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THE EAGLE.

KEATS.

THAT is an idle speculation which wastes itself upon what might have been; it is an idleness to which Keats himself was little given. Indeed it is the function (since "poets are the trumpets which sing to battle", if it be not the very breath of life to poets to consider rather the what may be. The sentimental lover, home from an unforeseen *rencontre*, is apt to lie awake revolving lost chances and holding a revision of conversations in imagination; the passionate lover, on the other hand, plans a great and successful piece of wooing for to-morrow; and the passionate was ever the poetical, and the sentimental was—never. Those people who speak about "poor" John Keats are fond of dwelling upon the idea of "the poet he might have been" had he not died at twenty-six. No more useless occupation for the mind can be conceived. It may not be true, but such folk seem to be suspect—to maunder about the loss to English Literature, sounds very like a misappreciation of the gains, and about these there can be no doubt. Browning, least of all Victorians given to useless regrets, speaking with assurance of Keats as a man of achievement, cries "stand forth, true poet that you are".

True poet that he is, the greatness of his reputation rests—secure, since judgment in this matter considers only quality—upon but a few poems; but these are as near

perfection as poet ever drew: The odes to "Autumn", to the "Nightingale", on a "Grecian Urn", to "Psyche". "La Belle Dame sans Merci", and the sonnets on "sleep", "When I have fears", "On first looking into Chapman's Homer", and "Bright Star".

(These I enumerated, then, turning over the leaves of a complete edition, found my attitude something like that of Browning's lover to his mistress' hair :

 Holds earth aught, speak truth, above her?
 Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,
 And this last fairest tress of all,
 So fair, see, ere I let it fall.

But the standard of perfection is high, and the four odes shine far above the peculiar splendours of the lesser works of Keats).

The genius of Keats developed slowly and matured rapidly. He does not afford much amusement for those who take delight in precocity. He was not a sickly child devoted to solitude, but a boisterous spirit, wondrous affectionate, and at school popular. He enjoyed the sympathy of two brothers, and delighted to show his affection for them and for a very much younger sister. While they were quite young their father died, and though Mrs Keats married again the new alliance proved unhappy and a separation followed. Then, just as John was about to leave school, their mother died—misfortune bound the little family together, and the bonds of affection were only strengthened by the unkind, and unreasonable stubbornness of their guardian, a Mr Abbey. The family was of comfortable means; it is not fair to say that Keats was the son of a stable hand, for though his father began with such work he had at least the remarkable quality of success, and not only married his master's daughter, but became himself master of the business.

At school John Keats attracted the attention of Charles Cowden Clarke, who was at that time an assistant teacher, and to him Keats owes the first direction of his studies to things literary. Under Mr Abbey's guardianship he was apprenticed, at the age of fifteen, to a surgeon, and made tolerable progress; but he did not break his acquaintanceship with Cowden Clarke, and continued to read with him. Under

this good friend's guidance he was reading the "Faerie Queen", and it was his enthusiasm for this poem which led him to the desire to write. The first important poetical attempt was an imitation of Spenser—he was then seventeen years of age. Spenser remained of tremendous influence, as constant reference to him by name throughout the poems clearly shows; but the likeness between these two poets goes deeper than mere imitation or influence—it reveals a natural kinship shared by Keats with the Elizabethans, especially in his delight in classical fable (a spontaneous rather than a scholarly delight, as though Keats discovered these beauties for himself) and a revelling in wild nature. There is about the "Ode to the Nightingale" a sense of wild profusion in the landscape, one treads on flowers, flowers brush the body, one feels almost inclined to put arms before ones face in order to push aside the leaning boughs that whip in the darkness. Keats did not deal in trim gardens (Milton's poems give that impression). About Keats there is a lavish overplus, a tangled beauty romantic in its pathlessness, and the same wilderness air abounds in Spenser.

 For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
 And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
 And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
 Which seem to labour under their fruit's load:
 The whites the joyous birds make their pastime
 Amongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
 And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

(*F.Q.* Bk. II., Canto VI., St. 42. spelling modernised).

And, for comparison, this from "Lamia".

 unseen her nimble feet
 Leave traces in the grass and flowers sweet:
 From weary tendrils and bowed branches green
 She plucks the fruit unseen; she bathes unseen.

While pursuing his readings with Cowden Clarke, and finding poetry daily more necessary, Keats continued his medical studies; but he left his master before the period, for which he was articled, had expired, and continued his studies at the hospitals. Leigh Hunt, for whom Keats had great admiration at first, proved an influential friend, and published several early poems for him in *The Examiner*—including

"On first looking into Chapman's Homer". In addition he launched him with a short appreciative article. This association with Leigh Hunt, much as it must have helped in deciding Keats for the profession of letters, had as well an unfortunate sequel—it brought down upon him finally the unjust criticisms of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*, which were attacking, in the main, Hunt's school. "On first looking into Chapman's Homer" was the direct result of readings with Cowden Clarke, through whom also the introduction to Hunt was brought about. Hunt was able to introduce him to several men interested in poetry, and his company was appreciated. Keats was a lovable man, he was even "clubbable"; he was strong and full of life. This it is as well to remember, since his early death from tuberculosis has cast the glamour of "the sick poet" unkindly over him. His poetry was a delight to him, there is nothing morbid about it—nothing sickly, and, as his letters clearly show, he was unable to write when depressed. "I shall say to my friends", he writes to Reynolds, himself a very dear friend recovering from an illness—"I shall say to my friends, cut that fellow sickness, or I cut you". He felt so strong indeed that he undertook a tremendous walking tour with a friend in the North of England and in Scotland.

Medicine was relinquished for letters at last, much to the dissatisfaction of his guardian; and, at Haydon's persuasion, Keats returned to the Isle of Wight to work upon "Endymion", a theme which had been exercising his mind for some time. Publication was agreed upon before it was written, in spite of the fact that a first volume of poems had been little noticed. Keats had no illusions about "Endymion", he was a sane self critic, and his preface plainly declares that he knew of its faults and immaturity. He had no sooner finished the poem than he began a careful study of the poems and sonnets of Shakespeare.

Then misfortunes, as, proverbially, they never come singly, heaped themselves upon him. At the same time that the walking holiday was brought to an abrupt end by the alarming failure of Keats' health, news arrived urging him to go to London to attend his already dying brother. George, the other brother, had gone to America, and this breaking up of

the family meant much to Keats too. He nursed his brother patiently, but his letters again throw a revealing light upon the suffering he endured from such a saddening occupation. The hostile criticisms in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* were thus sprung upon a much weakened author, and though their effect has been exaggerated (for his letters show he faced them like the man he was) there can be little doubt that he felt them keenly. Their cruelty was unique, even in an age of censorious criticism. It was monstrously unfair. Part of the rancour (as has been said) came, no doubt, through Keats' association with Leigh Hunt, who had been the first to suffer violence in the same series of articles. But the very bitterness of the attack brought Keats some sympathisers, among whom was one anonymous donor of £25. Money matters too were growing difficult, partly owing to the strong-minded guardian's mismanagement; and the thought of returning to the medical profession, of practising in Edinburgh even, was seriously entertained by the young poet, a theme indeed for the sentimentalists, since the loss to literature would then have been really considerable—there would have been nothing supreme from his pen in either "Endymion" or the first volume of early poems.

To all these misfortunes must be added that of falling in love, which to a Keats is no light incident of life. He loved passionately, almost agonizingly, and must have been conscious of the shallowness of Fanny Brawne. All the passion came from Keats, hungering for a return it could not expect. His whole spirit was disordered when he was near her, but it is worth noting that once away, though passionate as ever, he found relief in poetry, and to this period (1818-19) his most splendid work belongs. The poems addressed to Fanny herself, published posthumously, are nothing—except pitiful. But the fire in his heart, when he wrote on less personal themes, produced the magic of the "Grecian Urn" and the "Nightingale". This is further support of the rightness of Coleridge's maxim, enunciated in *Biographia Literaria* under the discussion of Venus and Adonis—that the greatness of a poet is evidenced in his choosing to treat of subjects remote from his personal experience.

Professionally, Keats knew something of diseases, and he had watched the death of a brother from phthisis; he could not, had he wished.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever and the fret
 Here where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
 Where youth grows pale and spectre thin and dies,
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs.

It can be imagined then how great a nervous shock he sustained on the outbreak of lung symptoms in himself, undoubtedly tubercular. His friends were about him at once with every kindness, and he rallied, and they hoped for a recovery. But at a second outbreak he gave up heart. Upon medical advice he decided to winter in Italy, and Joseph Severn accompanied him. Leaving England he wrote his last poem:

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art.

Refusing Shelley's twice-repeated invitation he remained with Severn and died and was buried in Italy. At his own request his epitaph is "Here lies one whose name was writ in water". At the cost of much ease he had devoted his life to poesy, yet it was not so much a sacrifice, not so much a choice, as it was the bread of life to him, for he recognized his genius and felt it impelling him. He wrote in one of his letters that he did not feel grateful to the world, nor would ever feel grateful to the world for accepting his verses: he read himself aright, it was the duty of the world to express its gratitude to him. But when he died the world seemed unmoved by his poetry, and the first letters of his name were not then carven on the tablets of its tardy memory—to him the epitaph seemed fit: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water". Shelley began the adamant inscription of fame in "Adonais".

The facts that they were contemporaries, that they were acquainted, that they both died young, and in Italy, seem to have bracketed the names of Keats and Shelly together. Shelley, it seems, recognized the greatness in Keats, and they

were brought together at Hunt's household several times; but Keats shrank somewhat from Shelley—it may be that he felt a class difference. Fortuitous associations between the names of these two—and the fact of the "Adonais"—this is all there is to link them together. In life, as in verse, they are fundamentally different. Shelley overlaid the dark perplexities of the world with a burning defiance—he did not search for order in the darkness, but imposed glowing new rules for his own, and endeavoured to live up to them. He was a revolutionary spirit. Keats felt keenly the eternal problems of evil and suffering: his letters will show how keenly, but he accepted them, and sought for some explanation. In his poetry Shelley made a new mythology—his "West Wind" is a created (and a creative) god. Keats revived the old gods when with gods he dealt at all. Shelley explored the empyrean of thought, and like the Angel Raphael to Adam in paradise, undertook to describe things above sense, saying, as it were,

and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense I shall delineate so,
 By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
 As may express them best.

Keats, in an early letter exclaims, "O for a life of sensations rather than of thought". He wrote no allegories. He always stands on "the shore of the wide world" to think. He expresses the delight of the five senses, as he experienced it, to the full. In short, we *see* and *hear* the beauties of Keats—here is his autumn sunset:

While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn. (*Autumn*).

while we feel and know those of Shelley:

And the weary day turn'd to her rest
 Lingering like an unloved guest. (*To Night*.)

As might be expected in a poet of the senses, there are occasional lapses of taste in Keats, such as the three intolerable sonnets on "Woman", included in his earliest volume; and isolated instances may be found here and there in other poems. The worst—which sends a shudder through the frame, like horrid discord to a musician's ear—is to be found

in "Endymion". The whole passage describing the embraces of Diana and Endymion, as it deals with material always full of pitfalls to a man of Keats' disposition, has an unpleasant closeness. The delight of physical passion is so near the edge of a gulf of revulsion that only the master hands of Marlowe and Shakespeare have succeeded in expressing its beauties. But the pitfall which ever waited Keats is unconsciously and aptly labelled by this, his worst lapse—and for that reason, and no other, it shall be quoted. Taken from its context it seems impossible to believe that the adjective was meant to add charm: "Those lips, O slippery blisses!" says Endymion, in passionate admiration of his goddess. The unintended meaning that at once attaches itself to the expression, that of "treacherous sweetness", is one that fitly describes that weakness which Keats occasionally betrays.

"Endymion" is full of immaturities, but its passages of beauty (such as the lovely song, "O sorrow, why dost borrow—"), its clear statement of a lofty conception of beauty and poetry (e.g. the opening lines, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"), its power of raising visions by imagination should have told the contemporary critics that the gift divine was there. Keats' preface showed that he was aware of its faults. In a letter to Hessey (one of the publishers) he writes agreeing that it was slipshod; but protests, in spite of paradox, that it was no fault of his. "It is as good as I then had power to make it—by myself. Had I been nervous about its being a perfect piece, and with that view asked advice, and trembled over every page, it would not have been written. I have written independently *without judgment*. I may write independently and *with judgment* hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man: it cannot be matured by law and precept . . . In 'Endymion' I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice".

It were useless to begin quotation in illustration of the beauties of Keats—of the exquisite use of conceit ("Here are sweet peas on tiptoe for a flight"—this *is* irresistible), of

the mastery of mere words, of the vivid imagination, or the power of creating beauty. All that is best of Keats is well known, both in its entirety and in its specially marked passages of loveliness. Even personal preferences are hard to determine, since there is no choice between two perfections; and wrapped up with the reasons for personal preferences are many non-critical causes (matter of association, occasion of first reading, temperamental considerations) which make it perhaps of little value to say, as I do nevertheless, that I prefer "The Grecian Urn". It is like a child romancing about a picture; it has, however, the adult perception that romance is after all—but romance. Read silently it justifies itself: "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter, therefore ye soft pipes play on—pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone". By association it recalls man's nearest approach to the Absolute—in Grecian art, together with a world of loveliness none the less lovely for being pagan. It hints at deep philosophies of love and human, mortal change, and closes on the note which was the deepest, most sincere conviction of the poet who was—they say who can judge of such things—himself Grecian by spiritual birth:

Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty; this is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

It gives us at once to understand how much vaster was Keats' conception of beauty than as a mere luscious ornamentation—the lust of the eyes and the pride of life. And when Beauty and Truth are realised as interchangeable—nay, one, so that the truest in everything (aesthetically, materially, spiritually, and ethically)—is the Beautiful, and the Beautiful in everything the best—when this is realised it is indeed all we need to know.

Another power possessed by Keats, too elusive to be labelled, but which may loosely be called "Magic", is clearly marked in "La Belle Dame sans merci". It is a power, shared with Spencer, of lifting the imagination out of this earth into a wide land described definitely enough to be perceived as through the senses, and yet left vast enough to wander in. We enter the realm with the poet in the first stanza of "La Belle Dame"; but at the last stanza, without explanations, he withdraws, and leaves us amazedly wander-

ing, "alone and palely loitering", in a new land of glamourie. This is perhaps the right quality of all great poems, but often great thought or arbitrary description carried to completion set bounds upon and circumscribe the land—leaving us no loitering-time to realise the glamour as a special quality. In "La Belle Dame" philosophies are barely hinted at, and the description stops short of solidity, it is as with the effect of strange and lovely music, as though we were

Moving about in worlds not realised.

And yet—Lord what fools these mortals be—some folk are not content to enjoy this eerie land, but must needs be grubbing around with their reason, trying to discover some inner meaning in what is not an allegory, some philosophical ladder whose steps they may feel with their prehensile feet and thereby return to intellectual earth.

Keats' kinship with the Elizabethans has been mentioned. Many attempts have been made to account for the marvellous blossoming of that marvellous age. It has often been urged that some of its greatness was due to the stimulus of discovery, of unmeasured possibilities in the advances of knowledge, of exploration, of thought, and of power. Men were daily staggered by new and incredible revelations in one or another of these realms—and this, it is not unlikely, would stimulate originality, and would give that conviction and determination without which all literature (as other things to do) would come to nothing. One of Keats' letters to his brother in America goes into excited delight about the discovery of an African Kingdom with "window frames of gold, 100,000 infantry, human sacrifices—gruesome tortures—a King who holds conversations at midnight", to which Keats adds "I hope it is true". But less materially there is another possible parallel. His thoughts (as his letters reveal) were constantly surprising him. "Several things suddenly dove-tailed in my mind", he says, when propounding a new conception of the qualities of a "Man of Achievement"—after a long comparison between Milton and Wordsworth he suddenly asks "What then is to be inferred? O many things. It proves there is really a grand march of intellect..." etc. "I may have read these things before, but I never had even thus a dim perception of them". Discoveries of

ordinary philosophies were intoxicating to him because they were the fruit of his own explorings; he never borrowed philosophies, his life creed (and Keats was no mean philosopher) he hammered out for himself. Nothing dark daunted him, death and sorrow that could not be solved he faced, armed with

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

This was his discovery too. His intellectual and imaginative life was a series of great and (to him) novel discoveries; perhaps there is in this some explanation of his Elizabethan relationship. Endless delight by his conscious creative power Keats has given us; we owe it to his friends—and they were far-seeing—that so many of his letters are preserved. If that were possible Keats the man is more lovable than Keats the poet; but such a statement is absurd, since in the warmth of his affection, and in the depth of his philosophies, and in the breadth of his sympathies, as even in his very frailties, the poet and the man were never separate. To Reynolds, at the age of 21, he was writing, "I find I cannot exist without poetry, without eternal poetry—half the day will not do". He was continually accusing himself of selfishness (and yet he knew Wordsworth). He was constantly expressing his longing to *do* usefulness in the world—"I could not live", he writes to Reynolds again, "without the love of my friends—I would jump down Aetna for any great public good; but I hate a mawkish popularity". His letters are by turns homely, nonsensical, candid, impulsive, and all full of clear-eyed sincerity and affection. They are never "literary", though they often soar away into beautiful passages—"I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness. I look not for it if it be not in the present hour; nothing startles me beyond the moment. The setting sun will always set me to rights, or if a sparrow come before my window I take part in its existence and pick about the gravel". Or this splendid hyperbole, used to persuade his brother that he, John Keats, did never intend marrying, since it might mean narrowing his faculties of appreciation. "But instead of what I have described, there is a sublimity to welcome me home—the roaring of the wind is my wife, and the stars through the window-pane are my children".

Again and again in his letters breaks out his love of Shakespeare; he quotes what Shakespeare says on Christianity and on — mails. His humour bubbles about his solicitude, his only theory of letter writing being, as he says, "On cause mieux quand on ne dit pas cautions". Here, too, in these letters, one may read why Keats wrote poetry; it is plain, he says it must come as naturally as leaves to a tree, or had better not come at all. He writes for happiness. Browning, at the end of the poem "Popularity", quoted at the beginning of this essay, asks "What porridge had John Keats"? It is uncouth, but to the point. Of earthly porridge—money or fame—Keats had none. It was not his desire. His reward was far subtler, it was what William Morris called "God's wages—the joy of creation".

One does not forget his youth, nor the sadness of his battles. But in spite of his short life he lived it consistently, usefully to his own conviction, reached only with a struggle, and bravely, so that, as lives go, it was very full. His 26 years were nearer to the complete life than many a man's three score years and ten, and admiration for the accomplishments of such years masters the regrets that might rise. We feel that he was right when he wrote:

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold.

Perhaps too little stress has been laid, in this essay, upon Keats' youth. His life is so complete, his poetry at times shows such a master hand, that it is easy to slip into the error of treating him as a man of much longer life. Yet the outstanding feeling after a careful (and eager) reading of his published letters is of his youth. Everywhere impetuous affection, delight in a new phase of thought, exuberance, and a clear determination coupled often with an aggressive manner, make themselves felt. He shows all the characteristics of a high-minded, sensitive, and intellectual youth, with youth's failings too. But the tragedy of his early years, the coldness of his guardian, and indeed all the difficulties which came to him demanded from him a seriousness which is the exception in men of his years. Virtually he was a failure as a poet in his own lifetime, and it needed no small effort to face the situation, and to keep up his spirits. There is not a word of complaining in his letters when they touch the subject of

those better criticisms, but there is a ring of defiance, and a well-founded assurance. "This is a mere matter of the moment" (he refers to the "Endymion" again); "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death". Then again he felt keenly the long watching and the painful death of his brother Tom, realised his responsibility for Fanny Keats, nor were the difficulties slight with which he had to contend in dealing justly with her almost against Mr Abbey's commands. Life was very hard at work repressing his youth, but signs of petulance and distrust for friends did not show themselves until the very end, when the terror of death first struck through his soul. And his fear of death was not for what death brought but for what it severed:

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high piled books in charact'ry
Hold like full garner, the full ripened grain.
When I behold, upon the night's starred face
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance
And feel that I may never live to trace
Their shadows with the magic hand of chance—

The effect of the fellowship—with suffering and difficulty upon him—was to heighten his sympathy. In his letters, though naturally there is much about himself, he seems to write from an unusual attitude. With every sentence he writes he shows a keen understanding of its effect upon his correspondents; his letters are tuned to their position rather than his own, and there is thus a vivid sense of their character. The letters reveal Keats, as it were, opening a door; himself we get to know well, but through his fine tentacles of feeling we know his correspondents well too—he does not feel *for* them, but *with* them. His letters to Haydon, and those to—say Bailey—are essentially though unconsciously different, their readers' attitudes are anticipated; we see Keats writing, and we see them reading at the same time. Yet, after all, this quality of sympathy is a quality of humanity, and it will be a note worth striking if I have made Keats *share* his greatness with men, rather than throw him out as a bright figure upon a gloomy background. The more a poet partakes of the common inheritance, the more

lovable he should be. It seems more to need repetition that he was a great friend among men, than that he was a great poet.

