hang-dog—well,
 He might let us to some mystery pass.
 Yet, complex or simple, the shape doesn't tell
 Much the kind of man their owner was.

One made resonant the prisoned gloom,
 Th' other's lock was oiled for secrecy.
 Turn, and we're in a loud festive room,
 Yes, or it was a poor man's key.
 What odds we hap on the vault 'neath a tomb,
 Or some children's nursery, maybe?

Higgledy-piggledy, here they're hung
 (Bric-a-brac around them) thick-coated with rust;
 An engraving—the Rake's Progress—this side slung,
 Innocence the other—a cheap print—thrust.
 Ah! Sister Anne, if a key had a tongue,
 Should we dare sometimes our ears to trust?

F. D.



REVELATION.

MUSIC falls softly in the room,
And not a sound is heard to break
The spell its throbbing chords awake ;
I cannot see her through the gloom.

Yet does our silence vocal thus
Take speech more eloquent than lips,
Till its intensity outstrips
Mere words, and shows the truth to us.

But what we see we cannot tell,
And with the last note's dying must
Aside the too brief vision thrust
And feign belief that all is well.

F. D.



SPIDERS IN CAPTIVITY.

IT is unfortunate that neither economic value nor the reverse can be ascribed to any member of the order Araneida, for it seems that no creature on this earth has a chance of being cared for until it possesses one of these properties. A following of devotees intent upon determining the least iota of life-history and the smallest detail of anatomy is granted only to such as wage definite war in favour of, or more often, against mankind. Hence, as in the past when it was regarded with an unreasoning dislike and an unfounded fear, the spider is neglected to-day; the history of the study of spiders is a history of isolated effort; and to the question put recently by a distinguished zoologist to the present writer—"Do you suppose there are twenty men in Britain who care anything for spiders?"—the answer is indubitably, "No."

None the less, the economic question is not wholly negligible. The silk of the spider has been manufactured on a few occasions, and its general use as a substitute for that of the silkworm was investigated at the request of the Royal Academy of Paris by Réaumur in 1710. He concluded that its poor quality was not worth the trouble of obtaining it in sufficient quantity, and little or no advance has ever been made from that point.

The silk, however, has had other uses. Eleazar Albin, the author of a most delightful treatise published in 1736, gives a prescription for "the cure of intermitting fevers" as follows. "As much of the clean web of the house Spider as the weight of two scruples; Mithridate two drams; mix and give it to the patients the night before the fit; let them take after it four ounces of treacle-water, and go to bed and cover themselves warm, endeavouring to sweat." Or again, as a styptic: "The clean web of the house Spider, and dip it in

the spawn of Frogs, beaten as you would the whites of eggs, several times letting it dry on pewter, or earthen plates, and keep it in a box close stopt from air, and apply it when you have occasion."

The spider itself does not seem to have been valueless in this connection. The same Eleazar Aÿbin says that "I have likewise cured several children, both male and female, by hanging a large Spider confined alive in a box about their neck, reaching to the pit of the stomach, without giving any internal remedies." But worse is to follow. Dr Watson in or about 1780, advocates as a cure for various fevers "swallowing a Spider gently bruised and wrapped up in a raisin, or spread upon bread and butter."*

Nor are there lacking instances in which spiders have been kept as pets. Kirby and Spence tell of a Frenchman who tamed and used to feed eight hundred spiders. Magliabecchi, the learned librarian of the Duke of Tuscany, showed more love for them than for any other creature. Pelisson, one of the first geniuses of an age not lacking in great men, found comfort during his confinement in the Bastille in the companionship of a spider, which he tamed and taught to come for its food at the sound of music.

He has, therefore, sufficient precedent who essays to keep spiders in captivity; and moreover he finds them the most delightful of pets. One seems to remember, with regard to pets of one's childhood, the worry of leaving them at home to the tender care of sisters and similar substitutes. The spider's solution of this problem is uniquely simple—he requires no care. He does not want fresh air or exercise, his cage does not need cleaning, he need not even be fed. To this extraordinary fact I shall refer later; it is quite possible to leave a captive spider untended for three or four months, and, except for senile decay, there is no cause for alarm.

Naturally enough, all species of spiders do not live in captivity with the same equanimity. The arachnologist who

* I have seen it stated, concerning this, that a spider on bread and butter recalls the taste of nuts, but the reference escapes me. One method of confirmation is obvious!

employs a plain glass-covered box as cage, practically limits himself to the genus *Tegenaria*, the ordinary House Spiders that are familiar as the spinners of the cobweb. But with a little originality in cage-construction, representatives of most genera can be induced to live happily.

In addition, spiders exhibit a certain individual character. Mature females are, generally speaking, the best behaved. Their webs are spun in normal form, maintained in good repair, and the cage is kept tidy. I have seen a little heap of fly-corpuses grow in one corner while the rest of the cage was quite clean, which seems to be an interesting fact in the psychology of so lowly a creature. Male spiders are quite different. Naturally, perhaps, in their more peripatetic character, they do not take so kindly to domestication, although their behaviour is very fair before maturity. Thereafter, no silk is added to their webs, which fall rapidly into ruin, while the cage becomes untidy. One is inclined to place in a third category the character of very young spiders. These small creatures need an almost gas-tight cage to cope successfully with their migratory instincts and their ability to squeeze themselves through the most minute crack. The delicate webs they produce are almost invisible, but they will entrap small gnats, which the spiderling has no hesitation in attacking. The insect may be two or three times as big as the spider, but the latter bites into it so firmly as to allow itself for awhile to be carried bodily round the cage. It is often difficult to find any food for these small spiders, a problem which is but partially solved by employing the young from the next brood; but I have known them to survive the winter on little more than water. They will also eagerly suck up a drop of beer!

The reader, however, will be wondering where the fascination in captive spiders is to be found. Let me describe something of the habits that may be witnessed by anyone who attempts to keep a common *Tegenaria*. Perhaps it should be pointed out that the House Spiders, *Tegenariae*, which are the most satisfactory in cages, are not the familiar creatures that spin a circular web in forty minutes. A fairly elaborate cage is **necessary** to keep those successfully. *Tegenaria* spins the sheet-and-tube type of web that we know as a "cob-

web"; she does it by slow degrees, and continuously, so that its outlines are just visible by the second day, and in six months there is a sheet of silk that is almost opaque, and as strong as muslin.

When once incarcerated and satisfied that escape is impossible, the spider, in simple faith, will begin to spin a web to catch what comes its way. There is an instance recorded by Ed. Jessie of a naturalist who inadvertently sealed up a spider in a case of stuffed birds. The spider instinctively built its web and lived, starving in imprisonment, for some thirteen months, thereby disproving the idea that a spider confined for a year is transmuted into a diamond.

Our object, however, is to feed our spider on flies. It need hardly be stated that the fly must be admitted into the cage alive, since the spider is warned of its presence only by its struggling in the web, and not by sight, sound or scent. I have seen a fly walk up to within half an inch of a spider, and the two stand motionless, staring into one another's eyes. For this reason a spider will rush out and attack a vibrating tuning-fork placed on its web.

This fact recalls a story which appeared in a French magazine four years ago. "L'histoire vient de l'Amérique." A fisherman, who had spent some hours making flies, had occasion to leave his handiwork for a few minutes: on his return they had vanished. "Enfin il aperçut une araignée qui s'était emparée de ses mouches trop bien faites et les traînait vers son trou."

As often as not the capture of the fly takes place in three distinct stages. First, the fly, wandering over the cage, gives a thread of the web a twinge with its leg. Instantly the spider is on the alert, and comes some way out from its shelter in the direction of the disturbance. The fly, however, always seems to be aware of its peril, and the second stage sees both spider and fly remaining perfectly motionless, waiting. This cannot last long. A spider is born and bred to patience, which a fly is most certainly not, so the fly moves again. Then the spider rushes out and, in all probability, subsequent operations interest the fly no more.

It is a curious fact that in nine cases out of ten the spider bites the fly in the thorax; I have even seen a spider de-

liberately turn over a large blue-bottle which it had grappled from above, before biting it. In the case of a vigorous insect the spider presses it down on to the sheet of the web and, by walking around it, twists it up in enough silk to keep it quiet. An interesting modification, this, of the familiar swathing of the geometric spiders.

The meal consists solely of suction of the liquid contents of the insect, after which the dried carcass is carried off to a far corner. J. H. Fabre, in his description of the Labyrinth Spider, states that when he fed it with locusts, the spider sucked the "haunches" of its prey, and left its body untouched. It has been, therefore, of considerable interest to me to see a House Spider, after throwing away the dry carcass of a blue-bottle, pick up severally the detached legs that were lying in the tube of its web, and suck them, as if they were, as Fabre suggests, a tit-bit, a dessert after the solid meal.

After dessert, toilet. The spider, having thrown away a fly, may often be seen to return to its retreat and carefully brush its palpi over fangs and falces, an occupation continued with elaborate care for some minutes. A fascinating extension of this process may be seen when a spider has been running, as many are quite well able to do, on the surface of water. The legs are carefully dried by pulling them through the opening and shutting chelicerae, and sucking off the water, or by rubbing them with a leg already dried in this way; the lower surface of the abdomen and the sternum are dried by rubbing them with a dry leg, the whole operation, which may take half-an-hour, being exactly similar to a cat's "washing its face."

The most interesting point about a spider's meals is that there is practically nothing that a spider will not eat. Flies, bees, wasps, ants, earwigs, moths, beetles and other spiders are all treated alike, caterpillars are consumed entirely, chrysalides, worms and even fish are bitten and sucked for what they are worth. Raw meat and young feather-ends have also been used by some authors—there is no discrimination. As has been foreshadowed, a fast is nothing to a spider, and it seems that there is no limit in the opposite direction; the spider can as willingly consume six flies a day

regularly. I have seen a spider ready to start on flies when literally bloated by consuming a whole Yellow Underwing twice its own size.

It is not to be thought that overfeeding is without influence. A certain spider lived with the writer at school during most of 1914, and was the subject of the attentions of a large circle of friends. In return for her princely dietary she exceeded by five months her natural expectation of life, and instead of laying three cocoons, produced twelve.

One of my most pleasing experiences of captive spiders was connected with eating. One cage contained a pair of *Agelenae*, which, in opposition to popular opinion of all spiders, were living together peaceably enough. A fly was put into the cage, and the female, the bolder and more active, caught it by the leg. Her husband rushed up, a *mêlée* followed, and the fly escaped. Soon, however, the female caught the fly again, and, in the hope of preventing a competition which might end, fatally, a second fly was admitted to attract the attention of the male. But not he! He approached the female, who had the fly by its thorax, and buried his chelicerae into its abdomen. Thus they remained imperturbable, the two spiders sharing the one fly, until the meal was finished. Arachnological conjugal bliss!

Enough has been said to show that there is more in the common occurrence of a spider's eating a fly than might be supposed, while a vast field of araneidan activities—senses, instincts, the life-history *ab ovo usque ad mala*—has been left untouched. It is but to be hoped that it has been proved that to a class of animals almost wholly neglected, there is a very real interest attached.

U. U.



STRANGE, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

τόσσαί μὲν προπάροιθε πύλας Ἄϊδαο πέρησαν
μυριάδες· πῶς δ' οὐ θαυμάσιον τελέθει
οὐδένα νοστήσαντα λέγειν ὁδόν· ἀλλὰ πρὶν αὐτοί
στείχειν οὐδ' ἡμεῖς οὐδὲν ἐπιστάμεθα.



"PECCAVI".

WHEN I was thinking over the correspondence which in the months of August and September of this year occupied some considerable space in the *Observer*, and very much more in the *Times Literary Supplement*, it struck me as decidedly curious that, out of the eight or ten persons who played some part in the discussion, three were Johnians who had been present in June 1911 at the Commemoration of the Fourhundredth Anniversary of the Foundation of the College. The three were, Sir William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I., Mr Robert Giles, C.I.E., ex-Commissioner in Sind, and myself. I have thought that, under the circumstances, it would not be amiss if I tried to summarise for the pages of "The Eagle" the facts that have been elicited by this discussion of the evolution of the one military despatch which may fairly be said to rival, if not outrival, Cæsar's famous *Veni, Vidi, Vici*.

Although Mr Giles does not specifically say so, when he mentions that the 'Peccavi' story was dealt with by Sir William Lee-Warner in *Notes and Queries*, there is some reason to suppose that his studies in writing the Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie, whose associations with Sir Charles Napier in India constitute a tumultuous epoch in the lives of both, drew his attention to the 'Peccavi' legend. Destiny laid my lines in Sind, more or less, from 1879 to 1905, and it would be strange if any man so situated, with the smallest historical and literary instinct, did not now and again wish that he could probe this *Peccavi* problem to its solution. That desire clearly animated Sir William's heart, though his lines in India were not cast in Sind, as were those of Mr Giles and myself, of whom the first rose to fill the office of Civil Ruler of Sind, which Sir Charles Napier held in conjunction with the military command, and the second

served for 26 years in the two Baluch battalions which Sir Charles raised, with the sanction of Lord Ellenborough,* in 1843-6, and which have done grand service in the present war.† The evidence which Mr Giles adduces does no more than prove that the old people who remembered the Charles Napier days heard the joke in their youth and casually accepted it as the General's "despatch". Mr Giles indeed concludes his argument by mentioning that Sir William Lee-Warner finally communicated with Calcutta and had the Records there searched. Not a trace of the reported "despatch" was to be found and, to use Mr Giles' own words, Sir William was left "very sceptical". In default of any specific statement, I infer that Sir William's correspondence with *Notes and Queries* took place early in 1913; for his controversy on the subject at the time was with "an American", and Sir Harry Poland, when he takes up the subject, as he does with vigour and effect, mentions Mr Walter Woolcott, of New York, as communicating his views on the matter to *N. and Q.* in March, 1913.

The persons who have furnished, during this Press correspondence, the facts which have enabled us to trace the history of the joke as far back as may be, are, firstly, in the *Observer*, Mr Walter Jerrold, Mr H. B. Bilbrough, Mr R. Giles and "H. W. M." The ball was set rolling by myself. The "At Random" contributor to the *Observer* of 29.7.17 could not resist the chance of a gentle gibe at the Press Censor who would not pass an Etonian message from Palestine containing four Latin words. "Censors were less fastidious when Sir Charles Napier *wired home from India* 'Peccavi,'" (the italics are mine) is the comment of the *Observer* humourist. I could not but challenge such an anachronism, and the 'At Random' columns of next Sunday's *Observer* acknowledges it, adding "there seems no reply to that criticism". But the paragraph that immediately follows,

* *Vide Ellenborough Letters*, edited by Lord Colchester, p. 438.

