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CONTENTS.

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THE EAGLE.

Easter Term, 1920.

FROM ASTARA TO ARDABIL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

covered with cobwebs and insects innumerable. Despite our efforts to smoke the room out I do not think that either my batman or I got much rest from mosquito, gnats, and fleas throughout the whole night. The aneroid barometer read 1100 feet, and the cyclometer 14½ miles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A. C. T.

THE GRAND ELIXIR.

(TO WILLIAM BLAKE, DEAD ALCHEMIST.)

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

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

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

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

F. H. K.

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

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

F. H. K.

VECTOR ANALYSIS.

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

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

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

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

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

"Naturally there must be an acceleration towards the centre."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But isn't that just the opposite?"

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

"I suppose the race is relative, too?"

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

"Where are the oars?"

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

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

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

"But he has *three* oars."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But how? There's no rudder."

"Subfluminal Magnetism. You have two variable parameters, θ, ϕ, and you have to connect them with a Linear Relation to produce motion in a straight line. Going round corners you must differentiate with respect to your angular acceleration and work out your new direction in spherical polars. I shall give you your co-ordinates from the bank. Everything depends on your getting that done quickly and correctly. Otherwise you'll strike the bank and split your infinitive. Here we are at the origin."

"Is that where we start?"

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

"Where do we finish?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Div Curl H. Div Curl H."

(λ, μ, ν) had won.

J. T. C.

THE OLD CHAPEL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cristofori faciem die quacunque tueris
Illa nempe die morte mala non morieris.
Millesimo cccc°. xx°. tercio.

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

"Parve puer, quis tu? graviorem non toleravi".
"Non mirans sis tu, nam sum qui cuncta creavi".

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

G. G.

MY LADY MARGARET.

(A fantasy.)

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

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

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

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

A CHANTY.

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

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

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

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

D. B. H.

ADVENTURE.

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

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

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

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

"I've got you", he said.

"Look out ; I'll kick you".

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

"You—you little devil", he cried.

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

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

"You're frightened", he said.

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

"What did you run for then ?"

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

"Well, perhaps I am".

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

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

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

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

"Where ?" he asked.

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

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

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

To Daylehurst it all seemed as serious as the grave.

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

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

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

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

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

"I donknow. I can't help. I likes it".

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

Now they were back in the town.

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

"Why?"

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

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

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

A long time later he added:

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

F. C. B.

TO BARBARA, AGED THIRTEEN.

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

OUTCAST?

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

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

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

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

F. D.

THE FAIRY QUEEN OPERA.

THE CAMBRIDGE PERFORMANCE, 10 FEBRUARY 1920.

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

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

I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‡ This must have been the meeting of 1908.

THE FAIRY QUEEN. END OF ACT IV.

THE FAIRY QUEEN. END OF ACT V.

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

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

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

Lady Fletcher continues her narrative:

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

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

II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLES SAYLE.

NOTE.

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

LIST OF JOHNIANS IN THE OPERA.

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

STERNDALE BENNETT'S BATON.

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

To the Editor of The Cambridge Review.

Sir,—I am sorry, for sentimental reasons, that I could not use Sterndale Bennett's baton* to conduct the Fairy Queen performances. *The Review* is apparently interested in the question of the comparative weight of this historic stick and of the modern weapon. Sterndale Bennett's baton weighs 2 oz.: its length is 23 inches, its average circumference $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The one I used for the Purcell opera weighs $\frac{1}{4}$ oz., is $16\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, and has an average circumference of $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch. Any one who has conducted an opera knows the value of a light stick: also in the confined orchestral space, the conductor does not wish to be more dangerous to his neighbours than necessity demands.

I am, yours truly,

CYRIL ROOTHAM.

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

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

REVIEWS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Roll of Honour.

H. N. Atkinson.

A correspondent sends the following additional particulars.

From the Colonel commanding the 1st Batt. Cheshire Regiment, to which Noel was attached for the purposes of receiving his "Special Reserve" training:—

"Will you allow me to offer you my deepest sympathy in your great loss?

"Your gallant boy was under my command for some time, and I always had the greatest admiration for him, both as a soldier and also as a clean English gentleman, and I much regret his death—glorious as it must have been—for I am sure, had he been spared, he would have done great things".

From the "Second in Command" at the same time, and with whom Noel went out in the original British Expeditionary Force:—

"I hope you will forgive me for adding a personal note. I first met Noel in April, 1914, when I came back to the Batt., and was lucky enough to find him as Subaltern of the Company which I commanded for two months. I have never in my life met a boy of his age for whom I had a greater admiration. He seemed to me to possess every manly quality for which one could wish, combined with modesty and extraordinarily high ideals—exceptional in one of his years. I was naturally delighted to see him again in August, 1914, and felt a keen satisfaction in learning that he escaped the fate that befell so many of us in that month at Mons. I was truly and most sincerely grieved when I heard later and worse news about him. There are still four of us with the Batt., besides myself, who knew him at Londonderry, and I know they feel as I do. Seeing the impression he made on us, you can imagine how we sympathize with you in your terrible loss. I can only add that I am most grateful to have had an opportunity of expressing

it, however imperfectly, though I cannot help feeling that every word I write is so true that it must tend to remind you more keenly of *what might have been*, had he been spared".

The third is from one of his greatest friends—a man several years his senior—who wrote to me that what had always attracted him to Noel was "his glorious sense of duty".

(See *Eagle* xli. p. 125).

C. R. Beechey.

A correspondent writes :—

"You ask, in the March issue of *The Eagle*, for further information as to Charles Reeve Beechey. I must have been within a few paces of him when he was killed, and I gladly send you all the details I know about his service in East Africa.

"He was a private in my Company, "C" Coy., 25th Royal Fusiliers, and I think he joined the Battalion, as one of a draft from England, in Sept. 1917. When he joined us, the Battalion formed part of the Lindi force, under Brig.-Gen. Beves, and was advancing along the valley of the Lukuledi River, in the south of German East Africa. It was during a long march through the bush that Beechey first told me he was a St John's man, and had been a master at Framlingham.

"Three days later, on 18th Oct. 1917, the Battn. went into action against General Von Lettow-Vorbeck's main force at Nyangao, about 45 miles inland from Lindi. I distinctly remember seeing Beechey during a heavy counter-attack. He was firing with the utmost coolness, perfectly calm and unmoved in the face of very imminent danger. He was killed in the course of that day, but I cannot remember how or when, as we suffered terrible losses in that action, and my memory as to individuals is rather hazy.

"His death meant a great loss to the Battn., as he was a fine soldier, never "grousing" at any hardship, and particularly fearless in action. During our short acquaintance we often talked of our Cambridge days, and recalled our mutual friends".

Obituary

Professor Alexander Macalister, F.R.S., 1844—1919.

Alexander Macalister was the second son of Robert Macalister of Paisley, who had settled in Dublin as the Secretary of the Sunday School Society of Ireland. As one of a large family of slender means he was destined for some business pursuit: but his father's intentions were overcome in a remarkable way, and his son was given the opportunity of following his own inclinations. As a child Alexander Macalister displayed a lively interest in what was known in those days as "natural history", and he spent much of his time in the Glasnevin Botanic Gardens. The attention of the Curator of the Gardens was attracted to the boy who displayed so much enthusiasm for botany; and he not only persuaded Robert Macalister to allow his son to study science, but also used his influence to secure his admission to the Royal College of Surgeons in Dublin at the tender age of fourteen. After two years' work he was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons; and a year later, when he was only seventeen years of age, he became qualified to practise. In these days most youths of seventeen who aim at the profession of medicine are still at school preparing for admission to a course of study which cannot be completed in less than five years and often takes considerably longer.

