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N.B.—Contributors of anonymous articles or letters will please send their names to *one* of the Editors who need not communicate them further.

It is desired to make the Chronicle as complete a record as possible of the careers of members of the College. The Editors will welcome assistance in this effort.

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THE EAGLE.

Easter Term, 1921.

ROADMEN.

ROADMEN are men who tend roads; Roaders are (according to your temperament) the vagabonds, rebels, poets, unfortunate proletariat, social outcasts, or men, who professionally walk upon them. This distinction may be unnecessary, but it is wise to be perfectly clear. Roadmen work with shovels, picks, bill-hooks, shovels of another sort, bill-hooks with broom handles, wheelbarrows, and things which I always call "clumps". They probably have a proper name, but if "clumps" isn't their name, it is at least what they are called. "Clumps" are used for squashing down tarred flints. "Tyres" are what tear them up again. Some day a mighty book will be written on the philosophical aspect of the eternal war between clumps and tyres, but this time I am dealing with roadmen.

The whole question of roadmen has been exhaustively treated by Aristotle in the tract which has come down to us under Xenophon's name, "Poroi", or "Ways", but in this case the inventor of scientific investigation and classification is wrong. He divided roadmen under three heads, those who are bow-legged, those who are knock-knee-ed, and those who are both. Sometimes the greatest minds are unable to escape from the bondage of their particular time and place into the boundless universal; so was it on this occasion with Aristotle. He failed to realise that these distinctions were merely transient, due to the peculiar configuration of the Greek peninsula and to the aftermath of the Peloponnesian War, and that the fundamental cleavage in the ranks of roadmen is that between those employed by Parish Councils and those by County Councils. It is little to the credit of the great Greek that he did not see this, for had he studied the roadmen either of Sicily or of Thrace, he must have noticed it. Even Ephorus, the inaccurate and rhetorical historian, is sound on this point.

That this is not an arbitrary and superficial classification can soon be shown. In the first place, to have constant

dealings with—in fact, to be a trusted confidant of—such an august corporation as a County Council satisfies the deepest longings of the soul far more than even a more intimate connection with a Parish Council, which is comparatively a domestic body. The Surveyor, the County Surveyor, is probably an A.M.I.C.E., L.R.A.M., or something of that sort. He comes from the distant county town in a motor-car, and the amiable public which fitfully passes by looks with admiration on the sturdy roadman earnestly conversing with the *deus ex machina*. The Surveyor for the Parish Council, on the other hand, has no motor-car and no awe-inspiring degree. He was once a roadman himself, and would never have got his job had he not been a friend of two of the leading farmers. He calls his subordinates "Tom", and in return accepts "George" without a murmur, a state of things which may promote friendliness, but which makes swelling pride out of the question.

But a greater consequence than this follows from the even chance of fortune which sends an incipient roadman to the County or the Parish Council. I hope to show below that the unquestioned physical and spiritual superiority of the West of England over all other parts naturally produces a race of roadmen of equal superiority; and similarly the difference in character of a main-road and a by-road makes the main-road roadman a different being from the by-road roadman. Now it happens that of the two roadmen whom I knew intimately, one, Noah Fields, works on the main-roads, and the other, John Bond, is in supreme command of some ten miles of vague country lanes. Each being fairly typical of his class, a digression is called for.

Were Noah a Cornishman, his name would call for no comment, except perhaps for congratulations that it was not Habbakuk or Zebedee, but as he was born and bred in Gloucestershire it is rather unusual. The explanation is as simple as it is beautiful. When Noah was born the Severn was flooded, and the Fields' cottage, placed in a hollow close to the river-bank, was so beset by waters that the family was confined to the upper storey, and that the doctor arrived in a boat which was able to disembark him through the bedroom window. What more suitable name than Noah?

Again, "Fields" is a wonderful name for a roadman; it suggests the heart of nature, where he lives and works; and, "Roads" being a ridiculous name and "Lane" derogatory to his future dignity, it is a brilliant compromise between the ideal and the possible. Noah's dignity springs not only from his dealings with the County Council and that splendid creature the Surveyor; for is not Noah a man in authority? All the year he is assisted by Alf Hill, and during the eight winter months, when the roads are dirty and ditches full, by Bert Moulder as well. He tells Alf to go, and Alf goes, and Bert to come, and Bert comes. On Friday evenings he pays Alf and Bert their wages, and never fails to admonish them to take all the money home to their wives. The joke lies in the fact that Bert has no wife, whilst Mrs Alf has long ceased to expect more than a minority of Alf's earnings. But the great fact in Noah's life, even if he does not know it, is that his road stretches from everlasting to everlasting. It comes to him in part from London, in part from Edinburgh (and from beyond Edinburgh, if they have roads in those parts) and goes on to Bristol and Exeter, and on to Penzance, where it leaps magnificently into the sea. (I know this is true, for Noah himself told me when once I asked him where the road went.) All sorts of people travel on Noah's road, lords and ladies and colonels and bishops, now that motors have "come in", all depending on him to keep the road decent. But it is this, which seems so splendid, that is the real tragedy of the roadman; for though he is proud of the traffic that rushes past him, leaving his poor colleague in the lanes a mere country mouse, yet he hates those horrible motors, which tear up the roads, run over fowls, frighten children, leave behind nasty smells, go as fast as if the devil were chasing them, and career about like dragons at night, keeping honest folk awake in their beds. So the poor main-road roadman is as miserable as the Roman poet who cried, "I hate you and I love you"; but all's well that ends well, and as his wheelbarrow makes an elliptical homeward track late at night, he forgets her.

John Bond is another man altogether, and lives in a different world. The only traffic he deals with is farmers' traps and waggons, animals, pedestrians, who always have

time to chat, and a few bicycles or motor-cycles. The Parish Council which controls his destiny is, for all practical purposes, a few big farmers. They are sensible men, and know it is too much to expect that country lanes should be kept clean and smooth, so John Bond just "rubs along", humours the farmers a little, helps them with the harvest, and devotes most of his affections to his two orchards. Noah is independent because he can afford to be; John, simply because he is. He feels sorry for Noah "with that there surveyor from Lunnon and they motor-cars", and is not surprised that Noah drinks more than is good for him. John's surveyor gives him little trouble. Once a drain on John's beat choked and burst up—an old drain that he had never suspected. To make a good job of it John asked for a set of twelve-inch drain-pipes. The ingenious local surveyor sent two sets of six-inch pipes, with the patronising explanation that they would carry off just as much water. John usually expresses himself tersely and forcibly, but on this occasion he surpassed himself. It was with similar brevity that he suddenly announced to the Parish Council that he had looked after their lanes for forty-nine years and had had enough of it. To the sentimental suggestion that he should stay on and complete the half-century, he replied with a noble scorn, which not even a prospective rise of a shilling a week could mitigate. He had had enough of it. We shall not all be sentimentalists until by-roads are made accessible to motor traffic.

If it has now been demonstrated that the type of road on which a man works has a great influence over his character and outlook, it will cause no surprise that roadmen in the four western counties (Gloucester, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall) are immeasurably superior to all others. True, there is a Devon roadman in a certain Bedfordshire village, but he tells me that he feels he is giving way. It is difficult to indicate, and impossible to define, the charm of our western roads. In all other parts of England roads essentially lead somewhere: they drily tell you "Derby 12 miles", and you look at your watch and calculate, or they state "Reading, Maidenhead, and Slough", grimly, like a warning spirit. They bawl "Drive slowly"—whereas western roads leave

that to your own sense, or at the most engagingly suggest "Dangerous Corner". When those roads mean to go uphill they tell you miles before that they mean to go uphill, and the hill, when you come to it, stares at you like a red-brick house in a Cotswold town. They are quite good roads, "tarmac-ed", smooth, gentlemanly, and dull, and brambles are discouraged. But, somehow, in the west it is all different. The sign-post says "Tewkesbury 11 miles"; you wonder which will be the better, Tewkesbury or the 11 miles, and when you have had your fill of Tewkesbury, you still wonder. Or, as you climb out of Bodmin on to the moor, you see on an old stone "Lanson 22 miles", and you swear a mighty oath that were Launceston 44 miles away it would only be twice as jolly. But to elaborate the point would be foolish: anyone who has cycled or walked extensively in these four counties knows what I mean, and others never can. This same indefinable charm is naturally found in the roadmen, as well as in the road. Not that the men are peculiarly fine to look upon (though the Devon and Cornish men often are) or peculiarly moral or efficient. They have the same frank, breezy manner that their roads have, and the same suggestion of infinite charm. And there we must leave it.

Just as the roadmen of these four counties surpass in roadmanliness those of the others, so the roadmen of Cornwall surpass those of England proper. In their case the reasons are easier to find. Cornishmen generally have all the charm of the "Celt" and "Briton", modified by the more sensible "Saxon" races across the Tamar, and immigrations from France and Spain, and deepened by living for many centuries among scenes of chaste beauty recently discovered by the Great Western Railway. Cornish roadmen profit also in other ways. Instead of straggling bramble hedges they have to tend solid dignified stone walls, smothered in moss, fern, and grass. This gives them more leisure than their English friends, and leisure, as Aristotle pointed out, is the indispensable pre-requisite of a gentleman. On the top of their stone hedges there grow either arching trees, through which, as the poet said,

"E'en at high noon the light is green",

or nut-bushes, or, more often, gorse. Now, cutting back

gorse is most ennobling. Gorse is brittle, and you can do it fairly well with a stick ; but armed with a long hook you can train it to your will with the greatest ease. Then, when it is dry, you burn it on the hearth in winter. Cutting back gorse, therefore, promotes the sense of power, beauty, and service, which no amount of bramble slashing can do. Nowhere will you find such honest, amiable, and well-informed roadmen as in Cornwall.

Finally, I would issue a warning against a book recently published dealing with the character of roadmen. It is enough to say that the author is a motorist. The following glimpse into his methods will be illuminating. At noon he left Exeter in a big car for Penzance. He had thought of following the direct road through Dartmoor "to see how the car would take the hills", but finding that he had "taken" bigger hills in Italy he went *viâ* Okehampton. At twelve-forty he rushed through Sticklepath, one of the most charming of Devon villages. The roadman was discussing the harvest with a friendly farmer when our speedy friend went by in a cloud of blue vapour. At half-past two he was racing through Tresillian, near Truro, a village as charming as its name. The roadman there looked at him, and sadly thought of his young son who had been churned to bits by a similar car the week before. The motorist had tea in Penzance. After tea he produced a magnificent manuscript book, bound in leather and gold, with an elaborate platinum monogram and a platinum scroll which said "Roadmen". In this he wrote as follows :

"Nasty surly roadmen at Stickpath. All Devon roadmen horrible. Low-looking roadman at Treslion: probably homicidal tendencies".

This anecdote illustrates three points.

1. You cannot expect people who deal in motors to spell village-names properly. (I could give many horrible proofs of this.)
2. You cannot understand roadmen unless you walk or cycle when touring.
3. Motors are spoiling roadmen.

H. D. F. K.

"AN ARMY OF MERCENARIES".

(Sic quondam omnipotens Caesar Germanicus iste.)

THESE, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling,
And took their wages, and are dead.
Their shoulders held the sky suspended ;
They stood, and earth's foundations stay ;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.

Prof. HOUSMAN,
The Times, 31/10/17.

MILITIA MERCENARIA.

HI, quo tecta die caeli suprema cadebant,
Qua sedes hora fugerat ima soli,
Sordida conductis meriti stipendia signis
Aeribus acceptis occubuere neci.
Suspensas humeris caeli fulsere columnas ;
Stabant, et sedes restitit ima soli ;
Quae Deus exitio liquit, texere relictas,
Et pretio rerum summa recepta manet.

LEWIS B. RADFORD (B.A. 1890),
Bishop of Goulburn, N.S.W.

THE FRIEND.

(To E. G. T.)

BECAUSE my deeper heart commands,
To-night I leave this house of men
To find a brook to cleanse my hands
And not to tread these streets again.
My old unhappy hope no more
Shall search a passing stranger's eyes
To find the light it fainted for
And never see that light arise.
And now at last my lips shall end
The long pretence of smile and speech,
And I will take that man for friend
Whose love I need not to beseech.
We two will labour all day long,
And sleep by night and rest at noon,
He will not mind my broken song
When we tread homeward in the moon.
He will be pure in heart, and I
Be strong in him, and in his trust
I shall not be a living lie:
He will be just and I be just.
And though thereafter if the dream
Hushed either heart within the breast,
Nor he nor I that hour would seem
To grudge the other's greater rest.

E. L. D.

THE SIZAR.

THE origin of the name is lost in the mist of antiquity: any attempt at the interpretation is conjectural, as if derived from a low Latin word, *Sizarius*. But the rank and office, like that of esquire and page, comes to us from the days of chivalry through the Middle Ages; a necessity once in life, and so it will become again with the increasing reluctance to domestic service, even at enhanced pay. The sizar can be traced back even to the days of Homer, in the *θεράπων*, according to Liddle and Scott, where Patroclus is described as the sizar of Hector.