Though Keats met both Coleridge and Wordsworth, and was already writing when the famous Wordsworthian chapters of *Biographia Literaria* were first published, he shows no poetical relation with them or with Wordsworth's theories of diction and subject. Leigh Hunt perhaps exerted some small influence over the shaping of his muse, but it is difficult to find it, since Keats not only buries such things in his own brightness—but outgrows early habits with remarkable rapidity. Indeed, Keats was of no school. There is one poem a professed imitation of Spenser, and another ("The Ode to Apollo") that instantly recalls Gray, while "Hyperion" shows marked Miltonic influence; but in all—though least in "The Ode to Apollo"—his individuality is there. Nothing is borrowed; the attitude of the poet is influenced, that is all. He had a high opinion of Wordsworth's genius, and intense admiration for much of his poetry, and he felt no little gratitude for friendly help offered by Leigh Hunt; but he writes to Reynolds: "Why should we be owls when we can be eagles? Why be teased with 'nice-eyed wagtails,' when we have in sight 'the Cherub Contemplation'? Why with Wordsworth's 'Matthew with a bough of wilding in his hand', when we can have 'Jacques under an oak'?" In short, he felt the irksomeness of comparisons, would go his own way, after the older models, if any. Of Wordsworth's doctrine, he says—rather violently—as a young poet would: "For the sake of a few fine imaginative or domestic passages, are we to be bullied into a certain philosophy engendered in the whims of an egotist? Every man has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself".

So Keats fearlessly formulated his own axioms of poetry and went forward through "Endymion" to "Hyperion" and "The Odes". He writes them down in a letter to Taylor, his publisher, and they are evidenced in all his work—firstly, poetry should surprise by a fine excess, not by cleverness; it should strike the reader like a wording of his highest thoughts, almost like a memory; secondly, its touches of

beauty should be shown in rise, progress and setting, like the sun, and should leave the reader in the luxury of twilight;—and thirdly, if poetry comes not as naturally as leaves to a tree it had better not come at all. Keats thus was not a revolutionary, he accepted the old methods to reinspire them. Wordsworth, despairing of re-inspiration, shattered them for himself with that hammer of a preface and built a new structure. But it came to the same in the end; both men wrote with conviction, and, different as their best things are in style and subject, they both attain to the mysterious and indefinable—yet perfectly realisable quality of poetry, as distinguished from other metrical arrangements of words. Which quality I would attempt to indicate by saying that the mere words in their controlled positions mean more—tremendously more—than the logical interpretation of them.

Keats was the forerunner of the Pre-Raphaelites, only with this important difference. He did not "hark back" to the past, his temperament showed a relation with the past—he was Greek, and he was Elizabethan. Rossetti and his numerous followers took the past as their model; their temper was modern, their technique—to a certain extent—was borrowed. Perhaps this is not quite fair to the Pre-Raphaelites! It may be better to say that with Keats the past was his present; while they wrote of the past from choice.

The two men who have shown the most marked results of Keats' re-inspiration of the spirit of gone years are Rossetti and Tennyson. Tennyson, of course, was modern; but his execution, his lyrical perfection, even his diction, will be found to bear many marks of Keats. Rossetti shares his sensuous delight with Keats; but though he lived long enough to realise the danger of over-sweetness, he fails where Keats never failed—that is, he sometimes justifies the criticism launched at him under the title of "The fleshy school of poetry". Keats fell from poetry when he approached this danger, but Rossetti sometimes carried it off. I mean there is a closeness of atmosphere, a stifling, in the poems of Rossetti, at which he aimed, and which does not destroy the lovely qualities of his poems; but with Keats there is always a coolness as though the evening air still

stirred. Comparison of quotations will at once elucidate ; in a sonnet Rossetti writes (and it is poetry, *not* slippery blisses) :

Then loose me love, and hold
Thy sultry hair up from my face. (Sonnet—*The Choice*.)

Keats has

A bright torch and a casement ope at night
To let the warm love in. (*Ode to Psyche*.)

There is the difference of an open window, a healthy difference, and, in its way, a useful simile for one quality of Keats' finest poetry, the expression of his love of free and wild natural beauties of landscape.

F. S. H. KENDON.

NOLI flere rosam manibus modo, Maxume, carptam,
Nec qui iam periit flendus amicus erit.
Quippe in veste tuae floret rosa carpta puellae,
Umbraque iam campis gaudet in Elysiis.
At sunt qui marcent flores in stirpe relictii ;
Sunt quos et solos vivere Fata iubent.

CARSON AND ARSON.

DUM regis, O Carson, Ulsteria regna superbus,
Eriгенаe populi iurgia dira flagrant.
Sed verbum unum hostes distinguere teque videtur :
Mens incensa tibi est, res tamen Eriгенis.



LIFE IN THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE FENS EIGHTY
YEARS AGO.*

I WAS born on August 7th, 1832, in the hamlet of Eldernell in the parish of Whittlesey St Mary in the Isle of Ely. My father, John Little, had succeeded his grandfather, Joseph Little, and his father of the same name in the occupation of a farm of about 600 acres on the Kingsland estate, which in my early years was the property of Lady Selina Childers and subsequently of her son, John Walbank Childers, of Cantley Hall near Doncaster.

My grandfather, Joseph Little, and his brother John both retired to Whittlesey and both died there in 1841. They had both been engaged as practical engineers on much public work connected with the drainage and outfall of the Middle Level and were men of repute in their own sphere, as also was my uncle Joseph of Plantation House, Littleport, and of Bedford House, Ely.

In 1831 my father married Martha, daughter of John Russel of Whittlesey. My maternal grandfather was a builder and millwright in a large way, and when the fens were entirely drained by windmills, his services were constantly in request. It was my delight as a child to go into his great timberyard and watch the workmen framing the huge sails and machinery for the mills. How much has the Fen Country lost in picturesqueness through the disappearance of so many windmills before the power of steam?

Near my grandfather's house stood a very high tower-mill with a gallery running round it about a third of the way up to enable the miller to manipulate the sails. It exactly resembled Rembrandt's Mill and was a landmark far and near. At Wisbech was a still taller mill with eight sails.

* From unpublished reminiscences of the late Rev. Joseph Russel Little (see *The Eagle*, vol. xli., p. 219).

My grandfather had a toy water-mill built for me. It stood about four feet high with sails three feet long, and was a complete model of the real engine; you could clothe and unclothe the sails and turn the head to the wind. It stood in a square trough which was filled with water. The water-wheel threw the water forward, which then flowed back to undergo the same process again. That was the only unreal thing about it.

My grandfather died in 1839, when I was about seven years old. One of my earliest recollections is of going with my parents to church on Sundays at Whittlesey, about four miles distant. There was then no church nearer, though at the time of the Reformation there had been a chapel of St Mary with chaplain attached to it at Eldernell, and another at Eastrea, about half-way between Eldernell and Whittlesey. It was my parents' habit to drive in for the morning service at St Mary's, dine with one or other of my grandfathers, and attend the afternoon service at St Andrew's. Such was the custom of the Whittlesey gentry at that time. I think it had originated when the two parishes were held together, and the same vicar officiated in both churches. But at the time I speak of there were two services in each church. St Mary's was known as the 'High Church' because of its beautiful spire, and St Andrew's from its less conspicuous tower as the 'Low Church'.

I can remember my mother smiling down on me as I stood on the seat in the high, square pew at St Mary's, and I can see the Beadle in the town's livery (drab breeches and black coat with red collar and cuffs) creeping stealthily round the aisles during the service, wand in hand, to ensure order among the boys.

In the spandrels of the nave-arches were depicted, in black and white, Jacob's Blessings of the Twelve Patriarchs with the Bible texts in black letters under each picture. At the restoration of the church about 1849 all these were swept away, more's the pity! Till then there were galleries over both north and south aisles, and at the west-end not only a gallery but, still higher, an organ-loft; at St Andrew's there were four galleries round the nave, and pictures of Moses and Aaron on the walls. Each church had its 'three-

decker' (clerk's desk, reading-desk, and pulpit), surmounted by a high sounding-board; and my younger brother, seeing that the parson mounted the pulpit for the sermon, imagined that after we youngsters had retired he mounted the sounding-board for the Communion Service.

The morning service always began with Ken's hymn; nothing was sung but metrical psalms and hymns from a local collection. But I do not think we little ones found the service dreary.

In 1840 a new church was built and consecrated at Coates, a large hamlet between Eldernell and Eastrea, which was a great boon to our family. It was greatly owing to the good Joseph Waddelow, my father, and other neighbours that the church was erected. I remember seeing Bishop Allen of Ely in his wig at the consecration.

At a bazaar held in Whittlesey in aid of the building fund for Coates Church, my contribution was a pet guinea-pig, which I took in a cage. It was at once bought for a guinea by Mr Childers, who immediately sold it again. How many guineas it eventually made I do not remember, but I think I was somewhat surprised that the first purchaser could part so lightly with his newly-acquired pet!

Coates church was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, as had been the ancient church at Eastrea. It was the first of several churches built to supply the spiritual needs of wide fen districts, which from the time of the Reformation had been much neglected. The first incumbent was the Rev. T. Bedford.

The Rev. S. L. Pope, Vicar of Whittlesey St Mary's, was also master of a small Grammar School, then conducted in a room partitioned off from the south aisle of the church. From this kindly courteous gentleman I learnt the rudiments of Latin and French. But school work sometimes clashed with his other duties. Mothers would bring their sick children to be baptised, and forthwith they were baptised in the presence of the boys. Or a funeral or a wedding required his presence in the church, and we were left for a time to our own devices. If we became too uproarious the clerk in the church would tap on the wall to call us to order.

At first I lived during the week with my grandmother

Russel, who was then a widow; but when I was about nine my father bought me a lovely grey Welsh pony which we named Taffy, and I rode to school every day. Taffy and I had much fun together, sometimes more to his fancy than mine, as when he lay down with me in a wayside pond, so that I reached home wet to the knees.

In that year my father first took me to Peterborough, about ten miles distant, to see the cathedral. On the way, about two miles from the city, we passed some large earthworks from which tradition said that Cromwell had battered the minster with his guns. I was much impressed by the massive piers of the Norman nave of the cathedral, and the portrait of old Scarlett affixed to the west wall.

Whittlesey had seen better days, but it was still a market-town of some little importance till the opening of the railway and the nearness of the town to Peterborough soon deprived it of even that distinction.

On the Market Hill was, and is, a fine old Market House, with a picturesque pyramidal roof resting upon substantial piers of stone. There are a few good old houses left. One under the shelter of St Mary's Church had been the manor-house of the abbots of Thorney, and was the favourite residence of the last abbot, the Bishop of Down and Connor, who was buried before the high altar in the church. Another had belonged to the Prior of Thorney, another, still called Portland House, had been built by Jeremy Weston, Earl of Portland, in the seventeenth century. There is a stately square house ('the Grove') just outside the town with a huge chimney surrounded by an open gallery topping a pyramidal roof. I have heard that some of these buildings were the work of Inigo Jones. The High Causeway (now called High Street) was then paved with cobbles, and very rough. East of this street each house had its 'toft', or croft, running back to a road which divided it from the open fields.

Before the Reformation there had been five churches in the two parishes—St Peter's, St Mary's, and St Andrew's in the town; in Eastrea the church of the Holy Trinity, and at Eldernell the chapel of the Virgin Mary, the two latter both maintained I believe by the monks of Thorney Abbey, to whom the manor of Whittlesey St Mary's belonged. Of the

church at Eastrea some interesting fragments of window tracery were unearthed a few years ago, and show it to have been a substantial building. Of the church of St Peter nothing remains.

It was claimed that miracles had been wrought at the shrine of Our Lady at Eldernell. There was in my time a length of paved causeway leading out of Coates towards Eldernell, where is now only a group of four or five houses. Could this have been for the benefit of pilgrims to the shrine? It leads to nothing else. I am informed by my friend and former pupil, Dr Waddelow of Whittlesey, that the paved way I have mentioned is no longer visible, but that Mr Stephen Gregory tells him that church paths were always paved with ragstone, and that many such exist in Norfolk. Possibly the choice of ragstone was only local.

Here I set down some antiquarian notes concerning these chapels which I have gathered from time to time from various sources.

In 1404 the Bishop of Ely granted licence to the parishioners of St Mary's and St Andrew's dwelling in Eastrea and Coates to build a chapel in Eastrea because, by reason of the floods and other perils of the roads, they were at certain seasons unable to resort to their parish church without great difficulty and danger. And two years later licence was granted them to worship in this new chapel except on the greater festivals and without prejudice to the two parish churches as to the payment of their dues.

In 1525 the Bishop of Ely granted his licence to the Bishop of Down and Connor, abbot of Thorney, to consecrate anew the chapel of the Blessed Mary of Eldernell, to withdraw such chalices, super-altars, and other ornaments of the church as by reason of use had become unfit, and to consecrate other similar ones. This is, so far as I know, the last mention of the chapel at Eldernell. Several of the earlier chaplains are named in the Bishop's registers—John Woodford, 1434; Thomas of Eldernell, Michael Clark, Robert Cape, 1487.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, 1539, we hear no more of these chapels. I suppose their chaplains could no longer be maintained, and the chapels being disused fell into decay, and so for 300 years these and other large districts in

the fen country were left without pastoral care. But since the building of Coates church, many other district churches, each with a resident pastor, have been provided in the fen country.

The church of St Mary, Whittlesey, is a fine building, but its chief glory is the lofty tower crowned by a crocketed spire 300 feet high. It is one of the most beautiful of the spires which are dotted all along the valley of the Nene from Wellingborough down to Leverington near Wisbech. I like to connect in imagination this tower and spire with Archbishop William of Whittlesey, the one great churchman who was a native of the town. He had been abbot of Thorney before he rose to the Primacy of Canterbury, and he died in 1375 about the time of the erection of the spire. But I know of no documentary evidence for my conjecture, though he did by his will leave certain bequests to the church. Any way it is a work worthy of an Archbishop.

On the south side of the church is the tomb of Sir Richard Noble. The coped lid bears on one side a sculptured halberd and on the other an inscription legible 70 years ago, but now, I fear, obliterated. It ran thus :

'Here lies Sir Richard Noble, free from pains,
Who carried the halberd in seven reigns.
He 's now laid down his honours gained before,
And what he had he gave unto the poor'.

Tradition says that he was in Captain Underwood's troop and that he was on the scaffold when King Charles I. was beheaded. Captain Underwood was one of Cromwell's officers. Noble died about 1704.

St Andrew's Church, though smaller, is not without interest. The manor of St Andrew's was assigned by Nigel, Bishop of Ely (1133—1169), to the monks of Ely to buy books for their library, and we may well believe that the convent had a hand in the building of the church. There is a simple well-built tower. The nave-arcade is singularly light and graceful, and on either side of the chancel is a large chantry-chapel.

Each of the two churches contains a fine ring of bells : St Mary's, eight with Tenor in E, St Andrew's, six with Tenor in E flat. St Mary's then had a carillon which

played the 'Old Hundredth' on Sundays, and 'God Save the King' and other airs on weekdays. Some of the old traditions of bell-ringing survived. I fear they are now quite forgotten.

The Shrivings Bell, vulgarly called 'Pancake Bell' still rang at 11 a.m. on Shrove Tuesday. Early Mass Bell at 5 a.m. still sounded every morning, though it was then called 'Horsekepper's Bell'(?). Curfew rang at night. On Sundays a bell at 8 called in vain to Matins, and at 9 to Mass, which was no longer said. Then at 10 a.m. the Great Bell called to Sermon, after which came the chiming, and immediately after morning service two bells again bore witness to the ancient 'Sluggards' Mass', the latest of the day. These were then supposed to give notice of the afternoon service.

The prospect over the wide flat country from the lofty tower of St Mary's is a very striking one. It embraces the cathedrals of Ely and Peterborough, and the sites and remains of three of the great mitred abbeys, Ramsey, Thorney, and Crowland, the spires of numerous churches, and in summer a vast expanse of golden corn.

Through Eldernell ran a Roman road, connecting the Roman stations of Brancaster in Norfolk and Caistor near Peterborough. On the fenland a layer of faggots formed the foundation; next came a layer of rough ragstone, then a bed of gravel three feet thick, which with time had become almost as solid as rock, and was quarried for road repairs. I think there must have been a small station at Eldernell, for I remember seeing stones, Roman altars, and soldiers' memorials which had there been disinterred. What became of them I do not remember. They may be in the University Museum at Cambridge.

The fens had at one time been covered with vast forests, and huge trunks of black oak, sometimes still sound and serviceable, were frequently ploughed up.

My father would occasionally take me with him on his long drives to Wisbech or Lynn and show me the shipping in the ports and the ancient walls and gates of Lynn. At other times, as we grew older, we rode with him to his distant farms, we on our ponies and he on his stout chestnut cob. He was always very particular about our appearance, and it was an offence to leave our gloves behind.

My father was a fine skater of the old-fashioned kind, being tall and strong, and as was natural with one who lived near a 'Wash', he taught us also to skate. This Wash was in winter-time a sheet of water about a mile broad and ten or twelve miles long. It extended from Peterborough to Guyhirn near Wisbech. Once when I was a little boy he took me on his back and skated with me to Whittlesey to see some races on the ice.

A 'Wash' is a tract of land with an artificial river on either side of it, enclosed within high banks. Its purpose is to receive the flood waters coming down from the higher country and keep them from inundating the cultivated fenland on either side. In summer the Washes provided rough pasture and fodder: here and there are large reed-beds and osier holts. In winter, when flooded, they were the haunt of numerous wild fowl, duck, widgeon, teal, wild swan, gannets, gulls, terns, stints, etc.

In March, 1855, a flock of twenty Bewick swans visited this Wash, and three were shot. I got one and had it preserved. A flight of wild swans was a joy to behold.

Our favourite walk as children was on the Wash bank, which, being raised high above the surrounding flat country, gave us an excellent view, and there was generally something interesting to be seen.

Seventy or eighty years ago bird-life on the fens was much more varied than it is now. I remember the frequent flights of wild geese in phalanx formation—more rarely buzzards, harriers, bitterns, etc. My father once shot a bittern, which nearly cost him an eye, for when he stooped to pick it up the bird struck at his eye with its formidable bill.

My uncle Joseph once took me to see a wild duck decoy. I think it was at Isleham. It was arranged with long curving canals opening out of a pool, enclosed with embowed netting, which ended in a narrow bottle-neck, into which the wild duck were decoyed from the open pool by their unwittingly treacherous congeners, who swam peacefully under the nets.

In these times Whittlesey Mere was a reality, not, as now, a mere tradition. I remember two excursions to it,

one in summer with two Whittlesey companions. We had a glorious day, boating, bathing, botanizing and entomologizing, but I do not think the great prize of the locality, the rare swallow-tail butterfly, fell to us. Again in winter I enjoyed a day's skating on that grand sheet of ice. The Mere was drained about 1848.

Whittlesey feast in Whitsuntide week was a fine time for us schoolboys. The market place was filled with all the attractions of a fair.

Another glorious time was the Yeomanry week, when the Whittlesey troop were called up for their annual training. That troop had been the nursery of one distinguished officer, Sir Harry Smith, the victor of Aliwal in 1846, who with two other brothers had fought at Waterloo. It was in my time commanded by the youngest of the three brothers, Colonel Charles Smith. How thrilling it was for us boys to watch the evolutions of the Yeomanry, to see their sabres flashing, and to hear the thunder of their musketry! What heroes they all were in our eyes!

On June 30th, 1847, I witnessed the triumphant return of the hero of Aliwal to his native town, Whittlesey, when he was met by a large cavalcade of horsemen and by many thousand spectators on foot.

Social manners and customs in Whittlesey in my early days were very like those in Mrs Gaskell's *Cranford*. Several easy-going gentlemen farmers used to visit their outlying farms after breakfast, returning to a two o'clock dinner, after which they took their ease, and in the evening enjoyed a social rubber. But the Muse was not altogether neglected. On the shelves of the reading room were a fair number of books of general literature, which to me were a source of much delight and information.

The ladies paid their visits to each other between noon and dinner. When they drove to visit us at Eldernell they put on hideous 'calashes' over their head-dress finery. On their arrival these were removed and they were in full fig.

In Whittlesey and the neighbourhood there were many families descended from the French colony at Thorney—Le Bas, Le Fevre, Devine, Fovargue, &c. Sons of these families followed traditional trades. Devine, the baker, made

delicious biscuits such as are still made by the London house of Le Man, which is also descended from a Huguenot stock.

In 1840 the ancient open-field system of husbandry was still in vogue on the Whittlesey manors. I rode each day through open fields, on which numerous copy-holders held narrow strips of land, only separated from each other by 'balks' of grass, and one man's total holding might be scattered over many parts of the field to the great waste of time and labour. The whole was laid down each year in the same crop, barley or wheat as it might be. After harvest the field was thrown open to all holders for the shack of their cattle, until a certain day when it was closed again for tillage. About 1840 an Enclosure Act was passed, and each owner's holdings were concentrated and fenced in with quickset hedges, and a more economical system of culture ensued.

Coates is a large village surrounding a wide green, whereon many a flock of nibbling geese did stray, to the profit of their cottage owners. The cottagers also collectively kept a herd of cows, donkeys, &c. These the herdsman at morning would collect and drive afield to browse on the wide roadsides or in the green Cow Lane. At eventide the herd would slowly wend its way home, and each animal returned to its master's stall. Many a time have I met them! It was just what you may see in Switzerland to-day.

Gipsies too were a common sight, their picturesque wigwams more conspicuous than welcome. Little carts drawn by dogs were very common: often have I seen a great hulking fellow sitting on the cart dragged by a panting dog. The cruelty of the thing was so revolting that at length the use of dogs as draught-animals was forbidden by Act of Parliament.

Coates was a great reservoir of farm labour, and many of the labourers, whose work lay at a distance from their homes, kept a donkey, *alias* 'dicky', and rode or drove their little carts afield; in harvest whole families were thus transported for the day to the field of operations. When the corn was nearly ripe the harvest was 'put out' at so much per acre, and a day was often spent in bargaining. 'Companies' were formed, consisting of a man and his wife, or a whole family, or two partners. The lands having been beforehand plotted

out and numbered, the companies drew lots for their several lands. That company, however, which finished its own land first, went on to the next vacant one, and so on from field to field, and great was the rivalry as to who should 'get out' first. How jovial, how busy a scene was the harvest-field! how different from the monotonous round of the modern 'reaper'! Men and women toiling in every part of the field with the constant swish-swish of the reaping-hook, and little children playing in the stubble or gleaning among the sheaves (for Boaz was in those days kindly and indulgent), while baby slept peacefully under the shock.