To a youth of Macalister's temperament and upbringing there could have been no more fateful time for the inauguration of his life's work as an anatomist than the year 1860. A few months before he began to teach anatomy Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species" was published; and the attitude he was to adopt toward the fundamental ideas relating to the subject he was teaching was moulded during the decade when these questions were being most violently and acrimoniously debated, and the kind of research upon which he was engaged was one of the chief sources of the

ammunition that was being used in the great intellectual engagement. During this critical period his writings reveal no trace of the storm that was raging in the world of biology nor any suggestion of a mental conflict such as so many of his colleagues suffered in the sixties. But in 1871 he published a long review of Darwin's "Descent of Man", which perhaps sheds a clearer light upon his attitude than anything else he wrote. For it gives us the formula he adopted as the solution of the conflict which he must have experienced in the clash between the influence of his upbringing and the results of his own investigations. Much had happened, however, before he was called upon to proclaim his attitude. Between 1861 and 1867 Macalister laid the foundation of that meticulously exact knowledge of the human body and of the literature, ancient and modern, relating to it, which for fifty years afterwards excited the amazement of every anatomist or student who came into touch with him. But he was not content merely to study the human material that came under his notice at the Royal College of Surgeons. He was also dissecting all kinds of vertebrates that died in the Dublin Zoological Gardens. But the work of collecting vast masses of data for his comparative studies of muscles and bones of vertebrates did not absorb all his energies, for he also investigated the invertebrate parasites he found in the vertebrate hosts that he was dissecting; and his earliest writings were minute and careful descriptions of the anatomy of certain parasitic worms. He also became an Assistant Surgeon at the Adelaide Hospital, honorary Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Dublin Society, and one of the Secretaries of the Royal Geological Society of Ireland.

In 1866 he married Elizabeth, the daughter of Mr James Stewart of Perth, and this important event in his life seems to have aroused in him new ambitions and an even more strenuous devotion to research. For several years his investigations in Comparative Anatomy had been responsible for bringing him into intimate association with the Rev. Samuel Haughton, M.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, who was working at the problems of "animal mechanics", and commanded the supplies of vertebrate material which

Macalister needed for his work. The friendship with Haughton ripened into an ardent discipleship and exerted a far-reaching influence upon Macalister's career. It opened to him something more than the portals of Trinity College: for it determined the character of his work and played a large part in shaping his outlook. The intimate association with a scholar whose interest ranged from anatomy to theology, and from mechanics to Semitic philology, stirred a sympathetic chord in one who was already an anatomist and a surgeon, a zoologist and geologist, with a partiality for palæography and theology. There is no doubt that Haughton was responsible for stimulating this craving for an encyclopaedic knowledge of facts, which is traditional at Trinity College, if one can believe the author of "Father O'Flynn".

In 1867 Macalister entered Trinity College as an undergraduate without relinquishing the full programme of work which his official position at the Royal College of Surgeons involved. Two years later, while still an undergraduate and only 25 years of age, he became Professor of Zoology in the University of Dublin. One of the Gilbertian results of this anomalous circumstance was that he could not sit for the Honours Examination in Zoology because he would have been *ex-officio* his own examiner.

In 1871 he obtained his M.B. degree and the College created a Chair of Comparative Anatomy for him, which he held along with that of Zoology. Five years later he succeeded to the Chair of Anatomy and Chirurgery, which carried with it the position of surgeon to Sir Patrick Dunn's Hospital.

The years spent at Trinity College represent the period of Macalister's greatest achievements in Anatomy. In this phase of his career he published an immense mass of accurate records of the myology of vertebrates and reviews of biological work, which display a characteristically wide knowledge. The most remarkable and illuminating of these (so far as regards the light they shed upon Macalister's own personality and views) are his "Review of Recent Works on Life and Organization" and the above-mentioned criticism of Darwin's "Descent of Man", which were published in the

Dublin *Quarterly Journal of Medical Science* in 1870 and 1871 respectively.

But this vast production of work upon his own subject represents only a part of his activities. He was President of the Royal Geological Society of Ireland in 1873 : he lectured at the Alexandra College on Botany, Geology, Astronomy, and in fact all Science : his writings at this period are interspersed with quotations from the Greek and Latin writers and the Early Fathers : Hebrew quotations and references to Egyptian archaeology and literature begin to make their appearance. The precision of his knowledge of these exotic hobbies is revealed by the fact that he is said to have identified in Dublin an ancient Egyptain inscription as the fragment of a monument which was in Vienna.

In spite of these manifold duties and diversions Macalister found time to write two books, each of them packed with a vast accumulation of facts garnered from a very wide field of observation and reading. His *Introduction to Animal Morphology and Systematic Zoology, Part I, Invertebrata* was published in 1876, and two years later *An Introduction to the Systematic Zoology and Morphology of Vertebrate Animals.* After Macalister became installed as a professor in the University of Dublin his interest began to wane in the mechanical problems of muscle to which Samuel Haughton was so devoted, and the more strictly morphological aspect of myology became the chief aim of his investigations. Thus he became the disciple of Humphry, then Professor of Anatomy in Cambridge, and was marked out for the succession. In 1883 Humphry made way for Macalister by resigning his chair of Anatomy and becoming Professor of Surgery. On his appointment as Professor of Anatomy Macalister was elected to a Fellowship of the College.

The move to Cambridge was more than a mere geographical translation : it also brought to a close the publication of that remarkable series of original observations in myology which represents Macalister's chief claim to fame as an anatomist. Several circumstances were responsible for this surprising result. From the beginning of his professional career in Dublin he had been interested both in muscles and bones. The exceptional opportunities which Dublin and his

association with Haughton offered for work in myology seem to have determined his preference for this department of anatomy. But when he moved to Cambridge, where there was no Zoological Garden to provide him with the material for his chosen subject, he found in his new department a great osteological collection which provided him with the opportunity for cultivating his second interest in anatomy. The year after his appointment he published a characteristic monograph on the most insignificant bone in the human skeleton—the lachrymal. From 1884 until the close of his career he continued to make observations upon the variations of the skeleton, but none of these records were published. He has left behind notebooks packed with detailed memoranda and careful drawings. When urged on one occasion to publish this information for the benefit of other workers he remarked, "I am not seeking a new appointment"!

But the real reason for the cessation of the publication of the results of his researches is to be found in the fact that Cambridge provided him with greater opportunities for the cultivation of his hobbies, archaeology, Egyptian philology and theology, than he had enjoyed before ; and it is clear that such studies were more attractive than the task of merely recording the variations of bones, when he was debarred by the guiding formula of his life from indulging the only interest such work offered, namely of endeavouring to explain their real significance.

Thus we find him in 1886 lecturing at the Royal Institution on the anatomical and medical knowledge of ancient Egypt ; and in the following year he was publishing translations of hieroglyphic inscriptions in the Fitzwilliam Museum. That he was able to inspire others with his interest in such researches is shown by the fact that a lecture on the ancient Egyptian language which he delivered at a public school so stirred the imagination of one of the boys as to decide his career, and he has become one of the leading authorities on Egyptian philology.

The opening of the new anatomical lecture-room in 1891 afforded him the opportunity of displaying how wide and intimate a knowledge of the history of anatomy he had acquired, and especially of the teaching in Cambridge "Scole of Fisyk" from the time of Henry V onwards.