The corresponding rank, esquire, has become universal within our recollection. Master John Briggs at school must now be addressed as J. Briggs, Esq., or his school-fellows will protest and ask forcibly for the reason. Previously the title esquire was not added to a man's name except with the addition of the hall of the place or parish of which he was squire. Jingle preserved the proper style when he described himself as Alfred Jingle, Esquire, of No Hall, Nowhere. Like the Scotch of that ilk. Our young esquire, returned from the war, will have found himself there compelled to perform all menial offices without paid assistance; a true stable boy, as the name implies. Brodrick Cloete, lost in the *Lusitania*, was owner of a cattle ranch in Mexico; and he told me that his rancher, writing to him in London, was careful to add the title *Gente de vasa* after his name, as the nearest equivalent in Spanish punctilio of our Esquire, exacted in English address.

A college, like a regiment (*couvents qui marchent*) was formerly a family corporation, celibate convent, complete in itself, and it was not derogatory, but honourable on the contrary, to take a turn in the domestic offices. We do not hear of the sizar being called on to wait at the lower tables. Here the undergraduates would take the duty in turn of fagging among themselves, as in fatigue duty in the camp they have just quitted. So too in sentry-go duty as chapel

clerk, or at the gate, as janitor, *tourier*; in their turn on the roster. The effect was to make each college self-contained as the monastery it was: and to banish the present army of gyps and bedmakers that outnumber to-day the rest of the University. On the mediæval system as sizars they would come in again as members and profit by the instruction in return for useful service rendered. The college was recruited by the sizars; a fellow was entitled to the assistance of a sizar or two in exchange for his tuition; he had served in the ranks himself. Formerly there would be no other rank of undergraduate in college, until the nobility and gentry of the land began to knock at the gate for admission to the social and educational privileges, to enter as fellow-commoner. The scholar would be a sort of corporal or sergeant over the sizars.

Democracy had abolished the rank of fellow-commoner only for it to be reconstituted for the benefit of the research student, of more mature age, and a graduate already of his own University abroad. In the ancient monastic state and ceremony of the dinner in hall the sizars waited at the high table with the same ceremony as the esquire and royal page at the regal banquet with no derogation. Royalty, or the fellow at the ceremonious high table, never turned its back on the hall, but sat against the daïs wall, and was served from the other side of the table, as we see in the old illumination. And it was natural for the sizar and royal page to sit down with no loss of dignity to his own meal of the second service, after the grace had been said and the fellows had risen to adjourn into the combination room. Democracy detects condescension, in what was part of the state and ceremony of college and palace life.

The nobleman fellow-commoner was allowed to bring his sizar-esquire—famulus, friend, and poor relation—to join with him in the studies of the University. How else explain the familiarities of the pair in the *Taming of the Shrew*? Lucentio and Tranio, Petruchio and Grumio, quoting Æsop, in their boisterous horse play and repartee raillery; Tranio's advice on a course of study—"Music and poesy used to quicken you. The mathematics and the metaphysics fall to them as you find your stomach serves you"—ending in the recommendation of the soft option: "In brief, sir, study what you most affect".

Another one is quoting Plato in contrasting music and philosophy: "Preposterous ass! that never read so far to know the cause why music was ordained!"—

At the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin I saw *The Taming of the Shrew* given as if it was a puppet play, the characters dwarfed by the scenery. Goethe's *Faust* is the work of his lifetime, inspired by a youthful vivid impression based on the old puppet play of Dr Faustus, and here again we glimpse the sizar in Wagner as the famulus in the German University; the character is suppressed in the operatic version, or else it appears in an emasculated form as the epicene Siebel. We seem to get our own vernacular puppet play of *Punch and Judy* in a shattered version of the old Doctor Faustus. In the puppet play version, precursor of the movies, the learned old fellow Dr Faustus, Doctor Magnificus, has been absorbed in his astrological studies so long as to find he has no ink to sign the demon's bond—"the ink in my horn has long been dry". The same oblivion has not been unknown among us.

Our young members have returned from an experience in the field where a man had to look after himself and others too as a sizar; the discipline was excellent in showing how much he could sacrifice of the luxury of life, and yet find it tolerable. Fagging still survives at Eton and other public schools, a relic of esquire-page-sizar services. How Labour would resent their introduction into a board school as degrading and aristocratic! "Noblesse oblige" is a motto he cannot understand. Work to rule, ca' canny; payment by results; and the pay inversely as the dignity.

The reduction of the cost of University life is always coming up for discussion; the cost of domestic service is a chief item likely to go on increasing. A census of the town reveals as many college servants as members of the University. On the old mediæval system these servants would be ranked as sizars, partaking of the University course of study. Many of the chemical operations now carried out with such useless assiduity can be turned to a useful purpose in domestic service. But Labour insists on being consulted here as well as on the whole question of the efficiency of the University. He tells us he will tolerate no longer an in-

efficiency of centuries. Labour will class the sizar as a thing incompatible with Democracy. But if he turned his attention to his favourite America he will find the sizar system in full action, although pretending to be something totally different. Life in the United States tends to become intolerable for the refined by reason of the difficulty of domestic help.

We came across a significant experience in the visit of the British Association to Canada in 1897. Parties were made up to cross the continent to Vancouver by the Canadian Pacific Railway, complete by that time, but only half open at the previous visit in 1884. We of party Two were to give party One two days' start across the prairie, leaving Toronto twelve hours later by train, and taking the steamer at Owen Sound for a two to three days' voyage up Lake Huron, through the Sault St Marie (the Soo) up to Lake Superior, on to Port Arthur, where we found the train for Winnipeg. All this while party One was travelling by rail along the north shore of the lakes. Owing to various causes we bumped party One at Edmonton, Athabasca, to their disgust, as provisions and other accommodation were not too plentiful. But what struck us on the voyage, and is the occasion for dragging in these reminiscences of travel, was the demure manners and refined decorum of the stewards, till we found they were a party of divinity students from the United States earning their living as sizars during the Long Vacation. No wonder they smiled contemptuously at our frivolous conversation at meals, and did not seek to profit by it as the sizar would profit of old at the fellows' high table; any attempt of ours at familiarities was repelled, and they kept to themselves in their quarters in the fore-castle.

The snobbishness in Lytton's play of *Money* had a bad effect. The gloomy, insufferable young hero Evelyn, as personated by Macready, is made to say, "Do you know what a sizar is? One day a young lord insulted me: I retorted; he struck me: refused apology, redress. Sir, I was at least a man, and I horsewhipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole college". The episode may have been based on some real event. We may imagine the sizar was clumsy in his service, and the fellow-commoner was abusive; and it ended in the sizar punching the head of my

lord. Diligent search will record that the greatest names of the University—Bentley, Barnes, Porson, Whewell, James Wood—were enrolled as sizar; there was no other way, except for the nobility and squirearchy. Was Newton originally a sizar before being promoted scholar and then fellow?

In the old college society, before the advent of pensioner and fellow-commoner, sizar was the only rank of undergraduate. He was entered under a tutor, and undertook to give domestic assistance in return for tuition. And his University fees were reduced, as they are still to-day, although a sizarship carries no such duties, but is the same as a scholarship with this enhanced value of a reduction in college and University fees. The round cap he is shown wearing in Loggan's views, *c.* 1680, was common then to all undergraduates; and it is doubtful if the B.A. even is entitled to a square cap, reserved for M.A. only. No undergraduate of self-respect will be seen to-day in a square cap, not if he can help it, and only with the compulsion of ceremony. So give him back his proper round cap again: he is asking for it.

It will soon be too late to see the sponging-house described in *Vanity Fair*, where Rawdon Crawley was taken after the great party. It is an old Queen Anne house in Took's Court, close by here, and is used to-day as a licensed lodging-house; beds at sixpence a night. It is worth a visit on the pretence of securing a bed to see what a college room was like two hundred years ago, a large room with beds round the wall. The waste of space in the second court, in the excessive size of the keeping-room, is due to the change. The elaborate shutter proves that the large room was for sleeping in, a dormitory, common to a fellow and his pupils, a little crowded, but nothing to fourteen in a tent; the small room, bedroom or gyp-room to-day, was the scholar's museum, where he could retire to study in quiet with his books, while the large room by day would serve as a lecture-room, as usual up to my time.

John Morley must groan at the chance he lost at the last University Commission of abolishing the Christian name of the colleges, and numbering them like regiments, called wards, or dormitories, in America. Kingsley gave him the

hint, in *Allan Locke*. Present day pride is shown at the University in throwing off the shackles of mediæval tradition, to adopt the most up-to-date manner of modern progress, and to be as much as possible like every other place in the world. "He is the blessed fellow to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thoughts in the world keeps the roadway better". Perhaps it is he goes in fear of the Labour Party, and claps his tail between his legs when the name is mentioned. He is determined to be in the Van of Progress, looking every side for a lead of direction, everywhere except to the glorious past of the Middle Ages, when the University took shape.

All are driven by Labour in the direction of a lowering of the standard of human excellence, as William Bateson has described lately; Proletariat ideals under Bolshevik influence. And they will be quite contented and happy with the new golden collar and chain provided out of state funds, to keep their insolvent schools going of practical experiment and bread and meat studies, commercial and Greekless. "Money we must have" they cry, like the spendthrift, and the Labour State is ready to dole it out with ulterior motives of confiscation. A sop flung to these hungry schools of a small government grant will tend to the ultimate surrender of all the ancient endowments, carefully nursed for centuries.

G. GREENHILL.

AUGUSTUS.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

(Continued from *The Eagle*, Vol. xlii. No. 183.)

Synopsis of Acts. *Act I.* Julius Caesar.—*Act II.* Cicero.—*Act III.* The Triumvir.—*Act IV.* Reconstruction.—*Act V.* The Emperor.

ACT I.—JULIUS CAESAR (continued).

SCENE IV.—*Apollonia. A Lecture-room. At back, a black-board, with the following chalked on it:—*"*Summum bonum = εὐδαιμονία = εὐροια βίου. καθήκον = officium. Perturbationibus vacabil Sapiens. αὐτάρκεια*".

Octavius, Agrippa, Maecenas, and numerous other students working at separate desks. Octavius tapping regularly and monotonously with one foot.

AGRIPPA (*sotto voce*). Maecenas!

MAECENAS. Yes, Agrippa dear.

AGRIPPA. Can you work?

MAECENAS. Well, I can't say I'm getting on very fast.

AGRIPPA. Why not, d'ye know?

MAECENAS. H'm—I fancy our very dear friend Octavius is partly responsible for *my* difficulty. I'm so horribly susceptible to noise, you see. If *only* he could be induced to stop that seemingly eternal tapping with his foot, I fancy I could—

STUDENTS. (*sotto voce*). Hear hear; hear hear.

MAECENAS. But it would have to be done tactfully, or the resulting situation would be worse than ever.

1ST STUDENT. I can't think how he can keep it up so long; you see he's studying hard enough.

MAECENAS. Oh, I suppose it's some of the dear boy's superfluous energy.

2ND STUDENT. Very well then, let him twitch his fingers, or find some other outlet that won't inconvenience the whole room.

AGRIPPA. Don't you think we might just ask him not to do it?—putting it politely, don't you know.

MAECENAS. Who?

AGRIPPA. Oh, several of us.

MAECENAS. Approaching him as a deputation, eh? No, I believe some harmless practical joke would be a better method. He *can* laugh, you know, occasionally.

AGRIPPA. All right then, try it.

MAECENAS. I?—oh . . . I'll tell you what, I'll try a very simple remedy that I know has sometimes worked. If it doesn't, I shall suffer for it; but even then I think he'd stop, out of consideration for the rest of you.

Goes towards Octavius on hands and knees.

AGRIPPA. You're never going to *hold* it still?

MAECENAS. Hush! yes I am. Just for a few moments, you know, and then when I take my hand away you'll see he won't begin again; it breaks the continuity, that's all that's wanted.

1ST STUDENT. But he'll feel you stopping him.

MAECENAS. Oh no he won't. I've tried this plan before, I tell you.

Keeps down Octavius' toes with his hand.

He becomes so concentrated on what he's reading that he never seems to have the least idea what's being done to him. There. Now I think that matter's settled.

He creeps back again. All listen.

1ST STUDENT. Blessed Maecenas!

STUDENTS. Thank you so much.

All resume their studies. Pause. Then Octavius begins again.

2ND STUDENT. Oh blast him! There he goes again.

MAECENAS. Don't you worry, I'll stop him yet; another try or two will do it.

He begins to creep again. Enter a Porter.

PORTER. Is young Octavius here?

1ST STUDENT. I should rather think so. Can't you hear him?

PORTER. I have a letter for him, from his mother.

1ST STUDENT. If you had a letter for him from his sister's cousin's uncle's grand-aunt twice removed, I don't believe 'twould stop him toe-tapping.

2ND STUDENT. I wish it were from his widow.

Maecenas has meanwhile, in view of the uncertainty of the situation, taken up a silling posture near Octavius' feet.

PORTER. Letter, sir; from Rome, 'sir; from your mother, sir.

3RD STUDENT. Why, plenty of *us* get letters from our mothers sometimes, without disturbing a whole classroom by it.

OCTAVIUS. 'Right. put it down.

Exit Porter. All watch Octavius, who is still tapping.

1ST STUDENT. There! And even now I don't believe he's going to look at it.

MAECENAS. Oh yes he will. You keep your hair on. When he opens that letter, we shall have peace.

4TH STUDENT. Peace? What d'ye mean?

MAECENAS. Because, when he once begins to read that letter, he'll stop toe-tapping. I know him. Wait.

Pause.

OCTAVIUS (*sighing*). Heigh-ho!

2ND STUDENT. O don't incommode yourself for us, please. Sigh a little louder.