† *Vide* General Sir James Willcocks in *Blackwood* for July, 1917, "The Indian Army Corps in France", pp. 11, 12 and 13, where he recommends the motto "Primus in Europa" being granted to the 129th Duke of Connaught's Own Baluchis, as Charles Napier's 2nd Baluch Battalion is now called.

from "an Anglo-Indian correspondent", lays down with implicit confidence "the true version of the 'Peccavi' story". I cannot quote it all. It invites us to believe that a native runner carried a "scrap of paper" in a quill from the Indus to the Ganges, conveying the word "Peccavi" from Sir Charles Napier to—whom? Nobody knows or ventures to say. The Calcutta Records find no trace of it. I am convinced that that "scrap of paper" and "quill" ought to have a place in the Victoria Museum at Calcutta, the Musée Carnavalet of India, could they only be traced.

I must not too seriously test the patience of the readers of "The Eagle" by following this up in elaborate detail. We have now, I hope, nearly reached the limit of the absurdities, be they British or Anglo-Indian, to which this *jeu de mots* has given rise. Some of those who have discussed this topic know little of Sind, little of India and Indian history, little of the characteristics of the actors, Lord Ellenborough, Sir Charles Napier, and Sir James Outram, little of the dissensions which the Conquest of Sind caused. Mr M. H. Spielmann, the author of "The History of Punch", is specially conspicuous in this respect. As Mr Tedder, the Librarian of the Athenæum, first pointed out, when Mr Spielmann wrote his 'History of Punch', he did not verify his quotation of Michael John Barry's famous couplet commemorating the annexation of Oude. I will here give the correct version, as sent me by Mr Tedder direct from *Punch* of March 22, 1856:

TRUMPING THE ELEPHANT

"Peccavi—I've Sinde," wrote Lord Ellen,* so proud.
More briefly Dalhousie wrote—"Vovi—I've Oude."

When it is considered that it is just possible that the violent accusations brought by Outram against Napier in 1843 were the origin of the "Peccavi" joke, we cannot but feel that it is a remarkable coincidence that Outram himself was in 1856 Lord Dalhousie's instrument for the annexation of Oude. It moves us to smile at the caprices of opinion and offended pride in contrast with the actual issues of events. Charles Napier's 'Peccavi' has enormously strengthened our position on the North-West Frontier of India for

* Ellenborough.

offence and defence. Where should we have been in this War without Karāchi, as a base for supplying Mesopotamia? And what of Outram's 'Vovi'? It was the stepping-stone to the Mutiny; it registered the legacy that Dalhousie left to Canning. Time has amply vindicated Napier against Outram. Pity that two such paladins should ever have fought! The "Frontier Political" system upheld by the Civil Government of India—a most pernicious system—was at the root of it.

When I find Mr Spielmann contending that "Charles Napier" would have suited Michael John Barry's lines as well as "Lord Ellen," I can only say that in my opinion he shews no comprehension either of the character of the two men, Ellenborough and Napier, or of the state of public feeling in regard to them. Charles Napier had passed away in 1853, while Lord Ellenborough was still very much to the fore. Moreover, antithetic effect made it necessary to pit one Viceroy against another. Lord Ellenborough's proclamation about the Gates of Somnāth alone stamped him as a player to the gallery. It was not known in 1856 to what the annexation of Oude was about to lead; otherwise the smack of satire that pervades the couplet would have been relished even more keenly than it was by the public palate. Satire was not the feeling which public opinion aimed at Napier. You will find some expended on him in Dalhousie's private letters published by Mr Baird; but to the British nation he was and is a hero. It was he that dubbed Outram "the Bayard of India." Chivalrous spirit was equally characteristic of both, and both alike were *sans peur et sans reproche*. Whence Mr. *Punch* borrowed the heading "Trumping the Elephant," and what it means, no one whom I have yet consulted knows. My own idea is that M. J. Barry or *Punch* took the elephant as the type of India, and suggests that Dalhousie had trumped Ellenborough's best card—as events proved, a grave error of historical and political judgment.

The writer who, in this 'Peccavi' correspondence, has most lucidly set out the facts and most conclusively drawn the correct inferences is Sir Harry Poland. If I venture to add that my own fairly intimate knowledge of Sind and of India, and of the history of events and men of the forties

and fifties of the last century in India, has enabled me to throw some light on the subject, I think I only state a simple fact. Mr. Bosworth Smith and Sir Richard Burton both evidently credited *Punch* with having given currency to the joke, and the pages of *Punch* prove that on May 18, 1844, *Punch* recorded *Peccavi* in the most sober language as the most succinct despatch on record, more succinct even than "that sent by Cæsar to the Horse Guards at Rome." *Punch* maintains that "for brevity and truth" Sir Charles Napier's despatch is far beyond that of Cæsar. The word "truth," to my thinking, indicates that *Punch* sympathised with the clamour of the Outram party. Charles Napier, be it remembered, was not in England to defend himself, and Ellenborough, very much under a cloud, was just being recalled from the post of Governor-General. I believe general opinion at that moment, an opinion based on the customary ignorance, was adverse to Napier. That the wag of the day should have thrown off "Peccavi—I have Sind (sinned)" is no cause for surprise, and the bright thought may have flashed upon Miss Caroline Winkworth just as well as on anyone else. We are not likely now ever to prove *who*, if anyone, actually suggested the joke to *Punch*. What we have to note with some concern is that at least two historical authorities of high standing have accepted this "Peccavi" despatch as a solemn fact. The one is Mr Herbert Paul in his "History of Modern England," Vol. I., p. 139, and the other is "The Cambridge Modern History," Vol. II., pp. 736-7. The latter contends that Napier, by sending the despatch 'Peccavi,' betrayed the fact that *his conscience pricked him* for the part that he had played in the Conquest of Sind. As far as a fairly extensive and careful study of early Sind literature allows me to express an opinion, no evidence exists that Napier's conscience pricked him. He gloried in his two victories of Miani and Dubba, and he proved himself as keen and able and upright an administrator in Sind as in the Northern Command in England and in the governorship of Corfu. That the Duke of Wellington's faith in him was not shaken is shewn by his sending him to India as Commander-in-Chief, when the news of Chilianwala broke the public confidence in Gough. I think that it is more than possible that Sir Charles, who had a great fund

of humour, may, when he heard that party feeling ran high at home about the conquest of Sind, have himself playfully let fall—"Peccavi!"

A. C. YATE.

P.S. Since writing the above I have myself examined *Punch*, Vol. VI, for 1844. The Vote of Thanks to Napier's Army was passed just before *Punch*, in May '44, contrasted 'Peccavi' with 'Veni, Vidi, Vici', giving the palm to the former. The *Punch* paragraph bears the strangely meaningless heading "Foreign Affairs". I noted that the recall of Lord Ellenborough from the post of Governor-General of India was handled in the same number of *Punch* with somewhat jocular levity. As a set-off to this I recommend a perusal of Lord Ellenborough's letters to the Duke of Wellington from 26 May to July 2, 1844, published in Lord Colchester's "Indian Administration of Lord Ellenborough," pp. 439-48, and the bantering final letter in which the Duke "scores off" the Earl of Ripon, then Chairman of the Directors, H.E.I.C. Of that letter the Duke, with mischievous glee, sends a copy 'in confidence' to Lord Ellenborough, with a shrewd hint that it will settle the Directors and 'amuse' the recalled Governor-General. In a letter dated 3rd October, 1917, the son of Mr Tom Taylor, Editor of *Punch* from 1874 to 1880, wrote to me:—"I believe, though I have no documentary proof, that my father originated the celebrated "Peccavi". Mr Tom Taylor graduated 3rd in the Classical Tripos of 1840 and was a Fellow of Trinity. Miss Caroline Winkworth was the authoress of 'Lyra Germanica' and 'Christian Singers of Germany'. 'Honours' here seem divided.

18.11.1917.

A. C. Y.



οὕτω πολίτην φασὶ Λιλυβαίου τινὰ
γερονταγωγηθέντα Μουσεῖον κάτα,
σεμνόστομ' ἀντλήσαντα τὸν πόνον λέγειν·
τήνελλα καλλίνικον ἀναβαλώμεθα.

πηλόγονός τις ἀνὴρ, ἀφυῆς φύσιν, ὦ πόποι, εἶπεν,
ἔστιν ἄρ' ἀνθρώπων δεινὸν γένος, οἷς λόγος ἐστίν
ἠνεμόεν δὲ φρόνημα, πάθη καὶ λῆρος ἄμ' αὐτοῖς·
εἴθ' ἀπόλοιτο καὶ ἄλλος ὅτις τοιαῦτά γε βάζοι.

ἰππεῦσαί ποτε παρθένοι λέγουσι
Ῥιγαίαν ἐπὶ τιγρίδος δαφουνοῦ·
ὁ δ' ἄρ' “ἐνδον πᾶσαι” γελάσας
νόστιμος εἶπεν. ἡ δ' αὖτ' ἀφανῆς παρῆν.



A CITIZEN of Lilybaeum
Was taken to see a Museum ;
When he'd got through the function
He said, with some unctiōn,
“And now let us sing a *Te Deum* !”

A PRIMITIVE thing in a fen
Remarked, “I am told there are men
With ideas, emotions,
And thoughts, and such notions ;—
I hope I mayn't hear it again.”

THERE was a young lady of Riga,
Who went for a ride on a tiger ;
They came back from that ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.



THE BURDEN OF THE BURSAR.

WHEN I consider how my life is spent,
The intricacy of College dues and dowers,
The follies of the Fellows, hours and hours
With tenants wrangling on repairs and rent,
The endless letters of the clergy anent
Their parish pumps, new hat-pegs and old towers—
Ah! me! I cry, what wastage of my powers!
Why was I to this generation lent?

Ah! but still burns the sacred Lamp of Learning,
And far the radiance of the College reaches,
Smithers the West, Blithers the Orient teaches,
Serb and Armenian to our courts are turning;
Where were they but for my bursarial toil?
Or where the Lamp, if I supplied no oil?



SOME POEMS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



CURIOUS little eighteenth century manuscript has recently come into a safe resting place in the College Library after a narrow "scape in oblivion." It was rescued from a dust heap some years ago by Mr Arthur J. Wilcox, and by him given to the Master of Magdalene, who has presented it to the College Library through Dr Tanner. The contents are not striking, but many will feel a sense of guilty comradeship with their author, for they are a fair copy, dated 1787, of the poems of the Rev. James Bland, written possibly *in statu pupillari*. One can imagine the industrious enjoyment with which Bland made in his best (and really exquisitely neat) handwriting this transcript of what most pleased him in what he probably called the offsprings of his Muse. He was presumably a man of some promise. A Yorkshireman by birth, he took his B.A. from St. John's in 1783. In 1787, the year of the MS, he was elected to a Halitreholme Fellowship, an endowment then reserved for Beverley and its neighbourhood; but the next year came "the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears and 'slit' the thin-spun life."

The sentiments which animate his short poems are of the unexceptionable order—Friendship, Love, Virtue ("Goodness, Truth and Sense"), the worthlessness of "Gold" and "Grandeur," make their due appearances. They might have been written by Edmund Bertram at Mansfield Park with the approval of Sir Thomas on his return from Antigua. As might be expected in "his age and country" he dealt much in translations. Several, in a passably light and Prior-like manner, are from the French; two are carefully selected from Anacreon; one from Cervantes, and one, which is not a success, from Petrarch. Among English poets, Gray, Prior

and perhaps Waller, were his favourites. Bland writes of course in the special vocabulary appropriate to poetry in the eighteenth century. He is "a heedless Swain," he suffers from "soft alarms," the rose gives "fragrant sweets." And if his use of these time-worn phrases is quite without distinction, it is tasteful enough. There is no pretending he was even a minor poet, but readers of *The Eagle* may like to see one of his sonnets.

Whilst Time with silent lapse still glides away,
And months and years so swiftly pass along ;
Let us, my Friend, improve the present day,
Nor join in folly with the heedless throng.

Too oft in early life when Hope appears
(Fantastic Hope with Folly in her train),
Each distant scene a pleasing aspect wears,
And joys are looked for which we ne'er attain.

But let not Hope with vain delusive schemes
Deprive the present moments of our care ;
Nor let us be seduc'd by fleeting dreams
To treasure up an age of dark despair :
For those, and those alone are truly wise,
Who still improve each moment as it flies.

This is obsolete in matter, manner and language, but it is honest stuff ; and will our odes and rhapsodies seem less obsolete, or their poetic dialect less faded a hundred years hence ?

C. W. P. O.



RUFINUS IN RUSSIAN.

Πέμπω σοί, Ῥοδόκλεια, τόδε στέφος, ἄνθεσι καλοῖς
αὐτὸς ὑφ' ἡμετέραις πλεζάμενος παλάμαις·
ἔστι κρίνον Ῥοδὴ τε κάλυξ νοτερή τ' ἀνεμώνη
καὶ νάρκισσος ὑγρὸς καὶ κυαναυγὲς Ἴον.
ταῦτα στεψαμένη λῆξον μεγάλαυχος ἔουσα·
ἀνθεῖς καὶ λήγεις καὶ σὺ καὶ ὁ στέφανος.

RUFINUS : *From the Greek Anthology.*

Рóза, тyebyé vyenók shlyu, iz tsvyetón,
Svoími pál' tsami, spletyónny mnoi :
Vnyom vyétrenitsa, róza, líliya,
Fiálka sínγaya, nartsíss syrói.
Nadyén yevó, skin' spes' tvoγύ s syebyá :
Tsvyetyót i blyóknyet vsyo, vyenók s tobói.

DONALD MACALISTER.

ROSA, I send to thee a wreath of flowers,
Woven with mine own fingers for thy brow :
Therein the windflower, daffodil, and rose,
Blue violet, and moist narcissus, blow.
When thou hast donned it, doff thy haughty pride :
Ye both but bloom to fade, my wreath and thou.



THE COLLEGE IN WAR TIME: 1915-1917.

SHE Michaelmas Term of 1915 opened with about ninety men in residence, of whom thirty were freshmen. Many of the men of senior years had completed their rapid O.T.C. training in the previous summer, and were only waiting to be gazetted to regiments. The handful of old rowing men left in the College managed to train one boat's crew on the river; but practically all the other vigorous athletics came to an end.