His interest in the variations of bones found expression in the minute study of the great collection of human remains which he found in his department, and not unnaturally led him to devote more attention to the study of anthropology and the cognate subjects, ancient history and archaeology. But though he spent much time in collecting anthropometric data he published very little of the results of all this labour. It is true he delivered interesting presidential addresses to the Anthropological Institute (1894) and Section H of the British Association (1892): but their tendency could hardly be called constructive. In fact no more caustic or incisive criticism of the methods of anthropometry then in use, even in his own school, has been made than he set forth in his 1892 address; but he did not suggest any reforms of the methods upon which he poured such justifiable scorn. With his unique knowledge of osteological variations and his keen interest in anthropology it is a very remarkable fact that Macalister made no contribution to the long series of discussions concerning fossil skulls that loom so large in the literature of anthropology during the period exactly coinciding with his own career in anatomy—for the discovery of the Neanderthal skull which started these controversies was made four years before Macalister began to teach anatomy. He seems to have deliberately refrained from treading the dangerous ground of a frank and full enquiry into the origin of man and the big problem of its implications.

To one who reads the whole of Macalister's writings the fact of this repression becomes clear enough. But the document which gives expression to his attitude is his review of Darwin's "Descent of Man". He was much too sound and conscientious an anatomist to entertain any doubt as to the conclusiveness of the evidence for the evolution of man's structure from that of some Simian ancestor; but he qualifies his acceptance of Darwin's teaching in these words:

"Of the two parts of man's psychical nature . . . one, the seat of the passions, desires, and appetites, is identical with that of the lower animals, and in this part subsists all the feelings which Mr Darwin relies on to prove the derivative nature of man's rationality; the other is the part which has no correlate in the lower animals, the seat of the moral sense, and the religious feelings, that which links us to higher created intelligences, which no evolution can account for, to which we find no mere physical force approaching.

"Of the origin of this we have no other account than that given in revelation. Science, as it shows us no steps approaching to it, cannot bring us nearer to it, and we have no choice but to accept the doctrine that God breathed it into the animal frame of man, already endowed with his physical attributes, or to leave it wholly unaccounted for".

This he calls a "doctrine of mixed evolution". To a man of Macalister's sincerity this reservation implied that, deeply interested as he was in animal structure, his attitude towards the problems of anatomy was one of protest against the full and complete acceptance of the doctrine which directed all biological research during the period of his activity. Even in this review he says "there is a tendency in the defenders of the evolution philosophy to rely upon the (at least temporary) firmness of their first position", *i.e.* with reference to the evolution of structure; and in his later years this attitude of restraint became more and more pronounced. The real incentive to research, the striving freely to satisfy a natural curiosity to understand the phenomena of life, was thus eliminated from his scheme of work. It is therefore not surprising to find that throughout his career Macalister refrained from drawing conclusions, much more from expressing the results of his researches in generalisations; and he concentrated his attention more and more on the observation and recording of details. In his memoir (1872) on the muscular system of the bats, which is perhaps the most important of his contributions to the particular branch of anatomy in which he was an authority, he adds a characteristic note which illuminates his attitude: "The author has, for purposes of brevity, carefully abstained from adding anything of theoretical deduction to this paper, which he has endeavoured to confine to a simple statement of anatomical facts". In a review of his book on vertebrate morphology that appeared in *The Athenæum* in 1879 the critic complains that "the enormous stores of facts are presented to the reader one after another as a series of separate statements, but unconnected together by any theory pervading the whole.

. . . It is impossible for students to assimilate facts unless they are made in some manner very definitely dependent on one another". This criticism seizes upon the characteristic feature of Macalister's work, and, being a paraphrase of his own statements, is a not unfair commentary on his work. Realising this fact one can understand why Macalister's interest in anatomy was so platonic, and why it was that, with all his vast knowledge, he was so singularly lacking in the power of stimulating men to embark upon research in anatomy. Repression of the scientific imagination and the constant reiteration of the dangers of theorizing were fatal to the development of ideas and discouraging to the student who felt inspired to embark upon original investigation. Even the enthusiasm for embryological research, which Francis Balfour's work had created in Cambridge, excited no reaction in the department of anatomy, although Macalister arrived in Cambridge when the tide was at full flood. Embryology, like the study of fossil skulls, was a dangerous and suggestive subject, which stimulated men to think and to theorize. Hence it was tabu.

Nevertheless it is important to recognise that to Macalister and his "Text Book of Human Anatomy" is mainly due the encouragement of the study of human morphology in this country. It was mainly responsible for the reaction against the depressing dulness of the methods adopted in British Schools of Anatomy after the death of Goodsir.

No picture of Macalister's personality could be regarded as truthful if it failed to record his gentleness and over-indulgent appreciation of the good qualities of others. So singularly lacking in the critical faculty was he, and so blind to the failings of others, that he recruited as the members of his staff a most amazing collection of assistants, many of them quite innocent of anatomical knowledge and devoid of any interest in the subject. I can refer to this matter with the greater freedom as I was one of them.

Macalister was elected to the Fellowship of the Royal Society in 1881 and served on the Council of the Society the year after he came to Cambridge. He was an honorary Doctor of the Universities of Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Montreal.

Several of the articles in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible* and *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics* were written by him; and he also contributed to the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*.

The dominating influences in Macalister's life were his devotion to religion and to the accumulation of a knowledge of isolated facts. I need not dwell on the part he played in the foundation of the Presbyterian Church in Cambridge and the transference of the Westminster College to Cambridge; but to those who knew him intimately it was patent that such actions were the expression of his chief interest. Nevertheless he taught anatomy with singular devotion for fifty-nine years. The lasting impression he left upon the minds of many hundreds of students was of a singularly gentle and terribly learned man, whose modesty and unselfishness were as remarkable as his skill in the use of the knife and the patience with which he placed his vast knowledge and ability at the service of the humblest undergraduate.

Rev. J. R. Little, M.A.

One of the most loyal of Johnians, and one of the oldest—a School and College contemporary of Dr Bonney—was taken from us by death on April 16th, the Rev. Joseph Russel Little.

Born at Eldernell, near Whittlesey, on 7th August, 1832, the eldest son of John Little, Esq., J.P., he was at Uppingham School under Dr Butterton and Dr Henry Holden from 1844 to 1851. He came then with a Founder's Exhibition to St John's, where in 1852 he won a Foundation Scholarship.

The College, he tells us, 'had then 300 undergraduates, who were divided into two sides, under Hymers and Brumell respectively. Brumell was a mild little man, Hymers a big blusterer, but withal an excellent tutor. Atlay, my classical tutor, was a very genial friendly man who took great interest in his pupils, and both he and his assistaut-tutor, Tom Field, were good classical scholars and deservedly popular. St John's was then the chief mathematical College, as Trinity was the chief classical'.

An illness which befel him in the course of the Mathematical Tripos of 1855 prevented him from taking more than a few

days of the examination, and affected his success in the Classical Tripos which followed. He came out as a Junior Optime and 2nd Class Classic (bracketed second). He had acquired further an interest in architecture and local history, which remained with him through life.

For a short time Mr. Little was an assistant master in the Royal Institution School, Liverpool, but in January, 1857, he took up work at Tonbridge. Here he was master—under two Johnians of very different character, Dr J. I. Welldon and the Rev. T. B. Rowe—for 23 years, for most of the time in charge of a boarding-house. His very virtues, his gentleness, refinement, and humility, unfitted him to some extent for the work of a school master, especially that of a Fourth-form master. But his goodness disarmed criticism.