Octavius puts down his book, opens the letter and begins to read it. Then he suddenly stops the tapping.

MAECENAS. There! Didn't I tell you? Now get to work again: he's stopped for good this time.

He returns to his desk, and all resume their studies. Pause.

OCTAVIUS (*faintly*). Oh!

MAECENAS (*startling up and rushing to him*). Bad news?

Octavius thrusts the letter at him, and withdraws quietly behind the company. Maecenas reads it and makes a brief gesture as if stumped.

AGRIPPA. Read it aloud, Maecenas.

MAECENAS. I am too gentle.

Give them the drift of it.

Hands it to him.

AGRIPPA. Shut up your books.
All shut their books up one after another and come forward.
 Get swords.

'Twill be some years yet ere you read again.

1ST STUDENT. Who's murdered?

AGRIPPA. Julius Caesar.

STUDENTS. Oh!

1ST STUDENT. What? The Dictator?

AGRIPPA. He'll dictate no more.

Pause.

2ND STUDENT. There's a great man gone; all our studies
 here

Hung on his pulse, although we knew it not.

As vital inch to Caesar, he to the world;

Slit that, and in a trice death everywhere.

How brittle a thing 's power.

OCTAVIUS. Liar! Material slave!

All start; Octavius comes forward.

God sees those daggers as the coping-stone

Of Caesar's life-work! Would you defeat a man,

Destroy his spiritual not his corporal soul.

Gash his achievement; stab his acts; conspire

His vital influence to assassinate!

Till you do that, your blows are lost on him;

But if you crack the breathing instrument,

You put the bloods up of the Heavens themselves

To rise in arms and cap his pinnacle!

O, you ne'er knew him. I'll avenge this death!

I'll rise! I'll arm! I'll scourge the Senate-house!

Oh! Youth! Impotence! oh! ah!

Swoons.

MAECENAS. Lend a hand here some of you.

Agrippa does so.

3RD STUDENT. Strange, is it not, that quite so young a man
 Should have these fits.

4TH STUDENT. Liver; you take 't from me;

I've studied medicine; all these epilepsies,

Faintings, hysterics, tears—it is the liver, that.

MAECENAS. No, no, it is the life, and not the liver.

Once every month his pent ambition bursts him.

5TH STUDENT. Your school trace everything to liver, man;
 But this disease is in the kidney.

MAECENAS. True;

None of your kidney have it.

AGRIPPA. He revives.

Octavius sits up.

OCTAVIUS. Turn out these gawks, and let my suite remain.

1ST STUDENT. First, good Agrippa—since we're not all
 gawks

That are not in his suite—who slaughtered Caesar?

AGRIPPA. Brutus and Cassius.

1ST STUDENT. Who takes up his cause?

AGRIPPA. Mark Antony.

1ST STUDENT. Heigh-ho!

Then striking a martial attitude:—

Once more unto the melting-pot, dear friends.

Brutus, and Cassius, and Mark Antony—

One of these captains shall come out top dog,

But meanwhile you and I, man, are the teeth

With which they'll tear each other.

2ND STUDENT. You've missed one.

Young Sextus Pompey's in the running, surely?

1ST STUDENT. A mongrel! Bite him, bite him! Come
 along.

Exeunt 1st to 5th Students and some others.

OCTAVIUS. What shall we do, friends? In our seething time,

Certain it is this crime shall speed unchecked,

Unless his cause be shouldered. Who am I?

Some man of influence must be moved in this.

AGRIPPA. You are greater than you dream of. Post at once

To Macedonia, stir the legions there

To avenge their outraged idol. Youth itself

Shall half commend you. Lead them straight to Rome.

OCTAVIUS. No. 'Tis beyond me. Further, spite delays,

I must seek subtler backing, friend, than force.

MAECENAS. To Rome in person; sound potentials there.

OCTAVIUS. Who's consul? Antony; I've heard uncle praise
 him;

I'll trust my case with him.

MAECENAS. Antony may prove
Caesarian to your harm. Here's your best hope ;
Cicero was friendly with your uncle ; and he's
Moderate ; in high position, great esteem,
Eloquent, experienced, philosophical,
Hostile to faction. Seek his aid.

OCTAVIUS. That's it.
I'll throw myself on kind old Cicero ;
What he commends, I'll not be slow to act.—
All but Maecenas and Agrippa go.

[*They do so.*]

This is the last night of my youth, dear friends.
Morning embarks me for a dangerous game
With desperate players, mine being a lone hand.
When the time comes that you look back on this,
Never forget I warned you both to-night,
I must do many things I would not do,
And seem a hundred men I never am.
Poor, young, unfriended, ignorant of the world,
I have one weapon only—to dissemble ;
We three have studied much together here ;
Now my sole study must be self-control.
Even if at first some unwhipped act or two
From my fresh hands escaped involuntarily,
Or some warm word broke from a beardless lip,
Of my young fires remind you, such few bursts shall be
Stragglers ; I practise for a face of stone.
I must be cool, close, furtive, resolute,
Icy, relentless ; bloody it may be.
Yet when I punish, I'll be logical ;
Pity not more than rage I'll bar ; and even
When my heart swells into my lips, I'll bite it.
Men shall misunderstand this ; they shall tell
As of a man without enthusiasm,
Cold, self-contained, collected ; but you know
What passion drives it all. Then let this speech
Serve as a thousand mute apologies ;
For your Octavius never tells men twice
He loves them.

AGRIPPA. Call Octavius rich of tongue ;
For blunt Agrippa cannot speak it once.
At morn I'll meet you.

Exit Agrippa.

OCTAVIUS. There goes a loyal soul,
And a fine soldier ; I shall never lose him.
And yet with you, Maecenas, I still feel,
And must feel always, an even deeper bond.
Your star and mine are very strangely linked.
You see whole continents to Agrippa closed,
And you must know, more than he ever can,
How this cold-browed and spare exterior hides
A woman's heart.

MAECENAS. I am a woman too.
Do that hereafter which might seem your worst ;
I'll keep the clue to your necessities,
And you shall wring my heart out, not my faith.

OCTAVIUS. Dear friend, forbear ; the worst part of my fears
Was never anything one-half so terrible.
Come, 'twill be morning in an hour ; to bed now.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. News, sir, of Caesar's will ; you're his sole heir.

OCTAVIUS. How much the sum ?

MESSENGER. Bar liabilities,
Four hundred million sesterces, 'tis said.

OCTAVIUS. Praise Jove, I'm poor no longer.

MESSENGER. That's report.
What Caesar left you may be less than that.

OCTAVIUS. O Heaven, 'tis more, I fear. But there—what
though ?
Power, money, blood, revenge, whate'er it be,
I here accept my uncle's legacy.

Exeunt. Tableau of the deserted schoolroom.

CURTAIN.

End of Act I.

ACT II.—CICERO.

SCENE I.—*Rome. Lobby of the Senate-house. A bench at either wing; at back, a broad double-door marked Senatus. Lictor on duty; stands at attention in one corner.*

Enter Senators and pass into House. Manent two Young Senators and sit down on bench.

Enter Cicero glancing through his speech against Antony, and Hirtius armed.

CICERO (*aside, and under his breath, rehearsing*). Homo et humanitatis expers et vitae communis ignarus! Relliquias reipublicae dissipavisti!—*Who did you say?*

HIRTIUS. Well—ha!—Caesar I believe he calls himself; that's just the joke.

CICERO. Tu, tu, inquam, Marce Antoni, princeps Julio Caesari omnia perturbare cupienti causam belli contra patriam inferendi dedisti!—Caesar?

HIRTIUS. Yes. His own name was Octavius, but the late Dictator in his will adopted him, so now we style ourselves Octavianus Caesar, and we refer on all occasions to our quondam grand-uncle as our late-lamented father.

CICERO. Sed arrogantiam hominis insolentiamque cognoscite!—Well, what about him?

HIRTIUS. He's here; in Rome; and intends, they say, to claim his "patrimony". That of course at once puts Antony against him; and as *we* shan't stir a finger for anybody answering to the name of Caesar, I'm afraid this lad's is a clog's chance.

CICERO. Ubi est septies millies sestertium, quod in tabulis quae sunt ad Opis, patebat? Funestae illius quidem pecuniae!—Sorry, Hirtius; say that again.

HIRTIUS. I was explaining, sir, that—

CICERO. Constituta respublica videbatur aliis, mihi vero nullo modo, qui omnia te gubernante naufragia metuebam. (My dear Hirtius, I scarcely think we need give a thought to *him*). Num me igitur fefellit?

HIRTIUS. Yet on the other hand, there are strange rumours. I heard from Pansa yesterday that an agent of this

Octavian—Agrippa I believe his name was—had been recruiting in Campania.

CICERO. O mea frustra semper verissima auguria rerum futurarum!

HIRTIUS. And with astonishing success too.

CICERO. No, Hirtius, the Republic of the Roman people was *not* re-inaugurated on the Ides of March!

HIRTIUS. You see, the common soldiers loved their Caesar; and the very thing that must make *us* cold-shoulder him constitutes him a *persona grata* with the veterans—his name.

CICERO. It was a deed half done, Hirtius. They should not only have removed the tyrant, they should have dismembered the machine of tyranny. If *I* had been they; si meus stilus ille fuisset, ut dicitur—if those had been *my* stilettos, Aulus—mihi crede, non solum unum actum, sed totam fabulam confecissem. Now comes the second act, my Hirtius; and it must end with the death of Antony! But not at *my* hands; it is not my *métier*. That is for you and Pansa to accomplish; you are consuls, you are generals; I am an Orator.

When you go forth against him, you shall trounce him; But I'll begin the trail; 'tis I'll denounce him.

SENATE (*within, clapping their hands*). Hurray!

CICERO. What's that I wonder?

Enter from Senate Pansa, partly armed.

HIRTIUS. Here comes Pansa, my colleague; he'll tell us.

PANSA. You hear that applause? That's the first motion on the Agenda passing; it confirms our glorious tyrannicides in their new appointments; Decimus in Northern Italy, Brutus and Cassius in the East. So that's all right; whatever the people may have been, our Senate is thoroughly Republican. And even the people will become quite quiet again now there's no Antony to stir them up. But what I'm not so sure about is the next item. It is one thing to give high commands to everybody who will prevent Antony from becoming a second Caesar; it is quite another to declare him a public enemy. Therefore, sir,

before I put his sentence of outlawry before the House, I do wish, just to ensure a good majority, you would come in and make a speech in favour of it.

CICERO. I will, Pansa. Quod quidem cuius temperantiae fuit, de Marco Antonio querentem, abstinere maledicto? Even apart from the Republic, I myself have cause enough to speak against him. [Turning to Hirtius]. Raked up old private letters that I had sent him, and published them!

HIRTIUS. Oh, well, nobody expects Antony to be a gentleman, you know.

CICERO. I should think not! He a gentleman, and his wife an actress! Gentleman? he? after the disgusting things he's said about me? Gentleman? when everybody knows about that wedding-party where he swilled down wine like any prize-fighter, and then had to be sick in the street! Vomited in the sight of the Senate and People of Rome!

HIRTIUS (*dispassionately*). Rank demagogy!

CICERO. During the conduct of State business even the slightest eructation is universally held to be indecorous, but he covered both his own bosom and the public highway with incompletely assimilated fragments, all perceptibly redolent of expensive wine.

HIRTIUS. O, treason, treason.

CICERO. I shall work *that* into my speech! Yes, Hirtius; published my letters, and left in the jokes, too; that was the bitter part of it. All sorts of things there are that may sound funny enough in private letters, which were never meant to stand the glare of publicity. The fact is, Hirtius, he's trying to make me look a fool; and I won't stand it! Oh, I'll denounce him all right. I'll make the speech of my life yet, old and all as I am. Sixty-two last Wednesday!

HIRTIUS (*aside to Young Senators*). Thank goodness, *now* he's moving. I hope he won't deliver an immense oration; I'm anxious to take the field as soon as may be.

CICERO (*turning at door*). As to that youngster you spoke of, Hirtius, he's all right; we're safe enough on that score. *Let him learn me.*

HIRTIUS. Learn you, sir?

CICERO. They do philosophy down there at Apollonia, where he was; their textbook is my *De Finibus*. They find out there what Duty is, and how to curb their passions. *Let him continue to learn Cicero!*

Hirtius and Pansa exeunt into the House; after them, applause increasing, Cicero, who drops a paper just by the door. Instantly the door is closed, the two young Senators make a dash to get that paper.

1ST YOUNG SENATOR (*reading from it and caricaturing Cicero*)
O incredibilem audaciam!

2ND YOUNG SENATOR (*snatching it*). O impudentiam praedicandam!

1ST YOUNG SENATOR (*recovering it*). Sed stuporem hominis, vel dicam pecudis, attendite!

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. Here, you can't do it; give me. (*Grabbing it again*). O foeditatem hominis flagitiosam!
O impudentiam nequitiam libidinem non ferendam!

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. }
2ND YOUNG SENATOR. } Ha ha ha ha ha!

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. But tell me, was he always like that?

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. He always had a tendency that way; but in his old age he's getting beyond himself.

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. So rambling, so hectic, so shrill, so overstrained, and—what least becomes old age—so scurrilous.

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. Falsetto, all of it; I'm afraid he's beginning to break up.