Sometimes wandering gangs of Paddies from the Emerald Isle supplemented the home forces. They travelled with 'sickles' wrapt in straw over their shoulders.

The 'butter-cart' went to market every week with the produce of the dairy and returned with the weekly stores. But the great stores for the year were laid in from Lynn Mart or Peterborough Bridge Fair—cheeses, sugar, soap in countless bars. Tea was from 4/- to 5/- a pound. My father, who though habitually a water-drinker, nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed a good glass of wine on occasion with a friend, would join with a friend or two in buying a pipe of port at Lynn. The wine was then bottled and divided and carefully laid down to mature. Good sound wholesome beer was brewed at home for house and farm, and great was the interest which we children took in the process, especially when old Marriott the brewer allowed us to taste the sweet-wort.

Sunday dinner consisted nearly always of a sirloin of beef roasted in front of the fire over a Yorkshire pudding. We ate the pudding before the meat. Never have there been such dinners since: beside the old open range and bottle-jack the much lauded 'kitchener' of any kind is but a poor thing. In my cousin Harry's house 'over the way' the ancient smoke-jack and spit were still in use.

Over the turf fire in the back kitchen hung a huge cauldron of milk for the calves. Upon this certain of the farm men were privileged to draw for their own breakfast. They used a large brass ladle. The turf fire was lapped up every night and the smouldering ashes raked out by the household Vestal Virgins.

I can recall the time when the 'lucifer' was not. Lately at an exhibition of curios a lady pointed out to me with great pride one of her exhibits, an ancient tinder-box with flint and steel, and was much astonished when I told her that I remembered such things in use.

The first Monday after the Epiphany, when the plough was supposed to be able to enter on its spring operations, was still observed as 'Plough Monday', though its observance was not regarded with much favour by our elders. We youngsters were often awakened early in the morning by sounds of shrieks and giggling and scuffling in the kitchen regions, and would find a rabble of young louts in quaint disguises, bedizened in ribbons, with blackened faces—one of them, dubbed the 'plough-witch', dressed as a woman—making horse-play before the maids, cracking their uncouth jokes, and soliciting largess with a long wooden spoon. Sometimes they dragged with them from door to door a plough. After their early-morning antics the day was spent in revelry. On the following day men swathed from head to foot in wisps of straw—'Straw-bears' as they were called—made merry in like manner. But the observance of Plough Monday was the more general. From what Pagan rites had these rural festivities come down to us?

Domestic servants were engaged for the year at Fair or Hiring Statutes, and a change during the year was looked upon as a misfortune. Many servants stayed on from year to year and became valued friends of the family.

In those days many farm labourers were in their own line experts and artists, taking a pride in their work, serving on the same farm from year to year, loyal to the 'Master', as they were not ashamed to call him. Old Jerry the hedger knew how to trim and plash the quickset fences and interweave the young wood so as to present an impenetrable barrier to the stock, and fashion wicker-woven cribs upon the green. David prided himself upon the neatness and symmetry of his cots which Jim the thatcher secured against wind and rain, and saved much good grain from marauding rooks and sparrows by paring the stack sides with a long scythe-like knife. A well-kept rickyard with its rows of golden stocks was a pleasant sight. Then old John in the

barn would swing his flail day after day the winter through, threshing out every grain before turning out the sweet oat-straw to the expectant cattle in the stockyard for their food and bedding. The farm labourer was not such a fool as the townsman often took him for. He might not be 'book-larned'; but he knew his business and he was relatively better fed and better housed than the town mechanic.

J. R. L.

ELIZABETH GOODALL of this town,
A most respectable maiden lady,
Full of hope in a heavenly crown
Sleepeth in this churchyard shady.

After eighty years and three
Full of hope in a heavenly crown,
Full of faith, so dièd she,
Elizabeth Goodall of this town.

A most respectable maiden lady
Full of faith, so dièd she,
And sleepeth in this churchyard shady
After eighty years and three.



AUGUSTUS.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

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.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A bedroom in the house of Alia. In the bed, Octavius; the doctor, Antonius Musa, watching. Enter a slave; doctor holds up his hands, and then comes forward.*

DOCTOR. Well?

SLAVE. Sir, may the mother enter?

DOCTOR. Is this the night
She undertook to watch?

SLAVE. Ay.

DOCTOR. Let her in;
None else whatever.

Exit Slave. Pause. Enter Alia.

ATIA. Asleep? That's good, is it not?

DOCTOR. I know not; all depends what kind of sleep.

ATIA. Oh, doctor!

DOCTOR. Madam—

ATIA. Tell me the truth.

DOCTOR. I will.
He may live.

*Alia turns away, and covers her face.
Enter an Attaché.*

What do you here?

ATTACHÉ. Sir, the Dictator
Seeks entrance.

DOCTOR. He must wait.

ATTACHÉ. How!

DOCTOR.

Sh !

Motions him out. Exit Attaché.

Madam, your uncle the Dictator's here.

ATIA. Still, to the last, my poor dear boy's best friend.
 Ever since Gaius my good husband died,
 He's been a rock to all our family,
 That in one heathery nook of his vast side
 Cushioned us, while his every other front
 Churned into feathery suds each ten-ton slap
 From twenty separate crossed and compass-baffling
 Currents of civil storm.

DOCTOR.

Do you stay here.

And such report as I can give, I'll carry
 To Julius Caesar.

*Exit Doctor.*OCTAVIUS (*groaning*). Oh !

ATIA.

Tavy, sweet boy !

There—He still sleeps. Oh, I will waken him.
 What? Shall his flame, puffed on by draughty death,
 Gutter out blindly in the unconscious dark
 Like sick slave's in a cell? No, his last groping thought
 Shall find the self-same place his first one homed in,
 His mother's bosom. Stop, here's the doctor.

Re-enter Doctor ; Alia comes up to him.

He

Half-woke, and groaned a little. Mark his breath.

— Well ?

DOCTOR. The constitution's quite abnormal, madam ;
 Were it another man's, I'd hold no hope.

ATIA (*steadying herself*).

Send for his uncle ; I know he'll call for him
 In his dying rally.

She throws herself on a sofa ; then sits up and begins to write a letter. Doctor opens door, and beckons. Enter Slave.

DOCTOR.

Let the Dictator know

His nephew now may wake at any time
 And ask for him in death.

SLAVE.

Sir, the Dictator

Is just now gone to dine ; you know his rule,
 No cause on earth shall interrupt his meals.
 Besides, sir, he has scarce broke fast to-day,
 And, soon as dinner ends, sees three deputations.

DOCTOR. Be it on my head ; go, tell him.

*Exit Slave.**Pause. Enter Julius Caesar, chewing, with a serviette ; a Slave behind, with Caesar's dinner on a tray.*

CAESAR.

Has he called for me ?

DOCTOR. No, sir, not yet.

*Caesar nods ; motions to Slave, who sets down tray on a small corner table, and stands at attention.**Caesar dines.**Exit slave with tray. Caesar supports his elbows on his knees and leans his head on his two hands.*DOCTOR (*aside to Alia*).

Blessed relief ! He mends !

OCTAVIUS. What, is my uncle there ?

CAESAR (*slipping to the bedside*).

Tavy, my boy,

What can I do for you ?

OCTAVIUS.

Take me to Spain.

CAESAR. To Spain, lad? Why—why—But of course I will.

OCTAVIUS. Where the Pompeians are.

CAESAR.

Ay ; the Pompeians.

OCTAVIUS. 'Tis the last wasp's-nest of your enemies ;

Oh, let me help you burn it.

CAESAR.

Ay, lad, thou shalt.

There, there. — O you harsh gods, had you but spared
 This one boy's life, then had you not withheld
 That for the lack of which my life's whole labour
 Must perish with myself.

DOCTOR.

Sir, but one word with you.

Taking him aside.

All's well.

CAESAR.

What? He'll not live, you think ?

DOCTOR.

Live? Sir,

He that has weathered *that*, might live a century.*Caesar bursts into tears. Pause.*

DOCTOR. You should not weep just after dinner, sir ;
It blunts digestion.

CAESAR. Doctor,
All that I have of heart beats in that boy ;
I love him, doctor. Tend him as you would me ;
The hair you save him by reprieves the world.
When he's of age, I'll make him heir to me.
I'll see this deputation.

Exit Caesar.

DOCTOR. You will not let him follow
The Dictator into Spain, madam ?

ATIA. Hush !—Trust me.

DOCTOR. 'Twill take some firmness ; the great Julius dotes
On his grandnephew.

ATIA. He stays ; or I go with him
And mother him in the trenches.

DOCTOR. Keep that vow ;
Though we all know his quick recoveries,
Campaigning—no ! Come, let him sleep back health.

Exeunt Atia and Doctor.

OCTAVIUS (*gelling up and coming forward, and looking resent-
fully towards the door.*)

How every quack makes cause with my weak frame
To crush and gyve me ! Am I Caesar's niece,
That I must sort with servants, have my days
Mapped out in hours by base apothecaries ?
Prescribe my medicines, not my movements, dog !
Oh, now I know that I have lived too long
Obsequious to my mother's apron-strings.
And this it is, had they but sense to see it,
Breeds illness in me ; not my liver, fool !
'They talk of gall, forsooth ! 'Tis this that galls me.
Caesar has promised me to go to Spain,
And I'll raise earthquakes but I'll keep him to it.
And for my mother, well—
I will not cross her, I'll prevail with her.
I'll show her, 'tis no mere boy's appetite
For wars—I shrink from war—that fires me thus ;

But the devotion that still urges me
Where I may best serve my heroic uncle ;
Since, for myself indeed—though I dare swear
I have some dark and deep ambition in me,
Yet, midst my love of books, weak health, hedged ways,
I can scarce feel where such ambition becks me,
Save it be this—that I would be like Caesar ;
I'd mend the world. I *will* be Caesar yet !
What's here ? A letter. Ha ! my mother's hand :
" We do not think he will outlive this night ".
By Heaven, it almost makes me swoon again,
To find they write thus of me. I'll live, in spite of them !
'Tis their repressions would not let me live.
God, I'll see seventy ! I'll be revenged else !
Live ? Ha !
Too long my hopes in fusty rooms have lain ;
I'll learn in Caesar's school. To Spain ! To Spain !

Exit.

SCENE II.—*Rome. Brutus' garden. Enter Brutus and Cassius.*

BRUTUS. Bah ! superstition will go on for ever.
The cure's quite simple ; it needs courage merely.
Is he a spirit ? Is he half-divine ?
No, but, I think, a man like other men ;
If you stick daggers in him, then he'll die.

CASSIUS. Ay, but his work may live ; 'tis that's our enemy.
Could I but stab at his achievement, man,
I'd strike with far more will than at his guts.

BRUTUS. Cassius, when we two went to lectures on it,
You showed some promise in philosophy.
Have you turned imaginative ?

CASSIUS. No ; but even then,
If you remember,
While you were Stoic, I was sceptical ;
And I am dubious of our enterprise.
Watch the careers of great ones ; I have studied them
To elicit their damned trick ; do you not see
That all's not done by shoving ? Why, many a time,
Like limpets on a rock, one touch but stiffens ;
When resolution's fluid in your foe,

Let it but scent one breath from your hate's frost,
 You'll make it ice against you, fix a mood
 That was but transient, into eternal steel.
 Never suppress ; remember, 'tis Suppression
 Breeds that same steam she sits on ; give it air.
 So in this business, I still gravely question
 Whether, for all these half-breathed blasphemies,
 Men hate their Caesar in their hearts one half
 What their loose mouths do for mere idleness.
 Some meed of scowls is greatness' property ;
 Three-fourths such muttering is but boys at school
 Cursing the food and eating heartily.
 I greatly fear, I say,
 Though Caesar have no party now, lest we
 Butcher it into life ; lest, from this nothing,
 Bursting on peace, our sudden act of blood
 Raise up, like Furies from vacuity,
 Vengers on very side ; and, to our own undoing,
 Each several poniard out of Caesar's womb
 Stab Pandemonium. Murder's not the style.
 No, Brutus ; who succeed here, practise much
 The contrary ; leave men to their own ruin ;
 Do more than half their work the gentle way ;
 Ne'er jerk the hook up till the fish is on.
 Ah, I have seen it ; I know. Yet, though I see all this,
 Ay, feel the truth of 't even, I cannot do it.
 Still must these devils nurse some secret knack
 Which we have not, God curse them ! And therefore,
 friend,
 Will I join hands with you, and what I cannot come by
 Through genius, grasp in spite.

BRUTUS. Ay, never fear ;
 Nothing can stand against a syllogism ;
 Rome is republican ; Caesar's a king ;
 And therefore Caesar shall not live in Rome.
 When he comes back from Spain, Cassius, he dies.

Exit.

CASSIUS. I'm a republican till Caesar's death ;
 But after that, I'll be a Cassian.

Exit.

SCENE III.—*Rome. The forum. At back, the Senate House, with steps leading up to porch ; but these not visible because of crowd, which packs whole stage except a narrow strip in front ; their backs to audience.*

CROWD. Hurray !

Live the Republic ! Long live Liberty !

Enter smartly in front Asinius Pollio, and stops surprised ; shortly after, Cicero, whose looks are set and pale ; he faces audience.

POLLIO (*recognising him*). Cicero ! What's all the crowd about, d'ye know ? What's happened ?

CICERO. Some execution, probably.

POLLIO. Well, I must get on, no matter who's executed ; I'm due to speak with Antony. Here, make a lane there.

1ST CITIZEN. Easy on, captain ; who are you ?

POLLIO. Asinius Pollio, dog !

Legate-in-chief here to Mark Antony,
 Caesar's own colleague in the consulship.

2ND CITIZEN. Doesn't matter who you are, you can't get past here till you've shouted " Long live Liberty ! "

1ST CITIZEN. Shut up, man, he's all right ; can't you see he's with Cicero.

2ND CITIZEN. Oh, beg pardon, sir ; we'd let you pass, sir, if we could ; but there's no moving here.

POLLIO (*to Cicero*). This is preposterous !—Here, you, fellow ! Why are you shouting, " Long live Liberty ! " ?

3RD CITIZEN. Because they're shouting it over there.

POLLIO. Pshaw !

3RD CITIZEN. Listen.

OTHER CROWD (*off*). Hurrah-h-h ! Sh !

The cheer stops dead ; slight pause.

POLLIO. Why are they silent suddenly ?

3RD CITIZEN. He's making a speech.

POLLIO. Who is ?

3RD CITIZEN. Brutus. I daresay he'll come here presently. I wish we knew what's happened, though.

SEVERAL. Sh ! *Pause.*

OTHER CROWD (*groaning*). Oh !

3RD CITIZEN. *That was a groan !*

1ST CITIZEN. Here comes a fellow running.
Crowd turn and face the audience. Enter an old man.
Here, you ! who's executed ?

OLD MAN. Julius Caesar. He's been stabbed.

POLLIO. Ho, is that all ?
Carry your hocus to the crows, old man ;
We're in our senses here.

OLD MAN. Stark truth ; I heard him tell them.

CROWD. Caesar ? Not Caesar ?

OLD MAN. He.
Exit.

CROWD (*groaning*). Oh !

BRUTUS (*off*). Long live the commonwealth ! Caesar is killed,
POLLIO (*to Cicero*). Devils ? or fools ? which worse ? Rome
is an orphanage.

CICERO. You thought him a great man, then ?

POLLIO. *Man ?* No ;
Tree, sir.

CICERO. A tree ?

POLLIO. I tell thee, Cicero ;
Ninety such twittering tits as thou or I
Might house unharmed in such an evergreen ;
But now the boys will have us. *Man ?*

2ND CITIZEN. Here's Brutus.

CROWD. Here's Brutus—Brutus.
They turn round and face the Senate-House.
Enter Brutus along the peristyle, holding aloft a dagger—
not a bloody one.

BRUTUS. Live the Republic ! Long live Liberty !

CROWD (*perfunctorily*). Hurray !

BRUTUS. Reason shall dominate ; Caesar had high dreams,
But we have burst them in the name of Reason.
Reason is Liberty, and shall dominate.

2ND CITIZEN (*aside*). Reason be blowed ; we don't want no
Reason, thank you.

BRUTUS. That we were justified, I'll prove it to you.
The major premiss first, All kings are tyrants ;
That's universal ; then the minor, Caesar—

CROWD. Pow-wow-wow ! Boo ! Bah !

1ST CITIZEN. Come, cut along, old man ; we've had enough
of you.
Exit Brutus. Enter Cassius, même jeu.

CASSIUS. Caesar is dead ! Long live Equality !

CROWD (*perfunctorily*). Hear, hear !

2ND CITIZEN. That's what we'll have, that is ; all men must
be equal, and especially the bottom ones.

CASSIUS. Do not regret Caesar, gentlemen ; for although he
may have been an able man—

SOME VOICES. Hear, hear ! A great man, Caesar.

CASSIUS. Yet you have still left among you men as capable,
men as just, men as high-minded, and men as versatile,
as Caesar was.

1ST CITIZEN. You bet ! All these fine fellows are the same ;
he's thinking of himself, he is. That'll do for you, sir ;
next please.
Exit Cassius. Enter Decimus, même jeu.

DECIMUS. Flourish Fraternity ! Swell Regicide !

3RD CITIZEN. Regicide ? What's that ?

DECIMUS. We loved Caesar ; it was in love we killed him,
to save him from a false position. We love you ; love
is our watchword ; all that will not love must perish.

2ND CITIZEN. What's that he says ?

1ST CITIZEN. You'd better be off, young fellow ; we don't
like you.
Exit Decimus. Three more Conspirators pass, même jeu.

CROWD (*feebly*). Hurray ! (*Then, severally.*) All very well,
I daresay ; but it's a queer business, somehow.—There's
right both ways, just like everything.—Caesar was a good
tyrant, mind you ; but then, he was a tyrant ; so they say
at least, but who's to know ?—You mark my words.—
What I say is . . .
They discuss, in groups, with gestures.

POLLIO. How think you of this business, Cicero ?

CICERO. As of a deed ill done.

POLLIO. Ay, so do I ;
But that's equivocal.

CICERO. As my sentiments.
Butchery is botchery ; these are not the surgeons
To lance the canker that still threatens Rome.

POLLIO (*suddenly*). Cicero, by Heaven's own tears, you knew
of this !

CICERO (*nervously*). N-no ; not quite.

POLLIO. O, Cicero!
Not quite ungrateful ! Not quite murderous !
Some day methinks you may not quite be saved.

Exit Cicero.

He lives in terms of a closed century,
And even at that, the brain's the warmest organ.
A man to disconcert his well-wishers ;
Fine sensibilities without a soul.
O Spirit of Caesar, what a solitude
Has maniac Anarchy made thy Rome to-day !
I must find Antony. Ha ! there he moves,
Breasting the multitude. Ho ! general ! general !

Enter Mark Antony through the crowd.

ANTONY. Who's there ? Asinius ? Part ! Part, maggot-heap !
This hour and more had I been hunting for you.
Here's a fine kettle of fish, boy ; Caesar's killed !

POLLIO. Blest he, that hears not how surviving friends
Word his obituary.

ANTONY. Fine friends ! 'Twas he,
He, that had given them half their offices.
I tell you this, my lad ; one thing I'm settled on :
Brutus and Cassius shall not rule in Rome.
And that's the very point I'd broach with you ;
There's no time to be lost ; 'tis our first move ;
We must inflame the populace against them.

POLLIO. No prospect there ; they cheer for the Republic.

ANTONY. Oh, we can all do that ! I'll bait them with it.
Julius himself played the Republican¹,
And became Caesar by it ; and so will I !

POLLIO. What use were bait, bating you had a hook
To worm it on to ?

ANTONY. And so I have ; a very goodly hook ;
'Tis Caesar's body !

POLLIO. Fish are cold, they say ;
But *fish* will rise to something ; not so these.
You cannot angle clods. 'Twas but this instant
Six men went past there, bawling " Caesar's dead ",
And now behold them arguing. Sir, mistake me not.
Had they rejoiced thereat ; had they but hornpiped ;
" Hey, Caesar's dead ! Down with all dearest friends !"
Then, by the extension of that principle,
You had some hope (I think) to incite them on to lynch
Their precious new deliverers here. But no.
Far worst is this, that when they heard the death
Of their best benefactor, even their cheer
Was a faint-hearted one.

ANTONY. Pollio, my lad,
Only the imagination's meaningful,
And these men lack it.
I have a dog, Asinius, a good beast ;
Tell him I'm murdered, and he'll wag his tail ;
But let him sniff my carcase, and he'll darken
The day with janglings. I'll fetch Caesar's body to them.
Oh, and there's another thing, and that's the will.
Here 'tis ;
*Brings it out, lied with red tape, from within his toga, but
immediately puts it back.*

I've not had time to glance at it,
But his intentions were well known ; 'tis certain
He has given most handsomely to public funds.
I'll speak his eulogy ; I myself, by the way,

¹ Ut se et populum Romanum factione paucorum oppressum in libertatem vindicaret.

Cherish great expectations of this will,
 And to reward him for it I'll praise him finely.
 Stay here and see ; I'll be dramatic in it ;
 I'll make a set-piece that shall stagger them !
 First I'll read out the will, then show the corpse.

Exit Antony.