To both his chiefs he showed an unwavering loyalty, though Mr Rowe's views and ways were no doubt often rather startling to him. As an old colleague has written: 'I think he was one of the most unassuming men I have ever known and the most patient. I can never associate with him an angry expression'. His old pupils have the same memory of him. With the proud reserve of an English gentleman, he had the patience and meekness of a saint.

Mr Little had taken orders in 1857 and had married in 1859. In 1890 he left Tonbridge for the Rectory of Stansfield, Suffolk. Born and bred in the country, he had an intelligent comprehension of the lives and occupations of his parishioners. His architectural interests found a vent in the task of completing the restoration of his church. As an antiquary he contributed a paper, 'Stansfield Parish Notes', to the *Proceedings of the Suffolk Institute of Archæology*, vol. x. He was in all ways the ideal of a devoted country parson.

After the death of his wife in 1912 Mr Little resigned his living and retired to Chichester. Here he gave occasional help at his parish church, was for a time Secretary of the S.P.G., and gathered a new circle of friends. The death of his younger daughter in August 1919 was a heavy blow to him. He failed rather rapidly and passed away on April 16th in his 88th year.

G. C. M. S.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Easter Term, 1920.

Sir James Allen, K.C.B. (B.A. 1878), has been appointed Agent General in London for the Dominion of New Zealand. Sir James Allen has been Minister of Defence for New Zealand since 1913; having been also Minister of Finance and Education 1912-15. He was a distinguished Oar in his undergraduate days, rowing in the winning Trial Eight in 1876, and was First Boat Captain in 1877.

Major H. E. S. Cordeaux, C.B., C.M.G. (B.A. 1892), Governor of St Helena, has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bahama Islands. Major Cordeaux has been Governor of St Helena since 1911, having previously been Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief at Berbera on the Somaliland Coast.

Mr G. E. Cruickshank (B.A. 1871) is this year the President of "The Institute", the Club of Conveyancers to whom Parliamentary Bills affecting Real Property are usually submitted. The Institute held its Centenary dinner on May 4th.

M. F. J. McDonnell (B.A. 1904) is now Attorney General in Sierra Leone.

Donald Kingdon (B.A. 1905) is now Attorney General of the Gold Coast.

A. R. Pennington (B.A. 1889) is a Judge in Nigeria.

W. A. Darlington (B.A. 1912) has been appointed Dramatic Critic on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*.

A. D. Peters (B.A. 1913) has been appointed Editor of the *World*.

W. H. Bruford (B.A. 1915) has been appointed Lecturer in German at Nottingham University College.

The Rev. N. D. Coleman (B.A. 1913), Curate of Matlock, who saw service as an Army Chaplain in Palestine and Egypt, has been appointed by the Council of the Durham Colleges to be Lecturer in Theology with special reference to the New Testament and Hellenistic Greek in the University of Durham.

A lecture was delivered in the Hall of the College on Friday, May 28, at 9 p.m., by Professor W. T. Sedgwick, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, U.S.A. The subject of the lecture was "University and Technical Education in the United States".

The degree of Doctor of Divinity (*honoris causa*) has been conferred upon T. R. Glover (B.A. 1891), Public Orator, by the University of St Andrew's.

The Allen Scholarship has been awarded to George Edward Briggs (B.A. 1915).

Sir William Browne's Medal for a Latin Epigram has been awarded to Dennis Drew Arundell.

A Frank Smart prize for botany has been awarded to R. E. Holttum.

The names of the following members of the College appeared in the Civilian War Honours List, to be dated January 1, 1920:

K.B.E.—Major Robert William Tate, C.B.E., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin (B.A. 1894). C.B.E.—John Robert Davies (B.A. 1878), Frederick William Edridge-Green (B.A. 1904), George Kemp King (B.A. 1902), Walter Halliday Moresby, O.B.E. (B.A. 1884), John Edward Sears (B.A. 1905), William Hirst Simpson (B.A. 1869). O.B.E.—William James Storey Blythell (B.A. 1893), The Rev. James Randolph Courtenay Gale (B.A. 1880), Grey Hazlerigg (B.A. 1900), Herbert Thomas Holmes (B.A. 1896), John Charles Willis Humfrey (B.A. 1902), Thomas Alfred Lawrenson (B.A. 1889), Archibald Percy Long (B.A. 1911), Bernard Merivale (B.A. 1903), Eustace John Parke Olive (B.A. 1884), Phineas Quass (B.A. 1913), Joseph William Rob (B.A. 1898), Noel Thatcher (B.A. 1894), John Henry Walwyn Trumper (B.A. 1907). M.B.E.—William Leslie Turner (B.A. 1912), Gordon Jeune Willans (B.A. 1908).

The following appeared in the Honours List published on the King's birthday, 5 June 1920: C.B. (Civil Division) Alfred William Flux (B.A. 1887); C.I.E. Claude Mackenzie Mutchinson (B.A. 1891).

By Grace of the Senate the title of Orator Emeritus has been conferred upon Sir John Edwin Sandys on his retirement from the office of Orator of the University.

On the evening of Tuesday, 18 May, their Royal Highnesses, Prince Albert and Prince Henry, those who were to receive Honorary Degrees on the following day (the Earl of Plymouth, Viscount Jellicoe, Earl Haig, Sir John Sandys, the Abbé Henri Breuil), and other guests were entertained at dinner by the Master and Fellows of St John's College in the College Hall. The Master proposed the health of the King, and the health of the Royal Family, to which H.R.H. Prince Albert responded. The Master then proposed the recipients of Honorary Degrees, to which the Earl of Plymouth and Viscount Jellicoe responded.

On Wednesday, 19 May, the degree of Doctor of Law (*honoris causa*) was conferred upon the Rt Hon. the Earl of Plymouth, G.B.E., M.A., High Steward of the University, and upon Sir John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D., Orator Emeritus.

The Public Orator delivered the following speeches in presenting to the Vice-Chancellor those two recipients of Honorary Degrees:

Adest ille quem alumnum olim nuper Magnum Seneschallum Universitatis uno animo designavimus, et hodie in doctoratum nostrum admittimus dignum omnium consensu qui amplissimis honoribus ab Academia sua decoretur. Picturarum amator inter tutores curatoresque pinacothecae Britannicae constitutus est. Libros pulcros et antiquos arte mirabili quidem, sed Latine, credo, penitus inenarrabili, multiplicandos curavit. Inter Regis Edwardi Ministros cum Cancellario nostro magisterio functus est, operibus praefectus publicis. Privilegia Bibliothecae Cantabrigiensis contra bibliopolas in Senatu Britannico defendit et servavit. Et jamnunc in officium, nomine consanguinei sui illustratum, electus, precamur ut multos annos antiqui muneris dignitatem et causam Universitatis totius feliciter sustineat.

Duco ad vos virum admodum honorabilem ROBERTUM GEORGIUM WINDSOR-CLIVE, COMITEM DE PLYMOUTH.

Adest ipso natali die qui hoc in loco ut Epistolas Academicas recitaret, ut viros laudatos Academiae praesentaret, plus quam septingenties adstitit, qui post tres et quadraginta annos rude donatus ad studia illa reversus est quae semper amavit. Demosthenem, Euripidem, Isocratem, Ciceronem exposuit, Aristotelis *Rempublicam* sarcophagis Aegyptiis erutam edidit, immo senectutis in limine fontis Pindarici haustus non ille expalluit. Rem etiam maiorem aggressus est, et omnem Eruditionis Classicae Historiam ausus est

tribus explicare libris
Doctis, Juppiter, et laboriosis.