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. Listen to this. Quae enim res unquam, pro sancte Juppiter, non modo in hac urbe, sed in omnibus terris est gesta maior? quae gloriosior? quae commendatior hominum memoriae sempiternae? That's about the assassination of Julius Caesar. And here again: quae vero tam immemor posteritas, quae tam ingratae litterae reperientur, quae eorum gloriam non immortalitatis memoria prosequantur? Tu vero ascribe me talem in numerum. Who'd have thought the old jaw-wagger would have been so bloodthirsty?

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. He's going off into the abstract, it isn't bloodthirstiness at all. The more he *thinks* about

the assassination, the more glowing an exploit does it appear to him. Except in the merely physical sense, he isn't living now at all. He's a back number. And so, for the matter of that, is this Republic altogether; the old machine's past mending.

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. I agree with you; a complete wash-out. And therefore I'm going to vote for Antony.

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. Well, I'm not. Whoever may be the coming man, I'm certain it isn't Antony. (*whispers him*).

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. Is that so? I wonder.

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. A man may keep that up some years I daresay; but in the long run it will get the better of him.

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. Well then, and who is your favourite?

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. Ah, that I can't say yet; I'm content to wait. *Applause within.*

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. There he goes. The speech of his life he called it. He'd better look out; reports of every speech of Cicero's are sent to Antony in camp near Mutina; and if Antony beats Decimus and gets back to Rome, all's up with Cicero; this speech of his will be his *death!*

2ND YOUNG SENATOR. Well, I'm going in now; and I'm going to vote Antony a public enemy; that means declaring war against him.

1ST YOUNG SENATOR. Well, I'm going to stick by the minority.

CICERO (*within, as door opens*). *armatis foedissime stipatus—*
Excunt young Senators.

Lictor unbends; picks up Cicero's paper and examines it.

LICTOR (*declaiming, with gestures, in a heavy, crude, mysterious, and stagey style*). *Hodie non descendit Antonius. Cur? Dat natalicia in hortis. Cui? Neminem nominabo. Putate tum Phormioni alicui, tum Gnatoni, tum Ballioni. (Turns it over). O incredibilem audaciam! O impudentiam praedicandam!—Ah now, if only I had the words, how I could do it!—Cuius domus quae-stuosissima est falsorum commentariorum et chiro-graphorum officina, agrorum, oppidorum, immunitatum, vectigalium flagitiosissimae nundinae!—*

SENATE (*within*). *Hurr-a-a-ay!*

LICTOR. There! Now why shouldn't I be senator? What's the difference between them and me? Nothing; only the words. I can do the thing itself as well as any of them. O *miseræ mulieris fecunditatem calamitosam!* I'll put up for a senator. Next week, while I'm off duty, I'll learn up all the words there are, and then I'll stand for Parliament.—*Tion!* Here come visitors.

Enter Maccenas and Agrippa, the latter armed.

MAECENAS. I hear you worked wonders in your recruiting tour.

AGRIPPA. Fine men, those veterans. Here he comes.

Enter Octavian.

OCTAVIAN. Where's the attendant? Kindly inquire if I can speak with Cicero.

Lictor goes limp, and takes a stroll.

LICTOR (*returning to him*).

You have some face, that ask for Cicero.

What name?

OCTAVIAN. Caesar.

Lictor starts violently.

Stop; you had better say

Caesar Octavianus, once Octavius,

But now, by the deceased Dictator's will,

Namesake to my great-uncle.

LICTOR (*who has come to attention*). Beg pardon, sir.

Exit Lictor into Senate-house.

Pause. Re-enter Hirtius, Pansa, and then Cicero; followed by Lictor.

CICERO. So that's all right, and the violator of Republican tradition and epistolary etiquette is now an outlaw. Handsome majority, don't you think? Well, consuls, you must get your swords on. But oh, it will be a short campaign. Not war this, Hirtius; policing, policing. I fancy your best plan, now, would be to—

OCTAVIAN. Pardon, gentlemen;

Which of you three is Marcus Cicero?

Cicero purses his lips, Pansa stares; Hirtius goes round behind them to Octavian, and whispers him.

O sir, I seek your aid ; you know my name.
 My uncle—O, I loved him, Cicero ;
 Brutus and Cassius must be dragged to justice !
 From Apollonia post-haste am I here,
 Ready to serve the State in everything
 That may consort with justice. Eager and ignorant,
 I turn to him that twenty years even now
 Call Saviour of his Land, and pray that many
 More to such decoration may yet add
 A second rescuing act's even steadier star.

CICERO. Ahem. Haw.

Did you have a quiet crossing ?

OCTAVIAN. I, sir ? How ?

CICERO. From Apollonia ; now. Ah, there's no telling
 Which men will make good sailors. Take myself, for
 instance ;

I've done that passage now some fifty times,
 And never once that I have not been sick.

Last time, I well remember, I'd just dined

On fine fat mullets of Massilia—

the red mullet, you know ; never eat white mullets,
 they're abominable ; but I daresay you know all about
 that ; still, when you're my age and have no teeth left
 that are exactly opposite to one another, you'll find the
 little bones even more tiresome—ha ha ! well, as I
 was saying—

Scarce had we pitched one salt and choppy league

(A smart south-easter from Epirus humming)

And on our stern Illyria still looked green,

When—Hermes !—up came all, and I restored

Those mullets to their native element.

Pause.

OCTAVIAN. Sir—I—

CICERO. Exactly. Where's the point, you'd say.

Well, there's a Senate here ; may I remind you ?

Who, though they're bearded men, have yet some care

For law and order, in their doddering way.

Brutus and Cassius have been driven from Italy.

OCTAVIAN. Yes, by the people, sir, not by the Senate.

Besides, what's exile ? Execution's needed.

There are some villains who would have them back.

CICERO (*aside to Hirtius*). Villains ! Ho ! You and me !—
 Now, sir, look here ;

I'm not such ice quite as I seem to be
 To your intentions ; and I'll blurt this for you :
 You have mistaken your objective, man ;
 'Tis Antony that is your enemy.

OCTAVIAN. What, my dead uncle's champion ? He ?

CICERO. The same.

Oh, he pursues the "murderers", ay ; but wherefore ?—
 How much, in payment of your legacy,
 Has he made over to you ?

Maecenas plucks Octavian's elbow.

Well, do not say.

But Caesar's credit at the fane of Ops

Was seven hundred million sesterces.

That, I think, Hirtius, was the sum ?

HIRTIVS. 'Tis so ;

Seven hundred million.

Octavian looks open-mouthed at Maecenas and Agrippa.

CICERO. He plays you false, you see.

Whose *brother* was it tried to stop that statute

For your adoption ? Here's another point :

You would have stood for tribune, but whose friends

Fished up each outworn legal obstacle

To crush your candidature ? Go back and see ;

I may be fabricating ; if you find not,

Come here again ; I'll help you.

OCTAVIAN. Thank you, sir ;

I will look into this.

Exeunt Octavian, Maecenas and Agrippa.

HIRTIVS. You chilled him rather.

CICERO. Have I lived all this while in office here,

And never learned yet how to snub young men ?

He throws his heart at me, first-blush ; does he

'Think to get my heart by return ?

HIRTIVS. Who knows—

Attractive boy—he *might* get your heart, yet !

CICERO. *When he can pluck it from me, let him have it !*

Huh ! huh !

HIRTIVS. Why, later, did you friend him, then ?

CICERO. Because I'd use him. See here, Hirtius :
 He, like some small but sharp-toothed tiger-cub,
 Worries me one side ; there, on the other, Antony
 Waddles against me like a crocodile
 (He that shed bright round beads o'er Caesar's bier).
 Have I not wit enough to invite them both,
 Stand ground, then in the nick of time slip out
 And see them charge each other ? This is my case,
 And yours, and every Roman loyalist's,
 And Rome's. First cram the Egyptian monster's mouth
 With this tough morsel ; while he's choking on it,
 Tilt him upon his back, and puncture him.
 The cub we'll spare, and make a pet of it ;
 A fierce and pretty thing. O, trust me, Hirtius,
 I'll get a job yet for this whippersnapper,
 And make him serve our turn too.

HIRTIUS. Well, take care.
 Of crocodile that could bite a tiger-cub
 I never heard yet ; but I have heard this,
 That there's a little bird that dares fly straight
 Between those yawning mandibles, and there glut
 His personal hunger ; whom the carnivore,
 Grateful for teeth well cleaned, laughing lets live.

CICERO. Pooh, pooh ; the trochilus ; pure Herodotus.
 'Tis not in nature.

HIRTIUS. Say this youth has art ?
 Well, here he comes, anyway.
Re-enter Octavian with Maecenas and Agrippa.

OCTAVIAN. Your tale is true, sir.
 But I've been even with him ; I have despatched
 Agents to tamper with the loyalty
 Of his Macedonian legions, just arrived
 In Italy ; more than that, to ensure my rights,
 I am prepared—if I be driven so far—
 To employ against him those I have rounded up,
 My adoptive sire's Campanian veterans,
 Who rose like sesame to the name of Caesar—

MAECENAS (*aside to Agrippa*). Coupled with twenty pounds
 apiece !

OCTAVIAN. I stand
 Master by this of half an army, sir,
 Which twice the time will double.
 HIRTIUS (*aside to Cicero*). At nineteen years,
 Great Heavens ! and all without authority !
 O, I perceive there will be wars again.
 OCTAVIAN. But, sir, yet hear me once. This looks like power,
 I know ; yet—O forgive me, Cicero,
 That my light years must still seem earnest with you—
 Only the love I bore my murdered father
 (For so he was to me) nerves me to this.
 All else is weak ; here stand I, straight from school,
 Raw, without office, friendless, young, in Rome !
 I fling myself upon your gravity ;
 Kind sir, advise me ! Help me, Cicero !
 SENATE (*within*). Oh ! Ah ! Oh !
 HIRTIUS (*to Lictor*). See what's the matter there, at once.
Exit Lictor into Senate-house.

I fear
 More news of Antony ; we should be off ere now.
Re-enter Lictor.

LICTOR. Antony with his whole army has already arrived
 at Mutina and is investing it. We have lost all com-
 munication with the Republicans under Decimus.

HIRTIUS (*aside to Cicero*). This is deadly ; we are in for a
 real war here, and need larger forces ; here are these
 veterans, the best troops in Italy ; I *must* have them ;
 we shall just have to accept his own conditions, and
 you must win the Senate over to them.
 (*aloud*) Caesar Octavian, will you join with us
 Against Mark Antony ?

Octavian takes Maecenas and Agrippa aside.

OCTAVIAN. This will be to fight
 On the same side as murderous Decimus ;
 But there's no help for it ; I can bide my time.
 Tell him I will.

AGRIPPA (*to Hirtius*). Yes, this provised ; our army
 Stands equal either yours ; my master's rank
 Shall grade according.

Hasty conference between Cicero, Hirtius and Pansa.

HIRTIUS. Will he accept propraetor ?

OCTAVIAN. I am honoured highly.

MAECENAS. Will the Senate confirm it ?

HIRTIUS. On the instant ; pray sit down. Come, Cicero—
(*aside*) You need not speak ; they'll jump at this ;
we're desperate.

*Exeunt Cicero, Hirtius and Pansa into Senate-house ;
the Liclor following.*

AGRIPPA. Propraetor's under them.

MAECENAS. Aught else impossible.

(*to Oct.*) Do not break utterly with Mark Antony too
Precipitately ; for these intransigents
May push you one day yet into his arms.

OCTAVIAN. Subtly put in, friend. I must play their game,
But for my purposes. Though I find myself
Marching by some that would with shouts embrace
The assassins, were they here, and whose first act,
Antony trapped, would amnesty them all ;
Think not my purpose is so single, friends,
But I foreshadow these same veterans' use
When I come face to face with my true foes
Brutus and Cassius. As for the Orator,
It is, though garrulous, a good old man,
And means well by me ; an honest soul ; I'll trust him.

Applause within ; re-enter Liclor.

LICTOR. Your commission, sir, is—ahem—ratified.

OCTAVIAN. Come then, there's much to be prepared at once.

Exeunt Octavian, Maecenas and Agrippa.

*Re-enter Cicero, Hirtius, Pansa and Senators ; these last
converse in groups, and gradually walk out.*

CICERO. That's all right. But, Hirtius, I've now changed
my mind partly ; a young man who can raise an army
at that rate is really a slightly dangerous young man.
So after all I think we won't spare the tiger-cub ;
remember your Aeschylus, eh ? No, Hirtius, the van,
the van ; put him in the van, Hirtius ; in the forefront
of the battle. I tell you what—you listen—I'll express
it in three words for you ; laudandum, ornandum—
tollendum ! Ha-ha-ha ! First distinguish him—then
extinguish ; ha-ha-ha ! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha !

Exit Cicero.

HIRTIUS. He's not an ass that is not a great man ;

I am no prodigy myself, Pansa.

But he's an ass that knows not a great man

When he beholds him ; and such an ass is Cicero.

PANSA. By that same token, though,

This young Octavian were the bigger ass,

To see an ass, and take it for a man.

HIRTIUS. No.

He's at the stage of keen young intellects,

Who think the world far cleverer than it is ;

Cicero to him stands for a reputation,

Which he must estimate from his own dreams ;

He has not yet ta'en measure of the world.

How should he tell how little most men mean,

That sees not yet the depth of his own meaning ?

PANSA. Well, I must go and blow up the Adjutant.

Exit Pansa.

HIRTIUS. I don't half like the van idea ; however, I daresay
if he's really a great man his destiny itself will see him
through, and in that case it will be a good experience
for him. I'll leave it to destiny, leave it to destiny.