Towards the end of the term, and soon after the circulation of Lord Derby's printed letter, the University War Committee (not unlike inquisitors of former days) visited the College in the course of their tour round all the Colleges to take a sort of inventory of man-power in the University at that time. The Committee sat in the small Combination Room, while those of the College who were eligible by age for military service assembled in the large room, and were singly called in to the Committee for short interviews.

Most of the gyps working on undergraduates' staircases left during this term, and took up other work in the town

During the Christmas vacation those undergraduates and B.A.'s who had rooms in New Court were surprised to receive a letter from the College Office stating that the military authorities had "requisitioned" the New Court for the billeting of troops, and all furniture was to be removed at once from the rooms and stored in two lecture rooms.

Before their removal numbered labels, like those used at auction sales, were stuck on the articles of furniture for future identification. The tenants of New Court were given furnished rooms in the other courts, vacated by men on active service. The grass plots in New Court were protected by a temporary stake-and-wire fence. Although it was in many ways unpleasant to think that part of the College was—with all due respect—in alien hands, the noisy activities of the troops helped to break the unnatural monotony of College life at that time. The troops stayed two months, and the New

Court rooms then remained empty, till the arrival of a cadet-officers Company during the Long Vacation, when cadets to the total number of two battalions, began to be placed in various Colleges.

About two hundred cadets were finally lodged in New Court, four men to each room. They were provided by the College kitchen with breakfast, mid-day dinner, and tea in Hall. The comparatively few academic members of the College soon grew accustomed to the unusual sounds of drilling in the paddock, or on the lawn before New Court, not to speak of the heavy tramp of men through the courts to and from Hall. The five or six officers resident in College with the cadets dined with the Fellows at High Table. As soon as one batch of cadets had completed four months' training and despatched its final examination, the written part of which was held in Hall, it left, and in a few days another raw company took its place. Each company has been entertained to a farewell dinner by the College on its last night of residence.

The Michaelmas Term of 1916 and the terms since have been marked by the occasional occurrence of warnings of the approach of hostile aircraft, and by the strict enforcement of the new lighting regulations in College. On the first night these came into force the brown paper screens, now surrounding the electric lights in Hall, were not ready, and Hall was lighted by candles placed in the College silver candlesticks on the tables. The effect was delightful, and one could have wished that the expense of lighting Hall for dinner in that way every night had not been prohibitive.

Warnings against aircraft were given from the town electric light station by the light being lowered to a dull glow and raised again to normal brightness three times in succession, and then left finally just glowing. It is impossible to read by this light, and many members of the College accommodated themselves with a candle carefully screened in the coal scuttle or other handy opaque articles. During the summer months it was very unpleasant to have to draw curtains half-an-hour after sunset. In the courts the lamps were not lit: the beautiful effect of the unlighted courts seen by moonlight made this seem no great loss. Fortunately no enemy airship passed very near to the town.

During the Michaelmas Term about 40 undergraduates were in residence ; and through the past twelve months this number has been maintained without much diminution.

The only College society to survive has been the College Mission, which has continued to be quite active.

Towards the end of the term Lord Devonport introduced his scheme of voluntary rationing, which the whole College at once adopted. It was arranged that the buttery should supply only seven ounces of bread daily to each resident ; but an attempt was made to encourage the sale of porridge, then an unrestricted article, by lowering the price of a breakfast dish. The price of dinner in Hall was raised to meet the increased cost of provisions.

To save coal used in heating the Chapel, morning prayer was read in the Library and evensong in the Combination Room before Hall. On Sundays the cadets attended College Chapel at 10 o'clock, and ordinary Chapel was at 11 o'clock. This term, however, the two services have been combined at a quarter past ten.

No interesting changes in College life due to the war have taken place in 1917 except that in the autumn sugar was rationed, when, through some confusion in the local scheme, the College kitchen was only allowed to buy sugar for the cadets. The other, academic, residents have been given sugar cards and are asked each to take to the kitchen an allowance of two ounces of sugar a week for the purpose of dinner in Hall. The undergraduates generally neglect to do this, and are content to have an unsweetened meal. One wonders whether the same arrangement is expected to continue if all articles of food are compulsorily rationed.

OUR FOOD CONTROL.

THE WATCH-DOG.

THE "Yapp" of the Food Controller
Bids mart and consumer 'beware !'
Hail ! Mentor, downright and *dog*-matic !
Teach all that—'the cupboard is bare'.

Lord Mayor's Day, 1917.

A. C. YATE.



REVIEWS.

Nothing of Importance : by BERNARD ADAMS.
Methuen, 1917. 6/.

Books on the War are written to be read, and therefore, presumably, to be reviewed ; but it is no very easy matter to sit safely at home and review the work of one of those men whose life—and death—have helped to make the armchair safe. Even if the reviewer has only known the author by name, the ordinary phrases of approval seem inadequate, and almost impudent ; and when the author has been a friend, not only to the reviewer but to many readers of the *Eagle*, there are old memories that make the task still harder. One would prefer to read, and say nothing more than "this is a good book, and only a good man could have written it."

But the *Eagle* reaches many who never knew Adams, and who might pass over his book in the vast mass of literature which the war is accumulating ; and, for their sakes, an account of it is worth attempting. Of Adam's life and character nothing need here be added to the notices in the *Eagle* and in the first pages of the present book. Indeed, the best testimony (however unconscious) to the writer's character may be found in any page of a book, which so clearly shews his simplicity, his sense of duty, and his whole-hearted search for truth. The keynote is not "thrills" or "sensations" ; Adams only claimed for his book that "from end to end it is the truth." This truth is not a picture of what is called the "lighter side" of the War, though Adams had too much humour not to appreciate that aspect. On the other hand, the truth does not take the form of that extreme realism, which chiefly emphasises the mud and squalor and agony of war. *Nothing of Importance* stands midway, with a light touch in describing the routine of a subaltern in a "quiet"

sector of the line, and yet with no desire to disguise the real tragedy hanging over the quietest of sectors.

In the hands of an inexperienced writer, the record of trench life, even if its comparative peace is broken by spells of fighting, might easily be dull, just as the life itself—we are often told—can be sheer dullness. But Adams was not only a good soldier; he had a natural style of expression, and could write in an interesting manner on the most ordinary details of a Platoon Commander's day. It is not given, perhaps, to every scholar (and Adams was a born scholar) to be highly practical; but one, at least, of the chief impressions that will be derived from the book is the enormous interest which the author obviously felt in his daily duties. His chapters on working parties, sniping, patrolling, mining, and the like, are not only vivid as descriptions, but—if an amateur may say it—are so practical that they might be read with advantage as a commentary on the official handbooks. The chapter on maps (with the maps themselves) could not be bettered: and though, as the author knew, "there are people who do not want maps", there will be few who will want to skip the chapter.

As the book proceeds, and Adams saw, and recorded, the more sombre side of the war, his tone became more serious than it had been in the earlier chapters. It could only be so; for, in his own words, "at first the interest and adventure are paramount, and it is only after a time, only after all the novelty has worn away, that one gets the real proportion." Then "a certain man drew a bow at a venture", and the writer—so soon to be himself the victim of this bow—felt the futility as well as the cruelty of war. Yet no one, more firmly than he, believed in the duty of fighting to prove that right is stronger than wrong: and his fine "Conclusion" shews that he was not only prepared to sacrifice his life, but knew that the sacrifice would not be in vain—in *hoc signo vinces*.

After the War, perhaps, only a small proportion of "war books" will survive; but *Nothing of Importance*, we think, will stand the test. It has a double claim for survival: it is written with singular charm and freshness; and, though the events described may not be "important", in the military

sense, the book has a very real importance as the expression of a point of view. When this War becomes history (whether wars will have ceased or no), our descendants will want to find out not only how the War was fought, but what the fighters themselves thought of it; and not least, perhaps, what was thought of it by such men as Bernard Adams.

James Lusk : Letters and Memories.

Blackwell. Oxford, 1916.

The value of letters as an essential element of good biography has long been recognised; and this value has been considerably enhanced in the case of Captain Lusk's memories by the exceptional circumstances under which his letters were written. It is in moments of great stress and danger that all that is good and noble in life can be seen most clearly; and in these simple and touching letters one is brought face to face with all those qualities which we hold most dear. As we follow Captain Lusk from Armentières to Festubert and Thiépvál, the successive scenes bring home to us the pathetic details of life in the trenches, and the nobility and heroism of all who fought so bravely there. We gradually come to realise his fondness for music, his simple belief in religion and unfaltering trust in God, even in the moments of darkest peril. He feels himself, after his first experience of the trenches, to be as moulding clay in the hands of God; and this trust sustains him throughout.

Thus, even apart from the literary value of these letters, we can recommend this little volume to all who are taking their part in this great struggle; that by such memories may be raised up an immemorial tribute to all those who have fought and died for their country.

Captain Lusk's message to his sister on Christmas Eve, 1915, just before his death, is his message to the world. "I've got nothing to give you this Christmas except my LOVE, from the midst of all the dancing muddle of mud and rain and other things."

P. A. Gaefer

Roll of Honour.

MONTMORENCY BEAUMONT BEAUMONT-CHECKLAND, B.A.

Lieutenant Beaumont-Checkland of the Somerset Yeomanry attached to the Somerset Light Infantry, who was killed in action on August 17th, was the younger son of Mr and Mrs Beaumont-Checkland of 44 South Eaton Place and Porlock, Somerset. He was born at Hove 16 November 1883 and was educated at Newton College, South Devon, and Uppingham, entering St John's in October 1902. He passed Part I of the Law Tripos and took his degree through the Special Examination in Law. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple 18 November 1912 and joined the Midland Circuit. He was an athlete, winning the quarter-mile at the age of eight at his first school and at the St John's Sports in 1904, while at College he also played hockey and cricket in 1904-5. Later he won the 300 yards officers' race in the Yeomanry regimental sports. A good all-round sportsman, he played golf and hunted regularly, especially with the Devon and Somerset staghounds. He was a member of the Junior Carlton Club. On the outbreak of war he applied for a commission in the West Somerset Yeomanry, and as there was no vacancy served in the ranks temporarily. He obtained his commission as Second Lieutenant in the second regiment 7 October 1914. Having served for two years and his regiment being in England, he volunteered for service abroad and was sent out with a draft in September 1916, being attached to the Somerset Light Infantry. A great-grandson of Guillaume, Vicomte de Beaumont-et-Maine, he fought not only for England but for the land of his ancestors. With regard to his career at the Bar the barrister under whom he worked writes: "It was a great shock to us all in chambers to hear of his death. We shall all miss him very much, as he was liked by everyone. I had personally become much attached to him, and hoped to have had him with me for many years. It is sad to think that a career which had so much promise in it should end thus. He had obtained his

first brief and conducted the case successfully, besides being second counsel in many other law cases." The Colonel of his Yeomanry writes: "I hope you will allow me to say how sorry I and all my regiment are for you in your sad loss, and at the same time I and all who were his brother officers feel so proud of him and his glorious example and bravery. He is I believe the first officer of the regiment to fall in action. Your son was always popular with all ranks. He was a great athlete, and was always ready to join in any fun that was going on, and was a capital officer at his job. He got a first class in musketry, and would probably have done equally well in any future courses if he had not gone overseas. He was recommended for promotion before he went out, but owing to various delays he was not gazetted Lieutenant till the beginning of August this year." The Colonel of the Somerset Light Infantry writes: "Your son was killed on August 17th, gallantly leading his platoon to reinforce the assaulting line in the attack on an enemy trench under heavy machine-gun and rifle fire. He was shot through the heart and killed instantaneously. He took part in the capture of the village of Langemarcke on the 16th, and all through the fighting shewed the greatest gallantry and coolness and was a splendid example to his men. I saw him leading his platoon into action on the 17th at 6.30 p.m. about an hour before he was killed. He was a great favourite with all ranks, and his loss is deeply mourned by us all." A brother officer writes of him: "I was near him all through the attack, and saw for myself what a fine example he set to everybody, especially when he was left in command of the company. He was a jolly good chap, and I am sure he would have been recommended if he had lived, as he did awfully good work in keeping the company together. He was killed when leading his men over, and had come through the first day untouched. We shall all miss him very much, and all wish to offer our sympathy to you in your loss." The Chaplain's letter says: "We all loved him. He was absolutely without fear, and was moving about regardless of shells. I heard the Adjutant remark, 'Is not Checkland great under fire?' His company had a very difficult job in the attack on Langemarcke, but they did it. I was speaking to him on the afternoon of the

day he was hit, and he lent me a couple of men to get some wounded men out of the shell holes. At night there was another attack, and it was while going across the open that your gallant son was hit and instantaneously killed. He is laid to rest near the village of Langemarcke, a place which will ever be famous in the history of his battalion. As the Bishop says of him, 'He died as a brave man should.'" A memorial service was held on September 7th at St Peter's, Eaton Square, attended by his family and friends, and an officer representing the West Somerset Yeomanry. The regimental trumpeters were also sent. His elder brother Lieut-Colonel Beaumont Beaumont-Checkland, has served at the front for nearly three years, and has received the Military Cross.

ERIC GEORGE BROCK, M.C.

Lieutenant Eric George Brock, of the 7th Battalion, The King's (Liverpool Regiment) was killed in action in Flanders 31 July 1917 while leading his Company in an attack from the trenches. His death cut short a career of exceptional promise. He was the eldest child of the Rev. George Albert Brock, Congregational Minister of Waterloo, Liverpool, where he was born 19 March 1893. His first school was 'Wyndhurst,' Wellington Street, Waterloo, and he very early shewed signs of unusual intelligence. When nine years old he won a scholarship at the Merchant Taylors School, Crosby, and there he remained until 1911. Of his school days the Headmaster, Mr A. Cradock-Watson, writes: "When he left he went up to Cambridge with a mathematical scholarship to St John's College, a Lancashire County Scholarship, the 'Great Crosby' Scholarship and the Exhibition awarded by the Oxford Local Examination's Delegates to the boy who took the first place in England in the Senior Examination. This year will long be remembered in the school as 'Brock's Year.' Mathematics were of course his forte, but he was no mean scholar beside. He achieved distinction in most school subjects, and almost swept the board of Foundation prizes in his last year. No athlete or lover of games, he played a prominent part in school life by his activity in the School Debating and Musical Societies."