Sed labores sibi non lectori imposuit, et immensi illi doctrinae thesauri cum voluptate perleguntur. Si discipulo talia licet confiteri, ex quo primum Collegio nostro interfui, hunc semper mihi comem recordor, semper iucundum, semper amicum fuisse—

Laetitia ergo vera decessorem ad vos duco, JOHANNEM EDWIN SANDYS, equitem et oratorem.

On 21 May 1920 the degree of Doctor of Divinity (*honoris causa*) was conferred upon Joseph Gough McCormick (B.A. 1896), Dean of Manchester; and the degree of Master of Arts upon George Sampson (Matriculated 1920).

The Public Orator delivered the following speeches on this occasion:

Adest Decanus ecclesiae Mancuniensi nuper additus, Cantabrigiensis, cum patre et fratribus inter Dominae Margaretae alumnos numerandus. Olim in campis nostris ludo illustris Britannico, hos multos annos evangelium praedicavit eodem ardore quo ante lusit, nec haesitavit e ludo illo exempla sumere quibus veritatem in corda Britannorum aptissime insinuaret. Neque iniuria; subridentem dicere verum quid vetat? Constat parabolis primum praedicatum esse regnum Dei. Acceptus ergo et regi et populo, in dioecesin Septentrionalem transfertur none sine votis amicorum felix futurus.

Duco ad vos JOSEPHUM GOUGH MCCORMICK Decanum Mancuniensem.

Ludi magister inter pueros versatus quadringentos, si Musis vacat nec disciplinam desuescere patitur, si inter docendum discere non desinit, et de patria bene mereri credetur et de doctrina. Natura, quae Oxoniensibus theologos largita est, nobis poetas dedit. Inter fumum et opes Londinii, inter discipulorum strepitum, hic poetas nostros curavit, edidit, amavit. Qui nostros amat, noster est, noster esse debet, et magna laetitia admittimus ad titulum adsequendum Magistri in Artibus.

Duco ad vos GEORGIUM SAMPSON.

The following University appointments of members of the College have been made since the issue of our last number:—Dr Stewart to be Chairman of the Examiners for the Modern and Medieval Languages Tripos; Mr G. Udny Yule, a University Lecturer in Statistics until Dec. 1924; Mr A. H. Peake, an Examiner for the Special Examinations in Engineering Science; Mr P. Lake, an Examiner for the Special Examinations in Geography for the Ordinary B.A. Degree; Mr R. H. Adie, a Member of the Agricultural Committee of the West Suffolk County Council until Mar. 1922; Dr P. H. Winfield, a Member of the Board of Research Studies until Dec. 1922; Mr E. A. Benians, a Member of the Board of Research Studies until Dec. 1921; Dr Stewart, a Member of the Board of Research Studies until Dec. 1922; Mr W. E. Heitland and Mr C. W. Previté-Orton, Assessors for Part II. of the Historical Tripos; Professor O. H. P. Prior, an Elector to the Tiarks German Scholarship until Dec. 1922; Mr F. H. Colson, a Member of the Sub-Committee of the Combridge and County School for Boys; Mr W. H. R. Rivers, a Representative Member of the Committee of Management of the Littleton House Association until Mar. 1921; Mr F. C. Bartlett, a Member of the Board of Psychological Studies until Dec. 1920; Mr W. H. R. Rivers, a Member of the Board of Psychological Studies until Dec. 1921; Mr S. Lees, a Member of the Board of Engineering Studies until Dec. 1922; Mr W. H. Gunston, an Examiner for the Special Examination in Mathematics; Dr J. A. Crowther, an Examiner for Part I. of the Examination for the Diploma in Medical Radiology and Electrology; Mr E. H. F. Mills, Deputy Proctor in the absence of Mr T. R. Glover; Professor Sir Joseph Larmor, an Elector to the Isaac Newton Studentship until Sept. 1924.

The following books by members of the College are announced:—*Chateaubriand. Mémories d'Outre-Tombe.* 1re partie. Livres VIII. et IX. Edited by A. Hamilton Thompson (Camb. Univ. Press); *French Studies and France, an inaugural lecture*, by Professor O. H. Prior (Camb. Univ. Press); *Hero and Leander.* Translated from the Greek of Musæus by E. E. Sikes (Methuen); *Life after Death. Two lectures on Christianity and Spiritualism*, by the Rev. J. M. Wilson, Canon of Manchester (Hodder and Stoughton); *Samuel Pepys and the Royal Navy. Lees Knowles lectures delivered in 1919*, by J. R. Tanner, Litt.D. (Camb. Univ. Press); *The Group Mind*, by W. McDougall, late Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge (Camb. Univ. Press); *The Physiology of Vision, with special reference to Colour-Blindness*, by F. W. Edridge-Green (Bell); *Card Test for Colour-Blindness*, by F. W. Edridge-Green (Bell); *The Propagation of Electric Currents in Telephone and Telegraph Conductors*, by J. A. Fleming. 3rd edition (Constable); *Kharosthi Inscriptions, discovered by Sir A. Stein. Part I.* Edited by Professor Rapson and two others (Clarendon Press); *Perils of the Sea. How we kept the flag flying* (9th edition of *The Declaration of London*), compiled by L. G. H. Horton-Smith (Imperial Maritime League); *Selections from the Poems of Lord Byron.* Edited by A. Hamilton Thompson (Camb. Univ. Press); *India in Conflict*, by the Rev. P. N. F. Young and another (S.P.C.K.); *Readings in Rabelais*, by the late W. F. Smith. Edited by A. Tilley, prefatory memoir by Sir John Sandys (Camb. Univ. Press); *An elementary treatise on Differential Equations*, by H. T. H. Piaggio (Bell); *King's College Lectures on Immortality*, by the Rev. A. Caldecott, D.D., and others (Univ. of Lond. Press).

JOHNIANA.

The Library has recently been given by Mr P. L. Babington the following autograph letter of Wordsworth, which, though the year is not given, must date from after 1813, when the poet moved to Rydal Mount. A poet's comments on his own work always have an interest, even when he explains the obvious, and this one may have some connexion with the change in the title of the poem it refers to. In the Lyrical Ballads of 1798 and, slightly varied, in many subsequent reprints, the poem is entitled, "Anecdote for Fathers, shewing how the Art [from 1800, Practice] of Lying may be Taught." But in 1845 the title is abbreviated to "Anecdote for Fathers," and the explanatory motto is added, "Reline

vim istam, falsa enim dico, si coges.—EUSEBIUS." Perhaps the change was suggested by the doubts of the unknown correspondent to whom this letter was sent.

Rydal Mount, *Oct. 17th.*

Sir,

In reply to your letter received this morning I have to say that my intention was to point out the injurious effects of putting inconsiderate questions to Children, and urging them to give answers upon matters either uninteresting to them, or upon which they had no decided opinion.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
W. WORDSWORTH.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

President—The Master. *Treasurer*—Mr Cunningham. *Captain*—P. H. G. H.-S. Hartley. *Second Boat Captain*—A. B. A. Heward. *Hon. Sec.*—W. E. Puddicombe. *Junior Treasurer*—W. A. Macfadyen. *First Lent Captain*—C. A. Francis. *Second Lent Captain*—K. F. T. Mills. *Third Lent Captain*—C. B. Tracey. *Additional Captain*—H. W. Shuker.

LENT TERM.

Bushe-Fox Freshmen's Sculls.

Mrs Bushe-Fox has kindly presented a Cup to the C.U.B.C. in memory of her husband, the late Mr L. H. K. Bushe-Fox.