Exit Hirtius

LICTOR (*solus*). It's the words that does it.

CURTAIN.

(*To be continued.*)

A. Y. C.

COMMEMORATION SERMON.

*Preached in the College Chapel on the Sunday after Ascension,
May 8th, 1921, by the VEN. HENRY E. J. BEVAN, M.A.,
Archdeacon of Middlesex.*

REBUILDING THE WALLS AND TEMPLE.

"And thus they returned answer, saying: 'We are the servants of the God of heaven and earth, and build the house that was builded these many years ago, which a great King of Israel builded and set up'".

BOOK OF EZRA V. 11.

THIS, too, is our answer to-day to those who ask "What mean ye by this service?" The practical object of a Commemoration of Benefactors should be that we shall each in our several walks of life consider how we may prove worthy successors of, and fellow-workers with, those Benefactors of the College whom we commemorate; how we may add our own names to the list we have just heard read, not necessarily as givers of money or lands or buildings or books or silver plate, but as contributors to all that a College like this stands and has stood for. Membership of a college and University should be regarded by every one of us, not merely as a necessary stepping-stone in life, as a ladder to be climbed and thrust aside, but as a life-long possession with its own distinctive claims upon us. A man is not worthy of being called a Johnian who does not love St John's—its historical associations, its ancient and time-honoured buildings, its personal memories—and who does not, in addition to his pride in its past and present, continue to cherish through life a filial care for its future welfare. It was thus that the faithful Jew regarded Jerusalem, even in captivity and banishment: "If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning". Many and great were the attractions of Babylon to which the majority of his own fellow-countrymen speedily succumbed. Instead of responding to the challenge of Ezra and Nehemiah, they elected to forfeit their birth-right. It was the few, as usual, and not the many, who were ready to sacrifice material prosperity and obey the Royal summons: "Thus saith Cyrus King of Persia, the Lord of

heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth, and he hath charged me to build him an house at Jerusalem, which is in Judah. Who is there among you of all his people? His God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel (He is the God) which is in Jerusalem". Just so, our service to-day claims us as fellow-builders of a wall and temple which were founded for us in this place by those whose memory we celebrate year by year. We have to carry the influences received here into other spheres. We must not forget nor forego them; we must not prove false to them, in deference to lower standards of principle and conduct, such as most easily purchase the goodwill of an alien world. In saying this, I would venture to make a special appeal to the many ex-service men who came up as undergraduates in 1919 and are now finishing their two years' course at Cambridge. You know better than I do the all-important part which the Universities and Public Schools of this country played in winning the War. Above and beyond the share they contributed to the efficiency of the Fighting Force, they succeeded in imbuing every unit of that Force with something of their own characteristic spirit of high-hearted chivalrous patriotism, of determination to "play the game" fairly, fully and squarely. Where should we have been without that spirit? and where could we have found it elsewhere? It was the outcome of centuries of Christian influence, and was fostered within ancient walls like these. When we heard and spoke in wartime of "the spirit of the trenches", we were ever conscious of the presence there of this unseen factor, that traced its roots to the lives and examples of thousands of gracious souls who in days gone by went forth from places such as this to fight a good fight and finish their course. In this way did many on our Roll of Benefactors contribute to the success of the War. They laboured in their day and generation, and we "entered into their labours" by translating into action the spirit of their lives. We of St John's recall, not only the devoted loyalty of a Strafford to Country and to King, or the gallantry of a Falkland in the Civil War that he hated, but the steadfast heroism of a Henry Martyn in the mission fields of India and

Persia, and (more than all) the quiet unacknowledged building up of mind and character which has been carried on, year in and year out, for generations past by an infinite series of Tutors, Lecturers, Professors, of whom the last to leave us was not the least worthy—Charles Edward Graves.

I would urge, then, that your best tribute of love and gratitude to this College will be to carry its gallant spirit—"the spirit of the trenches"—into the world of Duty whither you are going. For alas! How sadly that world needs it is evident on all sides. It is a need that has reached an acute stage at the present time. Do we realise how hopelessly and utterly modern society has been outgrowing its most cherished ideals? how absolutely our popular idols have failed us? A learned American biologist (Professor W. M. Wheeler) has recently reminded us of what he calls the "highbrow phrases" that have had, and are having, pernicious hold on the public mind at the expense of truer principles of life and thought and service. "Culture" was one such phrase, but "Culture" perished and its corrupt body became decadence, when, ceasing to be a mental attitude, it became a mere symbol for a set of opinions. And "Progress" was another phrase that is dying a natural death as the designation of a supposed law of life, together with the materialistic theories on which it was based. In saying this one does not mean to exclude as impossible a Christian philosophy of progress, for we find that clearly indicated in our Lord's teaching about the Kingdom of God upon earth. But though He predicted its ultimate triumph He never said that it would be perfected in this world, and still less did He promise to man a continuous or automatic improvement merely in virtue of the growth of the ages and the passage of time. So far from declaring that each successive generation was bound in the nature of things to be an improvement on its predecessor, He teaches us why men rise and why they fall, and how it is that mighty civilisations have dawned upon the world to fade and disappear. He speaks of our present life as the initial stage of a vaster existence. In His view this planet is the birthplace and nursery of millions of immortal souls who find here, not their goal, but their starting-point. Hither they are sent to learn a child's lesson

in living by many childish mistakes and failures, so that change rather than progress must needs mark their course from the cradle to the grave. Man has always to fight to maintain every foot of ground that he has conquered. He can never afford to sit still and let things go of themselves. The New Testament metaphor for our earthly pilgrimage is not that of a triumphal march onward, but of a battle against odds, a race that calls for strenuous self-discipline; it is a task to which "many are called but few chosen" as worthy of it; a struggle for success in which "there are first who shall be last and last who shall be first". And indeed it is an encouraging thought for patient workers that the service of God and the good of man do not depend solely or chiefly on conspicuous movements and the doings of those whose names loom large in the public eye. The truest reformers of human society have not called themselves "progressives", and have laboured to make the world a little better with no thought of a millenium. They have been content, with many an old Johnian scholar and saint, to leave the future in the Hands of God. Six years ago, good and sanguine souls foretold with conviction the near advent of a "New England and a New World"—not only religious preachers, but statesmen, philosophers and socialistic idealists. And there has been grievous disappointment with results, not because the bright vision has been obliterated, but because it seems to have receded into a far-off future. Most men are now agreed that change of events will not produce the longed-for Utopia, but only a change of spirit which must needs be a process of time. And so you are leaving Cambridge with a mightier task before you than was that of winning the war—the task of re-building the ruined walls of civilisation on surer foundations than of old, the task of re-erecting a Temple of God which shall be worthier of His Name than any that have preceded it. It is a double task which is essentially one. Without the Temple the wall cannot stand. A godless civilisation is foredoomed to destruction. "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain". You are confronted with a problem which is both secular and religious, and has but one solution. It must be

approached in a temper of courage and confidence, for failure ever dogs the steps of doubt and faint-heartedness. "There hath no trial overtaken us other than that which is common to man". We have but reached another of the great turning-points in the history of the world, which seem so disastrous when they come, and so inevitable when they are past. There is no excuse for a pessimistic outlook, for everywhere there are signs of the saving Christian spirit if we will look for it. The masses of our people are not bloody revolutionaries, whatever the residue may be. During the war itself, the spirit of unselfish succour and devotion rose to a higher point than ever before in the annals of the race, and even now, in the present disastrous coal crisis, the better-paid miners offer to share wages with their poorer brethren, the mine-owners to forego all profits for awhile, and the Government to grant ten millions of money to tide both parties over a period of transition. Whatever, again, may be thought of the present practical utility of a League of Nations, there can be no doubt that the conception of such an idea is the most definite sign that has yet been given of men's desire to live in peace and amity one with another. The democratic movement, too, under the guidance of Christian counsels, must make for righteousness, marking, as it does, an essential stage in humanity's growth, by insisting that all men should have the chance to make the best of themselves. And what though present conditions seem sinister? The waters of the world have been stirred to their depths for four years into a turbulence such as human history has never hitherto witnessed, and we cannot wonder that at least another four years should be needed ere they can settle down into clearness as well as quietness. It may be that, like the returned exiles of old, the rebuilders of the wall of our modern Jerusalem may have for awhile to build with one hand and hold weapons with the other; but all will be well and the work eventually finished, if within the walls there shall be found a new Temple of God. All true and permanent success depends upon that. A Temple, moreover, is something definite and substantial that appeals to the senses as well as to the mind and the imagination. If Christianity is to be a real force in human life, it must be

more than a vague emotion, sentiment or aspiration. The current fashion of disparaging Institutional Religion is a fitting sequel to the former attempt to set up Undenominationalism (*i.e.*, the Christian Faith duly purged of every doctrine that anyone can object to) as a satisfactory basis of Christian education. In saying this, one is not implying that the Church of England is the only safe sanctuary; but that operative religion must have a genuine Temple, of whatever type, for all its disciples. It has been remarked by a thinker of our time that 'looking round on society, he finds no want of the desire to be religious, but that the desire often despairs of finding a form in which it can clothe itself, and so remains a vague aspiration without ability to act or even sense to know itself'. Well, I believe that our own Church may succeed in removing this deadlock between Religion and Life, between the will to believe and belief itself, if she will but strive to present the doctrines of the Christian Creed as great living, growing, developing truths, which men will understand more clearly and fully as knowledge increases and experience deepens. "Never forget (writes Phillips Brooks in one of his Yale lectures) to tell the younger people frankly that they are to expect more light and larger developments of the truth which you give them. Ah, the souls that have suffered shipwreck through the mere clamouring of new truth to add itself to that which they have been taught to think finished and final". This season of suspense between Ascensiontide and Pentecost cannot but remind us of the Saviour's farewell promise to his followers, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the Truth".

Roll of Honour

EDWIN CYRIL BEARD, B.A.

Lieutenant E. C. Beard of the Essex Regiment was reported "Missing" at the Battle of Gaza on 26 March 1917. He is now presumed to have been killed in action on that date.

He was the second son of Mr Reginald B. Beard of Colchester, where he was born 20 May 1891, and was educated at the Royal Grammar School, Colchester, entering St John's in 1909.

After leaving College he was articled to the Town Clerk of Colchester. On the outbreak of war he joined one of the Universities and Public Schools Battalions at Epsom on 14 September 1914. He afterwards obtained a commission in the Essex Regiment. He sailed for the Dardanelles 22 September 1915. He was seized with jaundice at Suvla Bay and was for some time in hospital at Cairo and Cyprus. He rejoined his Regiment in Egypt, being then in the 5th Battalion.

Obituary

LORD MOULTON.

We regret to record the death, on March 9th, of the Rt Hon. Lord Moulton of Bank (B.A. 1868), Honorary Fellow of the College.

We extract the following notice from the "Morning Post" of 10th March, 1921 :—

John Fletcher Moulton, Lord Moulton, who was found dead in bed at his house in Onslow Square yesterday morning, was born at Mabley in November 1844. He was the son of the Rev. J. E. Moulton, a Wesleyan Methodist minister, and after receiving his early education at New Kingswood School, near Bath, proceeded to St John's College, Cambridge. There, as a mathematician he reached the very highest distinction. In 1868 he was Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman, winning also a gold medal at London University. He was then elected to a Fellowship at Christ's.

He "ate his dinners" at the Middle Temple, and, resigning his fellowship, came to London in 1873, and was called to the Bar in the next year. There he at once attacked the work which probably makes the highest demand on the intellect at the Bar—that relating to the law and practice as to patents—and in a few years his fortune was made. He had the brains to understand inventions, ranging over the whole world of mechanics, industry and energy to apply to the problems put to him, and combativeness in reasonable quantity. There have been scholars as learned at the Bar, and advocates as masterful, but his combination of genius and driving power was not surpassed in his generation.

In 1885 he became a Q.C., and in the same year was elected as a Liberal member of Parliament for the Clapham division. In the following year he lost his seat, and had to wait until 1894 until he could again find a constituency, South Hackney, to return him. The next year the South Hackney electors changed their minds in favour of Lord Moulton's former opponent, and a new seat was not found for the defeated candidate until 1898, when he was returned for the Launceston division of Cornwall. In the House of Commons

Lord Moulton largely specialised on London affairs, and his maiden speech was on the question of Londoners bearing the expense of maintaining their own parks. But he did not confine himself to Metropolitan subjects, and, unlike some lawyers, did not allow the atmosphere of Westminster to overawe him.

Lord Moulton represented the Launceston division until 1906, when he was promoted over the heads of all the Judges of first instance as a Lord Justice of Appeal. After sitting in the Court of Appeal for six years he became in 1912, on the resignation of Lord Robson, a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, and, as a Privy Councillor, a member of the Judicial Committee. Those who knew Lord Moulton did not expect him as a judge to be content with the formula 'I concur' after awaiting the pronouncements of his brethren of the Court of Appeal, and they were not disappointed. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any other judge in that Court ever delivered himself of so many and such vigorous dissenting judgments. Perhaps also there never was a scantier use than in his case of the old platitudes as to "the unfeigned respect I entertain for the opinions of my learned brethren", and "the great hesitation with which I venture to differ from them" . . . Lord Moulton made up his mind in his own way, and, when in disagreement with the majority of the Court, delivered himself of very long, very forcible, and very learned judgments.