At Cambridge he took a first class in Part I of the Mathematical Tripos in 1912 and was a Senior Optime in Part II of that Tripos in 1914. He was intending to compete for the Civil Service, but promptly offered himself for a commission and was gazetted Second Lieutenant in the 7th Batt. The King's (Liverpool Regiment) 16 October 1914, and, with short intervals of leave, was continuously at the Front till he met with his death. In August 1916 he won the Military Cross for an exploit which deserves record. His battalion was then in the Somme fighting. One of its Companies had advanced too far—they had in fact occupied an isolated trench—and were almost given up for lost. Brock, at great peril, went in search and discovered the lost Company, weakened and demoralized by casualties. He took command, restored the men's courage, and, when he had held the trench for four days, it was joined up by the other trenches on both flanks, and the remnant of the Company got back in safety.

His natural reserve and unfailing modesty prevented his powers of intellect and charm of character from being known for their full worth to any wide circle. Had he lived there can be no doubt they would have won a large recognition. Coolness of temper, affectionateness of disposition, tenacity of conviction and purpose—these were perhaps his leading qualities. His religion was deep and genuine, quiet and unobtrusive as was everything else about him. He was loyal to the Church of his upbringing and willing always to give practical service to the supreme cause he believed in. By those who knew him intimately his friendship was prized as a rich resource. His comrades in the Army acknowledge the loss of a good soldier of stainless fidelity and high courage; the men of his Company had the greatest confidence in him and declared they would have followed him anywhere. In his home he gave and received, as son and brother, a love inestimable.

ERIC METCALFE BROWN.

Lieutenant Eric Metcalfe Brown, of the Tank Corps, known to his intimates at school and College as 'Worm' or 'E.M.,' was killed 30 September 1917 while guiding a Tank

into action. Born 22 February 1892 at Barkly West, South Africa, he was the second son of Mr William Thomas Tilbrook Brown, formerly of Vryburg, and now of Somerset East, South Africa. His school was Kingswood College, Grahamstown, where he carried off many honours—sporting, academic and administrative. One of the writer's first recollection of him is of a tall thin boy with a handsome, thoughtful face, staggering under a pile of well-bound books which were his material spoil for the year in the academic contests of the sixth form. Very little Daniel went the way of the lions of the mighty sixth that year. The whole school loved him for he was just, marvelled at him because he read a book a day, and trembled at his greatness as he passed, for he was known to be an intimate friend of the Headmaster.

He passed from Kingswood to Rhodes University College with a first in Matriculation. The photographs in the halls of his alma mater testify to his presence in most of the sporting teams and the College always knew that he could be depended on in the titanic struggles at Rugby Football in which the First XV engaged periodically.

But now the omnivorous reader of school days became the subtle and quick thinker of College life, and he brought his studies to a triumphal conclusion by gaining honours in Mental and Moral Science in the B.A. examinations. In the forum too his voice was often heard and, as by his arguments he "proved things conclusively although we didn't believe him," we thought we could foresee the successes of the future when he addressed judge and jury. When he went up to St John's in the autumn of 1912 it was no surprise to hear that he had determined on the Bar as his profession. At St John's he was less in the public eye than at Kingswood or Rhodes, for he felt, and probably rightly, that it is the social life of Cambridge, the mingling with varied spirits, the talks with men from all countries, and of all points of view which is the most valuable part of the training there. He was in the College XV and secured an oar when the Rigger Boat made four bumps in the Lents of 1913. His friends knew that they could always get tea in his rooms in Chapel Court. He never seemed to be working when you arrived there, and there were few indeed who expected him to get

the 'First' which he did get in the First Part of the Law Tripos in 1914.

Many of his vacations he spent roaming about with a friend, now as working hand on a tramp steamer, now as cyclist in France, and again as a wanderer in the plains or in the towns of Italy. It was in Italy that the war found him, but no Latin charm could keep him when his country called, and he hurried across Europe as best he could in those first hurly-burly days of the war, reaching England by way of France. He enlisted at once in the London Rifle Brigade, went to the Front in November 1914, was wounded in April 1915; got a commission in the Bedfordshire Regiment, was transferred to the Tanks and went out with them in September 1916. He saw much service with the Tanks until invalided in March 1917. Once more his indomitable spirit triumphed again, and he faced the foe for the third and last time. He was killed as he had lived in the most self-sacrificing place, leading his Tank into action.

For his friends and his Colleges his glory remains, although his personality now seeks expression in the next phase. We, his friends, like to think of him not so much as sportsman and brilliant student, but rather as the indolent-looking, untidily dressed man with a charming expression who was always pleased to see us, who could be relied on for the appropriate phrase on any question, and, above all, who exemplified in his ways and deeds all that we admire most in the men of our public schools and universities.

CYRIL NEWTON THOMPSON.

CECIL WELLS CASTLE.

Lieutenant Cecil Wells Castle, of the South Staffordshire Regiment, who was instantaneously killed in action on 3 August 1917, was a son of Mr Roland Constantine Castle, Deputy Inspector General of the Indian Police. He was born 5 June 1894 at Calcutta, and was educated at Bradfield College and Collington House School, Bexhill (Rev. A. H. Oak-Rhind). He was admitted to the College in October 1914, but in May 1915 he entered Sandhurst, whence he obtained his commission in the South Staffordshire Regiment.

GORDON SALLNOW COSGRAVE.

Second Lieutenant G. S. Cosgrave, of the Royal Flying Corps, was killed, while flying on duty, at Hounslow on 4 November 1917. He was a son of Mr William Owen Cosgrove, of 70 Colney Hatch Lane, London, N., Surveyor to the Brewers' Company. He was born 10 September 1898 and educated at the Merchant Taylors School, London. He was awarded an Entrance Scholarship for Hebrew at St John's in December 1916, but joined the Flying Corps shortly afterwards.

OLIVER BERNARD ELLIS.

Flight Sub-Lieutenant O. B. Ellis, R.N., was reported as "missing" on 20 May 1917, but subsequent information leaves no doubt that he was killed in an encounter with a superior force of German aeroplanes over the German lines. He was the second son of Mr Bernard Ellis, of Avenue Road Leicester, and was born at Leicester 20 June 1898. He was educated at Wyggeston School, Leicester; Sidcot School, Winscombe, Somerset; and Bootham School, York. He was admitted to the College in May 1916, but before coming into residence he joined the Royal Naval Air Service in June 1916 and was sent on active service in March 1917.

His Squadron Commander writes as follows to Mr Ellis senior: "I would have written to you sooner, but hoped to have some definite news which I could give to you about your son. We have, however, heard nothing, and, although it is a hard thing to have to tell you, I fear there is not much hope of his safety. He was last seen during the progress of a big fight high up over the enemy's lines. Just after gallantly attacking and destroying one enemy machine, which broke up in the air, he was himself attacked by another, and his machine was seen going down as if the pilot were wounded. From the manner in which his machine went down his companions fear there was no hope of his landing safely. Although your son was not with me more than a few weeks, I had formed a high opinion of him as an officer and a fighting pilot, a cheery messmate, always ready for any work

or play, he is a great loss to us. . . . Your son has helped to maintain our present superiority over the German air service, which is essential to winning this war, and that is a valuable service to our country."

HERBERT LLEWELYN GWYNNE, B.A.

Second Lieutenant H. Ll. Gwynne, of the North Staffordshire Regiment, was officially reported as "missing, believed killed" on 18 November 1916. As nothing has since been heard of him it would appear that the worst must be feared. He was the younger son of the late Mr Clement Thomas Gwynne, solicitor of Leek, Staffordshire, member of the firm of Messrs Challinors & Shaw. Born at Leek 2 May 1892 and educated at the High School, Newcastle, Staffordshire, he entered St John's in 1911. Taking up the study of History he was elected a Scholar of the College, obtaining a Second Class in Part I of the History Tripos in 1913 and a First Class in Part II in 1914. He was then articled to Mr Arthur Shaw, head of the firm with which his father had been connected. In 1916 he was elected to a McMahon Law Studentship at St John's, of £150 for four years. He was also on the supplementary list of the staff of the Cambridge Extension Lectures, being a popular and effective speaker and lecturer.

He obtained a commission in the Army in July 1915 after having been four times rejected on account of defective eyesight. He was for some time in training at Pembroke College and then joined the 11th North Staffordshire Regiment at Hummersknot Camp, Darlington, later moving to Rugeley Camp, Cannock Chase, in October 1915. He went to France 10 July 1916 and in the August following was made machine-gun officer to his Battalion. On 18 November 1916 as he was leading his men into action in the attack on Grandcourt he was wounded and collapsed in a shell hole; a brother officer who was with him was unable to see how badly he was injured as he had to push on with the Company. Lieut. Gwynne was never found, although the ground where he fell was searched and afterwards taken. Eight other officers of the Battalion were reported as 'missing' with him, and of none of these have any tidings been received.

Brother officers all describe Lieutenant Gwynne as a splendid officer who took a keen interest in his gunners, never thinking of his own comfort and absolutely fearless in face of the enemy. Although while at College Gwynne was debarred from taking a prominent part in games by extreme short sight, he was a keen athlete, and was a good cricketer and hockey player. He was quiet and modest, but his force of character, as well as his fine ability gave him influence in the College, where his unaffected simplicity made him popular. He was not only a clear thinker but a good speaker, and would doubtless have made a reputation as a lecturer for the Extension Syndicate, in whose work he was keenly interested.

HENRY CLARENCE HORSBURGH LANE, M.A.

Second Lieutenant H. C. H. Lane, of the Border Regiment, was killed in action 10 July 1917. He was the youngest son of Mr and Mrs John Macdonald Lane, of Devon, Kew Road, Richmond, Surrey. He was born at Penge 16 December 1886 and was educated at Dean Close School, Cheltenham. He entered St John's as a Choral Student in October 1906 and read for the Classical Tripos, in which he was placed in the Second Class in June 1909. During his residence as an undergraduate Lieut. Lane was prominent in College athletics. He played in the Freshmen's Association match, and in 1908 won his College colours both for football and cricket. After taking his degree he was an Assistant Master, first at Pocklington and later at the King's School, Pontefract. He was then appointed to a high post in the Government Education Department in the Federated Malay States, passing in the vernacular eight months after his arrival in the country. At the close of over four years' service leave was due to him, but he refused to take it and obtained permission to join the Army, leaving for England in July 1916. He trained with an Officers' Cadet Battalion at Newmarket, and while in training there came over to Cambridge and was admitted to his M.A. degree on 1 December 1916. He obtained his commission and went to the Front in February 1917. He met his death after gallantly leading his Company to support

another Company which was hard pressed. He passed through what was described as a "hell of shell fire" unscathed, but afterwards was struck down, falling at the head of his men. Mr Lane's father was a commissioned officer in the Indian Navy and sometime Chief Superintendent of the Indian Government Telegraph Department; he served in the Persian War in 1856 and in the Indian Mutiny.

REV. HERBERT NETTLETON LEAKEY, B.A.

The Rev. H. N. Leakey, Chaplain to the Forces, who died of sunstroke 23 July 1917 at Dar-es-Salaam, German East Africa, was the elder son of Dr Charles Montague Leakey, of Albaston, Gunnislake. He was born 20 February 1890 at Blaby Rectory, Leicester, the residence of his grandfather, the Rev. Peter Nettleton Leakey; he was educated at Stamford School, and entered St John's as Marquis of Exeter's Exhibitioner, holding also a leaving Scholarship and the Marshall Exhibition from his School. He took his degree through the Classical Tripos in 1912. He then went to the Ripon Clergy College, and was ordained Deacon in 1913 and priest in 1914 by the Bishop of Exeter. He was Curate of St Paul's, Devonport, 1913-14, and of Charles, Plymouth, 1914-17. Early in 1917 he volunteered as an Army Chaplain, was accepted, and sent to Dar-es-Salaam, in East Africa. Shortly after his arrival he was struck down by sunstroke, and, after lingering three weeks, died 23 July.

While at Charles he did excellent work with the Boys' Brigade, at the Prison and the Salisbury Road Hospital. With the boys he was at his best; the following, written to them, was his last message, it reached Plymouth on the day of his death:

"My dear Boys,

"I have such a lot to say that I hardly know where to begin. My last letter to you was written from Durban; I sailed from there over a week ago, and am now—at last—at the end of my long journey.

"Let me tell you first about something rather exciting that happened on the way up. Our boat caught fire in the coal

bunkers. You must not suppose that everything blazed up. You see the coal is shut right away down below, and the ship is so big we could only tell that anything was happening by the sound of explosions made by the escaping coal gas. But some of the poor stokers got terribly burnt, and the fire spread from one bunker to four. So half-way through our journey we had to put into a little bay. Then every soul on board was crowded either into the stern or into the bow of the boat in order that the bunkers amidships should be flooded.

"Now Lieut. Andrews, or anybody who knows about ship-building, will tell you that if this is done it may be all right or it may cause a big explosion. So you can imagine what we all felt like as the thing was being done. Still it was all managed very gradually and carefully, and all you could see was a big lot of smoke coming from the ship's side. Later, we changed ships, and soon arrived here [Dar-es-Salaam]. I am writing this in camp, but so different from camp in England. Tall palm trees everywhere around, and hundreds of thousands of different kinds of insects. Ants walking about over this sheet of paper, flies buzzing round my head, and long lizards on the walls of the tent. At night one has to sleep under a mosquito net, for the bite of the mosquito often means fever. And the row they make! Think of a noise like the escape valve of a railway engine. That is a cicada or cricket, about as long as a match, and yet he makes an amazingly loud noise—then think of three or four rusty pumps all being worked together—those are just ordinary frogs—then the mosquito who makes a noise like a big wasp—add all this together and you get some idea of what it sounds like on an ordinary evening in East Africa.

"This place, when it was in German hands, was bombarded by an English man-of-war, and you can still see great holes in the walls of houses, also there are 'dud' shells lying about here and there.

". . . Don't forget that I am often thinking and praying about you, and hope when the mails come in to hear how you are getting on. . . . So don't disappoint me!"

JOSEPH COLIN MIRFIN.

Second Lieutenant Joseph Colin Mirfin, of the York and Lancaster Regiment, was a son of Mr Joseph Mirfin, of 110 Cowlshaw Road, Sheffield. He was born at Sheffield, and educated at the Central Secondary School there. He had a brilliant school career, passing the Oxford Senior Local Examination in 1910 with first class honours and distinction in Mathematics and English. He also passed the Higher Certificate Examination in 1912 with distinction in the same subjects. He finished his school career as Senior Prefect and Captain both of Football and Cricket.