POLLIO. Some year or more had I suspected it,
 But now I know ; this is a callous man.
 Oh, I have scanned him well ; 'tis a true Roman ;
 One of these gross men that can act fine things ;
 Powerful, sardonical ; and yet coarse in grain.
 What gruesome jest will he make now, I wonder ?
 That was a chilling phrase ; by this I see, that either
 Chaos is come again, or hence as hereto
 Men must be truer than their masters are ;
 For when would I, come what come may not, utter
 Such words as these ? Antony's killed ; oh, here's
 A pretty stew ! God send he freeze me not
 With some brutality ; I must stick by him
 Through these red years ; 'twill call up all my muster
 Of loyalty. Here he comes.

Enter Antony along the peristyle of Senate-House.

CITIZENS (*severally*). O see ! Mark Antony !

What's his opinion of it ? Speech ! Antony ! Hurray !

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen ; lend me your ears.

2ND CITIZEN. Oh, go on, stow it ! Are you a Republican or
 a Caesarist ?

ANTONY. Comrades——

CROWD. Hurray ! He's a Republican !

ANTONY. Comrades, I——

CROWD. Hurray !

ANTONY. I do not speak here in dispraise of Caesar.

He stretched the constitution somewhat ; well,
 Some have done that, that still rank honoured names ;
 'Twas born elastic ; I will not dispraise him.
 I stand before you but to read his will,
 Wherein you'll find——

2ND CITIZEN. We will not hear the will
 Of one that was not a Republican.

ANTONY. Who's that ? What bold and biting man is there,
 Says Caesar was no true Republican ?
 Consul, dictator ; these are magistracies.
 No Roman yet held both before ? And why !
 No Roman yet had Caesar's energy.
 Let me be harder heckled, friend, than that,
 Or else keep silent.

3RD CITIZEN. Well, then, if Caesar was a true Republican,
 how comes it he was murdered by Republicans ?

ANTONY. How comes it ? Oh ! Ay, you may well ask that ;
 But I'll not answer it for you. Take that *there* ;
 Ask Brutus that ; ask Gaius Cassius that ;
 For they are nothing but Republican !
 Why, seeing that Caesar, in a helpless age
 Of terrorism and bankruptcy, restored
 Credit and order, government's two props,
 And, holding the State lives to safeguard law,
 Brought exiled Justice back, did Brutus stab him ?
 Ask Brutus that ; Brutus the rationalist.
 Why too, when Caesar's Julian law, that wrested
 The public land from thievish capitalists,
 And by fair distribution of it among
 Necessitous and deserving citizens
 Peopled your sun-blest Italy with free men
 Instead of slaves, to the vast indignation
 Of the aristocracy ; why too, when Caesar,
 Some great appointment pending, chose the man
 Most formed for that, not reckoning whence nor who,
 How well connected, with what ancestry,
 What wealth, nor even how highly qualified
 For other posts ; why then did Cassius
 Stab him ? Ask Cassius ; he's a democrat.
 Once more,
 Why, seeing that Caesar, in relief of debt,
 Laid bounds on interest—yet insisting, gentlemen,
 Debts must be paid, all bonds fulfilled, the rights
 Of property respected, spite of visionaries—
 And why, when Caesar had allowed the poor
 Lodgings rent-free, did Decimus murder him ?
 Ask the philanthropist, ask Decimus, that.

CROWD (*growling*). Ugh ! ugh !

ANTONY. Or, if you haply may distrust those men,
Hear Antony answer. Caesar knew no party,
Nor, if he had known, was omnipotent.
Some things there are which Caesar did not do.
He could defeat, but not retaliate.
He ne'er stood here, fingering a bloody dirk ;
Called himself patriot ; libertarian ;
Communist ; what's the thing ? Tyrannicide.
He was no man of words, men, but of action.

CROWD. Hurrah !

ANTONY. And then, the Senate, friends ; which he reformed.
The Senate—ahem ! ahem !

CROWD (*sniggering*). Ahem !

ANTONY. Yes. I see, gentlemen, you know quite well what
the Senate is.

CROWD. *We* know ; ha ! ha !

ANTONY. Such men as—well, Cicero, for example.

CROWD. Cicero—ha ! ha !

ANTONY. A worthy man, gentlemen ; a most learned jurist.

2ND CITIZEN. Learned fiddlestick !

CROWD. Ha ! ha ! ha !

ANTONY. Enough. I fear, friends, I take up your time ;
I have digressed too far ; should not have touched
On Caesar's virtues, an insidious theme.

CROWD. Tell us of Caesar !

ANTONY. You'll excuse me there.

*I—am still consul ; I have not yet met
Brutus and Cassius, the Republicans.
And while I breathe I'll do your business ; which
Now bids me read the will.*

*He goes to door of Senate-House, and, as is natural in
shouting, puts special emphasis on certain words.*

Ho, Caesar's slaves !

Fetch out the *trunk* with the *red documents*,
Lies on that table there !

*Enter four slaves from the Senate-House, carrying a table
covered entirely with a cloth ; they set it down, and stand
back, at attention.*

POLLIO (*aside*). Oh, terrible ! I detect his fearful game.
Yet there's some feeling in it ; I'll stay it out ;
He may redeem it with grim irony.

ANTONY. Under this cloak lies Julius Caesar's will.
But what a will, my friends ! A wondrous will.
He has left his gardens to you for a park.

CROWD. Oh, wondrous will !

ANTONY. A will, my friends, lies here, that might have left
More than it has done even ; had Brutus pleased.
That might have deeded the round world, and parcelled
The regioned Earth in verdurous legacies.
Well,
What Cassius gave him time to do, he did.
He has left each man of you three pounds apiece.

3RD CITIZEN. Oh ! I'll have a new shop-front.

2ND CITIZEN. A powerful will, this !

ANTONY. Oh, sir, well said ! A powerful will lies here.

1ST CITIZEN. Ay, citizen, and a good will.

ANTONY. Well said again !

Caesar's goodwill, which while he lived was yours,
Lies here ; so Brutus and so Cassius willed.

1ST CITIZEN. Oh, you have said enough, sir, we know now
we were fools to listen to them. Give but the word,
say yes ; shall we burn all of them in their now houses ?

ANTONY. No, stay.

One item more ; and you shall have it ; you must.
For, citizens, I might be lying to you,
Therefore with your own eyes you'll see the deed,
Witnessed by thirty scarce-dried signatures,
Fresh from their hands that scrawled it, stitched in crimson
Then shall you burn their houses, if you like,
When you have seen, how, caught in full career
And the rich flush of his tremendous will,
By men that owed those very knives to him
And the power to stick them there ; studded with wounds,
Gasping, and riddled with ingratitude,
He died—and left you this.

*Whips off the cloak suddenly and reveals Julius Caesar's
body, the head limp, the eyes glassy, the mouth open, and
the white toga horrible with gore.*

CROWD. Oh horrible!
 Burn the conspirators! Flay them alive!
 Blood! Caesar's bleeding! Away! Burn! Kill!
 Slaughter the lot!

Exit crowd.

Antony immediately takes the will out from inside his toga, descends the steps reading it, and comes slowly forward, with periodic gestures of disgust.

ANTONY. Here is the will, Asinius; a strange will.
 From first to last, no trace of Antony.
 Not a bare thousand, Pollio; not a sesterce.
 First, he bequeaths to every citizen
 Seventy-five drachmae for remembrance of him.
 Oh, did I say no talk of Antony?
 I wrong him, Pollio; there's where I come in.
 I have a claim here as a Roman; see?
 Seventy-five drachmae—twopence-halfpenny!
 —Which being deducted, all remainder goes
 To young Octavius; had you heard of him?
 A niece's child, a sickly sort of boy.
 Provided always, these: first, and so forth,
 And with herein-be-damneds innumerable,
 He pays—etcetera; some gratuities;
 Old servants, and the like; poor relatives.
 Last names he, should Octavius predecease
 (He may be dead by now, for all I know),
 As *heres in secundis partibus*—
 Who, in the name of wonder? Decimus!
 One of the men that stabbed him!

Jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

What a fool!

And all along no hint of Antony.
 Ugh! my gorge swells when I remember now
 Some of the services I did for him.
 Gods! I could curse now that I praised him so.
 This is the will; but I will none of it.
 I'll glut young Tavy with some tenth his due;
 He never dreamed of this; he's dead, I'm certain.
 By heaven, it shall not go to Decimus!
 Were Caesar here, he would unwrite this will.

Total, seven hundred thousand sesterces;
 With endless claims, of course, public and private;
 But there it is;
 The sum deposited at the bank of Ops.
 Decimus, indeed? Oh no! First, *ex officio*,
 As consul, I'm trustee; with armed bands
 I'll occupy the bank, forestalling violence.
 Meantime, who's legal heir, shall be referred
 To the learned faculty.

A CAPTAIN (*off*). News! News! The consul!

ANTONY. Here.

Enter Captain.

CAPTAIN. The people's up, the murderers' houses burned.
 Brutus and Cassius are escaped from Rome,
 Take ship for Macedon, where they'll raise an army;
 Their purpose, to return and storm the State.

ANTONY. Return they never shall, I'll nip their heels.
 This fixes all; myself am Caesar's heir,
 As his avenger. His estate shall buy me
 Legions, and then to Greece.

CAPTAIN. O Sir, there's more.
 Your move anticipating, they have dispatched
 Decimus to hold North Italy in your rear.
 His base is Mutina; once leave Rome, he takes it.

ANTONY. Ha! ha! ha! Excellent!
 I could not have a welcomer adversary.
 Ha! ha! ha! Come, Pollio;
 I'll turn the legacy on the legatee;
 Convert it all to arms, and "let him have it"!
 At Mutina is he? I'll give him such a time
 That I will make his army mutinous.
 Come! Funds! Men! Armour! All for Decimus!
 To Mutina!

Exit Antony and Captain.

POLLIO. Gone, and forgot the body!
 Caesar, in this thou dost revenge thyself
 On history's page not wisely but too well,
 That thou hast dropped us in a field so poor
 As can produce no richer champion
 Of thy lost brightness than Mark Antony is.

Where one man's vacuum can leave such a gap,
 There must be thunder in the closing of it.
 Yet I'll hold on, for no hope else presents
 But to take service with rank murderers ;
 Whose work I'll now wind up with decency.
 Lift up your master's bier. Poor oozing trunk,
 Since thou wast felled, I have lived hours, 'twould seem ;
 Yet I see well, by the bright gore on thee,
 That it must be but now that thou wast lopped.
 Bring him below here ; let me look on him.

Slaves lift the bier from the table and bring it down.
 O thou fall'n pine, so grimly resinous,
 From what luxuriant height art thou now toppled,
 To stand for what a mast ! Bear him away, men.
 Yet stay a moment ; let not the last touch
 This body knew before the final clod
 Be hateful butchery's. Thus, thus, noble corpse,
 Take I farewell of thee ; this hand's a friend.

He touches the body ; then starts slightly.

Oh !

*He turns away, covers his face with his hand, and bursts
 out weeping.*

SLAVE. What's the matter, sir !

POLLIO. Oh ! He's still warm !

CURTAIN.

[*To be continued.*]

A. Y. C.



REVIEW.

Poems. By Edward L. Davison. (G. Bell and Sons, 1920.)

If a future Samuel Johnson is now an undergraduate of the College, he may be expected to record that St John's, in his day, was a "nest of singing birds". At no time, perhaps, in its history have there been so many practitioners of poetry within its walls ; and some of these, we may hope, will carry on the tradition of a University, which has never expelled its prophets, and of a College, which honours Wyat and Greene, Herrick and Prior, and (among the very greatest) if not Ben Jonson, at least Wordsworth. Mr Davison himself feels the inspiration of the *genius loci* :

"Out of the river's bed, out of the stone,
 Rise phantom company that loved this place ;
 Come from your graves but leave me not alone"

—the opening lines of a fine sonnet, which ends in a cadence of arresting beauty :

"Like stirring pinions on the air they come.
 Who watching God at night could still be dumb?"

A poet, who can write, even once or twice, such lines as these, may go far. It would be absurd to expect him to write all like this. The present volume, in fact, is "unequal", if one may be pardoned for a *cliché* which must have been trite in Homer's day, when some Aegean critic no doubt complained that the second book of the Iliad did not sustain the high promise of the first. Even Quintilian lapsed from the pontificate to the curacy of criticism, with the remark that parts of Ovid are excellent—*laudandus in partibus*. To say, then, that Mr Davison is unequal, would be the most self-evident of truisms, without some qualification. It is no matter that he does not always keep at the level of his highest inspiration—as a great critic said, it is better to be

a Pinclar, who sometimes sinks, than a Bacchylides, who never rises—but Mr Davison's inequality belongs to a different order. He has two distinct *styles*, of which one—in the reviewer's opinion—is far better than the other. He is by turns realistic and idealistic, to use terms which, if not satisfactory, are at least commonly understood. Both styles have of course their value in poetry, and praise of one need not imply censure of the other; but Mr Davison's real strength seems to lie rather in the expression of beauty than the "expressionism" of ugliness. He has tried both methods; in fact, he seems to take pleasure in their violent contrast. For it cannot be by accident that a realistic fragment—*A Minesweeper Sunk*—is immediately followed by *In Judaea*. The former is of no great poetic significance, and is written in a style sufficiently familiar; the latter is a masterpiece of its kind, full of imagination and restrained beauty—a little daring, perhaps, for Victorian taste, but really void of offence. There is another marked contrast in the juxtaposition of two poems on opposite pages—*Lights on the Tyne* and *At Tyne Dock*. Of these, the first has a peculiar charm, from its beginning

"Old lights that burn across the Tyne at night
And in its shadowy bosom peer and swim,
Each in your ancient place;—In summer bright,
In winter dim"

to its close

"When I came down from Tynemouth, ten years old,
Aspiring, penniless and fresh of tongue,
How you lit up my little woes with gold
Since I was young".

The second

"There were no trees upon our Avenue:
The gutters stank . . ."

has a fine imaginative close, and is true poetry of its sort; but the sordid picture of Tyne Dock, with its repulsive features, gives no pleasure comparable to that which a reader derives from *Lights on the Tyne*.

The poems are not usually dated, but one or two, at least, appear to have been written under the sudden impulse of a new environment at College. These represent the views of an intelligent Freshman puzzled by the Don. Mr Davison

has probably by this time learnt that even the "oldest Don", however much he may regret his "lost youth", is not likely to sigh

"At some heretical
Gleam of the awful truth".

Appreciation of the truth, whether awful or not, is not confined to any one of the Seven Ages. But it is unfair to judge Mr Davison by his *Juvenilia*, whose chief claim for our notice is the fact that the author so quickly sheds them; for the bulk of the book argues maturity—a rare and delicate perception of beauty, as well as a sensitive love of harmony, and a mastery of technique. Mr Davison, even in his realistic poems, has no affection for "jagged stuff". He is never slovenly, nor does he follow the neoterics who are too proud to scan. Such lyrics as *In a Wood* and *Nocturne*, with descriptive pieces like *The Sunken City*, shew his talent at its best, and point to the path on which, as we believe, he will finally tread.

Those who search for origins may find that he sometimes displays a kinship with the Elizabethans, sometimes, as in *The Coming of Winter*, he is nearer the great tradition of Keats. But—let us hasten to say—there is no trace of "imitation"; Mr Davison is essentially of the twentieth century, and always himself. If he owes anything to contemporaries, the debt is gracefully acknowledged to an older—though still young—poet of his own College, to whom he dedicates the last three poems of his book—a fitting and deserved compliment to one who, in the best sense of the word, may well be called a patron of letters.

We hope that this book may soon be followed by a second. Mr Davison might then be more ambitious, and essay longer flights. A Keats may stand by his Odes; but one would not therefore dispense with *Lamia* or *Endymion*.



COLLEGE LECTURES.

On Friday, October 22nd, the Master taking the chair, Dr Tanner delivered a lecture upon "Founders and Benefactors of the College". He began by sketching the state of the times in which the Lady Margaret, our Foundress, passed her life. It was a time of chaos and disorder, and, if we may judge from her portraits, Margaret Beaufort's lot, although a great, was not a happy one. The College portrait shows her a worn, ascetic woman. This being the case, her constant support of learning did her the more honour.

But had it not been for the exertions of her executor, Bishop Fisher, the foundation of St John's would not have been achieved. Not only did he protect the foundation and draw up statutes for the College, but added to it by the gift of four Fellowships, two Scholarships, and Lectureships, so that he has a fair claim to be considered a second founder.

Dr Tanner then turned to the benefactions of the Masters, and showed how each had played his part in the expansion of the College. Thus Nicholas Metcalfe, though but "meanly learned" himself, had, said Fuller, "made many good scholars". G. Day, who became Master in 1522, was the first Linacre lecturer in physic. Bishop Taylor had left £6 13s. 4d. to the society—a year's salary. In 1630 Owen Gwynne established the College Register; while Robert Gunning, whose sermons won the admiration of Pepys and Evelyn, was a great benefactor, leaving £600 for the new chapel, as well as books. He was afterwards one of the seven Bishops, three of whom were Johnians.

In the 16th and 17th centuries exchange between Colleges was much more frequent than the more recent times. Thus Gower, "a mighty high proudman", came from Jesus, and was known among the irreverent as "the devil of Jesus"; whereon it was said that "the devil was entered into the

herd of swine", and hence the Johnians got their name of "Johnian hogs".

Perhaps the most striking figures among the late Masters was that of James Wood, who, born of a family of weavers, afterwards became Dean of Ely, and left £15000 for the New Court, founded nine Exhibitions, and also left a fund for the new chapel.

In conclusion, Dr Tanner dealt with our other benefactors. It is only possible here to select one or two from the roll of famous names. Cardinal Morton founded four Scholarships, and Sir Matthew Constable, who commanded the left wing at Flodden, also gave four Scholarships and a Fellowship for the priest. Linacre and Dowman are still remembered by the foundations which bear their names. Catherine, Duchess of Suffolk, left a rent charge in memory of her sons, Henry and Charles Brandon, who died at St John's in 1551. The great Lord Burleigh left £30 per annum to augment the commons. And Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (Shakespeare's patron), gave to the library 200 MSS. and 2000 printed books, once the property of ~~Abraham Cowley~~ William C.

All those present realized from Dr Tanner's lecture, the junior members perhaps as they had never done before, the extraordinary distinction of the society to which they belong.

The second lecture of the term, at which Dr Rivers presided, was given by Mr W. Bateson, F.R.S., Fellow of the College, on "Recent Progress on Genetics". He began by emphasising the vital importance of the subject from a social point of view, on which, as he said, he had always laid great stress in the lectures which he delivered to soldiers during the war. The science was one of very modern development, and had been worked upon only during the last half-century. For the benefit of those to whom the ideas were comparatively new, Prof. Bateson illustrated, with the help of a remarkably beautiful collection of lantern slides, what he called his course of "Mendelism without Tears". In examples, drawn mainly from plant life, he showed how characters were inherited, became latent and re-appeared, and how new varieties were obtained by the

crossing of existing varieties. Spermatazoa and ova after their fusion retain the sets of characters given them by their parents, and the combination of these produced the doubleness which determines the history of variations in the race. He showed coloured slides, indicating the work of the late Mr R. P. Gregory of this College, on heredity in the primula, of Prof. Cockerell on sunflower variations, and of his own researches on sweet peas, and cited among other examples the inheritance of colour-blindness in man. He spoke of the modifying effects of sex upon the inheritance of specific characters, and referred to the pre-determination of sex itself in the embryonic cells from the male side in man and on the female side in the majority of instances which had been investigated in plants.

The characters inherited were not by any means all independent, but as a rule several were intimately related, so that the possession of one almost necessarily demanded the presence of many others. The lecturer gave many interesting examples of such linkage groups, as in the connection between red stigmata and green leaves in the primula and between narrow waists and red eyes in the *Drosophila* fly. Observations upon the latter had been used by Morgan and his collaborators at the Columbia University in the formulation of a theory to which Mr Bateson especially directed the attention—though at present it must be a critical attention—of biological students. This American school believed that the Mendelian characters are represented as actual chromatin particles in the chromosome, and that the latter cannot be fewer than the number of linkage groups. He believed himself that though this might possibly be the case in animals, it was not always true of plants, quoting and illustrating cases where division of characters occurred without separation into two individuals; for example, the pelargonium, where buckling of the leaves occurred owing to the independence of the skin and the inner leaf, or the spiraea, in which the two sides may differ in sex. In reference to the difference between animals and plants, he compared the cells of the former to a ball which kept the characters, so to speak, in a closed space, while those of plants might rather resemble the ribs of a stocking. In

the discussion which followed Mr Bateson appealed to physicists to interest themselves in the problems of biology.

The last lecture of the term was by the Rev. Dr T. G. Bonney upon the "Buildings of the College". Dr Bonney traced the history of each Court in turn. The oldest building on the site, of which anything is known, was that of Henry Frost, which dated from 1185, and which lasted, in a masked form, until 1865. It was situated to the north of the present chapel, and was apparently intended as a hospital for the sick. Where the buildings of the brethren of the old Hospital of St John were is not definitely known; presumably they were in the present first Court.

Bishop Fisher left these buildings, and also used the large chapel, which had been built in about 1225, although he used the western end thereof as part of the Master's Lodge. But he put in flat Tudor tracery and in consequence had to stucco the walls, which were seriously weakened. This effectively masked the true nature of the old buildings, which was only re-discovered during the alterations of 1865.

The entry to the Master's Lodge was in First Court, and the arrangement of the old house, which Dr Bonney described in some detail, was not very convenient, as it was necessary to pass through the dining-room in order to reach the drawing-room. To this period belong the lower 70 feet of the Hall, the panelling, with the exception of the cornice and the panelling behind the high table, which are later, and the screens. These were cased about 1550 and were not restored to their original condition until well within Dr Bonney's recollection.

The Gateway is of course also of the same period, and is interesting, both aesthetically and historically. The upper rooms form the College muniment rooms, while those below have had some distinguished occupants—Howard de Walden, who fought in the Armada, and the Earl of Suffolk. The southern building assumed its present hideous form in 1772, the alteration being carried out by the architect James Essex.