But it was Lord Moulton's war work which formed his chief title to fame. Soon after the commencement of hostilities he was appointed Chairman of the Advisory Committee on Chemical Products, as also of the Committee on High Explosives, and, when the Ministry of Munitions was constituted, he became its Director-General of Explosive Supplies. At the age of seventy, he was, in his own words, thrown into the position of a head technologist who had to shape and guide a gigantic industry, which "had to be extemporised in a moment". When the war broke out Germany was far in advance of this country in the organisation of industry for war purposes, and it was Lord Moulton's business so to coordinate the activities of British manufacturers as to beat the enemy at his own game. That he

eventually succeeded in his purpose is now a matter of history. He held the view that the great length of the war was mainly due to Germany's organisation of the chemical industries, and he has since been insistent in urging national recognition of the fact that the chemists of this country are necessary, not merely to its prosperity, but to its existence. He was particularly keen in advocating the further development of the British dye industry.

An open-air man, Lord Moulton was fond both of motoring and of yachting. He was twice married, first in 1875 to Clara, widow of R. W. Thompson, of Edinburgh, and secondly, in 1901, to Mary May, daughter of Major Henry Davies, of Naples. Lord Moulton's second wife died in 1909, and he had issue of his first marriage a son, Hugh Fletcher Moulton, who was called to the Bar in 1899, and of his second marriage a daughter. In addition to his other honours, Lord Moulton was a fellow of the Royal Society, a G.B.E., a K.C.B., a Grand Officer of the Order of the Etoile Noire, a Commander of the Legion of Honour, and a Commander of the Order of Leopold of Belgium.

Lord Moulton having been a life Peer, the title dies with him.

We have received the following from a correspondent :

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit".

This quotation, first implanted in the inmost recesses of the brain more than sixty years ago, as an illustration of some rule given in the "Eton Latin Grammar", suddenly flashes out and urges me to record three reminiscences of the late Lord Moulton, one of my contemporaries.

In his undergraduate days, Moulton was a very retiring, quiet and shy man. It was difficult to secure his company for an hour in the evening. On one occasion about half-a-dozen of us met him at the room of a mutual friend; in the course of a general "shoppy" chat, Moulton confessed that to keep his brain in good working order he had adopted the plan of committing to memory daily about 50 lines of poetry. Finding that he had stored up one of Tennyson's latest poems ("Idylls of the King", I think it was) we persuaded him to recite a portion. He diffidently made

his way to the darkest corner of the room and, facing his audience, declaimed many lines most impressively.

On Saints' Days, in the sixties, no College lectures were given. Many of us, after attending chapel at 8 a.m., turned these holy days into holidays and suspended our work. On one of these festivals I was invited to join Moulton and a friend in a walk to Ely. We started at 9 a.m. Moulton was a lanky man, and his stride far exceeded the military standard; when we had fairly got into the swing he apologised for not being able to go his accustomed pace owing to a sore heel. It was fortunate for us that he had a limp, otherwise we must have been left in the rear; as it was we covered 5 miles in the middle of the 16 miles in 63 minutes. When we reached the market place at Ely two of us looked longingly at the Lamb Hotel, quite expecting to enter it for rest and refreshment. This was not to be; Moulton insisted that there should be no luncheon until we had climbed the Lantern Tower. He was in command and it was not for us to reason why—we tread-milled up and landed on the giddy height. From that elevation we thoroughly surveyed the monotonous landscape, verifying and revising our geographical knowledge of the stretch of fen land whereon were dotted a city, towns, villages and windmills. With Vergil's help I can complete the tale and add a deduction: "The descent was easy; but to retrace one's steps and escape to the upper air was a task and a toil which we refused to contemplate". We had fairly earned the plain and satisfying meal which was necessary to prepare us for the return journey. We started to walk back early in the afternoon, and reached College in time for "hall".

I have an old "University Calendar" in which (in the Tripos list of 1868) are entered the marks (how they were obtained I know not) against the names of some of the men, Moulton is credited with 18000, and the "wooden spoon" with 783. The Tripos Examination in those days consisted of two parts: three days and five days. On the last of the three days there was set an "easy" problem paper (Aldis, my coach, warned me that it was facetiously so called). Moulton was reported to have solved 22 out of the 24 problems in the three hours allotted, whilst the man who came nearest to him solved six only.

R. K. V.

PROFESSOR ROBERT BELLAMY CLIFTON, F.R.S.

We regret to record the death on February 22nd, 1921, of Professor Robert Bellamy Clifton, F.R.S., Professor of Experimental Philosophy in the University of Oxford from 1865 to 1915. We take the following from *The Times*:

"Holding his Professorship at Oxford for just fifty years, and the Chair of Natural Philosophy at Owens College, Manchester, for five years before that, Robert Bellamy Clifton may be said to have broken most Professorial records, even that of his colleague for so long at the Oxford Museum, Dr Odling. This vigour and longevity were due, as they generally are, to natural constitution rather than to care, for it is well known that for a large part of his life he turned night into day. Indeed, in a well-known publication he put down as his recreation 'Work'. He was born at Gedney, in Lincolnshire, on March 13, 1836, the only son of Mr Robert Clifton. From University College, London, he obtained a scholarship in 1856 at St John's, Cambridge, and graduated as Sixth Wrangler and second Smith's Prizeman in 1859.

"Clifton was elected Fellow of St John's, but did not remain at Cambridge, becoming next year Professor of Natural Philosophy at the then new Owens College at Manchester. Five years later he was elected Professor of Experimental Philosophy at Oxford in succession to Mr Robert Walker, of Wadham. Clifton was also elected to a Fellowship with emoluments at Merton. On his appointment he erected from his own designs in 1870, and organised the new 'Clarendon Laboratory', the first built in Europe for the special purpose of teaching and research in physics, the funds for which were provided by the historic benefaction of Lord Clarendon, arising out of the sale of his history. A fine mathematician of the older Cambridge School, Clifton was a precise and careful teacher. Much of his optical apparatus he designed himself, and he was somewhat jealous of allowing it to be casually used. It was sometimes alleged that he was too fastidious in this regard, and did not encourage 'research', but he certainly turned out a series of very successful pupils, among them men like Sir Arthur

Rücker, Sir Lazarus Fletcher, Professor Viriamu Jones, Professor Reinold, and Mr R. E. Baynes, the Lee's Reader in Physics, Christ Church.

"He was further employed outside, as a member of the Royal Commission on Accidents in Mines, 1879-86, and as president of the Physical Society in 1882-84, and was elected Fellow of the Royal Society and Honorary Fellow of Wadham.

"Clifton married, in 1862, Miss Catherine Elizabeth Butler, and had three sons and a daughter. He was a man of fine stature and appearance, and maintained his physical vigour, little impaired, into and beyond his 80th year. He inherited a property in Lincolnshire, in which he took to the last much interest, visiting it periodically. Personally he was a very pleasant colleague, going his own way, but always thoroughly friendly, and with a dry, kindly humour of his own, and a knowledge of the world which made him very good company".

REV. JAMES GEORGE EASTON, M.A.

We regret to record the death, at the age of 68, of the Rev. James George Easton, M.A., Rector of Murston, Kent.

As a boy, Mr Easton was in the choir of Hereford Cathedral. He was a Scholar of St John's College, Cambridge, and graduated in 1876 as 18th Wrangler. He was ordained in 1878 to a curacy at Ramsgate; afterwards he was second master at Nottingham High School and then Headmaster of Great Yarmouth Grammar School. Later he held the livings of Ilketshall in Suffolk, and Brinkley in Cambridgeshire. In 1897 he was appointed to the College living of Murston, and remained there twenty-three years. For the last five years he had been Rural Dean, and as such he was popular throughout the Sittingbourne district as an eloquent preacher and speaker. He was broad and tolerant in his views and was a staunch type of Evangelical Churchman.

Mr Easton had been married thirty-nine years and leaves a widow, two sons, and a daughter.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Easter Term, 1921.

The fifteen candidates recommended by the Council of the Royal Society for election into the Society include four Johnians :

Mr Charles Stewart Middlemiss, C.I.E. (B.A. 1882),
Professor Kennedy Joseph Previt e Orton (B.A. 1895).
Dr Alfred Arthur Robb (B.A. 1897).
Mr G. Udney Yule (M.A. 1913).

Mr R. P. Paranjpye (B.A. 1899), Principal of Fergusson College, Poona, has been elected to the Bombay Legislative Council by the Bombay University, and has been appointed Minister of Education in the Bombay Government.

The Hon. Sir Charles A. Parsons, K.C.B. (B.A. 1877) and Mr D. M. Kerly, K.C. (B.A. 1884), have been appointed members of the new Committee on Patents.

Prebendary F. A. Hibbert (B.A. 1889) has been appointed by the Bishop of St Albans to the Diocesan Advisory Committee to deal with Church Restoration. Prebendary Hibbert is the author of a Christmas Miracle Play, which was produced in 1921, with much success, at Luton.

Mr Charles H. Heath, F.R.C.S. (B.A. 1888), has been elected a Companion of the Institute of Marine Engineers. He is Consulting Aurist to the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and last year was elected President of the Wild-fowlers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr F. E. Woodall (B.A. 1911), late Master at Oundle School, has been appointed Headmaster of Lady Manners School, Bakewell.

The Rev. F. P. Cheetham (B.A. 1912), late Scholar of the College, has been appointed Lecturer at King's College, London, and Sub-Warden of King's College Hostel.

Mr W. P. Dodd (B.A. 1911) has been appointed Headmaster of the Colwyn Secondary School.

Mr R. T. Halsey (B.A. 1910) has been appointed to a Mastership at Manchester Grammar School.

Mr S. D. Strong (B.A. 1919), late Choral Student, has been appointed to a Mastership at Worcester Cathedral School.

Mr H. D. F. Kitto (B.A. 1919), late Scholar of the College, has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in Greek at Glasgow University.

Mr J. M. Lewis (B.A. 1916) has been appointed to a Mastership at Leeds Grammar School.

Mr F. H. Philpot (B.A. 1918), late Choral Student, has been appointed to a Mastership at Cheltenham College.

Mr A. S. Le Maître, M.C. (B.A. 1920), late Scholar of the College, who obtained a post at the Admiralty after leaving the College in 1920, has been appointed a Private Secretary to the First Lord.

Mr E. H. F. Mills (B.A. 1913), Senior Editor of *The Eagle*, has been appointed Librarian of the University of Birmingham.

The Birthday Honours of June 3rd include a C.B. to Mr W. C. Fletcher (B.A. 1886), Chief Inspector of Secondary Education under the Board of Education.

The following ecclesiastical appointments are announced :

Bannerman, W. E.	(1887)	V. West Haddon	V. St John, Levens, Westmoreland
Haslam, R. K.	(1912)	C. St. Anne, Wandsworth	V. Lady Margaret, Walworth
Janvrin, R. B. le B.	(1902)	V. Lady Margaret, Walworth	V. St Peter, Eltham

At the Trinity Ordinations the Rev. C. E. Stuart (B.A. 1914) was ordained Priest by the Bishop of London, and Mr. R. H. S. Gobbitt (B.A. 1920) was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Southwark. Mr Stuart is Chaplain of Ridley Hall and Mr Gobbitt Curate of St Luke's, Eltham.

The Adams Prize for the period 1920-21 has been awarded to Dr W. M. Hicks (B.A. 1873), formerly Fellow.

The Gedge Prize has been awarded to Mr G. E. Briggs (B.A. 1915) for an Essay on "Photosynthesis in Plants".

A Smith's Prize has been awarded to W. M. H. Greaves (B.A. 1919) for an Essay on "Periodic Orbits in the Problem of Three Bodies".

L. J. Comrie and W. M. H. Greaves have been elected to Isaac Newton Studentships.

J. R. M. Simmons has been elected to a Scholarship on Dr Bell's Foundation.

The Lightfoot Scholarship has been awarded to G. R. Potter.

One of the Winchester Reading Prizes has been awarded to D. D. Arundell.