In December 1912 he was elected to a Foundation Scholarship of £80 for Mathematics, and commenced residence at St John's in the October following. In his freshman's year he was at the head of the mathematical list of his year, and took a First Class in Part I. of the Mathematical Tripos of 1914. He joined the College Company of the Officers' Training Corps, and in May 1915 was gazetted to the York and Lancaster Regiment.

He was severely wounded on 7 December 1916; it was feared that it might at once prove fatal, but under the unremitting care of the best surgical skill he rallied, and hopes were entertained of his recovery. Complications, however, set in owing to a shrapnel wound in the lung, and he died at Brighton Hospital 17 August 1917. He was buried in the Ecclesall Cemetery with full military honours.

His Headmaster describes Lieut. Mirfin as one of "the straightest, the purest and truest, as well as one of the most able and promising boys who have ever passed through this school."

His College career promised to be a fitting sequel to his school record.

ROBERT BLAKE ODGERS, B.A.

Captain R. B. Odgers, of the Army Service Corps, died 31 August 1917. He was the third son of Dr W. Blake Odgers, K.C., and Mrs Odgers, of The Garth, North Finchley. He was born in London 26 February 1890, and was

educated at Sedbergh School, entering St John's in 1908. While in residence he rowed for the Lady Margaret Boat and was on the Committee of the College Musical Society, being also a performer at its concerts. He graduated in 1911 and in that year entered upon his engineering career in the Birmingham Metal and Munitions Company Limited, of Saltley, where he also obtained a commission in the Territorial A.S.C., being afterwards gazetted Captain 12 September 1914.

In 1913 he became assistant to the Head of the Inspection Department of his firm; on the declaration of war he was mobilised, but he could not be spared from his post, and on the application of his firm he was seconded and ordered back to his work in Birmingham. He was soon appointed Assistant Works Manager, and held that post until April 1916, when he was entrusted by his firm with the work of superintending the planning, equipping and installing of a large new Government Cartridge factory, employing some four thousand men. He was General Superintendent of this factory until the time of his death.

In August 1916 at the request of the Ministry of Munitions he represented his firm on a Commission which visited Russia. In 1917 he became a member of the Institute of Metals.

He broke down from overwork and died peacefully in his sleep on August 31, having undergone a serious operation to relieve pressure on the brain a few days before. He was buried in the West Hampstead Cemetery 4 September 1917. Few young men of 27 have won such a position in the esteem and affection of all who knew him. In addition to friends and relatives the Ministry of Munitions was represented at his funeral, the Managing Director of his Company and representatives of the workers in his great factory were also present. Captain Odgers married 10 June 1915 at St Augustine's Church, Edgbaston, Birmingham, Olive Asquith, elder daughter of Mr George Brewerton, of 5 Montague Road, Edgbaston.

LOUIS FRANCIS WOODWARD ROBINSON.

Second Lieutenant Louis F. W. Robinson, Royal Engineers, who was killed in action 26 May 1917 was the eldest

son of Mr Francis Richard William Robinson, of Buxar, Shahabad, India, sometime Superintendent of the Rewah State, Central India. He was born 17 December 1893 at Buxar, and he led the "Retainers' Procession" on a baby elephant of H.H. The Maharaja of Rewah in the Delhi Durbar 1902-3. Educated at Dane Court, Parkeston, Roysse's Grammar School, Abingdon, and Bedford Grammar School, he entered St John's in 1912. He played cricket and hockey for the College. He volunteered for service on the outbreak of war, landing in France 12 August 1914. Commissioned from the Front to the Royal Engineers in October of that year, he returned to England for further training, but went to the Front again in 1915, and from thence to Salonika, returning to England in 1916. He went again to the Front on 1 January 1917, and was recommended for the "Croix de Guerre" and promotion.

His Major Commanding writes: "We were all very fond of your son, and his death has cast a great gloom over the Company, especially in the officers' mess. He was always so cheerful and happy that he helped us all very much indeed during trying times such as we have experienced recently. I honestly assure you that I consider no death could be more glorious than your son's, dying whilst doing his duty." His men, in sending their sympathies to his "home folk" through a brother officer, say: "There was no wind about him, anyway." He was buried, practically where he fell, in the first line of trenches.

MARSHALL HALL ROBINSON, B.A.

Mr. M. H. Robinson, Naval Instructor, R.N., died at Saltash 15 June 1917.

He was a son of the late Mr John Hall Robinson, Master Mariner, and was born at Suez 17 August 1878. He was educated at Merchant Taylor's School, and entered the College in 1897, taking his degree in the Mathematical Tripos of 1900 as a wrangler.

DONALD ARTHUR GEORGE BUCHANAN RYLEY.

Second Lieutenant D. A. G. B. Ryley, of the Manchester Regiment, attached to the North Staffordshire Regiment,

was reported as "Missing" on 11 February 1917, and is now believed to have been killed in action on that date. He was the elder son of the Rev. Harold Buchanan Ryley, formerly Headmaster of Emmanuel School, Wandsworth Common, now serving as a Lieutenant in the Suffolk Regiment, and grandson of the Rev. George Buchanan Ryley, Vicar of Whyteleafe, Surrey. Lieut. Ryley was born 5 July 1893 at Colorado Springs, Colorado, United States, America, and was educated at Sir R. Marwood's School, Sandwich, and St Olave's Grammar School, entering St John's in October 1912 as a Classical Exhibitioner. He became a fine oar and a prominent member of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, rowing at Henley in the Fours which won the Wyfold Cup in 1913 and the Visitors' Cup in 1914, in the latter year also rowing in the First May Boat and the Eight at Henley. He was Secretary of the Boat Club, and was elected First Boat Captain in 1914.

He was a good Classical Scholar, and might well have taken First Class Honours if he had been able to complete his course. On the outbreak of war he at once volunteered for service, and on 26 August 1914 was gazetted a Second Lieutenant in the 8th Battalion of The Manchester Regiment. He served in Gallipoli, and after the evacuation of Suvla Bay, being attacked by dysentery, was sent to Malta; on recovery he rejoined his regiment, and took part in some of the desert fighting in Egypt. When things became quieter there, being anxious to join his brother in the fighting line in France, he applied to be transferred to the North Staffords; this was allowed, and while on his way he learned at Alexandria that his brother had been killed. He himself fell at or near Hulluch on 11 February 1917. Through his death the College loses a man who served it well by his character no less than by his athletic powers and intellectual distinction.

ARTHUR JAMES DASHWOOD TORRY, M.C.

Second Lieutenant A. J. D. Torry, R.G.A. attached R.F.C. (Special Reserve) who was killed in an aerial combat 9 October 1917, was the only son of the late Rev. Alfred Freer Torry, formerly Fellow and Senior Dean of the College and after-

wards successively Rector of Marwood in Devon and Marston Morteyne, Beds.; his mother was a sister of the famous oarsman John Haviland Dashwood Goldie. Lieutenant Torry was born 18 May 1886 at Marwood Rectory and was educated at Bedford Grammar School; entering the College in October 1905 with an Entrance Exhibition, and took his degree in the Mechanical Sciences Tripos in 1908. He then went to the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich as a Shop Student for three years, and while there took a great interest in the College Mission in Walworth, going up to the Mission on Sunday evenings, and at other times, to help in the Mission work.

He left Woolwich in 1911 and went to Messrs Vickers' works at Barrow-in-Furness as an ordinary workman to get more practical experience, but after a few months was transferred to the Drawing Office, remaining there until the beginning of 1913. While at Barrow he belonged to the Rock and Fell Climbing Club and spent much of his free time in the Lake District, as he was an enthusiastic rock-climber.

He went to Canada in the spring of 1913 and began work at the head office of the Canadian Explosives Company in Montreal; after a short interval the company sent him to their branch at Beloeil as manager of the works to make certain reforms which he carried out successfully. He was in England on a holiday when war broke out in 1914. He then offered his services to Messrs Vickers, but, as they were not then wishing to increase their staff, he applied for a commission in the Royal Engineers, and would have been accepted but for excessive short sight. He was also, for the same reason, refused by an Infantry Regiment either as an officer or a private. After various other attempts to join the forces he was at last accepted with the first batch of recruits for the Universities and Public Schools Brigade and went in to training at Epsom. In April 1915 he was given a commission in the Royal Garrison Artillery, Special Reserve (*London Gazette*, 15 April 1915) and went to Charlton Park, Woolwich. The officers of the Artillery stationed there were made honorary members of the Blackheath Tennis Club, and were given the privilege, not accorded to other players, of using the courts on Sunday. Lieut. Torry, who had renewed old friendship with the engineers at Woolwich Arsenal found

that they were working so late all the week and also on Saturdays that he considered they really needed the privilege of using the Tennis Courts on Sundays more than did the officers. He pointed this out to the Club Committee and arrangements were made to let the munition workers have the same privileges as the officers. In September 1915 Lieut. Torry was attached to the North Midland Heavy Battery, one of the first territorial batteries to go the front, and joined them in Flanders, where he remained until the Somme offensive, when with some other North Midland officers he joined the 132nd Heavy Battery on the Somme. He was slightly wounded in October 1916, but remained on duty. At the taking of Thiépval he went out with a telephone wire immediately behind the Infantry, and was able to send word through of their position. For this deed he was awarded the Military Cross, the official announcement being: "He established and maintained communication under very heavy fire, displaying great courage and determination." (*London Gazette*, 15 Nov. 1916).

His feat, for which he was awarded the Military Cross, is thus described by a brother officer in a letter to Lieutenant Torry's sister: "We were both detailed for forward observation work on the 26 September 1916, when the attack was made on the Zollern, Hessian and Regina trenches, resulting in the capture of the two former. The greatest difficulty was experienced in keeping the communications intact, but it was done, and some useful information thus obtained. It was an exceedingly hot time, and your brother was the most fearless man I have ever had the pleasure to meet. On that day our wire was running short, and he took the wire over the top of the trenches to save taking it round the traverses which would have necessitated the use of more wire, and he would do it himself and not endanger the lives of the remainder of the party, five in number, by allowing them to do it. By the goodness of God we all returned safely that day, although personally I hardly thought we could.

"I can assure you that your brother was one to be proud of for his bravery and fearlessness alone, which I have seen displayed on many occasions, and I am extremely sorry that he has been taken from amongst us, and I deeply sympathise

with you in your great loss, but poor though the consolation is, he is one of those heroes of this struggle who gave of his best, and finally his all, for our dear old country."

In the summer of 1917 he applied for transfer to the Royal Flying Corps, and came to England for a month's training in September last. He left for the Front as an observer R.F.C. on October 2nd and was killed in aerial combat on October 9th. With the exception of his month's training and an occasional ten days' leave he had been at the Front without intermission from September 1915 until his death. A brother officer wrote as follows: "There was an attack on October 9th, and a number of planes were told off for patrol work to keep the Hun from crossing our lines. Quite unexpectedly two Hun planes dropped out of the clouds a few hundred feet above them and attacked from both sides at once. Arthur got his machine-gun on one of them, but the other had pretty much his own way for a few seconds, and one of his bullets got Arthur. By this time some of our other machines arrived and drove off the Huns. Arthur had been badly hit, and only lived a minute or two and was quite dead when they landed at the aerodrome a few minutes later. His Flight Commander and other officers all spoke of him in the very highest terms, although they said he had been with them such a short time."

GUY THWAITES, D.S.O.

Major Guy Thwaites, D.S.O., of the Egyptian Army, was drowned on 29 May 1917 by the capsizing of a small Sudan Mail Steamer, the *Amara*, during a sudden hurricane on the White Nile, about a hundred miles north of Fashoda. He was the fifth son of the late Rev. Henry Graham Thwaites and of Mrs Clara Thwaites, of 14 Cambridge Park, Durdham Downes, Bristol. Born 4 November 1877 at Bulkington, Warwickshire, he was educated at Malvern College and St Paul's School, London, entering St John's in 1897.

He served in the South African War 1899-1902, taking part in the operations in Natal, including the action at Lombard's Kop; at the defence of Ladysmith, including the sortie of 7 December 1899 (Mentioned in despatches, *London Gazette*, 8 February 1901); he took part in the

operations in the Orange River Colony in February 1902 and in the Transvaal from March to 31 May 1902. He was awarded the Queen's Medal with four clasps. His first commission, in the Army Service Corps, was dated 1 May 1901; he was promoted Lieutenant in the following year, and was gazetted Captain 1 May 1906. In June 1914 he was seconded for duty with the Egyptian Army, and took part in the Darfur campaign in 1915, when he was mentioned in despatches and received the D.S.O.

He was returning from the Niger Expedition in the Southern Sudan to Khartum, when the steamer in which he was, after collision with the bank, capsized in mid-stream.

THOMAS CHRISTOPHER VAUSE, M.A., LL.B.

Second Lieutenant Thomas Christopher Vause, of the West Yorkshire Regiment, was reported wounded and missing on 3 September 1916, is now officially presumed to have died on or since that date, and his grave has been identified in the Divion Road British Cemetery, Thiépval, East of Albert.

He was the only son of Mr and Mrs Thomas Orlando Vause, of Rose Lea, King Lane, Moor Allerton, Leeds. He was born at Kirkstall, near Leeds, on 12 November 1882, and after being educated at the Leeds Modern School and New College, Harrogate, entered St John's in 1904, proceeding to the B.A. degree in 1907; he took the M.A. degree in 1911 and that of LL.B. in 1913.

On leaving Cambridge he entered the teaching profession, and was a Master at the Modern School, Harrogate, 1907-10; at the Leeds Central High School 1910-14, and Second Master at the Cleckheaton Secondary School, where he was engaged at the outbreak of war. Soon after hostilities commenced he joined the Inns of Court Officers Training Corps, afterwards obtaining a commission in the 1/8th Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment.

Very soon after arriving at the Front he was reported wounded and missing, and it was not until August 1917 that definite news that he had died was received by his father.

Many splendid tributes to his memory have been paid by brother officers, which have served as a comfort to those he

left behind. Lieutenant Vause will always live in the memory of those who knew him as one who, if his life had been spared, would have gone far in the scholastic profession which he adopted. He was not only a good teacher but a good sportsman, and he appealed strongly to boys. He married Maud Rosamond, daughter of Charles Helmsley, of Leeds, who, with two young children, survives him.

JAMES LIONEL EAST WARREN.