The original Second Court was about one-third of the present Court, and somewhat to the south of it. This was a one-story building, surmounted by a wooden gallery, in

which the Master took his ease. But it gave way in 1598 to the present Court, to the Great Gallery of which (now the Combination Room) there was a passage from the Lodge. The Library followed in 1624, and it is a feature of curious interest that the windows of that building are almost Gothic. The Third Court followed in 1571.

The New Court was begun in 1825, and is on the site of the old Tennis Court and fish ponds. "The original intention was to build it of red brick with stone facings, but Dr Wood, the Master, gave the difference between the cost of brick and stone. Great difficulties were experienced with the foundation, and the entire Court rests upon piles. This was followed by the great alteration of 1867, in which Scott, "not a man of any real task", saddled the College with a tower and chapel which looked like "a biggish man sitting upon a Shetland pony". The safety of the tower was open to doubt. A light tower a little apart should have been erected. Finally, came the rather ugly and uninteresting Chapel Court.

In conclusion, Dr Bonney emphasized the fact that the College has never shrunk from sacrifice to extend itself.

Prof. Marr, who presided, remarked on the opportunities which Cambridge men had of studying architecture, and recommended Atkinson's book as dealing particularly with local examples.

Obituary

THE REV. CHARLES EDWARD GRAVES, M.A.

We regret to record the death on Thursday, 21 October 1920, of the Rev. Charles Edward Graves, M.A., Fellow, formerly Tutor, and Lecturer of St John's College.

Sir John Sandys writes in the *Times* of October 23, 1920 :

"The death of the Rev. Charles Edward Graves, Fellow and late Tutor of St John's College, Cambridge, removes one of the oldest links between Shrewsbury School and St John's College. Born in London in 1839, and educated at Shrewsbury under Dr Kennedy, he won the Porson Prize for Greek Iambic Verse in 1861, his exercise being declared equal in merit to that of H. W. Moss, of the same College, the future Headmaster of Shrewsbury. In the Classical Tripos of 1862 he was placed second in the First Class, between two future Professors of Greek—Jebb and Jackson. Elected to a Fellowship at his own College in 1863, he vacated it in 1865 on marrying a daughter of the Rev. Richard Gwatkin, the Senior Wrangler of 1814, by whom he has left one son and four daughters. Ordained in 1866, he was for two years curate of St Luke's, Chesterton, and for eight, chaplain of Magdalene College, while, late in life, he frequently assisted the present vicar of St Sepulchre's Church.

"Graves was an attractive lecturer on Classics for 35 years at St John's, and for shorter periods at Sidney and Jesus Colleges. These lectures bore fruit in editions of two books of Thucydides and four plays of Aristophanes, as well as a smaller edition of Plato's *Menexenus* and *Euthyphro*.

"In 1893 he was re-elected Fellow of St John's, and was associated with Dr Tanner as one of the Tutors of the College from 1895 to 1905. In the early part of his career he was for some years a most popular private Tutor in Classics, and his pupils regarded the hours thus spent in his company as hours of perfect sunshine. To the end of his long life, a sunny and cheerful temper, a keen sense of humour, a kindly

and courteous manner, and an exceptional aptitude for felicity of phrase were among the main characteristics which endeared him to his many friends".

It is never an easy matter to give a true impression of any man's personal character as shewn in his relations to those with whom circumstances brought him into frequent contact. In the case of Graves it is exceptionally hard. To give a list of printed works, of offices held, of the parts taken in several important questions at various times—a dry-bones obituary, in short—would present no truthful picture of such a man.

I first knew him as a College Lecturer and, as was then usual, a Classical Coach. He did his work well, but with a marked difference from others. The Classical school of those days was simple, little concerned with the special inquiries and results of modern research. Its strong points were that it did not require a student to devote a large part of his time to getting up what various scholars had achieved in their various departments, while it encouraged him to read a great deal of the ancient 'Classical' literature. Its weakness lay mainly in the fact that the range of the 'Classics' was too narrowly limited; a defect largely due to the timidity of Tripos examiners. So there was too much of a tendency to turn translation-papers into a succession of small problems for immediate solution, thus putting a premium on a special gift of readily-mobilized ingenuity. Composition-papers were tests of grammatical knowledge, and (for the better men) of the power of expressing the thoughts offered in one language in terms of another. In the later 'sixties the standard of such performances was unduly affected by the predominance of one famous Coach, Richard Shilleto. Most of the Classical teachers of that day had been his pupils, and his standards, mostly of a grammatical nature, were in vogue. There was a danger that an extreme devotion to what was called 'pure scholarship' might so cramp the Classical school as to sterilize it; in fact that it might cease to afford any stimulus to independent thought.

A way out of the difficulty was presently sought by an enlargement of the Tripos, a step since followed by several

others, which do not concern us here. But there was something to be done with things as they stood, reform or no reform. A Lecturer or Coach who would effectively bring out the humours of the 'Classics', the characteristics of human nature in ages of vast importance in the history of mankind, and the general sanity of 'Classical' authors, had before him a worthy task. It was in this line of exposition that Graves excelled. His old master Dr Kennedy had a wonderful gift of sympathetic treatment, bringing home to his pupils the common humanity that linked the English youth of his time with men of other lands and a distant age. It was owing to this power that the Classics flourished at Shrewsbury, under disadvantages of every kind. But Kennedy was impulsive and at times stormy. The atmosphere of Graves' lecture-room or pupil-room was very different. It was unflinching calm. Criticism and exposition were alike serene, with a gentle breeze of humanity playing steadily on the matter in hand. Terse and moderate comment enlightened the hearer without wearying him. Thus a whole class, and not merely a few of the best men, followed their teacher with attention, and profited more than some of them knew. In short, he had a masterly sense of proportion, which is surely from the point of view of the taught a signal merit in a teacher. It is hardly necessary to remark that as an examiner he was noted for just judgment and commonsense.

But it was in the personal contact with pupils that his qualities shewed themselves at their very best. To ask questions of him after lecture was a real pleasure. You could thus tap the sources of information and learn more as to the reasons of judgments, and become aware that a great deal lay behind the smooth simplicity of his lecture-room discourse, dissembled for a practical purpose. That you asked for more proved to him that you wanted more: and he gave it genially, sparing no pains. With private pupils he was inevitably popular, understanding his men thoroughly. In this connexion also it is to be noted that you felt you were improving yet could not tell exactly why. You could not point to a number of details in which he and no other had given you a lift onward. But you felt better, and were. Let me here gratefully record one of his many generous acts. He learnt

somehow that I was at a certain time abstaining from coaching on the ground of expense, and invited me to attend his pupil-room without fee, with two other pupils. I well knew that I needed criticism quite as much as reading, and profited by his goodness for a whole Term.

Thus far I have said nothing of that humorous appreciation of men and things for which he must be remembered by many. For two whole generations he was unsurpassed, or rather unrivalled, in the condensation of sound judgments in few words. The behaviour of various men in various situations, and of bodies of men in various circumstances, never ceased to interest him and would draw from him genial and penetrating comments. He was keenly alive to one of the commonest failings of mankind: I mean the conscious attempt to instruct or at least to impress others, which ends in amusing or disgusting them. For such unrehearsed effects Graves had a keen eye, and priggishness, temporary or chronic, was detected at once and generally pilloried in a little gem of description. But, true to his nature, such remarks were as a rule kindly and always wholesome. One day we were walking together and met several persons whom I had not the wisdom to suffer gladly. At last I broke out:

Whene'er I take my walks abroad
What blessed fools I see.

Graves at once added quietly:

And maybe, what I thinks of them,
They think the same of me.

This was a typical instance of his gentle and ready censure, and we laughed heartily.

I do not wish to write a long panegyric on a departed friend, whose own taste certainly inclined to reticence and abhorred all fulsomeness. There are not a few who lament as I do the loss of one who was ever consistently just and exquisitely kind.

W. E. HEITLAND.

I first met C. E. Graves when I was a candidate for an Entrance Scholarship in December 1887. There was no Group then, and the College did its own examining, and did

it rather better, if I may say so after experiences as examiner under both systems, than it is done now. Graves and J. L. A. Paton were the two examiners in Classics, and there was a *viva*. I was called up to the High Table, and given a Suetonius, and told to read the passage marked. It was in the *Life of Vespasian*, chapter 16. The examiners, however, were ready before I was; and in desperation I gasped out a request for more time, and Graves gave it me. I fumbled a subjunctive after that, and he questioned me on it and I got it right and went back to write an essay on Colonies. He must have been then about as old as I am now, but he left on my mind the impression of kindly age; and if my life has been associated with the College, the pleasant way of the Examiner, who put me at my ease in an anxious moment, contributed to this, and I have always been grateful. The years have shown how thoroughly characteristic of him it was.

In my second term we went to Graves for lectures on Thucydides V, and later on for courses on Tacitus *Annals XIV* and *VI*. In those years we sometimes cut Classical courses or got excused, but Graves had a full room. We believed in him and we liked him. He was a sound scholar, as an old Salopian of those days, a pupil of Benjamin Hall Kennedy, and a Second Classic would-be; and he knew his authors. So we sat and took down the notes I still possess. He was never apt to be gay with emendations of his own, and he was cautious about other people's. "It *may* be so!" he said, with a characteristic intonation, which we loved to mimic and loved to hear. He published his work on Thucydides V afterwards, and editions of two of Aristophanes' plays in the 'nineties.

He was more than a scholar. He was a human being, natural, straightforward and friendly, and blessed with a sense of humour that lost nothing by restraint; it was twinkle mostly. For instance, one day he kept the class waiting ten minutes, and then he came in, with the genial swing in his gait that was part of him and bound us to him; he mounted the platform, and then said: "Gentlemen, you must excuse me; the fact is, I was sported out". The apology was received with delight and with applause. I can't quite remember

whether it was on that morning or another that he announced that after this his lectures would begin punctually at two minutes past ten. Another memory of the Tacitus lectures recalls the family of Augustus, and how apt Graves was to ask in examinations the exact relation of Rubellius Plautus or Blandus to Augustus and to Nero—and, even if it is irrelevant, I remember taking a last hopeful look at the pedigree at 12.55 p.m., reaching the Hall, hurriedly looking through the paper, and getting Rubellius safely in writing by 1.5 p.m. But perhaps this belongs to my biography rather than his.

By and by it fell to me to go to Graves for Composition. Our lecturers had their different ways in those unreformed days. One never did much more than correct an accent; another devastated one's work with wild spasms of lead pencil, and when he had torn one's verses to rags, he impartially did the same for the fair copy. Neither was quite inspiring. But Graves was always human; a good turn of phrase appealed to him, and, without effusiveness, he conveyed somehow to your mind that he enjoyed Verse and Prose and rather liked having a chat over it with you. The method—no, not method,—the attitude certainly stirred our enthusiasm and got the best out of us. I remember his quoting to me a savage epigram of Stubbs—

Froude boldly tells the Scottish youth
That parsons do not care for truth;
While Canon Kingsley loudly cries
That History's a nest of lies.
What cause for judgments so malign?
A brief reflexion solves the mystery;
Froude thinks that Kingsley's a divine
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.

I turned it into Latin Elegiacs, and it is a lasting satisfaction to recall how pleased he was at one's doing it. That enjoyment of you and your doings was part of his charm.

S—, who was long a prince among our gyps, waited on Graves. I remember his telling me with animation an episode of Graves. He moved his rooms or his belongings; there was a picture of B. H. Kennedy to place. "Hang the old cock over the mantlepice!" And there he hung.

He did not dine much in hall; but, when he did come, one way or another we knew he was there. Some one was talking *ad infinitum* one night about Rabelais, and how he used Pope Innocent *De Contemptu Mundi*, and a great deal more that I have forgotten. But the balance was restored when Graves turned to me with a sentence of two words, the second of which was "Rabelais" and the first of which summed up all our feelings. Another night, as H. T. E. Barlow told me at the time, a lawyer was there who talked all about himself, a monologue through several courses, culminating in the confession that he suffered from modesty. "I hope it does not hamper you in your profession", said Graves. He once proposed an epitaph for me, to be put up in Lecture Room VI: "Passive at last". Once on the road the talk turned on daughters, of whom we had each the same number, and Graves, looking down from his tricycle, said consolingly: "You are their natural prey". And then there was a former dean in the dean's hereditary rooms, who "says he doesn't feel his staircase difficult, when he's sober". He generally was, poor man!

One day, ten years ago, he strolled into my rooms. The stair across the Court was getting to be rather steep; might he keep his cap and gown and surplice in my rooms? I jumped at the chance. So, whenever a College living was vacant and the Committee met about it, and whenever the Book Club met, Graves came in, and never failed to bring brightness and humanity with him. A sentence or two perhaps; one forgot them; but one remembered the visit, and only regretted that incumbents lived so long or were promoted so slowly.

As I read over what I have written, I feel that the slightness of my recollections must strike the reader; but we who knew him can hear the tone and the inflexion and catch the expression. Everybody who knew him must have such memories; I know they have. To others all I can hope to convey is some suggestion of a nature always kind and always happy, who without effort (it seemed) just by being with you gave you sense and happiness, and who lives in your memory as an endowment of your life, for which you will never cease to be grateful.

T. R. G.

PRINCIPAL WILLIAM HENRY BENNETT, Litt.D.

We take the following from the *Times* :

"Principal William Henry Bennett, of the Lancashire Independent College, recently died suddenly from heart failure at the College, aged 65.

"Dr Bennett was born in London, and was educated at the City of London School, the Lancashire Independent College, Owens College, and St John's College, Cambridge. At Cambridge he took a first class in the Theological Tripos, won the Jeremie and Carus Prizes, and became a Fellow of his College. After a few years as Professor at Rotherham College and Lecturer in Hebrew at Firth College, he was appointed, in 1888, Professor of Hebrew and of Old Testament Exegesis at New College, London, and Hackney College, and in 1913 he succeeded Dr Adeney, whose death by an unhappy coincidence was recorded in *The Times* the same day as head of the Lancashire College. He was a Litt.D. of Cambridge, a D.D. of Aberdeen, and a member of the Senate of London University, and the first Secretary of its Theological Board. He also, like Dr Adeney, made many contributions to theological literature, his books being chiefly concerned with the Old Testament. He also contributed largely to the *Expositor's Bible*, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and to Hasting's *Dictionary of the Bible*. Dr Bennett leaves a widow and two daughters".

THE REV. DELAVAL SHAFTO INGRAM, M.A.

The death has occurred of the Rev. Delaval Shafto Ingram, at his residence, Eversfield, Dry Hill Park, Tonbridge, at the age of 79 years. He had been in failing health for some time. Mr Ingram leaves a widow and a family of four sons and four daughters, with whom much sympathy will be felt.

Mr Ingram was educated at Giggleswick School, Yorks, and was an Exhibitioner of St John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. After a short period as an Assistant-Master at Wellington, Mr Ingram came to Tonbridge in a similar capacity, where he married a daughter of Dr Welldon, then Headmaster. On leaving Tonbridge he went to Blundell's School, Tiverton, Devon, as Second Master, and afterwards was for fourteen years Headmaster of Felsted School, Essex.

Subsequently he was presented by his College with the Rectory of Great Oakley, Essex, which he held for twenty-eight years, and on retiring returned to Tonbridge three years ago, shortly before he and Mrs Ingram celebrated their golden wedding.

The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon. The first portion of the service was held at St Saviour's Church, and was conducted by the Rev. Stuart H. Clark (Vicar) and the Rev. J. Le Fleming. The Headmaster of Felsted School telegraphed his regret at inability to attend. There were a number of floral tributes from relatives and friends, and a floral cross from the Old Felstedian Society.

A correspondent of the *Essex Weekly News* of 30th July, 1920, writes :

Mr Ingram for twenty-five years carried on the Felsted School, and during his Headmastership several additions and alterations were made to the buildings, such as the cricket pavilion, the infirmary, the decoration of the school chapel, and the foundation of open scholarships. Mr Ingram's chief work at Felsted, however, was his skill as a teacher of pure classics and literature, and in no period of the history of Felsted have so many distinguished scholars been sent forth from the school. Among others we find the names of Hugh Chisholm, editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and other works; T. Seccombe, editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and many other literary works; R. J. Wilkinson, President of the Cambridge Union Society, Colonial Secretary, the Straits Settlement, author of *Malay Dictionary & Literature*, donor to the University Library of a library of Malay literature; C. Hose, F.R.G.S., resident member of the Supreme Council of Sarawak, discoverer of many species of fauna and flora, and author of articles in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Hon. Sc.D. (Cambridge), and liberal donor to University Library; A. F. Pollard, Professor of English History, University of London, and author of many standard historical works, etc. And in the Church we note, among Mr Ingram's old pupils, G. D. Halford, Bishop of Rockhampton; Canon Meyrick, of Norwich; and Father G. Callaway, S.S.J.E., author of *Kaffir Life*. Mr Ingram was much appreciated as a teacher

of classics by the members of his sixth form, who respected wide knowledge of the classical authors and his unique power as a teacher. As Headmaster he gained the affection and hearty co-operation of his Assistant-Masters, whose interests he always considered and supported. On his retirement from Felsted School to the College living of Great Oakley, he became a diocesan inspector, and was much interested and took a prominent part in secondary education in Harwich district. For many years he was an examiner for the Oxford and Cambridge Board, the Cambridge Locals, and other public bodies. Mr Ingram and his family were, both at Felsted and at Oakley, most hospitable; they occupied a leading position among the clergy in the Harwich deanery, and were much respected by their parishioners and neighbours.

THE VEN. E. F. MILLER, M.A.

In Edward Francis Miller, M.A., formerly Archdeacon of Colombo, a Johnian of no mean attainments and a schoolmaster of the highest ideals, which he was permitted to translate into remarkable success during some forty years of arduous and self-sacrificing labour, passed away at Bournemouth on May 2nd, 1920, in his 72nd year.

He was born at Cambridge on October 27th, 1848, his father being William Hallows Miller, D.C.L., F.R.S., Professor of Mineralogy, at one time Fellow and Tutor of St John's, and who was re-elected a Fellow in 1878 on account of his scientific knowledge. Edward Miller went to school at Uppingham, where he was the pupil of Dr Edward Thring, whom he intensely revered, and to whom he owed many of his own high ideals, and who may be said to have inspired his life's work. He was gifted both in classics and mathematics, was a Scholar of the College, and took his degree in 1871 as 15th Senior Optime, though his tastes lay rather in the direction of poetry and literature.

Ordained deacon in 1872 and priest in 1873, he held for a brief period masterships at Beaumaris and Gloucester, and a curacy at St Mary, Redcliffe. In 1875 he became an assistant-master at Highgate School, where for more than two years the writer was his pupil. The impression made upon the

latter by Miller's personality is still with him after a lapse of forty-three years, and he well remembers the earnestness with which he sought to impart his own knowledge to his boys, and the thoroughness of the grounding which he gave, especially in subjects which to them were uncongenial and difficult of apprehension. At Highgate, Miller met the lady who was to become his wife, Miss Caroline Ford, the daughter of one of the Governors of the school. At the end of the year 1877 he was appointed Warden of St Thomas's College, Colombo, where he was welcomed with his bride on Feb. 25th, 1878. It was here that, during thirteen strenuous years, the chief work of his life was done. It so happened that the Trust-funds of the College, which were absolutely necessary for carrying on its work, were lent to a firm on the eve of its passing through the bankruptcy court, and the money disappeared. This was due to a temporary collapse of the coffee industry, which ruined almost every subsidiary enterprise in the island. Pupils fell in numbers at St Thomas's, and fees were only obtained with great difficulty. But with the hour had come the man. Miller led a forlorn hope to victory. His first principle, with which to meet the crisis, was stern self-denial. He took little or no salary for several years. His second principle was unremitting toil. He worked incessantly, and no detail was too small to be attended to. He was one to whom slovenliness or carelessness, due to haste, was an impossibility. He was a living example of the wise man's counsel, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might". One of his Colombo pupils has written of him, "Mathematics was his special subject: he was enthusiastic about Latin and Greek: he was keen on Shakespeare and geography: German was his hobby: he taught science: his divinity teaching was noteworthy for its conviction: his confirmation classes were unforgettable: his powers of work were enormous". Then, again, as to his personal contact and influence with his boys, "Stern in discipline, he was yet the tenderest of fathers and the most genial of hosts. He took the keenest pleasure in his pupils' successes. His conversations, private and informal, on the deeper things of life, were often the turning-point with his boys". It is hardly surprising that the College, ere long, took first rank among the secondary schools in Ceylon. Boys began to pour in. A revival of the endowments was

followed by a resurrection of the buildings, which were soon filled from end to end. The College took first place in sport and in public examinations. Simultaneously with this scholastic work he was Priest-in-charge of Colombo Cathedral, where his ministrations were highly acceptable to the leading citizens of the colony, and in 1889 his splendid work for the diocese was recognized by his appointment as Archdeacon.

In 1891 he reluctantly resigned all his offices in Ceylon and returned to England for the sake of his children, four boys and one girl. His departure was a general matter of grief and regret. The Old Boys' Association of St Thomas's, which he had founded in 1886, presented him and Mrs Miller with a silver salver "in grateful appreciation of services rendered". The clergy of the diocese made another presentation with this inscription: "Edwardo Francisco Miller, Archidiacono Columbensi in patriam redituro Taprobane in insulâ laborum particeps clerus veneratione, amore, luctu adductus D. D. Kal. Sept. MDCCCXCI". He left Ceylon in the zenith of his powers: and during the succeeding twenty-nine years he never lost touch with it. From 1892 onwards he was Commissary to the Bishop of Colombo. In this capacity, when looking for a priest to take charge of the Cathedral, he once wrote the present writer a letter of enquiry about one who had applied. It was a marvel of compression of all the qualities required or not required, written on two sides of a small letter-card, inimitably expressed.