It is appropriate that so important and long-needed an incentive to Freshmen to take up sculling should bear and help to perpetuate the name of one who did so much for Lady Margaret and Cambridge rowing.

The Club was represented in the races for this Cup, held for the first time this year, by L. E. B. Dunkerley, who was beaten in the 2nd Heat after rowing a very plucky race.

Bateman Pairs.

There were three entries for the Bateman Pairs—C. A. Francis and A. D. Stammers, H. W. Shuker and M. P. Roseveare, and the winners, W. C. B. Tunstall and E. A. J. Heath. The races were keenly contested, and Tunstall and Heath, who had evidently put in considerable practice and were well together, deserved their victory.

EASTER TERM.

H. O. C. Boret of 3rd Trinity and P. H. G. H.-S. Hartley were unfortunately beaten in the 1st Round of the Magdalene Pairs by the King's pair.

In the Lowe Double Sculls A. B. A. Heward and W. E. Puddicombe were beaten by half a second by Schulman and Boulton of Trinity Hall.

THE MAY RACES.

1st Boat.

The early stages of practice were conducted by W. A. Macfadyen and H. O. C. Boret (3rd Trinity). The crew was an exceptionally heavy one and showed signs of great promise. A month before the Races the Rev Canon Carnegie-Brown took over the coaching, and the boat continued to improve rapidly. Our hopes were very high, when, by one of those freaks of training, the crew began to go stale. Things were made worse by the fact that G. F. Oakden developed water-on-the-knee and was obliged to stop rowing. The result was that the crew were not sufficiently polished to row a fast stroke by the day of the Races.

On the first two days Pembroke gained considerably at the start and were within a quarter of a length at Ditton. From there on the Lady Margaret held their own despite the repeated spurts of their pursuers. On the third day the crew got a very bad start and were caught by Pembroke at First Post Corner—the result of not being able to row a fast stroke. On the last day Christ's were behind us. They had made three bumps and were out to get their oars. They came within a quarter of a length and spurted again and again but failed to catch us. Our crew were rowing about twice as well as they had done on the previous day. They not only kept away from Christ's but were within a quarter of a length of Pembroke at the Pike and Eel. From Ditton to the Finish they raced splendidly and showed unmistakeably what might have been, had they not gone stale.

First May Boat.

		st.	lbs.
	A. B. A. Heward (*bow*)	11	3
2	W. E. Puddicombe	10	9
3	F. W. Law	12	13
4	C. B. Tracey	13	7
5	T. C. H. Sanderson	13	7
6	C. A. Francis	12	10
7	A. D. Stammers	10	11
	P. H. G. H.-S. Hartley (*stroke*)	11	0
	K. F. T. Mills (*cox.*)	8	13

Boat.

The 2nd Boat were unable to do themselves justice owing to the fact that C. A. Francis was taken away from them ten days before the Races. It was not until a week later that J. F. Oakden recovered sufficiently from his knee to fill the gap, and by then it was too late to give them practice in a light ship. They were one of the neatest and prettiest

crews on the river, but their average weight was barely eleven stone. In spite of this, however, they were well above the standard of 2nd Boat crews. This is all the more satisfactory in view of the fact that the four bow oars are Freshmen. The crew rowed over head of the 2nd Division on the first day, but narrowly escaped being bumped by Queens' I. On the second day Queens' succeeded in catching them at Ditton, and made a bump in the 1st Division immediately afterwards. This left us second in the 2nd Division, with 1st Trinity II. in front. We caught them at the Railings on the third day. On the last day we rowed over as sandwich boat in both Divisions.

Second May Boat.

		st.	lbs.
	R. M. Carslaw (*bow*)	11	0
2	C. J. Johnson	10	6
3	L. E. B. Dunkerley	11	9
4	R. Buckingham	11	5
5	M. P. Roseveare	11	10
6	G. F. Oakden	12	7
7	W. C. B. Tunstall	10	7
	H. W. Shuker (*stroke*)	10	10
	B. E. A. Vigers (*cox.*)	8	10

Characters.

R. M. Carslaw—Neat. Must learn to combine body with slide.

C. J. Johnson—Works very hard, but has a round back and is inclined to use his arms at the finish.

L. E. B. Dunkerley—Loose and easy. Must not kick his slide away.

R. Buckingham—Promises well. Awkward finish. Does not seem to know where the water is at the beginning.

M. P. Roseveare—Improved a great deal. Works hard.

G. F. Oakden—Rowing far more easily. Very useful in a race. Must stop leaning towards his oar, and get his hands away faster.

W. C. B. Tunstall—A good seven for his weight. Would help stroke more if he controlled his body better when forward, and prevented his blade from going up into the air before getting in.

H. W. Shuker—First class racing stroke. Might give his crew more length in the water.

B. E. A. Vigers—Kept his head well in the Races. Needs a lighter hand on the lines.

3rd Boat.

The 3rd Boat having got its place in the new 3rd Division by virtue of the position of the 1st Boat in the 1st Division, proceeded to improve the occasion on the first night by bumping Jesus IV. at the Glasshouses, after overlapping for some distance.

On the second night a bump at the top of the division

forced them to row over, but on the third night they bumped Clare II. shortly before the Railway Bridge.

On the last night they had a good race after 3rd Trinity II., getting to within a quarter of a length, but failing to make their bump, which was the more unfortunate seeing that 3rd Trinity II. was the Sandwich boat, and succeeded in easily bumping the boat at the bottom of the 2nd Division in the next race.

Third May Boat.

		st.	lbs.
	C. M. Barlow (*bow*)	11	6
2	R. E. Breffit	11	0
3	P. W. Wells	12	2
4	J. B. Palmer	12	0
5	J. G. Dower	12	9
6	J. A. Struthers	11	8
7	A. S. Gallimore	10	5
	E. L. Laming (*stroke*)	9	10
	D. B. Haseler (*cox.*)	8	7

Characters.

C. M. Barlow—Too far up the boat for his weight and comfort. A good worker, but should not worry so much. Rather short and washes out at the finish.

R. E. Breffit—Must try to keep his head up and draw the finish out quietly, helping thus to get his blade cleanly out of the water.

P. W. Wells—Must get out of the habit of rolling himself up into a ball as he comes forward, and get firmer and longer at both ends of the stroke.

J. B. Palmer—Must swing full forward and get his weight on his feet at every stroke, and remember the importance of sitting the boat level at all times.

J. G. Dower—Wants more experience—at present very heavy with the hands and apt to rush about on his slide: must keep his back straighter and watch the time more closely.

J. A. Struthers—A valuable moral as well as material force in the boat, but still very short in the water and uses up his slide too quickly.

A. S. Gallimore—A neat oar, improved by his change from stroke side: would be better if more decisive, but proved a good seven.

E. L. Laming—Not always very steady over the stretcher, and apt to dig at times, but stroked the boat up two places very creditably, and always sends down a good puddle.

D. B. Haseler—Owing to one of several blunders he was omitted in the record of the characters of the 3rd Lent Boat last term. Then as in the present boat he coxed extremely well, but would be still better if his voice was stronger.

ERRATUM.

Owing to a printer's error in the last number of *The Eagle* the characters of J. T. Combridge and J. C. Oakden, bow and 2 respectively in the 3rd Lent Boat, were interchanged. We take this opportunity of rectifying this.

The Lawn Tennis Club.

President—Mr Benians. *Captain*—J. G. Moodie. *Hon. Sec.*—O. Iyengar. *Committee*—E. L. V. Thomas, J. Walton, G. S. Brownson.