Captain J. L. E. Warren, of the 3rd Battalion The Welsh Regiment, was the eldest son of the Rev. John Alexander Faris Warren (formerly of North India), Assistant Secretary Church Missionary Society Headquarters and Mrs Warren, Hampstead, and grandson of the late Rear-Admiral J. W. East.

He was born 4 January 1895 at Jubbulpore, Central Provinces, India, and was educated at Monkstown Park School, co. Dublin, and Dean Close School, Cheltenham, where he held a Scholarship. At school he won his colours for Cricket, Soccer and Hockey, and was a Prefect and sergeant in the O.T.C.

He gained a leaving Exhibition in the summer of 1913 and entered St John's in the October Term of that year with an open Exhibition for Classics. His intention was to read for Holy Orders preparatory to working in the Mission Field; he played in the College hockey team. On the outbreak of war he enlisted in the Universities and Public Schools Brigade, but almost immediately received a commission, being gazetted 28 November 1914 to the 12th (Service) Battalion The Welsh Regiment, serving with the 3rd Battalion at Cardiff. In March 1915 he was posted to the 1st Battalion in France, and was slightly wounded in April. While at home he was appointed Assistant Adjutant of the 3rd Battalion, rejoined the 1st Battalion as Lieutenant in June, was made Acting Captain in July, and confirmed in that rank in October 1915. He took command of A Company, which he led in the attack and capture of the 'Little Willie' Trench, Hohenzollern Redoubt, the official report of which runs: "The 84th Brigade had a very heavy trial. The continued fighting, the repeated bombardments and bombing had done great damage to the Hohenzollern; in places the trenches had been com-

pletely destroyed. They had to meet repeated attacks, and though on October 1st the 1st Welsh won back a large portion of 'Little Willie,' capturing some prisoners and inflicting heavy loss on the Germans, they could not manage to get touch with the troops in the redoubt, and having both flanks exposed were bombed out next afternoon after a stubborn defence." The casualties were very severe, being 390 N.C.O.'s and men and 15 officers. Captain Warren's Colonel (who saw nothing of him in the attack) wrote: "I always had the greatest admiration for Captain Warren, and he has frequently done good work in the trenches during very trying circumstances." The officer commanding B Company wrote: "Captain Warren behaved with great gallantry, and personally led many attacks, in which we tried to bomb our way up the trench. He was an able and very energetic officer as well as a very brave one. I very much fear he, with the others, died in the most glorious way possible." Another officer wrote: "He was a great favourite amongst us, and we feel his loss very much." One of his sergeants, who was the last man to see him alive, wrote: "Captain Warren ordered me to retire after I was hit, and said he would stand by those who were too severely wounded to be moved; he had been hit himself, in the hand, and had been bandaged by a captured German doctor, but the wound did not seem to bother him. I sincerely hope we may yet hear of him, for a more gallant gentleman and courteous officer I have never followed." A private of his Company wrote: "He was one of the best officers we had, and I would gladly go to my death with him as my leader." One of his brother officers who was wounded but escaped said bluntly: "Warren would never surrender. I saw him for hours keeping off the Huns with bombs and rifle-fire."

Captain Warren was officially reported as "wounded and missing" on 1-2 October 1915, and as no further tidings have been received of him the War Office presumes that he fell on one or other of the above dates.

KENNETH SELBY WATERS, B.A.

Second Lieutenant K. S. Waters was the third son of the Rev. Samuel George Waters, of Meriden Vicarage, Coventry,

and was born at Nuneaton 18 June 1890. He was educated at King Edward's School, Nuneaton; the King's School, Warwick; and the King's School, Grantham. He entered St John's in October 1909 with a Newcome Exhibition from Grantham School, and took his B.A. degree in June 1912. During his residence he was a prominent and active member of the Lady Margaret Boat Club; he rowed in the First Boat in June 1912, and in the Eight at Henley in that year. He is the third member of that crew to fall in his country's service.

At School and at the University he was a member of the Officers Training Corps, obtaining A and B certificates, and was a 2nd Lieutenant in the Unattached List, Territorial Forces.

Failing to obtain a University Commission in the Indian Army, in November 1912 he joined the Calcutta branch of the Shipping Firm of Messrs Turner, Morrison and Co. Mr Turner writes of him: "He was amongst the very best of the young fellows we have sent out to India", and Mr Carter, of the Calcutta branch, says: "We saw Waters off at Howrah Station full of life and pleasure at being able at last to go and 'do his bit'.—In him we had one of the most promising assistants in our office, and to us his loss will be very great. Undoubtedly he would have made his mark in Calcutta if he had lived."

When war broke out he became a member of the Port Defence Corps at Calcutta. In March 1917 he applied for a commission in the Indian Army Reserve of Officers, and during April, to gain experience, he served with the Devon Battery at Barrackpore. On 3 May 1917 he was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant R.G.A., No. 1 British Mountain Battery, stationed at Bara Gali, Muree Hills, North West Frontier Provinces.

He was killed on May 30th as Lieut.-Col. E. St G. Gray, R.A., commanding No. 2 M.A. Brigade, reports in the following letter to Lieutenant Waters' father:

"I am writing to you on behalf of all the officers of this Brigade to express our sincere condolences to you at the death of your son. He joined here on May 13th, and I formed a very high opinion of your son's abilities. He was

just the type of man who would have made a good officer, and his death is a loss to the Regiment. He joined on the same day as Lieut. City, and both were attached to No. 1 Mountain Battery at Bara Gali and lived in the quarters alongside the Mess. These buildings are situated on the top of a steep hill surrounded by trees and jungle. There has never before been an attempt at a disturbance; at 10.15 p.m. on the 30th May, five officers, including your son, were sitting round the fire in the Mess, when two shots were fired through the glass window of the door. The shots were fired simultaneously. The officers jumped up and dashed out of the opposite door. When they found that your son and Lieut. City were not with them, they went back and found that both were dead, death being instantaneous—shot through the heart. A native watchman was in the verandah on the other side and he neither saw nor heard anything except someone scrambling down the hill below the Mess. Tracks showed that there had been two barefooted men, probably two raiders from across the border, who, wishing to get even with the Government for some action taken against them or their relations, came into British territory and murdered these officers. The raiders probably selected Bara Gali as they knew this place was isolated and their escape was probably an easy matter. These officers were buried with all Military Honours in the Kalabagh Cemetery (three miles from Bara Gali) on the first of June."

Major F. H. Scovil, commanding No. 1 Mountain Battery at Bara Gali, wrote on June 14th:

"Colonel Gray, I believe, wrote to you last week telling you the circumstances under which your son was killed. I am now writing on behalf of myself and the other officers of the Battery to express our very sincere and deep sympathy with you in this tragic occurrence. As you know your son had been with us less than three weeks, but in that time we had got to know him as an extremely nice and hard-working fellow. One of the murderers has been caught, and we hope will very shortly be hanged here. He is the ringleader of a band of outlaws who have committed a series of crimes and robberies in these parts for several years past, always escaping to Independent Territory, some seventy miles away,

afterwards. The terrible part is there appears to have been no motive at all for the crime except sheer fanaticism, and the loss is rendered all the more terrible from the utter wantonness and futility of the crime which caused it."

RICHARD HENRY WHITE, M.C.

Lieutenant Richard Henry White, of the London Regiment, was killed in action in August last; we have not been able to ascertain the exact date of his death. He was a son of Mr Richard Alfred White, of the Army Inspection Department, and of Melrose, Beaconsfield Road, Enfield Wash. Born 22 December 1896 at Small Heath, near Birmingham, he was educated at Enfield Grammar School, and was elected to an Entrance Scholarship for Natural Science in December 1914. He joined the University Officers' Training Corps and obtained his commission in December 1915. His linguistic attainments made him a valuable officer in the Intelligence Department. He was awarded the Military Cross a few months before his death.

HENRY WILLIAM KNOWLSON-WILLIAMS.

Second Lieutenant Knowlson-Williams, of the Royal Flying Corps, was killed in an aeroplane accident at Rendcomb in Gloucestershire on 11 July 1917. He was a son of the late Mr Henry William Williams, and stepson of Mr William George Cosens, of St Benedict's, Glastonbury, and was born in London 14 May 1896. He was educated at Clifton College, and was admitted to St John's in 1915; before coming into residence he joined the Royal Flying Corps. He was a skilful officer and had no mishap on his own account. On the morning of July 11 Lieutenant Knowlson-Williams, acting as observer, went for a flight in a "Bristol fighter" with Lieutenant A. J. Cathie, R.F.C., acting as pilot. The machine was a single control machine, said to be not of an unsafe type, though requiring more careful flying than some other machines. The two officers were returning to the aerodrome to land, but apparently the distance having been misjudged, flew on, and in turning made too flat a turn, and as a consequence nose-dived from a height of 150 feet

into a wheat-field some three-quarters of a mile distant. Both officers were killed.

The machine was in perfect order, and Lieutenant Cathie an experienced officer who had made many flights in France, so that it would appear that the accident was due to a momentary error of judgment. Lieutenant Knowlson-Williams was buried at Westbury-on-Trym on July 14, the service being choral with full military honours; the funeral was attended by brother officers and a full muster of in addition to relatives the Clifton College Cadet Corps.

ARTHUR WESLEY WILSON.

Lieutenant A. W. Wilson, of the Scots Guards, M.G.C., was killed in action 28 July 1917. He was the only surviving son of the late Mr Samuel Wesley Wilson, physician, of Hanley, Staffordshire, and a grandson of the late Mr and Mrs Jones-Lloyd, of Lancy, Pembrokeshire, and 19 Victoria Street, Tenby. Born 25 March 1897 at Blackrock, co. Dublin he was educated at Denstone College and entered St John's College in 1915, intending to study medicine. He obtained his commission in the Scots Guards in June 1916. According to a letter from his soldier servant, Private B. G. Gay, Lieutenant Wilson was killed instantaneously by a shell, and he adds: "He was one of the finest and bravest gentlemen I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. I feel as if I had lost the greatest friend I ever had. . . . He studied every one of his men."

JOHN WORSTENHOLM.

Second Lieutenant J. Worstenholm, of the Royal Flying Corps, was killed in action 25 September 1917. He was the only son of Mr Luther Worstenholm, of Darlington, Editor of *The Northern Echo*, and was born at Eaglescliff, Durham, 16 December 1897. He was educated at Darlington Grammar School, where he obtained two Scholarships, entering St John's in October 1916, joining the O.T.C. On attaining the age of 19 he joined the Artists' Rifles for training, and four months later was transferred to the Royal Flying Corps; he had only been at the Front about five weeks.

Obituary

REV. KENELM HENRY SMITH.

In the late Rev. Kenelm Henry Smith, of Ely, St John's College and Bury School, whence he came up here in 1856, have alike lost a faithful and attached *alumnus*. He was born at Ely in August 1837, as the only son of the Rev. Solomon Smith, M.A., Fellow of St John's (23rd Wrangler in 1829), Minor Canon and for forty-one years Vicar of St Mary's, Ely, who died in December 1873. At Bury St Edmunds Kenelm Smith (on whom his school-fellows, with their habitual preference for the sonorous, always bestowed his father's Christian name) remained from 1849 to 1856, and was in the Sixth Form in the last year of Dr Donaldson's and the first year of Mr Wratishaw's Headmastership, when he gained the English Verse Prize. Those days were not exactly spacious days at Bury School; but in the Sixth Form there was plenty of spirit and not a little of varied ability, and Kenelm Smith had a place of his own among his fellows. With a strong sense of affection for the school, and all that belonged to it, he combined a humorous disposition which he retained to the last, and a considerable insight into character. He was afterwards author of an admirable paper of school reminiscences, as well as of a long series of notices of Old Burians contributed to the school magazine, which entitle him to the gratitude of all who, as antiquarians, or from pious motives of their own, value that kind of biographical literature. At St John's he held the Spalding and Symonds Exhibition, and took part in the sports of the College. He was ordained in 1860, and, after filling several other curacies, settled down at Ely, where he latterly held the cure of the hamlet of Chettisham till he was obliged by ill-health to relinquish the work. He had previously held the curacy of St Mary's at Ely under his father, and was a frequent contributor to the *Parish Magazine* of the parish, and author of a pamphlet on its church.

Besides being for a time chaplain to the workhouse, he was a member of the Ely Burial Board, and of the Board of

Guardians, and, to the end of his life, Honorary Secretary to the Ely Dispensary Committee, in whose labours he took a special interest. He was, among other things, an enthusiast about bells, and is believed to have contributed to one of J. J. Raven's volumes on that subject. (At Ely he filled the office of President of the Diocesan Association of Ringers). He was also warmly interested in everything connected with church organs, of which he had a considerable and very practical knowledge. His many-sided and unselfish activity, together with his genial wit and his power of understanding, and of feeling with, those around him, gained him the warm affection of his fellow-clergy and of the citizens of his native place, as was shown on the occasion of his funeral on September 15th last. The sermon preached on that occasion by the present Vicar of St Mary's, the Rev. S. Addlesham, B.D., formed a fitting tribute to one whose flow of unselfish and unostentatious piety was the finest element in a delightful amalgam of qualities. His widow and her family are assured of the sincere sympathy of many old friends of his, both inside and outside the cathedral city, which he knew so intimately, and where he was held in such well-deserved honour.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Michaelmas Term, 1917.

Dr John Edward Marr, Fellow of the College, was elected to the Woodwardian Professorship of Geology in the University on 30 October 1917.

The new Professor was born at Morecambe, in Lancashire, 14 June 1857, and educated at Lancaster Grammar School, under another Johnian, the Rev. W. E. Pryke, now Canon and Chancellor of Exeter. There his progress in Geology enabled him in 1875 to win an Exhibition in Natural Science at our College, where he began residence in the October Term. In due course he obtained a Scholarship, and was placed in the first class of the Natural Sciences Tripos of 1878.

Aided by a grant from the Worts Fund he spent the summer of the next year in Bohemia, studying the Lower Palæozoic rocks of that country on which a palæontologist of more than European reputation had founded his doctrine of 'Colonies,' to explain the fact that in the rock succession of this country a fauna, which elsewhere characterized a later age, was sometimes interrupted by an earlier one. Barrande accounted for it by the hypothesis that the later fauna already existed somewhere outside the country inhabited by the earlier one, invaded it, successfully for a time, but ultimately was expelled by its older inhabitants. This notion was obtaining general acceptance, when Marr took the question in hand, and showed by his paper read before the Geological Society of London in June 1880 that Barrande, though truly eminent as a palæontologist, was not trustworthy as a stratigrapher, for the apparently uniform succession of deposits was illusory, and the intercalation of the new and old was due to faulting. Marr's work convinced the majority of Geologists, and little more was heard, at any rate in Britain, of the doctrine of 'Colonies.'