On his arrival in England, he opened a Preparatory School at the Knoll, Woburn Sands, Bedfordshire, where he laboured quietly for more than twenty years. In September, 1897, he found it necessary to obtain a partner, and was joined by the Rev. F. F. Hort, son of the late Lady Margaret Professor at Cambridge, who continued the work alone on Mr Miller's retirement in 1912. The writer is indebted to Mr Hort for a most moving account of the work carried on in this quiet and beautiful corner of the Midlands. He would like to quote much of it verbatim, but to do so would be to write over again much that has already been written about Ceylon. What is striking is the veneration with which Mr Hort personally regarded him, and his enthusiastic testimony to the scholastic attainments of his chief, the deep affection he

inspired in his boys, who loved to consult him in after years, and above all, to his deep religious feeling and faith in the unseen, which was the real inspiration of his life's work. In 1912 he retired to Foxton Hall for well-earned repose, but the war sent him back to work, and from 1916 to 1918 he was Vicar of Pampisford, Cambs.

One word should be added about his family life. Mrs Miller's geniality and kindness was a priceless asset, which helped to win them both troops of friends wherever they lived, in England or Ceylon. The writer met them again in 1909, after a lapse of more than thirty years, to find himself welcomed with all the old spontaneous courtesy and affection, as if they had parted but yesterday. For his school at Woburn Sands he chose the double motto, "To the Glory of God": "Ora et Labora", which perhaps sum up most perfectly the aims of his life, and the impression which he left upon the minds of his pupils. "Requiescat in pace".

T. B. T.



OUR CHRONICLE.

Lent Term, 1921.

Mr R. F. Brayn (B.A. 1903) has been appointed First Assistant Auditor, Hong Kong.

Mr J. E. R. De Villiers (B.A. 1898), formerly Fellow of the College, who in 1900 was appointed judge of the Native Court in Cape Colony, on January 1, 1920, entered upon the office of Judge President of the Orange Free State.

The Rev. J. M. Short (B.A. 1909) was in March, 1920, appointed to the parish of Geziua, Pretoria.

Mr G. C. E. Simpson, F.R.C.S., O.B.E. (B.A. 1902), Surgeon to the David Lewis Northern Hospital, Liverpool, has been appointed Associate Professor in Human Anatomy in the University of Liverpool.

A Royal Medal has been awarded to Mr W. Bateson, F.R.S., for his contributions to biological science and especially his studies in genetics.

Mr Rivers was elected President of the Folk-Lore Society, February 1920. He has also been nominated as President of the Royal Anthropological Institute for the current year.

THE MACKIE EXPEDITION.

In the Easter Term number, 1919 (vol. xl. pp. 198, 9) some account was given of the 'Mackie Ethnographical Expedition to Central Africa'. The Rev. J. Roscoe (M.A. 1910), who set out in conduct of this Expedition in June, 1919, returned to this country on Nov. 9, 1920, and, after a night in Cambridge and a call on an old friend next morning, returned at once to his University Living of Ovington, Norfolk. The principal aim of the Expedition was the investigation of the customs, beliefs, and affinities of various pastoral tribes. From time to time communications from Mr Roscoe appeared in the *Times*. The *Daily Mail* of November 20 and the following days printed long columns from the pen of their correspondent who interviewed Mr Roscoe at Ovington. Much interesting matter connected with the Expedition has thus already seen the light; but years must elapse before the fieldwork of some sixteen months can be put in shape and submitted in detail to the public eye. Meantime numerous objects of interest,

native weapons, medicines, surgical instruments, fetishes, geological specimens, and the like, have already reached, or are about to reach, England for presentation to our own Museums or the Pitt Rivers Museum at Oxford. Mr Roscoe is giving some lectures here this term. The first of these on Jan. 17 was largely attended.

Here it may suffice to say that the objects of the Expedition, as briefly described in vol. xl., were in the main successfully attained. The Gallas with their offshoot, the Karamoyo, dropped out owing to hostilities on the Abyssinian border; but, in compensation, another pastoral tribe on the N.E. side of Mount Elgon was visited. The Pygmies had passed over into the Belgian colony and thus eluded observation.

Probably, almost certainly, no investigator of native Central Africa was every better equipped for his task or has more thoroughly carried it out. Mr Roscoe travelled without a white companion (a big-game hunter or ivory-seeker was occasionally met with or heard of), unarmed, and with only a native escort of some five members, the *Katekiro's son being unable to accompany him. A valuable asset to the Expedition was the king of the Bunjoro, a Christian convert but the hereditary depositary of the ancient beliefs and rites of his people, with whom Mr Roscoe had much intercourse. The northward journey on the return was as to one thousand miles on foot or bicycle and as to three thousand by steamer. The consecration of the new cathedral at Mengo in September, 1919, was attended and the homeward journey afforded the opportunity of a visit to Jerusalem.

The Expedition had no *direct* missionary aim, but may well be expected to be fraught with valuable results in that direction and also in that of the economical development of the country in the interest of the natives as well as our own. Cycling, or walking, ahead of his escort Mr Roscoe must have often incurred perils from wild beasts; and on one occasion, while photographing a wild native dance, he narrowly escaped being clubbed by an enthusiastic dancer.

Mr Roscoe's many friends here and elsewhere gratefully welcome him back, unscathed and 'bringing his sheaves with him'.

On Sunday, Jan. 16, Mr Roscoe preached by command before the King and Queen at Sandringham. He was most graciously received and entertained by their Majesties, who shewed the utmost interest in his adventures and discoveries and in the future of Central Africa.

W. A. C.

* The Katekiro is the Prime Minister of Uganda.

Professor J. T. Wilson has been elected by the Council of the College to a Professorial Fellowship.

The Gedge Prize has been awarded to Mr G. E. Briggs for his essay on "Photosynthesis in Plants".

At the Annual Fellowship Election in November the following were elected Fellows of the College :

Mr Reginald Owen Street, who was placed in Class I. in the Mathematical Tripos, Part I., in 1909, and in 1911 was a Wrangler (with distinction). In 1913 he was awarded the Rayleigh Prize. Mr Street is at present lecturer in Mathematics at the University of Liverpool. During the war he served as 2nd Lieut. in the Air Force.

Mr Walter Horace Bruford, who in 1915 was placed in Class I. of the Mediaeval and Modern Languages Tripos, with distinction in written and spoken French and German. He was awarded the Bendall Sanskrit Exhibition in 1914 and 1915. In 1917 Mr Bruford was appointed to the Intelligence Division of the Admiralty with the rank of Lieut., R.N.V.R. In 1919 the Tiarks German Scholarship was awarded to him.

Mr George Edward Briggs, who was placed in Class I. of the Natural Sciences Tripos, Part I., in 1914, in Class I. in Part II. of the same Tripos (Botany section) in 1915. He was awarded the Frank Smart Prize for Botany in 1914, the Frank Smart Studentship in 1915, and the Allen Scholarship in 1920.

The following is the Speech delivered on June 23rd by Dr A. D. Godley, the Public Orator of Oxford, in presenting Sir John Sandys for the Doctor of Letters *honoris causa* :—

Si quem vita uno tenore eruditioni et optimis studiis dedita commendare debet, hunc virum confidentissimo animo ad vos adduco. Permultas enim modo veterum modo recentiorum scriptorum partes tetigit, nullam tetigit quin multo faciliorem intellectu faceret : est in manibus vestris Demosthenes notis et commentariis doctissime adornatus, est Isocrates, est Pindarus Anglice redditus : atque haec pauca tantum de multis refero. Numeret arenas qui opera ejus ordine exponere conetur : quid enim ? peracto jam quinquagesimo post primitias anno ne nunc quidem erudite scribere desinit. Praesertim autem in mentes vestras veniet liber ille vere aureus quo grammaticorum labores ipse a nullo labore abhorrens disposuit atque ordinavit ; quod opus gradu et titulis vestris per se auctorem dignum facere poterat. Nunc autem aliis quoque meritis homo versatilis imilitur. Namque, ut alia in eo praeteream quem Museum quoque Britannicum contra domesticos hostes defensum commendat, venit huc laudandus qui multos ipse laudavit : in quo, ut e tirocinio meo hujus veterani quae fuerit militia conjecturam faciam, nemo est qui leve esse existimet DCC virorum (tot enim ab hoc praesentati sunt) artium et scientiae diverso genere splendentium ad nasutorum hominum consessus ita merita describere ut nihil aut ornatius aut magis proprie dici posse videatur. Tantum ego meo jure queror quod muneris hujus perfunctionem multo difficiliorem reddidit : et nunc quoque in talis viri laudatione ipsius eloquentiam desidero. Itaque cum nostris caerimoniis eum potissimum

par sit ornari qui ipse in suis per tot annos maximam partem egerit, praesento vobis virum doctissimum et disertissimum, equitem et doctorem, Johannem Edwin Sandys.

The following is the Speech delivered on June 30th by Sir Robert W. Tate, G.B.E., the Public Orator of Dublin, in presenting Sir Donald MacAlister for the degree of Doctor of Laws *honoris causa* :—

Nunc maximo meo gaudio ad vos duco virum omnibus numeris absolutum, Universitatis Glasguensis Praesidem, Collegii Divi Johannis apud Cantabrigienses socium, Ordinis Balnei Equitem Commendatorem, Donald MacAlister. Eximia huius merita—nam sexcenta sunt—longum est enumerare ; brevi tamen exponere conabor quot quantasque res egerit ; vos autem confessuros scio illud "non omnia possumus omnes" in hunc saltem non cadere. Olim apud suos auctoritate praevalebat par illud illustre, socer quem morte nuper abreptum dolemus et gener qui hodie in conspectu vestro adstat ; quin etiam vulgo loquebantur, si quid alter forte nesciret, id alterum continuo supplere posse. Neque id, puto, iniuria ; nam sive ad studia mathematica, sive ad medicinam, sive ad res administrandas animum intendit, hic semper inter aequales facile palmam tulit. Juvenis admodum in examinatione pro Tripode habita primus Disceptator proclamatus primum e duobus praemiis reportavit quae doctissimis mathematicae cultoribus Cantabrigiae quotannis proponuntur. Deinde se ad medendi artem tam felici eventu applicuit ut Sancti Bartholomaei in Nosocomio, in Universitate Aberdonensi, ac bis deinceps in Regio Medicorum Collegio praelector nominatus, Concilio tandem Medicorum summo abhinc annos fere quindecim sit praepositus. Nec non et viris primariis praesidet qui de Universitatibus totius Imperii Britannici consulunt, de his omnibus omnia singillatim libro laborioso publici iuris faciunt. Quid plura ? Glasgae quam perite, quam temperanter habenas rerum tractet, in communi vitae ratione quam suavem quam benignum se erga amicos erga discipulos praestet, scimus omnes, atque ego praecipue, quippe cui olim Cantabrigiae parentis loco fuerit¹. Talem virum sapientem, doctum, indefessum hodie libentes coronamus, neque fas est ut absit ab honore cumulo plausus vester vivacissimus.

The following University appointments of members of the College have been made since the issue of our last number : Dr Stewart, to be a Member of the Board of Examinations until December, 1921 ; Mr H. H. Brindley, a Member of the Board of Archaeological and Anthropological Studies until December, 1921 ; Mr W. H. R. Rivers, a Member of the same Board until December, 1920 ; Dr P. Horton-Smith Hartley, an Additional Examiner for the third M.B. ; Mr H. H. Brindley, Demonstrator of Biology to Medical Students until September, 1925 ; Mr R. E. Holtum, Junior Demonstrator of Botany until September, 1923 ; Mr H. M. Dymock, a Member of the Bedfordshire Education Committee until March, 1922 ; Dr Shore, a University Lecturer in Physiology until October, 1925 ; Dr Winfield, an Examiner for the Law Tripos ; Professor Rapson, an Examiner for the Oriental Languages Tripos and an Examiner in Sanskrit and Pali

¹ As a scholar of St John's, (Sir) R. W. Tate was in the First Class of the Classical Tripos of 1894.

for the Previous Examination, December, 1920; Mr W. H. Gunston, an Examiner for the Special Examination in Mathematics, December, 1920; Mr P. P. Laidlaw, an Examiner in Pathology, Hygiene, and Preventive Medicine for Part II. of the third M.B.; Sir John Sandys, an Examiner for the University Scholarships and Chancellor's Medals, 1921; Dr Bronwich, a University Lecturer in Mathematics until December, 1925; Mr G. S. Turpin, a Member of the Council of University College, Nottingham, until November, 1921; Mr E. A. Benians, a Member of the Board of Geographical Studies, 1921-24; Mr S. Lees, an Examiner for Part I. of the Mathematical Tripos; Mr E. Cunningham, a Moderator for Part II. of the Mathematical Tripos; Mr E. E. Sikes, an Examiner in Group D of Part II. of the Classical Tripos (N.R.); Mr G. Elliot Smith, an Examiner in Human Anatomy for Medical Degrees, 1920-21; Mr W. G. Palmer, an Examiner in Elementary Chemistry, 1920-21; Dr Marr, an Examiner in Geology, 1920-21; Mr R. H. Yapp, an Examiner in Botany, 1920-21; Dr J. A. Crowther, an Examiner for Part I. of the Examination for the Diploma in Medical Radiology and Electrology, 1920-21; Mr F. F. Blackman, a Member of the Board of Electors to the Allen Scholarship, 1921-24; Sir John Sandys, a Manager of the Craven Fund, 1921-25; Sir John Sandys, a Member of the Managing Committee of the British School at Athens, 1921; Dr Tanner, an Examiner for the Seatonian Prize, 1921; Mr J. C. H. How and Mr J. M. Creed, Examiners for Part I. of the Theological Tripos; Mr J. C. H. How (Section 1), Mr J. M. Creed (Section 2), Dr A. Caldicott (Section 5), Examiners for Part II. of the Theological Tripos; Mr Z. N. Brooke, an Examiner for Part I. of the Historical Tripos; Mr E. A. Benians, an Examiner for Part II. of the Historical Tripos; Dr Rootham, an Examiner for Part II. of the Examination for the Degree of Mus.B.; and Parts I. and II. of the Examination for the Degree of Mus.M.; Mr G. G. Coulton, an Adjudicator of the Members' English Essay Prize; Dr J. A. Crowther, a Member of the Committee on Medical Radiology and Electrology until December, 1923; Mr W. H. R. Rivers, a Member of the Managing Committee for the Diploma in Psychological Medicine until December, 1923; Mr E. V. Appleton, a Member of the Observatory Syndicate, 1921-23; Mr W. H. R. Rivers, a Member of the State Medicine Syndicate, 1921-23; Mr P. Lake, a Member of the Board of Geographical Studies, 1921-24; Mr W. H. R. Rivers, a Member of the Board of Archaeological and Anthropological Studies, 1921-24; Mr F. C. Bartlett, a Member of the Board of Psychological Studies, 1921-23; Mr S. Lees, a Member of the Special Board for Mathematics until December, 1923; Mr F. H. Colson, an Examiner in Précis for the Previous

Examinations, 1921; Mr W. H. R. Rivers, an Examiner for the Anthropological Tripos; Professor Rapson, an Examiner for the Maitland Prize, 1921; Dr Bronwich, a Member of the Board of Engineering Studies until December, 1923; Mr P. Lake, an Examiner for the Geographical Tripos and the Diploma in Geography, 1921; Mr A. H. Peake, an Examiner for the Mechanical Sciences Tripos; Mr A. Harker, a Member of the Board of Electors to the Harkness Scholarship until December, 1923; Mr F. C. Bartlett, an Examiner at Affiliated Local Lectures Centres until September, 1925.

The following books by members of the College are announced: *The Treatment of the Remains at the Eucharist (after Holy Communion and the Time of the Ablutions)*, by the Rev. W. Lockton, B.D. (Camb. Univ. Press); *Our Kid, with other London and Lancashire Sketches*, by the Rev. Canon Peter Green (Arnold); *The Worcester Liber Albus. Glimpses of life in a great Benedictine Monastery in the 14th century*, by the Rev. Canon J. M. Wilson (S.P.C.K.); *Instinct and the Unconscious*, by W. H. R. Rivers (Camb. Univ. Press); *Industrial Colonies and Village Settlements for the Consumptive*, by P. C. Varrier-Jones and another (Camb. Univ. Press); *An introduction to Combinatory Analysis*, by Major P. A. MacMahon (Camb. Univ. Press); *The Fall of the Birth-Rate*. A paper read by G. Udney Yule (Camb. Univ. Press); *Notes on Geographical Map-reading*, by A. Harker (Heffer & Sons); *Observations on English Criminal Law and Procedure*, by J. W. Jeudwine (P. S. King); *The early history of Surgery in Great Britain*, by G. Parker, M.D. (Black); *Poems*, by E. L. Davison (Bell); *Cambridge Poets, 1914-20; An anthology*, compiled by E. L. Davison (Heffer & Sons); *The Art of War in Italy, 1494-1529*, by F. L. Taylor (Camb. Univ. Press); *The National Needs of Great Britain*, by A. Hoare (P. S. King); *A text-book of Geology*, by P. Lake, 3rd edition (Arnold); *Life and Letters. Essays*, by J. C. Squire (Hodder & Stoughton); *Jesus in the Experience of Men*, by T. R. Glover (Student Christian Movement); *Geology and Genesis*, by the Rev. T. G. Bonney, Sc.D. (S.P.C.K.); *Carrying on—After the First Hundred Thousand*, by Ian Hay [I. H. Beith] (Blackwood); *Selections from the poems of Lord Byron*. Edited by A. Hamilton Thompson (Camb. Univ. Press); *The Year Book of Modern Languages, 1920*. Edited by G. Waterhouse (Camb. Univ. Press); *Anthropology and History. Robert Boyle Lecture, 1920*, delivered by W. McDougall (Milford); *Gloucester, 1911-19. A record of the progress of the Crypt Grammar School during those years*, by J. H. E. Crees (Bellows, Gloucester); *The Silver Age of Latin Literature*, by W. C. Summers (Methuen); *Matter and Motion*, by J. Clerk Maxwell. Reprinted, with notes and appendices by Sir Joseph Larmor (S.P.C.K.)

JOHNIANA.

'Gilbert shall live till loadstones cease to draw,
Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe'.—*Dryden*.

The recently published *Life of Silvanus Phillips Thompson* (Fisher Unwin, 1920) includes on pp. 226-242 an account of the Gilbert Club founded in memory of William Gilbert of Colchester, admitted Fellow of St John's in 1561 and Senior Bursar in 1570, the author of the famous work *De Magnete* (1600). From this account we print the following extracts:—

Silvanus Thompson did his best to revive the fame of "the father of electrical science", and loved to do honour to the memory of the man who "built up a whole experimental magnetic philosophy on a truly scientific basis" (p. 226). "At Cambridge, Gilbert's University, there appeared to be no visible trace of him, though he had been for some months Senior Bursar of St John's College before entering upon his foreign travels, and his studies in Italy. Before 1898 not a vestige of Gilbert's handwriting was known to exist; but, when a signature was unearthed at the Record Office, it was reproduced and sent by Thompson to various libraries. . . . Four such were subsequently found in the books of St John's College, and Thompson did not delay going to Cambridge to see them" (p. 234).

In 1902 . . . Mr Douglas Cockerell, the bookbinder, bought a copy of Aristotle's treatise *De Naturali Auscultatione* (1542), 'with the name of William Gilbert amongst others on the title-page, and with many marginal notes. Thompson's enthusiasm was aroused. The book was sent to him, and he took it to Cambridge, and established from the records of St John's College the authenticity of the signature beyond any doubt. He was able to identify the names noted at the end in Gilbert's handwriting as those of students at the College at the time of his Bursarship. Some of the marginal notes were in his hand, others in that of (Archdeacon) Thomas Drant [Fellow of St John's, and translator of Horace], whose autograph was on the same page with Gilbert's. It was with great delight that he established the identity of the book as Gilbert's own Aristotle, and with equally great joy that he became a little later its proud possessor" (p. 238 f.)

Our Chronicle for the May Term of 1902 quotes on p. 368 a list of the *Notabilia* connected with Gilbert, exhibited by Silvanus Thompson at the *Conversazione* of the Royal Society held on May 14; and, in Plate XI (A) of the Quatercentenary Volume, published under the title of '*Collegium Divi Johannis Evangelistae, 1511—1911*', there is a facsimile of Gilbert's signature on his admission to his fellowship in 1561, followed on pages 77-78 by Sir Joseph Larmor's estimate of Gilbert's merits as 'the earliest and one of the greatest of modern Natural Philosophers'.

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. G. Sanderson, F. W. Law, C. B. Tracey, H. W. Shuker.

Henley.

That Henley was an unfortunate one for Cambridge is already well known. The crew of the first boat was the same as in the Mays, and was lucky to have kept Hartley as stroke. It was entered for the Ladies Plate; and after beating

First Trinity by half-a-length in 7 min. 48 secs. against a rough wind, it fell to Merton, Oxford, in the second round. Though the Merton stroke caught a crab, they managed to row forty-two in the first minute, by which time they had again drawn level. At the mile post Merton were leading by a length-and-a-half, but Lady Margaret picked up, and had just managed to overlap at the finish, and so lost by a length. It was disappointing, as the boat was undoubtedly faster than in the Mays, and was much quicker off the mark.

The second boat, with Shuker at stroke, was entered for the Thames Cup. In the first round they met Caius, one of the finalists, and, not being able to raise their rate of striking, they lost by a length-and-a-half.

OCTOBER TERM.

The Light Fours.