The Lawn Tennis Vl. has had a moderately successful season, having won 5 matches and lost 3. Five matches were scratched. We finished second in the League (Div. II.), Jesus, with a 'Varsity pair, proving too strong for us.

The 1st VI. was represented at various times by Moodie, Moss, Walton, Brownson, Thomas, Iyengar, Heath, and Knight. Moss, Brownson, and Walton were awarded Colours.

A team was entered for the Inter-Collegiate Singles in the 'Varsity Tournament. We got into the semi-final, but were knocked out by Trinity.

The 2nd VI. won 4 matches and lost 1.

Cricket Club.

Matches played, 15. Won 6, Lost 1, Drawn 8.

More or less normal conditions prevailed again this year. Seven Old Colours were in residence, and there was a great deal of material to choose from among the Freshers, and the competition for the last four places was keen. The batting forces in both the First and Second were very strong, but the bowling was not very formidable, though it improved later on in the season, the chief matter of note throughout the term being the fact that drawn games predominated, and that only once was the whole side dismissed. The pre-eminent man on the side was J. L. Bryan, the Old Rugbeian, who scored three centuries for the College when he could find time to draw himself away from Fenner's, where he played in the Fresher's Match (making 80) and for the Perambulators. D. A. Riddell improved vastly on his last year's scoring, and proved himself the best scoring batsman on the side after Bryan. Titley and Pretheroe showed no signs of decadence, which was conclusively proved by their magnificent first-wicket stand against Caius, which produced 200 runs, and enabled us to beat Caius by 10 wickets. Besides Caius, Jesus and Pembroke fell to our onslaught—the latter dismissed for a small total through the bowling of F. J. Cummins ("Pemmer" had not their full side out, but they were playing two Blues, G. E. C. Wood and C. P. Johnstone). Besides Bryan and Pretheroe, a century was scored by Abeywardena against The Leys School. In W. W. Thomas we had quite a good fast bowler, while Abeywardena proved at times extremely serviceable; Bryan too bowled, his best performance being when he took eight of the Caius wickets; but F. J. Cummins was the mainstay

of the bowling, and his Tripos alone prevented him playing once for the 'Varsity.

The Second Eleven did quite well, captained by R. A. Alldred—the batting was very good, especially G. C. W. Brown and Lutley, but the bowling was not of the strongest.

We congratulate J. L. Bryan and F. J. Cummins on getting their Crusaders; and J. L. Bryan, W. W. Thomas, C. C. P. P. Abeywardena, and N. Wragg on their Cricket Colours.

The following also played for the 1st XI.: S. D. Alldred, R. D. Buchanan, S. K. Brown, A. F. Lutley, G. B. Cole, R. W. Hoggan, H. McLean.

The results of the matches were:

Emmanuel.....(1) Drawn; (2) Lost.
Caius .....(1) Scratched; (2) Won (10 wickets).
Jesus .....(1) Drawn; (2) Won (6 wickets).
Queens' .....Drawn.
Pembroke.....(1) Drawn; (2) Won (6 wickets).
Christ's .....(1) Won (5 wickets); (2) drawn.
King's.....(1) Drawn; (2) Won (7 wickets).
The Leys .....Won (9 wickets).
Trinity scratched.

May Concert.

The St John's College Musical Society gave its May Concert in the College Hall on the evening of June 14th. There was a large and very appreciative audience, who thoroughly entered into the spirit of the concert. And no wonder! It was a concert of English music only, except for the Beethoven Sonata (Op. 10, No 2), played by E. S. Arnold, which was curiously sandwiched between the two big Purcell items. The effect of this was surprising, for somehow we felt that Beethoven, though a true friend, in the context was "old fashioned."

English music was represented at its best in the two great periods. First there was that period which includes such composers as Byrd, Dowland, Boyce, and head and chief of English musicians Henry Purcell. Again we had the period of, as we humbly believe, the great modern masters; for audacious critics as we unquestionably are, we refuse to spare the blushes of Dr Rootham and of Malcolm Davidson.

The Madrigal singers evidently enjoyed what they sang, and the audience enjoyed it with them; particularly as every word was so well enunciated that nothing was lost, as it often is in part singing. The Chapel Choristers sang with obvious enjoyment, and the chorus was throughout excellent. In Dr. Rootham's "Stolen Child" they appeared to enter into the meaning of music and words, subtle though they were. Again to those who only knew the wonderful "Full

fathom five" of Purcell, as a vocal solo, the addition of chorus, harpsichord and strings to this solo, even when sung by so able a tenor as K. Moncrieff, came as a great light, and the eerie atmosphere of "The Tempest" itself was illumined.

D. D. Arundell's performances need no praise—they were exquisite—a musician's work. We can only hope that the composer was as well satisfied with his singing of the "Christmas Carol" as was the happy audience. A. H. Bliss was delightful in his Elizabethan songs, and the three soloists showed delicious humour in the two odd rounds.

Nothing need be said about C. R. Scott—he and his violin are one, and work together.

It was pure joy to hear again the fascinating dances from the "Fairy Queen."

The first May Boat heroically sang the College Boating song—and very nice too.

Altogether the committee of the Society may congratulate themselves on a concert of brains as well as of music and performers.

The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

1. ... ... THE NATIONAL ANTHEM ... ...
   Omnes.

2. FOUR MADRIGALS:
   (*a*) "Lullaby, my sweet little baby" ... *William Bird*, 1588
   (*b*) "I know a young maiden" ... *Orlando di Lasso*, 1583
   (*c*) "As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending" *Thomas Weelkes*, 1601
   (*d*) "The Nightingale" ... ... *Thomas Weelkes*, 1604
   THE CHORUS.

3. ELIZABETHAN SONGS ... ... *John Dowland*, 1600
   (*a*) "A Shepherd in a shade"
   (*b*) "Woefull heart with griefe oppressed"
   (*c*) "Come again"
   A. H. BLISS.

4. SONATA for VIOLIN and PIANOFORTE ... *C. J. Stanley* (1713-1786)
   Preludio—Adagio—Allegro Spiritoso—Andante Espressivo—Tempo di Giga.
   C. R. SCOTT, D. D. ARUNDELL.

5. SONG ... ... "A Christmas Carol" ... *Malcolm Davidson*
   (Words by John Masefield).
   D. D. ARUNDELL.

6. ROUNDS:
   (*a*) "Fie, nay, prithee, John" ... ... *H. Purcell*
   (*b*) "Look, neighbours, look" ... ...*Harrington*
   D. D. ARUNDELL, A. H. BLISS, K. MONCRIEFF.

PART II.

7. SONATA for TWO VIOLINS and PIANOFORTE..*William Boyce*, 1710-1779
   Largo—Fuga—Adagio—Tempo di Menuetto
   C. R. SCOTT, K. MONCRIEFF, D. D. ARUNDELL.

8. PART SONG... ... "The Stolen Child" ... ... *C. B. Rootham*
   (Words by W. B. Yeats).
   THE CHORUS with Pianoforte accompaniment.

9. ARIEL'S SONG from "The Tempest" ... ...
   with accompaniment of Two Violins, 'Cello, and Chorus,
   "Full fathom five" ... ... *Purcell*
   K. MONCRIEFF.

10. PIANOFORTE SOLO ... SONATA in F (Op. 10, No 2) ... *Beethoven*
    Allegro—Allegretto—Presto.
    E. S. ARNOLD.

11. DANCES from ... "The Fairy Queen" ... ... *Purcell*, 1692
    Violins: A. H. BLISS, D. P. DALZELL, W. R. FOSTER, H. C. J. PEIRIS, C. R. SCOTT. Violas: R. F. LOW, K. MONCRIEFF.
    Violoncello: E. G. DYMOND.