This fine piece of work, done while he was yet a B.A., placed Marr at once in the front rank of his science, and his work in 1880 among the lower Palæozoic rocks of Scandinavia added to his reputation. He gained the Sedgwick Prize in 1882, and has written a very large number of papers on Geological subjects, many of which deal with the Cambrian and Silurian formations, especially in Lakeland, but others with physical geology, such as the action of ice, the origin of lakes and the development of scenery; and his work also on those difficult fossils, the Graptolites, must not be forgotten. Among his books may be mentioned *The Principles of Stratigraphical Geology*, *The Scientific Study of Scenery*, *Agricultural Geology*, *An Introduction to Geology*, and the *Geology of the Lake District*, &c. Of late years he has also paid much attention to 'flint implements,' especially in Cambridgeshire.

He was elected a Fellow of the College in 1881 and a Lecturer in Geology, soon after being appointed a University Lecturer in that subject. He became a Fellow of the Geological Society in 1879, and has served altogether 31 years on its Council, filling the offices of Secretary, Vice-President and President. By this Society he was awarded the Lyell Medal in 1901 and the Wollaston Medal (its highest honour) in 1914. He was elected F.R.S. in 1891, was President of the Geological Section at the British Association Meeting in 1896, and has received, among other honorary distinctions, the degree of Ph.D. (in 1908) from the University of Prague.

His work at Cambridge, where, except for one or two short absences in his earlier years, he has been continuously resident, is too well known to need description. Enough to say that as a teacher he is indefatigable and stimulative; that he married in 1893, and that his students have always found a welcome at his home from himself and Mrs Marr.

It may be worth noting that St John's was the first College to appoint a Lecturer in Geology, with the result that, among the students who attended his courses, were our new Professor of Geology, Dr W. J. Sollas, the Oxford Professor, Sir J. J. H. Teall, and Dr A. Strahan, the past and present Heads of the Geological Survey—all Johnians—and Professor W. W. Watts (Sidney Sussex), the Professor of Geology at the Royal College of Science in London, besides others who obtained high distinction in the Natural Sciences Tripos, some of whom, like Professor A. M. Marshall, Dr P. H. Carpenter, and Professor M. M. Hartog, won their chief laurels in other departments.

Among the Birthday Honours conferred on members of the College was that of K.C.M.G. conferred on Mr Herbert Edward White (B.A. 1877). The Morocco correspondent of *The Times* writes as follows in the issue of that paper for 14 June 1917: "The news of the conferment of a K.C.M.G. upon Mr Herbert E. White, British Consul-General and Diplomatic Agent in Morocco, has caused universal satisfaction here. Mr White's long and valuable services in Morocco are justly appreciated, not only by the British subjects in this country, but also by the representatives and subjects of our friends and Allies and by the Moors themselves. Mr White's great knowledge of the country and its people has been invaluable in the maintenance of peace and order, and the honour which his Majesty the King has conferred upon him has been most deservedly bestowed."

The *London Gazette* of 27 August 1917 contained the first list of appointments to "The Most Excellent Order of the British Empire." The list contains the names of the following members of the College:

To be Knight Grand Cross (G.B.E.).

The Right Hon. Sir John Fletcher Moulton, K.C.B., P.C., F.R.S., Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman 1868; Honorary Fellow of the College. Director General of Explosive Supplies in the Ministry of Munitions.

To be Commander (C.B.E.).

Henry Seymour Moss Blundell, Esq, LL.D. (B.A. 1893). Of the Trade Division, Admiralty.

To be Officers (O.B.E.).

William Henry Hart, Esq (B.A. 1867). Has rendered valuable services in connexion with various War Funds.

Walter Halliday Moresby, Esq (B.A. 1884). Attached Intelligence Directorate, War Office.

David Arthur Nicholl, Esq (B.A. 1890). Town Clerk of Wandsworth.

MILITARY HONOURS.

Bar to the Military Cross, 16 July 1917.

Robinson, Ernest Harold, M.C., Captain Shropshire L.I. Finding the Battalion held up, he immediately organized bombing parties to clear up the objective. When this was found impossible he was of the utmost assistance in reorganizing not only his own company, but the remainder of the Battalion. His splendid example largely contributed to the success of the operations (M.C. gazetted 1 January 1917).

To be D.S.O., 26 November 1917.

Robinson, Ernest Harold, M.C., Captain Shropshire L.I. The acts of gallantry for which the decoration has been awarded will be announced in the *Gazette* as early as possible.

MILITARY CROSS.

The following awards of the Military Cross have been announced:—

I. Awards with reasons assigned in the *Gazette*.
18 July 1917.

Fison, Alexander Key, Captain Essex Regiment. He commanded his company with great skill and determination. He gained his objective and held on until compelled to withdraw. He withdrew his party to our original front line, reorganized them, and occupied their position until relieved. He set a splendid example throughout.

Williams, Harry Ben, 2nd Lieut, Liverpool Regiment.

He behaved with great gallantry, during the advance, in crawling out into the open and shooting an enemy machine-gunner. On reaching his objective he collected some men and consolidated under heavy fire at close range.

26 July 1917.

Coad, Claude Norman, M.B., Captain R.A.M.C.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in proceeding alone, under intense enemy barrage, to the aid of a wounded officer, whom he brought back under circumstances of the greatest personal risk over ground swept by enemy fire. He spent the night in "No Man's Land," displaying the highest courage and devotion to duty in evacuating the wounded under continuous heavy fire.

Shillito, Norman Wholey, 2nd Lieut. R.E.

His untiring and successful exertions in laying and maintaining communications between Brigade Headquarters and advanced Battalions, under heavy shell fire, on at least five distinct occasions, have been of the greatest assistance to his Brigade Commander.

Taylor, Frederick Lewis, Captain Royal Fusiliers.

When the troops on his right were compelled to retire he at once formed a defensive flank, thereby averting a further withdrawal. His skill and coolness under difficulties have always been most marked.

16 August 1917.

Dunkerley, Cecil Lawrence, Lieut. R. West Kent Regiment.

After all the gun crew of a tank had become casualties he ascertained how to work the gun, and kept up fire during the withdrawal of the tank, thus preventing further counter-attacks on the part of the enemy. He displayed great gallantry and resource at a critical moment.

Shaw, Arthur, 2nd Lieut. Yorks L.I., attd T.M. Battery.

During an attack he led his section with great ability, getting his guns into position and action under very heavy fire. By his assistance an enemy strong-point, which had held out all day, was captured.

17 September 1917.

Highfield-Jones, Philip Highfield, Lieut. S. Staffs. Regiment.

During an attack upon a village he was in command of a company of "moppers up." Two of the attacking

companies having suffered heavily under machine-gun fire, he took command of the remnants, and with great gallantry and determination cleared the enemy out of the houses which they had occupied, inflicting heavy casualties upon them and capturing eight prisoners and three machine-guns. He shewed great initiative and resource in the way in which he handled a difficult situation.

II. Awards, reasons to be given in a later *Gazette*.

4 June 1917.

Paterson, M. W., Captain R.A.M.C.

Taylor, G. M. C., Lieut R.E., late R.M.L.I.

Varwell, R. P., Captain Royal Irish Rifles.

26 September 1917.

Gill, G. A., 2nd Lieut R.G.A.

25 August 1917 (Mesopotamia).

Macfadyen, W. A., Captain E. Kent Regt.

18 October 1917.

Fulljames, R. E. G., 2nd Lieut R.F.C.

27 October 1917.

Menendez, F. T. S., Lieut Gen. List, R.F.C.

26 November 1917.

Quin, B. G., Lieut Cambs. Regiment.

Scutt, J. A. H., 2nd Lieut Hamps. Regiment.

Whye, J. W., Lieut Leicestershire Regiment.

Mentioned in Despatches.

General Milne's Despatch.

Salonika, 29 March, *London Gazette*, 18 July 1917.

Beard, E. C., Captain Royal Irish Regiment.

Kirkness, L. H., Lieut-Col. Special List.

Murphy, W. L., Major R.A.M.C.

Sibly, T. M., 2nd Lieut Gloucester Regiment.

General Sir Stanley Maude's Despatches.

Mesopotamia, 15 July 1917.

Macfadyen, W. A., Captain E. Kent Regiment.

27 July 1917.

The name of the following has been brought to the notice of the Secretary of State for War for distinguished services rendered in connexion with the War :

Pearson, C. E., Captain Special Service.

Home Service, 8 August 1917.

Rewards for valuable services rendered in connexion with the War, with effect from 3 June 1917 :

To be Brevet Lieut Col.

Drysdale, John Hannah, M.D., Major R.A.M.C.

Decorations by the Allies.

French : Croix de Guerre, 22 August 1917.

Murphy, W. L., M.D., Major R.A.M.C.

Egyptian : Order of the Nile, 31 August 1917.

Iles, C. E., Governor Blue Nile Provinces, Sudan Government.

Mentioned in Despatches.

Salonika, 28 November 1917.

For gallant conduct and distinguished services rendered during the past six months :

Kirkness, L. H., Lieut-Col. Special List.

Townsend, R. W., Captain Devonshire Regiment.

At the Annual General Meeting of the London Mathematical Society, held on 1 November, the following members of the College were elected officers for the ensuing year : Vice-President, Professor Sir J. Larmor, M.P. (B.A. 1880) ; Secretary, Dr T. J. Pa Bromwich (B.A. 1895) ; Members of the Council, Professor A. E. H. Love (B.A. 1885) and Major P. A. MacMahon (Sc.D. 1904).

At the Annual General Meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, held on 29 October, the following members of the College were elected officers of the Society for the ensuing year : President, Dr J. E. Marr (B.A. 1879) ; Secretary, Mr H. H. Brindley (B.A. 1887) ; Members of the Council : Dr T. J. Pa Bromwich (B.A. 1895), Mr F. F. Blackman (B.A. 1891) and Professor J. Larmor (B.A. 1880).

On August 18th the Rev. Edward Theodore Sandys (Theological Tripos 1886), a younger half-brother of Sir John Sandys, was installed by Bishop Lefroy as a Canon of the Cathedral Church, Calcutta. Canon Sandys, who has been working for 27 years in Calcutta under the Church Missionary Society, published in 1916 an illustrated history of the first hundred and forty-five years of the "Old or Mission Church," with numerous portraits, including that of Henry Martyn (Senior Wrangler, 1801).

The Burghley Sermons for the College were preached this year as follows : At Hatfield, by the Rev. M. E. Atlay (B.A. 1903), Vicar of St Matthew's, Westminster ; at Stamford, by the Rev. H. Lovell Clarke (B.A. 1904), Vicar of All Saints', Nottingham.

The Rev. J. S. A. Vatcher (B.A. 1871), Rector of Clare, Suffolk, has been appointed an Honorary Canon of St Edmundsbury Cathedral.

The Rev. T. H. Irving (B.A. 1879), Vicar of Hawkshead and Honorary Canon of Carlisle, has been appointed a Surrogate in the Diocese of Carlisle.

The Rev. C. Middleton (B.A. 1881), Vicar of St John's, Birkdale, Liverpool, has been appointed a Surrogate in the Diocese of Liverpool.

The Rev. R. Thorman (B.A. 1882), Vicar of Christ Church, Skipton, has been appointed Diocesan Inspector in the Archdeaconry of Craven.

The Rev. A. J. Robertson (B.A. 1890), Vicar of Romsey with Lee, has been appointed a Surrogate in the diocese of Winchester.

The Rev. Canon J. H. B. Masterman (B.A. 1893), Rector of St Mary le Bow, London, has been appointed Chaplain to Mr H. Frankland Hepburn, Sheriff of London.

The Rev. T. H. Walton (B.A. 1898), Curate of Holy Trinity and Minor Canon of Winchester Cathedral, has been presented by the Dean and Chapter to the Vicarage of Preston Candover with Nutley.

The Rev. H. L. Pass (B.A. 1898), Chaplain to the Forces, Warden of St Anselm's House, Cambridge, has been appointed Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford.

The Rev. W. A. Briggs (B.A. 1903), Acting Chaplain R.N. has been appointed Chaplain to H.M.S. *Euryalus*.

The Rev. C. H. Ritchie (B.A. 1905), Chaplain R.N. has been appointed to H.M.S. *Blake*.

The Rev. H. Niven (B.A. 1911), Curate-in-charge of St Barnabas, Newton, Dalton in Furness, has been appointed Vicar of All Saints', Netherton, with St Andrew's, Grasslot, Maryport.

The following members of the College were ordained on Trinity Sunday (June 3) : *Priests*, H. R. Browne (B.A. 1880) and licensed curate of Eastbourne, by the Bishop of Chester ; J. Sanger (B.A. 1891), by the Bishop of Rochester ;

H. S. Goodrich (B.A. 1915), by the Bishop of Sheffield; J. H. Yeo (B.A. 1915), by the Bishop of Southwark; *Deacons*, G. N. L. Hall (B.A. 1913), by the Bishop of St Albans, and licenced curate of Christ Church, Luton.