The Light Fours began to practice as soon as term started. Two Fours were put on. Mr Craggs very kindly coached the first, and Canon Carnegie-Brown the second boat. There was little difference between the two boats as trials proved, but the second showed more life and dash. The first boat drew Jesus, the winners, in the first round, and though they were leading at the top of Post Reach, Jesus got away round Grassy and won well by sixty yards. The second boat beat Magdalene by about seventy yards, in the first round, after a good race. In the second they drew Jesus, and put up a very fine fight against them, but were beaten by sixty-five yards.

<i>First Boat</i>	<i>Second Boat</i>
P. H. G. H.-S. Hartley (<i>bow</i>)	A. B. A. Heward (<i>bow</i>)
2 C. A. Francis	2 G. F. Oakden
3 T. G. Sanderson	3 F. W. Law
H. W. Shuker (<i>stroke</i>)	C. J. Johnson (<i>stroke</i>)

The Pearson Wright Sculls.

There were seven entries. In the semi-finals Francis beat Oakden easily, and Johnson beat Dunkerley. On the following day, in a fresh head-wind, Johnson won a good race by seven seconds. Francis, who was fast off the mark, was leading at the top of Post Reach, but when he met the wind his arms failed him.

The Freshmen's Sculls.

It was a pity that there were only four entries for this event. In the final Dunlop won well from Langhorn. The race was rowed in fixed-seats whiffs from the Red Grind to the Colquhoun finish.

College Trial Eights.

This term all those not rowing in the Light Fours were out in fixed-seat eights. Six eights were out, and raced at

the end of the term. For convenience in coaching they were divided into two sections under Francis and Tracey. Francis' first eight raced Tracey's over the Colquhoun course and won by sixty yards after a good race. Both crews were most promising. The second pair raced abreast from Ditton to the Pike and Eel, Francis' crew winning by $\frac{1}{4}$ -length. Francis' third boat also won by $\frac{1}{4}$ -length, rowing as far as the Railway Bridge. There is plenty of useful material in these boats for the Lents.

The following were the two senior College Trial Eights:

Winners		Losers	
W. G. A. Griffiths (<i>bow</i>)		A. S. Gallimore (<i>bow</i>)	
2 E. L. Laming		2 F. Stephenson	
3 W. J. McCarthy		3 W. K. Brasher	
4 G. W. Langhorn		4 V. St. G. Smith	
5 A. F. Dunlop		5 G. A. Cole	
6 R. E. Breffit		6 R. D. W. Butler	
7 A. S. Davidson		7 E. W. F. Craggs	
C. G. Hope-Gill (<i>stroke</i>)		R. Buckingham (<i>stroke</i>)	
G. S. Simmons (<i>cox</i>)		D. B. Haseler (<i>cox</i>)	

The Colquhoun Sculls.

The only Lady Margaret representatives were Puddicombe and Francis. Both had the misfortune to draw the two strongest scullers entered, Nussey and Boret, and were decisively beaten in the first round in half a gale.

BALANCE SHEET, Oct. 1919—Oct. 1920.

Receipts.		Expenditure.	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
From General Athletic Club:		Balance due to bank.....	104 17 9
Grant for arrears, 1918-19	100 0 0	Wages	155 11 0
" year, 1919-20...	595 0 0	Rates and Taxes	41 3 0
Special grant for repair of Boat-house.....	70 0 0	Insurance	3 15 2
Entrance Fees (Colquhoun Sculls)	12 12 0	Entrance Fees, C.U.B.C.	11 9 0
From Junior Treasurer...	1 12 10	Repairs and Maintenance (including special repairs to Boat-house)...	135 18 7
		C.U.B.C. Levy	104 7 6
		Coal, Water, and Gas ...	6 9 11
		Horse and Cycle Hire ...	4 10 0
		Locks and Ferries.....	10 8 0
		Prizes	32 2 6
		Oars.....	60 4 5
		New Fixed Tub.....	20 0 0
		To New Boat Account...	40 0 0
		Hire of Eights	22 10 0
		Fine	1 1 0
		Emblazoning	4 11 6
		Sundries	11 14 1
		Bank charge	3 7 11
		Cheque book	10 0
		Balance at bank.....	4 13 6
<hr/>		<hr/>	
£779	4 10	£779	4 10

CRICKET CLUB.

President—Dr Shore. Treasurer—Mr F. C. Bartlett.
 Captain—A. E. Tittley. Hon. Sec.—D. A. Riddell.

On the whole the season has been a successful one. At the commencement we missed the services of J. H. Burrell and Mr Bartlett, and could find no fast bowler to replace them. This state of affairs, combined with the batting strength of the side, the short hours of play, and extremely bad fielding, produced a series of draws.

Our bowling was much strengthened by the advent of W. W. Thomas to the side, and this enabled us to wind up the season with very creditable wins against Pembroke, Christ's, Jesus, King's, and Caius.

The consistent batting of the side has been mainly responsible for its success, and no less than nine of the side finished with averages above twenty. Centuries were scored by J. L. Bryan (three), E. O. Pretheroe, and P. P. Abeyewardena.

With regard to fielding one cannot but agree that it has been a very great handicap to the side. Certainly more catches have been dropped than held, and the ground-fielding and throwing-in have been equally bad. This department of the game needs much attention if the side is to be at all successful in the future.

We trust that next season will see the adoption of G. E. C. Wood's suggestion, that inter-college matches should extend over two afternoons.

Colours have been awarded to J. L. Bryan, W. W. Thomas, P. P. Abeyewardena, and N. Wragg.

We congratulate J. L. Bryan and F. J. Cummins on being elected "Crusaders".

Matches.

Won 6. Lost 1. Drawn 7.

- v. Emmanuel (drawn). Emmanuel 202 for 3 wickets (declared); St John's 93 for 4 wickets.
- v. Jesus (drawn). St John's 241 for 3 wickets (declared), Bryan 132 not out, Pretheroe 68 not out; Jesus 214 for 2 wickets.
- v. Queens' (drawn). Queens' 246 for 8 wickets (declared); St John's 139 for 5 wickets, A. C. Brown 50 not out.
- v. Pembroke (drawn). St John's 235 for 6 wickets (declared), Riddell 86 not out; Pembroke 179 for 6 wickets.
- v. Christ's (won). Christ's 167 (Cummins 5 wickets for 45); St John's 171 for 5 wickets (Tittley 61, Pretheroe 50).
- v. King's (drawn). St John's 241 for 7 wickets (declared), Bryan 120 not out; King's 150 for 2 wickets.
- v. Caius (drawn). St John's 216 for 7 wickets (declared), Riddell 85 not out; Caius 88 for 3 wickets.
- v. The Leys School (Won). The Leys 51 (Thomas 5 for 22, Cummins 4 for 22; St John's 189 for 2 wickets (declared), Abeyewardena 107, Thomas 77.

- v. Emmanuel (lost). St John's 256 for 9 wickets (declared), Bryan 103; Emmanuel 257 for 7 wickets.
- v. Pembroke (won). Pembroke 78 (Cummins 5 for 38); St John's 81 for 4 wickets.
- v. Jesus (Won). Jesus 165 (Thomas 5 for 78, Abeyewardena 4 for 44); St John's 167 for 6 wickets (Tittley 60 not out).
- v. King's (won). King's 68 (Cummins 4 for 20, Thomas 5 for 39); St John's 69 for 3 wickets.
- v. Sidney (drawn). Sidney 199; St John's 184 for 8 wickets (Riddell 74).
- v. Caius (Won). Caius 194 (Bryan 8 for 72); St John's 197 (no wickets), Pretheroe 114 not out, Tittley 76 not out.

Balling Averages.

	Innings.	Times not out.	Highest Score.	Runs	Aver.
J. L. Bryan	6	2	132*	404	101.0
E. O. Pretheroe	9	3	114*	316	52.66
D. A. Riddell	12	4	86*	418	52.25
A. E. Tittley	12	2	76*	378	37.8
C. C. P. P. Abeyewardena	7	0	107	175	25.0
A. Carnegie Brown	10	2	50*	181	22.6
F. J. Cummins	6	1	43	111	22.2
W. W. Thomas	4	0	77	88	22.0
W. E. Lucas	8	4	26*	81	20.25
N. Lashi	9	2	46	108	15.5

* Denotes not out.

Bowling Averages.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
F. J. Cummins	135	27	412	27	15.26
W. W. Thomas	93	11	369	24	15.375
J. L. Bryan	38	1	223	12	18.6
C. C. P. P. Abeyewardena	105	7	443	18	24.6

Characters of the XI.

- A. E. Tittley.*—As captain of the side has shown great keenness. A very good first-wicket bat, who has not had much luck. A safe catch and an excellent ground-fielder.
- D. A. Riddell.*—Has maintained and even improved the good form he showed at the end of last season. His style, if unorthodox, is bright and attractive; he settles down quickly and scores at a great pace. Many of his innings have been invaluable to the side. In the field he has been handicapped this year by lack of self-confidence.
- J. L. Bryan (Crusader).*—The finest cricketer that the College has possessed for many years. As a left-hand batsman, who scores freely all round the wicket, he is delightful to watch. One felt that his unqualified success, both in College games and at Fenner's, should have ensured him a place in the 'Varsity side. As a slow "googly" bowler he was generally successful in dismissing an obstinate opponent, and improved as the season went on. In addition he is an excellent cover-point.
- F. J. Cummins (Crusader).*—With the ball he has again met with success. At times he combines accuracy with a useful spin and a natural swing in towards the batsman and on these occasions is irresistible. He should be still more successful with a really good wicket-keeper to help him. Has only played six innings this year, but has shown that he still possesses a good eye and a powerful drive.
- A. Carnegie Brown.*—A very useful bat. Going in earlier he has successfully adopted a new style, and without losing any of his driving power he has varied his strokes more and become steadier and more reliable. His fielding, if not always safe, does not lack for keenness and energy.

E. O. Pretheroe.—Has improved considerably since last year. A pretty batsman, whose timing of balls on the off is particularly good. He bowls a medium-paced ball, and has a very good idea of length. A good field and a safe catch.

W. E. Lucas.—Has not fulfilled the promise he showed towards the end of last season. He possesses a variety of strokes, and is obviously a cricketer of no small merit. One felt that his fielding would have improved if he had left Richelieu to manage his own ecclesiastical policy.

N. Lashi.—As one of last year's Colours he has been rather disappointing. His methods, peculiar to himself (and perhaps Tunnicliffe), are only successful when backed by unlimited confidence. He was unfortunate in starting the season badly. Has fielded well at mid-off.

W. W. Thomas.—As the fast bowler of the side he successfully made up for the loss of J. H. Burrell. He has bowled with much judgment and consistency and taken many wickets. His batting has at times been useful to the side, and taken more seriously should develop considerably. Also he is keen and safe in the field.

N. Wragg.—Deserves much commendation for his solid work behind the stumps. Stands a little too far back to a slow bowler, and has lost opportunities in consequence. His gathering of balls on the leg-side, however, has been excellent. Owing to the short hours of play and the batting strength of the side he has unfortunately only played one innings this season, but he acquitted himself well on that occasion.

C. C. P. P. Abeyewardena.—A welcome addition to the side. A stylish batsman of great promise and possibilities. He bowls a ball of fast-medium pace, which, coming quickly off the pitch, turn slightly from the off; but, though very useful as a change bowler, he is a little uncertain in his length. He is always well awake in the field, and his catches have been the feature of the fielding this season.

The following have also played for the First Eleven: G. C. W. Brown, R. A. Alldred, G. B. Cole, A. F. Lutley, C. S. Duchesne, F. Rayns, R. D. Buchanan, R. J. Watts, R. W. Hoggan, H. McLean, A. I. Polack, J. H. Barnes.

Second Eleven.

The Second Eleven were well-captained by R. J. Alldred, and showed great keenness. The following are the results of matches played:

v. Jesus	Drawn
v. King's	Won
v. Pembroke	Lost
v. Emmanuel	Won
v. Caius	Won
v. Pembroke	Lost
v. Jesus	Won

The following played for the Second Eleven: R. J. Alldred (capt.), G. C. W. Brown, R. D. Buchanan, R. W. Hoggan, A. E. Lutley, R. J. Watts, A. I. Polack, C. S. Duchesne, H. A. Field, H. McLean, G. B. Cole, P. S. Akroyd, R. N. Bond, C. G. Clarke, F. Rayns, R. D. Briscoe, W. G. Riley, K. G. Emelús, R. S. Dawson, T. G. Woodcock and H. R. Neale.

A. E. T.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The following Concerts were given by the Musical Society during the term :

Friday, October 15.

PRELUDES for Pianoforte (Op. II)*Scriabine*
M. H. A. NEWMAN.

SONGS....."What shall I do?"*Purcell*
"As Flora slept"*John Hilton, 1627*
A. H. BLISS.

SONATA in C major for 2 Violins and Pianoforte*Purcell*
C. R. SCOTT, K. MONCRIEFF, S. D. ALLDRED.

SONGS....."Le temps des lilas"*Chausson*
"Noël des Enfants"*Debussy*
K. MONCRIEFF.

VOCAL DUETS :

"My dearest, my fairest" *Purcell*
"It was a lover and his lass" *Thomas Morley* } *Arr. by*
"Jon come kisse me now" 16th Century } *E. W. Naylor*
K. MONCRIEFF, A. H. BLISS.

Friday, November 5.

PIANOFORTE SONATA (Op. 54)*Beethoven*
In tempo d'un minuetto—Allegretto.
S. D. ALLDRED.

SONGS OF TRAVEL.....*R. Vaughan Williams*
H. C. J. PEIRIS.

SONATA for Violin and Pianoforte.....*Corelli*
Preludio—Allemanda—Sarabanda—Gavotta—Giga.
C. R. SCOTT, S. D. ALLDRED.

SONGS OF THE NORTH :

"O can ye sew cushions?"
"Maiden of Morven"
"This is no' my Plaid"
K. MONCRIEFF.

SONATA for 2 Violins and Pianoforte.....*Veracini*
K. MONCRIEFF, A. H. BLISS, S. D. ALLDRED.

SONGS....."Now sleeps the Crimson Petal"*Roger Quilter*
A Sea Dirge ("Full fathom five").....*Thomas Dunhill*
A. H. BLISS.

Friday, November 19.

TWO PRELUDES for Pianoforte.....*Paul Corder*
D. R. HARTREE.

SONGS....."Lady, when I behold" }*Roger Quilter*
"Brown is my love" }
"Onaway! awake, beloved" *S. Coleridge-Taylor*
E. L. DAVISON.

SONATA in A for Violin and Pianoforte*Brahms*
C. R. SCOTT, D. D. ARUNDELL.

SONGS....."Der Genesene an die Hoffnung"*Wolf*
"Traum Durch die Dämmerung" }*Strauss*
"Ständchen"
D. D. ARUNDELL.

VOCAL TRIOS :

"I am a Joly Foster" *Early 16th Century*
"A robyn, gentyly robyn" *William Cornysse (16th Century)*
"Three merry men be we" *Printed by J. Playford (1650)*
A. H. BLISS, C. R. SCOTT, D. D. ARUNDELL.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Society was held on October 27th, when G. R. Crone read a paper on "Grattan's Parliament". He began by describing the political, social, and economic aspects of Irish life, with its many restrictions, in the first half of the 18th century, and emphasised the influence of foreign affairs on Irish history. The events of 1782-3 gave freedom of legislation, though it did not yield control over the executive: whilst the growing spurt of toleration, aided by external events, seemed almost complete emancipation for Roman Catholics in 1793. Trade restrictions were mitigated in 1779, but the economic unrest was never quelled; and this, combined with the demand for Parliamentary reform, coming from the disciples of the French revolution, produced the rebellion of 1798, and so presented an opportunity for the abolition of the Irish Parliament.

The discussion which followed was chiefly notable for a rapid fire of isolated questions; and while this is encouraging, it is to be hoped that members will also make positive contributions by the freer expression of opinions on the subject under consideration.

On November 10th the Society met to hear a paper, by G. R. Potter, on "Magna Carta". Summing up the conditions from which the Charter sprung, he showed that, in

an age of practical action, the barons met to counter certain definite grievances, and not to indulge in political abstractions. The great majority of the people was entirely untouched by the provisions laid down in the Charter, which was in reality an attempt by the greater barons to limit in their favour the growth of royal power under the Angevin Kings, John reaping a crop he had not sown. The fact that John, a consummate strategist, had died before he was able to crush the newly-won power of the chief barons, had paved the way to that interpretation of Magna Carta for which the antiquarian revival of Stuart times was largely responsible; an interpretation which ignored the difficulties of translation and the non-appearance of some of the principal clauses in the renewed charters of subsequent years; and which "overwhelmed the text with a luxuriance of ever-increasing explanation". Never, from 1215 to the present day, had it been true to say—for example—"To no one will we sell, to no one will we deny or delay right or justice".

For the third meeting, held on November 24th, we were much indebted to Mr Coulton for an illuminating study of "Monachism from St Bernard to the Reformation". He began by showing the importance of the monastic ideal to students, whatever their views on religion. As an ideal, it still survived, though opinion had steadily changed, while disendowment did not come as a sudden inspiration, but was whispered long before. After considering the way in which the idea of the true Christian life was modified in medieval times, he passed to the influence of St Bernard, and on to the speedy decline from that standard, and from the renewed enthusiasm stirred by St Francis. By the time of the Reformation, monks had become capitalists, and had to defend themselves as such; whilst the dissolution of the monasteries was not such a violent and arbitrary proceeding as is sometimes considered. Greater injustice had been supported by the Popes, who had themselves long been accustomed to invoke the civil power; the actual vandalism was less than that of similar proceedings on the continent, and some popular support must have been behind the King for the actual dissolution. Mr Coulton concluded by pointing the moral that the struggle of life is to keep its ideals free from dross; that the modern generation is born into that state which the leaders of the past were struggling to attain, and must therefore "render account, not to the ancients, but to God".

The Society kept Mr Coulton long past its usual time limit with questions and argument on the subject.

LAW SOCIETY.

President—E. L. V. Thomas. *Vice-President*—Dr P. H. Winfield. *Hon. Treas.*—S. G. G. Edgar. *Hon. Sec.*—W. W. Hitching. *Committee*—M. D. Bhansali, T. C. Young, F. W. Stallard, R. N. Laing.

The Society was re-established in November last. C. M. Murray-Aynsley was elected President, J. G. Moodie (Hon. Sec.), R. J. Watts (Hon. Treas.), for the year 1919-20. Dr Winfield was elected Vice-President.

In the Lent Term Dr Carr read a paper on "A Romance of the Peerage"—a shrewd and witty account of the Aubrey Trial. Two cases were argued, one before Professor Hazeltine, one before Dr Winfield. At a debate held on February 23rd a motion in favour of the fusion of the two branches of the legal profession was lost by the casting vote of the President.

On October 25th Professor Courtney Kenny read a paper on the Tichborne Case. He greatly amused the many members present with various passages from the cross-examination of the claimant, but also devoted time to a consideration of the value of circumstantial evidence so greatly relied upon in the unravelling of this case.

On November 8th a libel case was argued before Mr A. D. McNair. There appeared for the plaintiff M. D. Bhansali and S. Brooke; for the various defendants W. W. Hitching, E. Booth, T. C. Young, T. B. Cocker.

On November 22nd, at the last meeting of the term, Dr D. T. Oliver heard a case arising out of the finding of a pearl at a dinner party. The counsel were S. G. G. Edgar, G. D. Shaw, J. S. Snowden, and N. E. Wiggins.

THE SWIMMING CLUB.

President—Rev. R. P. Dodd, M.C. *Captain*—L. J. L. Lean.
Hon. Sec.—A. W. R. McKellar.

Swimming, apparently, is a sport which does not flourish very largely in Cambridge. Of several fixtures arranged in the Easter Term only two were swum off. A team race of six a side with Queens' was won easily; but there was a fine race with Christ's. Through a misunderstanding we were two short, but, each man swimming 20 yards extra, we won the team race by a touch. The plunge and quarter-mile were halved.

On June 7th the Swimming Sports were held. Entries were good, but there were too many non-starters. A. S. Davidson and A. W. R. McKellar dead-heat in the 50 yards' scratch, the former winning the plunge. L. E. Holmes won the Diving Competition, while M. J. Harker secured the 100 yards, V. S. Mitcheson the 50 yards back race, and H. C. Nest the 100 yards breast stroke.

Colours were awarded to Davidson, Harker, Lean, and McKellar. At the 'Varsity Swimming Club May-Week Sports they won the Inter-College Team Race (four a side to swim 50 yards) easily by 50 yards. Davidson and McKellar secured various 'Varsity trophies, and were awarded half-Blues for the 50 and 100 yards races. McKellar was first in both events at the Bath Club; Davidson was third in the 50 yards.

Throughout the Easter Term great efforts were made to put a polo team into the water. This was done in the Long Vacation. Two matches were played with The Leys School, both resulting in draws. The swimming events accompanying each match were won easily, despite the great efforts of several Leysians. A match with Bishop Stortford College also resulted in a draw. This was a great triumph for our somewhat scratch vacation team, for Stortford had beaten 'Varsity 'A' teams in the previous term. Polo teams were drawn from G. A. H. Buttle, A. S. Davidson, C. S. C. Duchesne, J. S. Dunn, M. J. Harker, L. J. L. Lean, V. S. Mitcheson, H. C. Nest, C. R. Scott.

The season, on the whole, was very successful. Next season promises to be better still. The Freshmen are enthusiastic and numerous, while the last years' swimmers will still be in residence. Freshmen's swimming and polo trials will be held in the Lent Term and a series of fixtures for the May Term will be arranged.

HOCKEY CLUB.