The following University appointments of members of the College have been made since the issue of our last number : Mr Cunningham, to be Chairman of the Examiners for Part II of the Mathematical Tripos ; Mr Bartlett, a member of the Board of Psychological Studies, 1921-24 ; Mr Benians, Chairman of the Examiners for Part II of the Historical Tripos ; Mr Colson, Chairman of the Examiners for Part III of the Previous Examination ; Mr Bartlett, an additional member of the Degree Committee of the Special Board for Moral Science, 1921 ; Mr P. Lake, Chairman of Examiners for the Geographical Tripos ; Sir John Sandys, an additional member of the Special Board for Classics until 31 December, 1921 ; Mr G. Udry Yule, member of the Special Board for Economics and Politics until 31 December 1921 ; Dr Winfield, an additional member of the Degree Committee of the Special Board for Law, 1921 ; Dr C. A. A. Scott, an additional member of the Special Board for Divinity until 31 December 1921 ; Mr Heitland and Mr Previt -Orton, Assessors for Part II of the Historical Tripos ; Mr Bartlett, an Examiner for the Special Examinations in Psychology for the Ordinary B.A. Degree ; Mr J. C. H. How and Mr R. S. Cripps, Examiners in Hebrew for the Stewart of Rannoch Scholarships ; Dr G. C. Moore Smith, an Examiner for the Harness Prize, 1922 (since resigned) ; Mr J. Gibson, a member of the Board of Electors to the Knightbridge Professorship of Moral Philosophy until February, 1929 ; Sir J. J. H. Teall, a member of the Board of Electors to the Woodwardian Professorship of Geology until February, 1929 ; Sir Arthur Schuster, a member of the Board of Electors to the Cavendish Professorship of Experimental Physics and the Professorship of Astrophysics until February 1929 ; Mr Heitland, a member of the Board of Electors to the Professorship of Ancient History until February, 1929 ; Dr Winfield, a member of the Board of Indian Civil Service Studies until 31 December, 1921 ; Mr Bartlett, an Examiner for the Moral Sciences Tripos, and the Special Examination in Logic for the Ordinary B.A. Degree ; Professor O. H. Prior, an Examiner in Parts I and II of the Modern and Medieval Languages Tripos (French) ; Professor Rapson and Dr Stewart, additional Examiners for Part II of the Modern and Medieval Languages Tripos ; Mr Coulton (Section A), and Mr J. W. H. Atkins (Sections A and B), Examiners for the English Tripos ; Professor O. H. Prior, an Examiner for the Oral Examination in French, 1921 ; Sir

Thomas Middleton, a Representative Member of the Council of the John Innes Horticultural Institution until 16 February, 1925; Mr Colson, member of the Cambridge County Education Committee until March, 1922; Dr Stewart, Chairman of the Examiners for the Modern and Medieval Languages Tripos; Mr Colson, a member of the Sub-Committee of the Cambridge and County School for Boys until March, 1922; Mr Blackman, a member of the Board of Electors to the Sir William Dunn Professorship of Biochemistry until 20 February, 1923; Mr Adie, an additional Examiner for the Examination in Agriculture, etc., for the Ordinary B.A. Degree, and Examiner for the Diploma in Horticulture, 1921; Mr Creed, an Examiner for the Carus Greek Testament Prizes until February, 1923; Mr P. Lake and Mr H. Woods, Examiners for the Special Examinations in Geography for the Ordinary B.A. Degree; Mr Coulton, an Examiner for the Lightfoot Scholarship, 1922; Prof. Sir Joseph Larmor and Dr W. M. Hicks, Adjudicators of the Adams Prize, 1922; Mr R. H. Adie, University Agent in connection with the Agricultural Board Contributory Pension Scheme; Mr W. H. R. Rivers, a Representative Member of the Committee of Management of the Littleton House Association until 31 March 1922; Mr Coulton, a Delegate to an Anglo-American Conference of Professors of History, July, 1921; Mr Glover, an Examiner for the Hare Prize, 1922; Mr Z. N. Brooke, a member of the Special Board for History and Archaeology until 30 September, 1923; Professor Rapson, an Examiner in Sanskrit and in Pali for the Previous Examination, June, 1921; Dr Stewart, an Adjudicator of the Le Bas Prize, 1922; Professor Baker, a member of the Syndicate appointed to consider the regulations for the Mathematical and Natural Sciences Tripos.

The following books by members of the College are announced: *Aspects of Christian Character*, by Canon J. H. B. Masterman (Longmans); *The Mountebank*, by W. J. Locke (John Lane); *The Willing Horse*, by Ian Hay [J. H. Beith] (Hodder & Stoughton); *Poverty and its vicious circles*, by Dr J. B. Hurry, 2nd, enlarged edition (Churchill); *Collected Parodies*, by J. C. Squire (Hodder & Stoughton); *Relativity, the Electron Theory and Gravitation*, by E. Cunningham (Longmans); *The Absolute Relations of Time and Space*, by A. A. Robb, Sc.D. (Camb. Univ. Press); *Home-made Verses*, by D. B. Haseler and R. H. D'Elboux (Perkin Warbeck); *The Free Churches and Re-union*, by T. R. Glover (Heffer); *Meredith revisited, and other essays*, by J. H. E. Crees (Cobden-Sanderson); *A method for measuring the length of Cotton Hairs*, by W. Lawrence Balls, Sc.D. (Macmillan); *Three lectures on Fermat's last theorem*, by L. J. Mordell (Camb. Univ. Press); *The*

Fellowship of the Spirit, by Rev. C. A. Anderson Scott, D.D. (Clarke); *The history of Conspiracy and abuse of Legal Procedure*, by Dr P. H. Winfield (Camb. Univ. Press); *A History of Classical Scholarship*, by Sir John E. Sandys, Vol. I, 3rd edit. revised (Camb. Univ. Press); *Ballads and Ballad Poems*, ed. by G. N. Pocock (Dent); *Agricola; a study of Agriculture and Rustic Life in the Greco-Roman World from the point of view of labour*, by W. E. Heitland (Camb. Univ. Press); *Selections from Modern Poets*, made by J. C. Squire (Secker); *The Octocentenary of Reading Abbey, A.D. 1121-1921*, by J. B. Hurry (Elliot Stock).

JOHNIANA.

How much . . . are all we bound that are scholars to those munificent Ptolemies, bountiful Maecenates, heroic patrons, divine spirits . . . that have provided for us so many well-furnished libraries, as well in our public academies in most cities as in our private colleges? How shall I remember, amongst the rest . . . the Right Reverend John Williams, Lord Bishop of Lincoln (with many other pious acts) who, besides that at St John's College in Cambridge, that in Westminster, is now likewise in *Fieri* with a library at Lincoln (a noble precedent for all corporate towns and cities to imitate), *O quam te memorem (vir illustrissime) quibus elogiis?*

Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part II, sec. 2, Mem. 4.

From *London in the Jacobite times* by Dr Doran (1877).

In chapter xiii is an account of the trials and executions that followed the rising of 1715, and the following refers to the Rev Mr Paul. The speaker is Patten the turncoat, who became King's evidence, and the scene is at Lancaster.

"He [Paul] entered the room in a blue coat, with a long wig and a sword, and Mr John Cotton of Cambridgeshire with him. They let him (Forster, the commander,) know who they were, and in a flourishing way made a tender of their services for the cause, which Mr Forster accepting, they withdrew. Then Mr Forster told Mr Patten that the taller of the two gentlemen was a clergyman and was of St John's College in Cambridge"

. . . etc.

In vol ii chapter viii is the sequel of the rising of 1745.

The third rebel "Jemmy Dawson" is thus described.

"He was a 'Lancashire lad', of good family. He was so fond of what is also called 'good company' when he was at St John's, Cambridge, that he withdrew from his college, in order to escape expulsion. He returned to Manchester, where he lived 'on his fortune and his friends'. 'He was always a mighty gay gentleman', it was said at his trial, and frequented much the company of ladies, and was well respected by all his acquaintances of either sex for his genteel deportment".

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

President—The Master. *Treasurer*—Mr Cunningham. *First Boat Captain*—A. B. A. Heward. *Second Boat Captain*—W. E. Puddicombe. *Junior Treasurer*—K. F. T. Mills. *Hon. Sec.*—C. A. Francis. *Additional Captains*—T. C. H. Sanderson, F. W. Law, H. W. Shuker, C. B. Tracey.

LENT TERM.

The Lents.

The First Division was again rowed on fixed seats, and five boats were put on for the Lents, which took place on

February 9—12. The crew of the First Boat, after doing good times in practice, proved very disappointing, and lost three places. The Second Boat, however, managed to escape from the sandwich position by bumping Clare on the first night at Grassy. The three subsequent nights they chased vainly 1st Trinity II., even overlapping them, but failing to bump. The Third fell two places, but had bad luck in breaking an oar one night. The Fourth Boat did well, and made three bumps, only failing to get their fourth through a bump being scored in front of them, which left them to row over. The Fifth Boat was greatly handicapped by sickness, and had to row with two untrained men on board, and fell two places.

The Fairbairn Junior Sculls.

W. E. Puddicombe won this 'Varsity event by beating Gunter (Christ's) in the Final by 4 seconds. He was sculling beautifully and thoroughly deserved his well-earned victory.

Congratulations to Hartley on his well-known triumph at Putney this year. His stroking of the 'Varsity Boat will not be forgotten.

EASTER TERM.

The Magdalene Pairs.

Our only entry was Hartley and Heward, who suddenly determined to enter, had only four days' practice, and after an excellent race were beaten by the 3rd Trinity pair by 6 seconds in the First Round.

The Mays.

The First Boat were lucky to find as coaches—H. Boret and Col. G. L. Thompson, the old Trinity Hall Blue. There were two new colours in the boat—C. J. Johnson at 2 and A. S. Davidson at 3. The boat came on well in practice and recorded excellent times over the courses. The first night they rowed over, keeping well away from Christ's, while Pembroke bumped 3rd Trinity. The second night they were caught by 1st Trinity, an exceptionally fast boat, above the Willows, after a fine spurt to escape at Grassy. On the last night they caught 3rd Trinity at the Willows and so regained the place they had lost, fourth on the river.

First Boat.

	W. E. Puddicombe, bow	10	10
2	C. J. Johnson	10	8
3	A. S. Davidson	11	4
4	T. C. H. Sanderson	13	8
5	C. A. Francis	13	1
6	F. W. Law	12	11
7	A. B. A. Heward	11	5
	P. H. G. H.-S. Hartley, stroke	11	3
	K. F. T. Mills, cox	9	0

The Second Boat was finally coached by C. G. Carpenter, and was a heavy crew. They went very stale during training, but recovered before the races. As sandwich boat they rowed over all four nights, pressed on the last two nights by Caius II., who had already bumped twice. On their last and eighth course they were unlucky in not bumping Selwyn at the Railway Bridge, for they overlapped and were twice washed off by the Selwyn cox, who did well to escape. But by that time our crew was tired out.

Second Boat.

	A. S. Gallimore, bow	10	4
2	A. D. Briscoe	11	1
3	F. B. Dunkerley	11	8
4	A. F. Dunlop	12	4
5	C. B. Tracey	13	7
6	G. F. Oakden	12	9
7	W. C. B. Tunstall	10	10
	H. W. Shuker, stroke	10	11
	D. B. Haseler, cox	8	13

The Third Boat, coached by A. F. Dunlop, were unlucky to lose two places. After nearly bumping Jesus III. the first night they fell to Pembroke III. on the third; and on the last night were caught owing to seven's oar slipping through the rowlock on the first stroke and hence catching a crab.

Third Boat.

	W. J. MacCarthy, bow	10	3
2	A. B. Anderson	11	3
3	E. H. Roseveare	10	3
4	P. W. Wells	11	7
5	P. A. Irving	13	11
6	A. G. Flemming	11	5
7	R. E. Breffit	11	3
	C. G. Hope-Gill, stroke	10	5
	B. A. Vigers, cox	8	13

THE COLLEGE MISSION.

The past year has been a period of very rapid evolution for the Mission, of which only a very brief account can be given. It was felt that, since the Parish of the Lady Margaret, Walworth, had received a large increase in its endowments through Mrs Cobb's legacy, it was able for the future to stand alone. Without renouncing, therefore, the connexion with Walworth, endeared to the Mission which founded the Parish, the Committee considered that our main efforts should be given to a new venture. They thought, too, that, having regard to the resources at our disposal, an existing institution should be adopted, rather than a new mission founded. A sub-committee was appointed to choose

9. SONGS ... (a) "A Poplar and the Moon" } ... C. B. Rootham
(b) "South Wind" }

K. MONCRIEFF.

10. SONATA for TWO VIOLINS and PIANOFORTE Corelli
Preludio—Allemanda—Giga.

K. MONCRIEFF, A. H. BLISS, M. H. A. NEWMAN.

11. FOLK SONGS :

(a) "Alistair McAlpine's Lament" ... *Arr. by Vaughan Williams*

(b) "Milking Song" *Arr. by Granville Bantock*

(From "Songs of the Hebrides" by permission of Mrs Marjory Kennedy-Fraser).

(c) "Elsie Marley" (North Country) ... *Arr. by W. G. Whittaker*

THE CHORUS.

12. THE COLLEGE BOATING SONG.. "Mater regum Margareta" .. G.M. Garrett
(Words by Mr T. R. GLOVER).

FIRST MAY BOAT and CHORUS,

with accompaniment of Pianoforte and Strings.

God Save the King.

THE COLLEGE BALL.

St John's College May Week Ball was held in the Hall on Wednesday, June 15th. Mr. Clifford Essex and his band provided the music, the College garden the decorations, and the Kitchen the supper; all were up to standard. As usual the Master's garden was illuminated by fairy-lights and Japanese lanterns, and the Combination Room was an ideal place for supper, where even the historic swan was palatable. The Ball was, in fact, delightful.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY.

President—C. B. Tracey. *Hon. Sec.*—W. G. A. Griffith.

This Society has continued to flourish during the past year, and its fortnightly meetings during the Michaelmas and Lent Terms have been productive of various discussions on subjects ranging from the choral lyrics of Aeschylus to a biographical sketch of Timocreon. At the one meeting of the Society held during the Easter Term a paper was read by A. R. Nix on "The artillery of classical warfare". This proved to be a most instructive lecture, profusely illustrated by diagrams and working-models, which, though they awakened in some of us disquieting memories of past struggles with mathematical complexities, gave additional interest to a most enjoyable paper!

THE THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

President—Rev. J. M. Creed. *Secretary*—E. C. Ratcliff.
Treasurer—G. W. Silk. *Committee*—W. R. Foster, J. S. Boys-Smith.

The existence of the Theological Society has been amply justified by the success which has attended it since its re-establishment in Michaelmas term last. During the year there have been nine meetings, and, without exception, the papers read at them have reached a high level of interest. Those chiefly memorable were the papers of Professor Burkitt, the Rev. Wilfrid Knox, and Mr Coulton, all of whom provided us with ample food for thought and discussion.