12. THE COLLEGE BOATING SONG.."Materregum Margareta".*G.M.Garrett*
    (Words by Mr. T. R. GLOVER).
    FIRST MAY BOAT and CHORUS,
    with accompaniment of Pianoforte and Strings.

THE COLLEGE BALL.

This year, for the first time since 1914, the College has held a Ball: and, if we may say so without blowing our own trumpets, it *was* a Ball. Nothing could be quite so beautiful as Hall, the panel ledges smothered in flowers, and Lady Margaret herself almost framed in green. Well done, the College garden!

Then the sitting-out places—the Master's garden a mass of wee lights, all the paths in Chapel Court lit up, and an amazing labyrinth of tents. Everyone lost his or her way once or twice, and strayed into a jolly panelled place, which turned out to be the Combination Room staircase.

And that brings me to supper and the Combination Room. Not being a gastronomist, I can't produce any expert opinion on the former, though it *was* most good, but the Room itself—well, it just was the Room. There was a mist of candle light and voices, and I thought that old Sam Parr's smile grew even broader.

As to the dance itself, of course a dance is really a matter of partners, so I may have been peculiarly lucky. But the indispensable adjuncts were entirely A 1: the wonderful man Newman and his myrmidons kept us going so strong that at half-past six or so, after the last extra and Mr Stearn's

operations, there were still 250 out of 300 starters to cope with the last jump, "Auld Lang Syne" *jazzed.*

The floor had its defects: the parquet panels gaped at times, but it had all the qualities of ice in perfect order just before a big thaw. As a partner of mine remarked, expressively though without entire originality, she could have danced till doomsday; I fancy she said, "Like billy oh!"

So that was the College dance, and we have got to thank Mrs Masters and everybody that worked for its success. As for the Committee I don't know quite who they were, but the Laws (with and without an "e") and Alldred made themselves infernal nuisances for weeks before, so I think they must have worked hard. The Master's Sam Browne was an utter delight: and Mr Armitage appeared to think that his life depended on everyone having partners: if it did he saved it.

After the ceremony I myself drank beer in the Buttery. And so to bed.

Classical Society.

This Society has been so active that the Secretary has had no time to send to the *Eagle* any account of its proceedings of the last two Terms. Three meetings were held during the Lent Term. H. D. F. Kitto read a paper on that enterprising Roman General, Sertorius. As at least half the Society was not personally acquainted with his romantic story, the paper and discussion were quite interesting. At the second meeting R. M. Simkins, in an able paper on "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius, took us down a by-road found only in the best ordnance maps. On March 1 A. I. Polack read a stimulating essay on "Thucydides and our Age". He traced the resemblance between the deepest moral and political issues raised by the Peloponnesian War and those of modern international relations, showing how the analyses and judgments of the Greek historian have a direct bearing on our own problems.

Two meetings have been held this Term. C. B. Tracey, on May 10, dealt with "Nature and the Romans". The last part of this excellent discourse and most of the discussion were concerned with the "Pathetic Fallacy" in classical and modern poetry. The conversation on Gothic Architecture, which closed the evening, was brilliant but irrelevant. On May 26 S. D. Alldred, our most worthy Secretary, read a short but strikingly original paper on "Robinson Crusoe as an English Odyssey", a comparison which he bore out both in general outline and in many curious incidents.

The year was fittingly closed on June 5 by a Classical Dinner, at which the true Hellenic wit of members of the Society and of their distinguished guests shone splendidly.

General Athletic Club.

Balance Sheet, 1918—1919.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.
Balance from 1917—18.	1	19	7
Subscriptions—			
Mich. Term, 1918 ...			
Lent Term, 1919 ...	476	8	0
Easter Term, 1919...			
Long Vacation, 1919			
Half-year's dividend on £100 War Loan ...	2	10	0
Sale of £100 War Loan.	95	1	3
Vote of Council	150	0	0
	£725	18	10

Expenditure.	£	s.	d.
Grants to:—			
L.M.B.C.	230	0	0
Field Clubs (including L.T.C.)	245	19	0
Athletic Club.....	23	2	6
Donation to University Swimming Club.....	5	0	0
Collector's Fees	17	9	6
Postage and Stationery..	0	6	0
Printing	2	16	0
Balance to 1919—20 ...	201	5	10
	£725	18	10

R. P. DODD,
Hon. Treasurer

THE LIBRARY.

Donations and Additions to the Library during the quarter ending Lady Day, 1920.

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

Donations.

	DONORS.
*Bonney (T. G.), *Sc.D.* The Structure of the Earth. Revised edition. ('The People's Books' series). 16mo Lond. 1919. 3.47.35	The Author.
*Sandys (Sir John E.). Latin Epigraphy; an introduction to the study of Latin Inscriptions. 8vo Camb. 1919. 7.30.29	Camb. Univ. Press Syndics.
*Liveing (G. D.), *Sc.D.* Speech at the centenary of the Cambridge Philosophical Society in the Hall of Sidney Sussex College, 13 Dec. 1919	The Author.
*Love (A. E. H.). A treatise on the Mathematical Theory of Elasticity. 3rd edition. roy. 8vo Camb. 1920. 3.42.29	The Author.
*Horton-Smith (L. G. H.). Perils of the Sea; how we kept the flag flying. (9th edition of "The Declaration of London"). 8vo Lond. 1920	The Compiler.
*Greenhill (Sir George). Electromagnetic Integrals. (From *Philos. Trans. Roy. Soc., Lond.* 1919	The Author.
Autograph letter of William Wordsworth*, explaining the purpose of his poem "Anecdote for Fathers". [See above, page 226, for a copy of this letter.]	P.L.Babington,Esq.
Original drawing by H. M. Brock entitled "The Post-War Proctor". (Appeared in *Punch*, Michs. Term, 1919)	Mr. Glover.
Original drawing of Mr. G. G. Coulton* by G. R. Owst. (Appeared in *The Granta*, 1920)	Ten Friends.
*Bruton (F. A.). The story of Peterloo. Written for the centenary Aug. 16th, 1919. 8vo Manchester, 1919	F. A. Bruton, Esq.
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The Old Town Hall Library of Leicester. A catalogue, with introduction, etc., by C. Deedes, J. E. Stocks, D.D., and J. L. Stocks. 4to Oxford, 1919.	Archdeacon J. E. Stocks.
La Nouvelle Revue Française. Nos. 76 et 77, 1920. [Containing articles by Valery Larbaud upon Samuel Butler*.]	Monsr. Valery Larbaud.
Headlam (J. W.). Bismarck and the foundation of the German Empire. 8vo New York [1899], reprinted 1907. 20.5.29	Mr. Previté-Orton.
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General.

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Deutsches Bücherverzeichnis der Jahre 1911 bis 1914. Eine Zusammenstellung der im deutschen Buchhandel erschienenen Bücher, *etc.* 2 Bde. 4to Leipzig, 1915, 16.

Minerva. Jahrbuch der gelehrten Welt. 1920. sm. 8vo Berlin u. Leipzig, 1920. *Reference table.*

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Monumenta Germaniæ Historica. Auctores antiquissimi. Tomus XV., partes 2 et 3. Aldhelmi opera. 4to Berolini, 1914-19. 18.1.

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NOTE.

The Editors regret that owing to the greatly increased cost of producing "The Eagle" they are obliged to raise the annual subscription to six shillings. Subscribers who pay £1 7s. 6d. in advance will be supplied with the Magazine for five years. The Life Subscription will remain at £5.