Hockey was commenced this season with quite bright prospects, nine of last season's Colours being still up, and the results of the Term have justified the hopes that were entertained. The most gratifying feature of the Term was the success of the 2nd XI, who, by victories over Queens' II, Christ's II, and Jesus II, won the League "getting on" competition, and will take their place in the 3rd Division of the League next Term. This is, we believe, the first time the College has ever had two elevens in the Hockey League.

The 1st XI too had quite a successful Term, being beaten only on two occasions, on neither of which they had their full side. Lucas and Roseveare have both played for the 'Varsity on several occasions, and we have good reason to hope that in one of them the College will have its first Hockey Blue. It only remains to wish them and both 1st and 2nd XI's all possible luck next Term.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB.

In view of the fact that one pre-war Colour and ten of last year's team came into residence again at the beginning of the Term, we naturally anticipated a successful season. Our record so far is good, for of 11 League games we have won 8, drawn 2, lost 1, and we have been victorious in each of the 7 friendly matches which we have played. In spite of this record the play of the team has been often most disappointing. The defence, except for the match against Trinity, has been sound, but only on two occasions (the games with Highgate and the away fixture with Fitzwilliam Hall) have the forwards produced anything like the brilliant powers of attack which they displayed in the latter part of last season.

Fortune has not been kind to us, for, owing to injuries and the calls of the 'Varsity team, we have only fielded our strongest XI on four occasions; and but for the above causes we should most certainly have won the 2 League games which were left drawn. The game from which we derived greatest satisfaction was the one with Fitzwilliam Hall on their ground, for the whole team, especially the forwards, played exceptionally well, and we succeeded in breaking their ground record, which had stood for two years.

Heartiest congratulations are due to G. S. McIntyre and A. T. Davies on being awarded their Blues; to the other four members of the team (F. Rayns, G. L. Reade, E. L. V. Thomas, and W. W. Thomas, who played in the Seniors' Trial; and to H. Waterhouse, who has been given his Colours.

The 2nd XI have been doing well, winning 7 matches out of 11, and drawing 2. Hopes are entertained that in the Lent Term they will be successful in the "getting on" competition for the 3rd Division of the League.

The 3rd XI too have been active, registering twice as many victories as defeats.

1st XI Results.

Opponents	Result	Score
*Queens'	Won	4-0
*Jesus	Won	5-0
Caius	Won	5-2
*Clare	Won	5-0
*Pembroke	Draw	2-2
Highgate	Won	5-1
*Jesus	Won	4-0
Trinity	Won	3-1
*Emmanuel	Won	2-0
*Trinity	Lost	0-6
Cambridge Town	Won	3-2
Pembroke	Won	4-0
*Queens'	Won	3-0
*Clare	Draw	1-1
*Fitzwilliam Hall	Won	2-0
*Fitzwilliam Hall	Won	4-2
Pembroke	Won	2-0
College Mission	Won	7-0

* Denotes League Match.

COLLEGE PRIZES.

MATHEMATICS.

Tripos Part I.		
Aldred, R. A.	Dobbs, S. P.	Nest, H. C.
Burn, E. W.	Jones, J. S.	Snow, H. E.
College.		
Roseveare, M. P.	Wragg, N.	

CLASSICS.

Tripos Part I.		College.
Old Regulations.	New Regulations.	Allred, S. D.
Le Maitre, A. S.	Stephenson, F.	Bond, R. N.
		Sinclair, T. A.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

Tripos Part II.	Tripos Part I.	College.
Holtum, R. E.	White, N. L.	Field, H. A.
Ds Macfadyen, W. A.		Emel�us, K. G.
		Thorneloe, A. H.
		Platten, T. G.

MECHANICAL SCIENCES.

Tripos,
Douglas, J.

College.

Bartlett, J. S.
Jefferson, J. L.
Johnson, E. F.

HISTORY.

College.

Crone, G. R.

MODERN AND MEDIEVAL LANGUAGES.

Tripos.

Ds Gerson, G. H. A.
Peacock, E.

College.

Johnson, C. J.

LAW.

Tripos Part II.

Lees, G. T.
Ds Murray Aynsley, C. M.

WRIGHT'S PRIZES.

Classics.

Bevan, E. J.
Laming, E. L.
Simkins, R. M.

Natural Sciences.

Baldry, R. A.
Bateson, M.
Buttle, G. A. H.

Law.

Brackett, A. W. K.
Hitching, W. W.

History.

Guttridge, G. H.
Potter, G. R.
Smellie, K. B. S.

Modern and Medieval Languages.

Brown, A. J. C.
Ellis, G. R.

Mechanical Sciences.

Franklin, H. W.
Oakden, J. C.

Oriental Languages.

Mott, C. E.

Economics.

Lawe, F. W.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

READING PRIZES.

1 Arundell, D. D.
2 Mills, K. F. T.

ESSAY PRIZES.

Silk, G. W. (Third Year)
Davison, E. L. (First Year)

HOCKIN PRIZE.

(for Physics)
Ds Barton, F. S.

NEWCOME PRIZE.

Not awarded.

CAMA PRIZE.

Not awarded.

HUGHES PRIZE.

Holden, H. F. }
Swift, H. W. } Aeq.
Trott, A. C. }

ADAMS MEMORIAL PRIZES.

Third Year.
Ds Greaves, W. M. H. }
Ds Bhansali, M. D. } Aeq.

HAWKSLEY BURBURY PRIZE.

(for Greek Verse)
Simkins, R. M.

First and Second Year.

Swift, H. W.
Dalzell, D. P.
Baker, F. B.

ELECTED TO FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS.

<i>Mathematics.</i> Aldred, R. A.	<i>Classics.</i> Bevan, F. J. Sinclair, T. A. Stephenson, F.	<i>Natural Sciences.</i> Holtum, R. E.
<i>Mechanical Sciences.</i> Bartlett, J. S. Oakden, J. C.	<i>History.</i> Guttridge, G. H.	<i>Law.</i> Brackett, A. W. K. Hitching, W. W.
<i>Theology.</i> Ds Whittaker, F.	<i>Economics.</i> Lawe, F. W. Trott, A. C.	<i>Modern and Medieval Languages.</i> Brown, A. J. C.

ELECTED TO EXHIBITIONS.

<i>Mathematics.</i> Dobbs, S. P. Jones, J. S.	<i>Mechanical Sciences.</i> Jefferson, J. L. Johnson, E. F.	<i>History.</i> Crone, G. R.
<i>Modern Languages.</i> Ellis, G. R. Ds Gerson, G. H. A.	<i>Natural Sciences.</i> Buttle, G. A. H. Platten, T. G.	

HOARE EXHIBITION

for *Mathematics.*
Baker, F. B.

HUTCHINSON RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP.

Holden, H. F.

GRANT FROM THE NADEN DIVINITY
STUDENTSHIP FUND.

Ratcliff, E. C.

MACMAHON LAW STUDENTSHIP.

Ds Thomas, R. B. H.

STRATHCONA RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP.

Ds Kitto, H. D. F.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, December 1919.

Scholarships of £80 :

(for <i>Mathematics</i>) (for <i>Natural Science</i>) (for <i>Natural Science</i>)	Simmons, J. R. M. (Brighton College) Constable, F. H. (Northampton School) Payne, A. L. (Aske's Hatcham School)
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Scholarships of £60 :

(for <i>Mathematics</i>) (for <i>Classics</i>) (for <i>Natural Science</i>) (for <i>History</i>)	Taylor, S. B. (Highgate School) Nix, A. R. (Felsted School) Halsey, E. J. (Perse School) Evans, A. D. (Liverpool Collegiate School)
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Scholarships of £40 :

(for <i>Mathematics</i>) (for <i>Natural Science</i>) (for <i>History</i>) (for <i>Classics</i>)	Birbeck, H. L. (Orme School, Newcastle-under-Lyne) Fisher, W. A. P. (Bournemouth School) Barlow, H. E. (King William's College, Isle of Man) Stevenson, J. (Fettes College)
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Exhibitions of £30 :

(for <i>Mathematics</i>) (for <i>Classics</i>) (for <i>Natural Science</i>)	Gracie, H. S. (Pocklington School) Thres, D. P. (Cranleigh School) Proctor, M. F. (Clifton College)
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CLOSE AND OPEN EXHIBITIONS, June 1920.

Open Exhibitions of £50 :

(for <i>Natural Science</i>) (for <i>Classics</i>) (for <i>Mathematics</i>) (for <i>Natural Science</i>)	Hutchinson, J. B. (Bootham School, York) Entwistle, R. (Manchester Grammar Sch.) Room, T. G. (Alleyn's School, Dulwich) Jenkins, C. (Westminster City School)
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To Downman Sizarships :

(for <i>Mathematics</i>) (for <i>Classics</i>) (for <i>Natural Science</i>)	Foster, T. H. (Tavistock Grammar School) Casson, W. T. (Wiggeston Grammar Sch.) Bomford, R. F. (Dean Close School, Cheltenham)
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To Close Exhibitions :

<i>Marquess of Exeter</i> : <i>Downman</i> : <i>Johnson</i> : <i>Lupton & Hebblethwaite</i> : <i>Vidal</i> : <i>Somerset</i> :	Bowman, J. E. (Stamford School) Gracie, H. S. (Pocklington School) Bayley, C. F. (Oakham School) Hovil, G. O. (Sedbergh School) Gray, R. A. P. (Exeter School) Entwistle, R. (Manchester Grammar Sch.)
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OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, December 1920.

Scholarships of £80 :

(for <i>Classics</i>) (for <i>Mathematics</i>) (for <i>Natural Science</i>) (for <i>Natural Science</i>)	Tait, G. A. D. (Haileybury College) Yates, F. (Clifton College) Rainbow, H. (Bablake School, Coventry) Dew, W. H. (Northampton School)
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Scholarships of £60 :

(for <i>Mathematics</i>) (for <i>Mathematics</i>) (for <i>Natural Science</i>) (for <i>History</i>)	Broadbent, T. A. A. (Consett School) Harmer, J. W. (City of London School) Davidson, P. M. (King's College School, Wimbledon) Spelman, S. G. H. (King's Edward VI. Grammar School, Norwich)
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Scholarships of £40 :

(for <i>Classics</i>) (for <i>Modern Languages</i>)	Benson, T. E. (St Laurence College, Ramsgate) Broad, P. (Clifton College)
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Exhibitions of £30 :

(for <i>Modern Languages</i>) (for <i>History</i>) (for <i>History</i>)	Palmer, P. N. H. (King's Lynn) Llewellyn, D. W. A. (Alleyn's, Dulwich) Owen, D. C. (Orme Boys' School, Newcastle-under-Lyne)
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EDITORS' NOTICE.

Owing to the increased cost of printing and paper only two numbers of *The Eagle* are being issued this year. The second number will appear at the end of the Easter Term. The price of the two numbers is six shillings. If the number of subscribers can be increased the Editors hope to be able soon to return to the practice of issuing a number of *The Eagle* at the end of each Term.

THE LIBRARY.

Donations and Additions to the Library during the half-year ending Michaelmas, 1920.

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

Donations.

	DONORS.
*Norwood (G.). Greek Tragedy. 8vo London, 1920	} The Author.
*Tanner (J. R.). Samuel Pepys and the Royal Navy. Lees Knowles Lectures, 1919. 8vo Camb. 1920	} The Author.
*Rolleston (Sir Humphry). John Smith's Sacred Anatomy. An address delivered 26 March, 1920. (A reprint). [Lond. 1920]	} The Author.
— Thomas Trotter, M.D. (A reprint). [New York, 1919]	} The Author.
*Brindley (H. H.). Notes on the boats of Siberia. (A reprint). 1920	} The Author.
*Horton-Smith (L. G. H.). The World War. A selection of pamphlets, etc., written 1914-17.....	} The Author.
Lightfoot (John). Opera omnia. 2 vols. folio, Rotterdam, 1686.....	
Ray (John). Catalogus plantarum Angliæ. Editio secunda. 16mo Lond. 1677.....	
Redi (Francesco). Opuscula. 12mo Amst. 1685, 1686	
Linnæus (Carl). Fauna Suecica. Editio altera. 8vo Stockholm, 1761	} The Executors of the late Professor Macalister.
Johnston-Lavis (H. J.). Monograph of the earthquakes of Ischia. folio, Naples, 1885	
Moore (Rev. E.). Contributions to the textual criticism of the Divina Commedia. 8vo Camb. 1889	
A biological survey of Clare Island. 3 vols. (Royal Irish Academy Proceedings, vol. XXXI.). roy. 8vo Dublin, 1911-15	
Napier Tercentenary Memorial Volume. Edited by C. G. Knott. 4to Lond. 1915	
Jefferson Physical Laboratory, Harvard University. Contributions from the J.P.L., and from the Cruft High-Tension Electrical Laboratory, 1916-1918. Vol. XIII. 8vo Camb., Mass. [1919] ...	} Sir Joseph Larmor.
Royal Society of London. Catalogue of Scientific Papers, 1800-1900. Subject Index. Vols. II, III. Parts 1 & 2. roy. 8vo Camb. 1909-14	
[And many parts of periodicals.]	
Peregrinus (Petrus). Epistle of Peter Peregrinus of Maricourt to Sygerus concerning the Magnet. Done into English by S. P. Thompson. 4to Lond. 1902	} Sir Ernest Clarke.
Thompson (Silvanus P.). Petrus Peregrinus de Maricourt and his Epistola de Magnete. (From Brit. Acad. Proceedings, vol. II.). 8vo Lond. 1906...	
Jones (H. G.). Friends in pencil: a Cambridge sketch-book. oblg. folio Camb. 1893	} Mr Glover.
Bury (J. B.). The Idea of Progress. 8vo Lond. 1920	

Donations.

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| Kirkaldy (A. W.). Labour, Finance, and the War. Inquiries arranged by the Economic Science Section of the British Association during 1915 and 1919 | Mr Foxwell. |
| Journal of the Institute of Bankers. Vols. I to XL. (and two general index vols.). 8vo Lond. 1880-1919 | W. J. Woolrich, Esq. |
| *Butler (Samuel). Erewhon. Traduit de l'anglais par V. Larbaud. 2 ^{me} édition. 8vo Paris, 1920. | The Translator. |
| Birkenhead (Lord). International Law. 5th edit., revised and enlarged by C. Phillipson. 8vo Lond. 1918 | The Author. |
| MSS. Four illuminated Jewish Marriage Certificates. Venice, 1612-1746 | Miss L. Bickerstaffe. |
| Two engravings of Charles Tennyson D'Eyncourt* (1784-1861). 1829, 1838 | Memorial Committee Trin. Coll. Cam. |
| Engraving of Rev. Richard Stock* (ob. 1626) | Dr H. F. Stewart. |
| Head (H.). Aphasia and kindred disorders of speech. (Linacre Lecture, 1920). From <i>Brain</i> , Vol. XLIII. 1920. | The Author. |
| Hume (M.). The great Lord Burghley* (William Cecil). 8vo Lond. 1906 | Sir John Sandys. |
| Kharosthi Inscriptions discovered by Sir Aurel Stein. Part I. Transcribed and edited by A. M. Boyer, E. J. Rapson*, and E. Senart. 4to Oxford, 1920 | Prof. Rapson. |
| Report of the Committee of the Privy Council for Scientific and Industrial Research for the year 1919-20. 8vo Lond. 1920 | Dr Liveing. |
| Romanes (G.). The Solar System. Preliminary considerations towards an explanation of its development. <i>Privately printed</i> . 8vo Edinburgh, 1920 | The Author. |
| Canadian Archives. Documents relating to the Constitutional History of Canada, 1759-1791. Edited by A. Shortt and A. G. Doughty. 2nd edition, revised. 2 parts. 8vo Ottawa, 1918 | Historical Documents Publication Board of Canada. |
| Liber Albus Civitatis Oxoniensis. Abstract of the wills, deeds, etc., contained in the White Book of the City of Oxford. Edited by W. P. Ellis. 4to Oxford, 1909 | Rev. H. E. Salter, Treasurer of the Oxford Hist. Soc. |
| Records of Mediæval Oxford. Coroners' inquests, the walls of Oxford, etc. Edited by Rev. H. E. Salter. 4to Oxford, 1912 | |

Additions.

GENERAL.

Student's Handbook to the University and Colleges of Cambridge. 19th edition, revised to 31 May, 1920. 8vo Camb. 1920.

BIOGRAPHY.

Jones (Henry Festing). Samuel Butler*, author of Erewhon (1835-1902). A memoir. 2nd impression. 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1920.

CLASSICS.

- Egypt Exploration Fund. The Oxyrhynchus Papyri. Edited by B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt. Part XIV. 4to Lond. 1920.
- Inscriptions:
- Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum. Vol. I. Pars 2, 1. Editio altera. Vol. VIII. Supplementum, pars 4. Vol. XIII. pars 4. folio. Berolini, 1916, 18.
- Inscriptiones Graecae. Vol. XII. 9. Vol. II et III. Editio minor. Pars 1, 2. Pars IV. 1. folio Berolini, 1915, 16.
- Inscriptiones Latinae selectae. Edidit H. Dessau. Vol. III. pars 2. 8vo Berolini, 1916.
- Sargeant (J.). The trees, shrubs, and plants of Virgil. sm. 8vo Oxford, 1920.
- Westaway (K. M.). The original element in Plautus. sm. 8vo Camb. 1917

HISTORY.

- *Coulton (G. G.). From St Francis to Dante. A translation of all that is of primary interest in the chronicle of the Franciscan Salimbene (1221-1288). 8vo Lond. 1906.
- Diehl (C.). Byzance: grandeur et décadence. sm. 8vo Paris, 1919.
- Disraeli (Benjamin), *Earl of Beaconsfield*. Whigs and Whiggism: political writings. Edited by W. Hutcheon. 8vo Lond. 1913.
- Luce (S.). Histoire de Bertrand du Guesclin et de son époque. La jeunesse de Bertrand. 3^{me} édition. sm. 8vo Paris, 1896.
- Oxford Historical Society:
- Vol. LXX. Mediaeval Archives of the University of Oxford. Edited by Rev. H. E. Salter. 8vo Oxford, 1920.
- Vol. LXXI. Munimenta Civitatis Oxonie. Edited by Rev. H. E. Salter. 8vo Devizes, 1920.
- [See also Donations list.]
- Seebohm (F.). The English Village Community. 4th edition. 8vo Lond. 1890.
- Tout (T. F.). Chapters in the administrative history of mediaeval England. Vols. I, II. 8vo Manchester, 1920.
- Trevelyan (G. M.). Garibaldi's defence of the Roman Republic. 8vo Lond. 1907.

LAW.

Halsbury (Earl of). The Laws of England. Supplement no. 10, bringing the work up to 1920. roy. 8vo Lond. 1920.

MATHEMATICS.

- Eddington (A. S.). Space, time, and gravitation. An outline of the general Relativity theory. 8vo Camb. 1920.
- Einstein (A.). Über die spezielle und die allgemeine Relativitäts-theorie. Gemeinverständlich. 8^{te} Auflage. 8vo Braunschweig, 1920.
- Fajans (K.). Radioaktivität und die neueste Entwicklung der Lehre von den chemischen Elementen. 2^{te} Auflage. 8vo Braunschweig, 1920.
- Gauss (C. F.). Werke. Band X. Abtlg 1. 4to Leipzig, 1917.
- Muir (Sir Thomas). Theory of Determinants. Vol. III. (1861-1880). 8vo Lond. 1920.
- Nautical Almanac and Astronomical Ephemeris for the year 1922. 8vo Lond. 1919.
- *Schuster (A.). An introduction to the theory of Optics. 2nd edition. 8vo Lond. 1909.
- Sommerfeld (A.). Atombau und Spektrallinien. 8vo Braunschweig, 1920.

MODERN LANGUAGES AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.

- Dictionary (Oxford English). Visor—vywer. By W. Oxford, 1920.
- Hunt (Leigh). The Indicator, and the Companion. 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1834.
- Guevara (Antonio de). The Diall of Princes. Translated by Sir Thomas North. Select passages, with introduction by K. N. Colville. (Scholar's Library). 8vo Lond. 1919.

MORAL AND NATURAL SCIENCES.

- Cambridge British Flora. By C. E. Moss, *etc.* Vol. III. fol. Camb. 1920.
- Webb (C. C. J.). Divine personality and human life. Gifford Lectures, 1918-19. Second course. 8vo Lond. 1920.

The following books were purchased from the Newcome Fund, the Prize not being awarded.

- Alexander (S.). Space, time, and deity. Gifford Lectures, 1916-1918* 2 vols. 8vo Lond. 1920.
- Bosanquet (B.). Implication and linear inference. 8vo Lond. 1920.
- Head (H.), *etc.* Studies in neurology. 2 vols. roy. 8vo Lond. 1920.
- Lossky (N. O.). The intuitive basis of knowledge. Translated by N. A. Duddington. 8vo Lond. 1919.
- *McDougall (W.). The group mind. roy. 8vo Camb. 1920.
- Whitehead (A. N.). An enquiry concerning the principles of natural knowledge. 8vo Camb. 1919.

THEOLOGY.

- Bible. The Book of Judges. With introduction and notes by Rev. C. F. Burney. 2nd edition. 8vo Lond. 1920.
- Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latinorum. Vol. LVI. S. Eusebii Hieronymi opera. (Epistulae, pars 3). Recens. I. Hilberg. 8vo Vindobonae, 1918.
- Dictionnaire d'Archéologie Chrétienne et de Liturgie. Publié par F. Cabrol, *etc.* Fasc.38/39. Dimanche—Domestici. Fasc.40. Dominicale—Droit Persecuteur. roy. 8vo Paris, 1920.
- Rashdall (H.). The idea of Atonement in Christian Theology. Bampton Lectures, 1915. 8vo Lond. 1919.
- Troeltsch (E.). Gesammelte Schriften, 2 Bde. 8vo Tübingen, 1912, 13.