R. M. Prichard (B.A. 1916) was ordained on September 23 by the Bishop of Exeter in St Andrew's Church, Plymouth.

The following ecclesiastical appointments are announced:

Name.	Degree.	From.	To be.
Willacy, H. G.	1873	R. Syderstone	R. Souldetne
Vigers, E. H.	1900	R. Little Stukeley	V. Bradpole, Dorset
Keely, A. W. J.	1878	V. St Paul, Huddersfield	R. Oringbury
Watts, H. B.	1896	C. Witton Gilbert	V. Shildon
Belcher, H. C. P.	1901	R. Aberystruth	R. Llanmaes
Grimes, G. H.	1905	C. Sheriffhales	V. Lee-Brockhurst
Johnson, A. R.	1883	R. Marwood	R. Marston-Morteyne
Mattinson, G. F.	1884	V. Aldworth	R. Marwood
Norman-Lee, F. B. N.	1882	C.F. (Retired)	R. Worting
White, C. W.	1888	C. Crowborough	V. Wendy w. Shingay
Phillips, W. J. L.	1894	V. Burtle & Catcott	V. Walton, Aylesbury
Goodall, C. H.	1898	C. St Mark's, Reigate	V. St Crispin's, Bermondsey
Dyer, C. H.	1905	C. Leyland	V. Whittle-le- Woods, Chorley
Scholfield, J. R.	1903	V. Whitworth, Rochdale	V. Bourton, Dorset
Roberts, H. E.	1897	R. Hopton, Thetford	V. Flitton, Ampthill
England, A. C.	1894	V. St Mary's, Sculcoates	V. Hessele, Hull
Marsh, J. B.	1884	R. St Giles', Colchester	V. Nayland
Bonsey, W. H.	1908	R. Morecambe	R. Groton, Colchester
Bell, R. E. T.	1905	C. West Ham	P.C. Emmanuel, Nottingham

The result of the Open Competition for the Civil Service of India was published in September last. In accordance with the rule limiting the number of appointments in war time only five vacancies were announced by the Civil Service Commissioners. Three places were won by Cambridge men, D. E. Reuben (B.A. 1917) being placed first on the list. Mr Reuben obtained highest marks in combined Mathematics; he was also first in English Law and Political Science.

Mr Miles Walker (B.A. 1899) has passed the examination for B.Sc. (Engineering) for external students in the University of London.

Mr W. J. S. Naunton (B.A. 1910) passed in June last the M.Sc. examination of the University of London, his subject being Chemistry.

The following books by members of the College are announced: *Fossil Plants. A Text-book for Students of Botany*

and *Geology*, by A. C. Seward, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, vol. iii (University Press); *Microscopic Analysis of Cattle-Foods*, by T. N. Morris, B.A. (University Press); *Tort, Crime and Police in the Medieval Britain*, by J. W. Jeudwine (Williams & Norgate); *The Red Planet*, by William J. Locke (John Lane); *Nothing of Importance, a record of eight months at the Front with a Welsh Battalion, October 1915 to June 1916*, by the late J. B. P. (Bernard) Adams (Methuen); *From Pericles to Philip*, by T. R. Glover, M.A. (Methuen).

Mr William Wordsworth, C.I.E., of Villa Wordsworth, Capri, Italy, eldest surviving grandson of the Poet Laureate, and Principal of Elphinstone College, Bombay, died on 7 March 1917 aged 80. By his will he bequeathed all the letters, MSS. and papers of his grandfather, William Wordsworth, to his cousin Gordon Wordsworth, of The Stepping Stones, Ambleside, expressing the wish that he will leave them to the library of St John's College, Cambridge.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, June 1917.

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS, Part I.

Class 1.	Class 3.
Bhansali, M. D.	Grange, G. W. K.
Greaves, W. M. H.	

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS, Part II.

<i>Wrangler.</i>	<i>Senior Optime.</i>	<i>Junior Optime.</i>
Reuben, D. E.	Harris, E. S.	Brown, E. R.

NATURAL SCIENCES TRIPOS, Part I.

Class 2.	Class 3.
Barbash, H.	Menon, K. R.

NATURAL SCIENCES TRIPOS, Part II.

Class 2.
Ds Keeley, C. T. (Physics).

MEDIEVAL AND MODERN LANGUAGES TRIPOS.

Class 1.	Class 2.
Davis, V. S. E.	Gaspar, P. A.

HISTORICAL TRIPOS, Part I.

Class 2, Division 2.
Denyer, C. L.

COLLEGE AWARDS AT THE ANNUAL ELECTION, June 1917.

COLLEGE PRIZES.

<i>First Year. Tripos Part I.</i>
Bhansali, M. D.

MEDIEVAL AND MODERN LANGUAGES.

<i>First Year. First Class (College).</i>
Peacock, E.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

READING PRIZES.
Not awarded.

ESSAY PRIZES.
Second Year.
Gasper, P. A.

HOCKIN PRIZE.
(for Physics).
Not awarded.

NEWCOME PRIZE.
(for Moral Philosophy).
Not awarded.

CAMA PRIZE.
Ds Patton, A. G.

HUGHES PRIZE.
Davis, V. S. E.

ADAMS MEMORIAL PRIZE.
Not awarded.

HAWKSLEY BURBURY PRIZE.
(for Latin Verse).
Not awarded.

WRIGHT'S PRIZES.

Mathematics.
Reuben, D. E.
Greaves, W. M. H.

Natural Sciences.
Crowther, H. A.

ELECTED TO FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS.

Mathematics. Reuben, D. E.
Natural Sciences. Crowther, H. A.
Medieval & Modern Languages. Greaves, W. M. H. Davis, V. S. E.

ELECTED TO AN EXHIBITION.

Medieval and Modern Languages.
Peacock, E.

HOARE EXHIBITION.

(for Mathematics).
Not awarded.

MACMAHON LAW STUDENTSHIP.
Not awarded.

NADEN DIVINITY STUDENTSHIP.
Not awarded.

HUTCHINSON RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP.
Not awarded.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, December 1916.

Scholarships of £80 :

(for Mathematics)
(for Mathematics)

Roseveare, M. P. (Marlborough College)
Stokes, C. W. (Hastings Grammar School)

Scholarships of £60 :

(for Classics)
(for Classics)

Aldred, S. D. (Pocklington School)
Simkins, R. M. (Crypt Grammar School,
Gloucester)

(for Natural Science)
(for History)
(for History)

Hartree, C. W. (Bedales School)
Guttridge, G. H. (Nottingham High School)
Oulsnam, S. H. Y. (Newcastle High
School, Staffordshire)

Scholarships of £40 :

(for Mathematics and
Natural Science)
(for Classics)
(for Natural Science)
(for Hebrew)

Cole, R. A. L. (Bedford Grammar School)
Mead, F. E. B. (Marlborough College)
Barclay, C. (Dulwich College)
Cosgrove, G. S. (Merchant Taylors' School)

Exhibitions of £30 :

(for Mathematics)
(for Classics)
(for Natural Science)

Sanders, H. G. (Wellingborough School)
Francis, J. H. (Rugby School)
Scott, C. R. (Haileybury College)

CLOSE AND OPEN EXHIBITIONS, June 1917.

Open Exhibition of £80 :

(for Mathematics)

Soar, L. C. (Alley's School, Dulwich)

Open Exhibitions of £40 :

(for Classics)
(for Mathematics and
Natural Science)
(for Mathematics)
(for Natural Science)

Bliss, A. H. (Northampton School)

Hemmings, H. (Northampton School)

Morris, L. T. (Christ's Hospital)

White, N. L. (Leighton Park School,
Reading)

To Downman Scholarships :

(for Classics)
(for Mathematics)
(for Natural Science)

Arundel, D. D. (Tonbridge School)
Avery, E. V. (Wilson's Grammar School,
Hensman, J. C. (Stamford School)

To Close Exhibitions :

Field, H. A., Somerset (Manchester
Grammar School)
Griffith, W. G. A., Lupton and Hebble-
thwaite (Sedbergh School)
Hensman, J. C., Marquess of Exeter
(Stamford School)
Wade, G. D., Shrewsbury School

COLLEGE ENGLISH ESSAY PRIZES, 1917.

The Prize for Students of the Third Year is awarded to
V. S. E. Davis.

No Essays were received from Students of the Second or
First Years.

For the subjects of the Essays see vol. xxxviii, p. 357.

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 Bartlett, *Mr Cunningham, The Dean,
Mr Hart, Mr Kidd, Mr Palmer, Mr Previté-Orton (*Senior Treasurer and*
Acting Senior Secretary), *Mr B. T. D. Smith, Dr Tanner, Mr Ward,
*Mr Yule, H. L. Allsopp, T. B. Cocker, H. S. Collins, H. A. Crowther,
J. David, J. W. W. Glyn, G. W. K. Grange (*Jun. Sec.*), W. M. H. Greaves,
A. B. A. Heward, *H. D. F. Kitto, G. A. Lyward (*Jun. Treas.*), W. D.
Moss, W. Shaw, A. D. Whitelaw.

The main business of the Governing Body, which held its
annual meeting on December 1st, was to elect fresh members
of the General Committee to replace men who have gone
down. At the Committee meeting which preceded it the
Senior Treasurer pointed out that the increase of the balance
of the Mission since last year was due to the return of two
years' income tax on the dividends of Mrs Cobb's legacy
during the period of the account. The Senior Missioner
was, to our regret, unable to get away from his work in
Walworth to be present, but we hope that next term it will
be possible to arrange for a visit from him, when he may
again give us a description of the recent doings of the Mission.

* Temporarily away from College.

THE LIBRARY.

Donations and Additions to the Library during the half-year ending Michaelmas, 1917.

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

Donations.

	DONORS.
James Lusk* : letters and memories. sm. 8vo Oxford, 1916. 11.27.38.....	The Master.
MS. [Anthem book used by the Organist of the College Chapel in the 18th Century. Oblong fol.]	
*Macalister (Sir Donald). The Westminster Standards of the Scottish Churches. (Reprinted from the <i>Aberdeen University Review</i> , Feb. 1917.) roy. 8vo Aberdeen, 1917	Sir Donald Macalister.
Accented Russian Reader. Poems. Edited, with English translations and notes, by B. A. Rudzinsky and S. Gardiner. Introduction by Sir Donald Macalister*. sm. 8vo Alva [1917]. 8.30.5.....	
Jefferson Physical Laboratory, Harvard University. Contributions from the J. P. L., and from the Cruft High-Tension Electrical Laboratory for 1915. Vol. XII. 8vo Camb., Mass. [1916]. 13.22.41 ...	Sir Joseph Larmor.
Hope (E. W.) and J. M. Campbell. Report on the Physical Welfare of Mothers and Children. England and Wales. (Carnegie United Kingdom Trust). 2 vols. imp. 8vo [Liverpool] 1917.....	
Bauer (L. A.), *Fleming (J. A.), etc. The magnetic work of the Galilee, 1905-1908. The magnetic work of the Carnegie, 1909-16. Some discussions of the ocean magnetic work, 1905-1916. Results of atmospheric-electric observations made aboard the <i>Galilee</i> , 1907-8, and the <i>Carnegie</i> , 1909-16. (Reprints from the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism, etc. Carnegie Institution of Washington). 3 vols. 4to [Washington] 1917.....	Mr. Glover.
[And several numbers of the periodicals which Sir Joseph Larmor presents to the Library.]	
Boutmy (E.). The English People: a study of political psychology. Translated from the French by E. English; with introduction by J. E. C. Bodley. 8vo Lond. 1904. 5.4.34.	Mr. Glover.
Coleridge (Sarah). Memoir and letters. Edited by her daughter. 3rd edition. 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1873. 11.45.40,41.....	
De Wet (C. R.). Three Years War. (October 1899-June 1902). 8vo Lond. 1902. 5.5.21.....	Mrs. J. Finn.
Fitzpatrick (J. P.). The Transvaal from within: a private record of public affairs. 6th impression. 8vo Lond. 1899. 5.5.22	

Flosculi Graeci Boreales sive Anthologia Graeca Aberdonensis. Series nova. Decerpsit J. Harrower. (Aberdeen University Studies, No. 28). 4to Aberdoniae, 1907. 7.13.64.....	Mr. Glover.
Flosculi Rossallenses. 8vo Cantab, 1916. 7.20.12...	
Graham (R.). Saint Gilbert of Sempringham and the Gilbertines. 8vo Lond. 1903. 5.31.29.....	Mr. Leatham.
Miller (Sanderson). An 18th Century correspondence to S. Miller of Radway. Edited by L. Dickins and M. Stanton. 8vo Lond. 1910. 11.44.25	
Penny (Rev. F.). The Church in Madras. Vol. II. (1805-1835). 8vo Lond. 1912. 9.21.71.....	The Author.
Russell (Sir Charles). The Parnell Commission. The opening speech for the defence, revised by the author. 8vo Lond. 1889. 5.34.27	
Vacation Tourists and notes of travel in 1860. Edited by F. Galton. 8vo Camb. &c., 1861. 10.30.16*	Royal Astronomical Society.
Cambridge Tracts in Mathematics. No. 16. Dickson (L. E.). Linear Algebras. 8vo Camb. 1914.....	
— — — — — No. 18. Hardy (G. H.) and M. Riesz. The general theory of Dirichlet's Series. 8vo Camb. 1915.....	The Author.
— — — — — No. 17. *Havelock (T. H.). The propagation of disturbances in dispersive media. 8vo Camb. 1914	
Royal Astronomical Society. Monthly Notices. Vols. XLII.-LVIII. 8vo Lond. 1882-1898. 3.21.....	The Author.
— — — — — Memoirs. Vol. LXI. 4to Lond. 1917. 3.14.....	
*Greenhill (Sir George). Theory of a stream line past a curved wing. Appendix to Report No. 19. 1910. (Advisory Committee for Aeronautics). fol. Lond. 1916.....	The Author.
Roberts (F.), M.D. Degeneration of muscle following nerve injury. [off-print from <i>Brain</i> . Vol. XXXIX. 1916.] [Raymond Horton-Smith Prize 1916].....	
Dionysius Halicarnassensis. Antiquitatum Romanarum libri X. (- De Compositione, etc.) [Greek]. 2 parts. <i>Editio princeps. Ex officina Rob. Stephani: Lutetiae</i> , 1546,47. fol.....	P. L. Babington, Esq.
Virgil. Works, in English verse. The Aeneid translated by C. Pitt; the Eclogues and Georgics translated by J. Warton; with observations by E. Holdsworth, etc. [Edited by J. Warton]. 4 vols. 12mo Lond. 1763. II.11.50-53.....	
Tertullian. Apologeticus. The text of Oehler, annotated, with an introduction, by J. E. B. Mayor.* With a translation by A. Souter. 8vo Camb. 1917. 9.33.36.....	Syndics of the University Press.
*Abbott (Rev. E. A.), D.D. The Fourfold Gospel. Section V. The Founding of the New Kingdom. Diatessarica X. 5.) 8vo Camb. 1917. 9.8.....	
Finn (James). Stirring Times: or records from Jerusalem Consular Chronicles of 1853 to 1856. Edited and compiled by his widow. 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1878. 9.22.54,55.....	The Author.
Finn (Rev. A. H.). The Unity of the Pentateuch. 8vo Lond. [1917]. 9.10.44.....	

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- [for vol. II. see list of Additions.]
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ERRATA.

- p. 46, l. 7, read "recollections" for "recollection."
- p. 46, l. 11, read "the other lions" for "the lions."