Some members of the Society may be interested to know that Mr Knox's paper has since been published in "Theology", a journal recently started under Cambridge editorship and devoted to the study of historic Christianity.

The programme has been as follows:—

1920.

Oct. 18th... "Father Tyrrell and Modernism" Rev. R. P. DODD.

Nov. 1st... "The Relation of Scientific Thought to the Miraculous
in Religious Belief" ... F. H. C. BUTLER.

Nov. 15th... "The Manichees" Professor BURKITT.

Nov. 29th... "The Early Syriac-speaking Church" E. C. RATCLIFF.

1921.

Jan. 24th... "Church and State" G. W. SILK.

Feb. 7th... "The Foundation of the Roman Church" ... Rev. W. L. KNOX.

Feb. 21st... "Roman Religion and Ethics in the First and
Second Centuries" ... R. W. HUTCHINSON.

Mar. 8th... "Theological Education in India" ... Mr C. G. CARPENTER.

May 2nd... "The Plain Man's Religion in the
Middle Ages" ... Mr G. G. COULTON.

At the meeting on May 2nd the following were elected as officers for next term:—

President—E. C. Ratcliff. *Secretary*—W. R. Foster.

Treasurer—J. S. Boys-Smith.

Committee—F. E. P. Langton, R. S. Dawson.

THE LIBRARY.

Donations and additions to the Library during the half-year ending Lady Day, 1921.

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

Donations.

	DONORS.
*Bonney (Rev. T. G.), Sc.D. Geology and Genesis. 8vo Lond. 1920. [See also later donation.].....	The Author
*Griffin (Ralph). The Lepers' Hospital at Swainstrey. (Reprinted from <i>Archæologia Cantiana</i> , Vol. 34). 8vo Lond. 1919.....	R. Griffin, Esq.
— and Stephenson (M.). A Roll of Arms belonging to the Society of Antiquaries, temp. Henry VIII. c. 1540. (From <i>Archæologia</i> , Vol. 69.) 4to Oxford, 1920	
*Harker (A.). Notes on geological map-reading. sm. 4to. Camb. 1920	The Author
*Rivers (W. H. R.). Instinct and the Unconscious. A contribution to a biological theory of the psycho-neuroses. 8vo Camb. 1920	The Author
*Taylor (F. L.). The art of war in Italy, 1494-1529. (Prince Consort Prize Essay, 1920). sm. 8vo Camb. 1921	The Author
*Clarke (Sir Ernest). The family letters of Oliver Goldsmith. A paper read before the Bibliographical Society, Oct. 15, 1917. 4to Lond. 1920	The Author
*Dibdin (Sir Lewis T.) and S. E. Downing. The Ecclesiastical Commission: a sketch of its history and work. 8vo Lond. 1919	The Master
*Jeuwine (J. W.). Pious phrases in politics. 8vo Lond. 1919. [With other pamphlets by Johnians]	
King's College [London] Lectures on Immortality. By Rev. J. F. Bethune-Baker, Rev. Prebendary Caldecott*, etc. Edited by W. R. Matthews. 8vo Lond. 1920	Prebendary Caldecott
*Sampson (R. A.). Theory of the four great satellites of Jupiter. (Reprinted from the <i>Royal Astron. Soc. Memoirs</i>). 4to Lond. 1921	The Author
Musæus. Hero and Leander. Translated from the Greek by E. E. Sikes*. 16mo Lond. 1920	The Translator
Talmud. A translation of the treatise Taanith (On the Public Fasts) from the Palestinian Talmud by A. W. Greenup*. 8vo Lond. 1921	The Translator
Engraving of John Williams*, Bishop of Lincoln, Archbishop of York. (Janssen pinxit, Dunkarton sculpsit. Published by E. Dorrell, 1814)	P. L. Babington, Esq.
Twenty caricatures by Dighton (1804-1810)	Rev. T. G. Bonney, Sc.D.
Twelve political cartoons published by T. McLean (1832-1839)	
The Samuel Butler Collection at Saint John's College, Cambridge. A catalogue and a commentary, by H. Festing Jones and A. T. Bartholomew. 8vo Camb. 1921	H. Festing-Jones, Esq.

Hilton (H.). Plane algebraic curves. 8vo Oxford, 1920	
Maxwell (J. Clerk). Matter and motion. Reprinted, with notes, etc., by Sir J. Larmor*. 8vo Lond. 1920	Sir J. Larmor
Battle of Jutland, 30th May to 1st June 1916. Official despatches, with appendices (and case of charts). 8vo Lond. 1920	
American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Proceedings. Vols. XLIX-LV. 8vo Boston, 1913-1920. [And many parts of the periodicals which Sir J. Larmor presents to the Library]	
Science and Education. Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution [1854]. Edited by Sir E. Ray Lankester. 8vo Lond. 1917	Mr Foxwell
Currencies after the War; a survey of conditions in various countries. Compiled under the auspices of the International Secretariat of the League of Nations. 8vo Lond. [1920]	
Sherwood (Mrs M. M.). The Life of Mrs Sherwood (chiefly autobiographical). Edited by her daughter, Sophia Kelly. 8vo Lond. 1854.....	Executors of the late Bishop Handley Moule
Portrait in water colours of Mrs M. M. Sherwood... The Granta. Vols. I-IX., 1889-96. 4to Camb. 1889-96.....	Mr Glover
Harrison (F.). Annals of an old Manor-house, Sutton Place, Guildford. 4to Lond. 1893.....	Sir John Sandys
Pearson (K.). Die Fronica. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Christusbildes im Mittelalter. 8vo Strassburg, 1887.....	G. Udny Yule, Esq.
British Association. Reports of Meetings, 1912-1919. 8vo Lond. 1913-20	J. M. Wordie, Esq.
Cordier (H.). Ser Marco Polo. Notes and addenda to Sir Henry Yule's edition. 8vo Lond. 1920....	C. W. Previtè-Orton, Esq.
Smithsonian Institution. Annual report for the year ending 30 June 1918. 8vo Washington, 1920....	Smithsonian Institution
Goulding (R. W.). Wriothesley portraits; authentic and reputed. A monograph contributed to the Walpole Society's Eighth Annual Volume. 4to Oxford, 1920	The Duke of Portland
Campanus (J. A.). Opera selectiora. Recens. F. O. Menckenius. sm. 8vo Lipsiae, 1734	
Sadoletto (Jacopo). Epistolarum appendix. Accedunt H. Nigri et P. Sadoleti vitæ, etc. sm. 8vo Romæ, 1767	Mr Coulton

Presented to the Library by Dr Tanner.

Bourrienne (F. de). Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte. Translated by J. S. Mêmes. 3 vols. 16mo Edin. 1830.	
Campbell (H.). The case of Mary Queen of Scots and of Elizabeth Queen of England stated. 8vo Lond. 1825.	
Churchill (Sarah), <i>Duchess of Marlborough</i> . Private correspondence, illustrative of the court and times of Queen Anne. 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1838.	
Clark (J. W.) and T. McKenny Hughes. The life and letters of the Rev. Adam Sedgwick. 2 vols. 8vo Camb. 1890.	
Cory (G. E.). The rise of South Africa. (From the earliest times to 1857). Vols. I, II. 8vo Lond. 1910, 1913.	

- [Defoe (Daniel)]. *Memoirs of a Cavalier: or, a military journal of the Wars in Germany and...in England...1632 to 1648.* 8vo Lond. [1724].
- Dudley (Robert), *Earl of Leicester*. *Secret Memoirs of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.* [By R. Parsons?] Preface by Dr Drake. 8vo Lond. 1706.
- Elliot (*Hon.* Arthur D.). *The life of George Joachim Goschen, first Viscount Goschen, 1831-1907.* 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1911.
- Ellis (*Hon.* G. Agar). *Historical inquiries respecting the character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.* 8vo Lond. 1827.
- England. *Metamorphosis Anglorum, or, Reflections...upon the late changes of government in England, etc.* 24mo Lond. 1660.
- Garnier (R. M.). *History of the English Landed Interest: its customs, laws and agriculture. (Modern period).* 8vo Lond. 1893.
- [Giles (Rev. J. A.), *editor*]. *The Chronicles of the White Rose of York. Historical fragments...relating to the reign of King Edward the Fourth.* 2nd edition. 8vo Lond. 1845.
- Grotius (Hugo). *The Rights of War and Peace.* Translated into English,... added the notes of Barbeyrac. folio. Lond. 1738.
- Halliwell (J. O.), *editor*. *Letters of the Kings of England, now first collected from the originals. With an historical introduction.* 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1846.
- Hawkins (R.). *A Discourse of the National Excellencies of England.* 16mo Lond. 1658.
- Hillier (G.). *A narrative of the attempted escapes of Charles the First from Carisbrooke Castle.* 8vo Lond. 1852.
- ✓ *Historical Portraits. (1400-1850.)* The lives by C. R. L. Fletcher. The portraits chosen by Emery Walker. (With introductions by C. F. Bell.) 4 vols. roy 8vo Oxford, 1909-1919.
- ✓ [Hobhouse (Sir J. C.), *Lord Broughton*]. *The substance of some letters written by an Englishman resident at Paris during the last reign of the Emperor Napoleon.* 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1816.
- Holland (B.). *The life of Spencer Compton, eighth Duke of Devonshire.* 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1911.
- ✓ James I., *King of G.B.* (James VI., *King of Scotland*.) *The historie and life of King James the Sext.* Written...in the 16th century. [Editēd by M. Laing.] 8vo Edin. 1804.
- [Jebb (S.)]. *The history of the life and reign of Mary, Queen of Scots.* 8vo Lond. 1725.
- Jesse (J. H.). *Memoirs of the Court of England during the reign of the Stuarts.* New edition. 3 vols. 8vo Lond. 1855.
- Kirk (J. F.). *History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.* 3 vols. 8vo Lond. 1863-68.
- Lambert (B.). *The history and survey of London and its environs from the earliest period to the present time.* 4 vols. 8vo Lond. 1806.
- Lane-Poole (S.). *The life of the Rt. Hon. Stratford Canning, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe.* 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1888.
- Loggan (David). *Cantabrigia Illustrata (1690).* Edited, with a life of Loggan and notes, by J. W. Clark. 1a. folio. Camb. 1905.
- ✓ [Lullin de Chateauxvieux (J. F.)]. *Manuscript transmitted from St Helena by an unknown channel. Translated from the French.* 2nd edition. 8vo Lond. 1817.
- Michelet (J.). *History of France.* Translated by W. K. Kelly. 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1844, 8.
- Morley (John, *Viscount*). *Recollections.* 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1917.
- Palgrave (F.). *History of the Anglo-Saxons.* 16mo Lond. 1837.
- Phoenix Britannicus: being a miscellaneous collection of scarce and curious tracts. Collected by J. Morgan. Vol. I. 4to Lond. 1732.
- Pontalis (A. L.). *John de Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland.* Translated by S. E. and A. Stephenson. 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1885.

- Port Royal. *Moral Essayes...* Written in French by Messieurs du Port Royal. Done into English. 3rd edition, 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1696.
- Prynne (William). *A Plea for the Lords and House of Peers.* sm. 4to Lond. 1658.
- Roland (Madame). *An appeal to impartial posterity.* Translated from the French. 2nd edition. 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1796.
- Works (never before published)...containing...essays written previous to her marriage; *etc.* Preceded by a discourse by L. A. Champagneux. Translated from the French. 8vo Lond. 1800.
- Spurstowe (W.). *Tract entitled True and faithful relation [by W. S.] of a worthy discourse between Colonel Hampden and Colonel Oliver Cromwell.* Preceded by an explanatory preface. 4to Lond. 1847.
- Temple (Sir John). *The History of the general Rebellion in Ireland... 1641.* 7th edition,...added Sir H. Tichborne's History of the Siege of Drogheda. 8vo Cork, 1766.
- Westlake (J.). *Collected Papers on Public International Law.* Edited by L. Oppenheim. 8vo Camb. 1914.
- Williams (B.). *The life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.* 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1913.

74
Five volumes of pamphlets of the 17th and 18th centuries.
Manuscript collection of historical papers and poems, mostly of the 17th century.

Additions.

GENERAL.

- London Library Catalogue. Supplement, 1913-1920. By C. T. Hagberg Wright and C. J. Purnell. 4to Lond. 1920
- Whitaker's Almanack for 1921.

CLASSICS.

- British School at Athens. *Annual.* No. 23. Session 1918-1919. 4to Lond. [1920]
- Butler (H. E.). *The sixth book of the Aeneid.* With introduction and notes by H. E. B. sm. 8vo Oxford, 1920.
- Classical Association. *The year's work in Classical Studies, 1918-1919.* Edited, for the C.A., by W. H. S. Jones. 8vo Lond. 1920.
- Dio Cassius. *Roman History.* With an English translation by E. Cary. Vols. I to VI. (Loeb Classical Library). sm. 8vo Lond. 1914-1917.
- Moore (C. H.). *The religious thought of the Greeks from Homer to the triumph of Christianity.* 8vo Camb. [U.S.A.] 1916.
- Pauly-Wissowa. *Real-Encyclopädie der classischen Altertumswissenschaft.* 2te Reihe. Bd. II. Saale-Sarmathion. 8vo Stuttgart, 1920.
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