

# The Eagle

a Magazine supported by Members of  
St John's College

1922



Printed for Subscribers only

Cambridge

E. Johnson, Trinity Street

Printed by Metcalfe & Co. Limited, Rose Crescent

1922

Volume XLII

CLXXXVI



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

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# THE EAGLE.

June, 1922.

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## COMMEMORATION SERMON.

Preached in the College Chapel on the third Sunday after Easter May 7, 1922, by the Most Rev. H. LOWTHER CLARKE, D.D., formerly Archbishop of Melbourne.

*"I have considered the days of old and the years that are passed".*

—PSALM lxxvii. 5.

THIS is what one of the Psalmists did when, lying on a bed of sickness, he had begun to despair of health, and to yield himself to depression. The study of history was recommended by Bishop Lightfoot as "the best antidote for a drooping spirit". As once more then we commemorate the Benefactors of our College, I invite you to look at something of its past history, and so to gather hope and courage to meet the continually changing conditions of University and College life in an age fruitful beyond many others in witnessing changes and demanding new adaptations of old institutions.

In 1911 St John's commemorated the 400th anniversary of its foundation, and the volume then presented to some of its members tells in outline the proud story of its achievements.

But the University was an ancient body when St John's came into existence. The first beginnings of Cambridge as a seat of learning are discoverable in the 12th century, and the first College was founded in 1284. When the monastic system first flourished in the 12th and 13th centuries, people looked to the monasteries for education or to the Episcopal Palaces as homes of learning where the Bishops gathered round them promising pupils and encouraged their studies.

So long as a halo of romance gathered round the heads of monks and abbots, endowments and privileges poured in upon them, and it was not until dissatisfaction with these arose

that other plans of educating the youth of England were tried. Our two ancient Universities were founded each on the banks of a river, but without much consideration for the natural beauties of the country around. In their origin they were seats of learning with little consideration for the comfort or well-being of the students. Only the love of learning and the desire to reach the positions it opened out could have induced men to undergo the hardships and privations involved. We cannot understand the history of our University until we realise that the College system was an afterthought necessitated by the inhuman conditions under which the students lived. The Universities in Australia offer to-day an exact parallel. The States founded and endowed them with powers of teaching, examining, and granting degrees, but without any provision for the daily life of the members. The State made grants of land, generally of ten acres, to four different sections of the Church, and left to these the task of building and maintaining the Colleges. The College system as such has not only justified its existence but become the most powerful accompaniment of University life. The man who gives three or four full years to College life enters into the traditions and life of the University to a degree impossible for the student whose only connection is his daily visits to the lecture-room, and whose personal interests are given to other things. Further, his memories of University life are filled with College friendships and abiding affections impossible for one whose sole record of University days is the right to attach the letters of a degree to his name. When the College system began to be established at Cambridge, it grew in the course of time into such commanding influence as to obscure the older conception of a University; and in the memory of some of us now living the chief, if not the only, idea of Cambridge was our own College, with its triumphs and traditions, which we welcomed as if they were our own. The members who in every generation, by industry and worth in whatever calling of life, win renown for the College, are not unnoticed in these Halls, and are amongst its truest benefactors.

I say nothing about the rivalries of Colleges in games, sports, and the Schools, excepting that within becoming limits

they are altogether excellent. I have derived too much pleasure in Church life, London life, and in distant Australia from the comradeship of men, who have at once recognised our common interests in our College, to disparage this welcome enrichment of life. It is far preferable to the churlish nature of those who are always deprecating their own home, University, and country, and whose small natures can discover nothing worthy of admiration except in the unknown, and in what they see elsewhere.

As we pass from the limited outlook of College days, wider horizons open out. We learn to value men for their gifts and attainments, no matter where they have been educated, and yet the impress of the three short years here is persistent and abiding, and we find it lingering in the memory as an unforgotten experience. Those of you who are responsible for College and University life to-day find yourselves confronted with questions new and yet old. How to maintain your position and prestige in national life. I am sure that the proudest tradition in the life of St John's will not be forgotten, and the College will still aim at offering a home and assistance to men of natural ability who are willing to work and to fit themselves for the strenuous conflict of serving their generation and winning fame for themselves.

These times of crisis, which are also days of judgment, are occurring in all life, and therefore in the history of public institutions. When I entered St John's in 1870 many of the older members feared its days of glory were over under the removal of old regulations. If you want an earlier view of Cambridge in the 18th century read the autobiography of Richard Watson, Regius Professor of Divinity and Bishop of Llandaff, who, living in Westmorland, performed the duties of the former office by deputy and left those of the latter undone. You may be moved to scorn or indignation, but if you are wise this will be tempered by the reflection that each generation has a keen eye for the deficiencies and limitations of its predecessors, and that "*vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*".

As we are commemorating to-day the benefactors of the College, we turn naturally to thoughts of those who have helped to make the College what it is—to Lady Margaret of blessed memory, and to the goodly band of men and women

who have given of their substance that we might enjoy educational advantages. I could wish that without any reserve the present needs of the College should be made known to its members, both those resident and those non-resident. When I entered in 1870 this Chapel, recently consecrated, was brilliant in its newness. I notice that some of the external stonework, after more than fifty years, needs repairs. Surely there are those willing to see that this is repaired before further injury is done. The general buildings of the College when in need of improvement are a fitting object of appeal to men who love the College, and who will help to maintain their loved home in efficiency. This is a day of great generosity, in spite of heavy taxation, or perhaps it may be said partly in consequence of it; but institutions which do not state their needs are forgotten by the side of those less reserved and more importunate.

Will you allow me to state the position of one College Chapel in the newer Universities in Australia? The Church of England College Chapel in Melbourne, like this Chapel, is the costliest and finest of the College buildings. It has been built by private gifts, and it plays its part in the College life, nor are its services ignored by the young Australian students.

In the days when I was an undergraduate this Chapel was filled to overflowing with worshippers every Sunday evening, and these stalls were occupied by men such as Professors Kennedy, William Selwyn, John Mayor, and E. H. Palmer, whose presence excited in our hearts a feeling of pride in the College and in our own share in it.

The recently-published report of the Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge should be read by every member of the University, especially the historical survey and the conditions upon which additional help is asked for the University. It shews that the University, apart from the Colleges, cannot perform its duties to the students without increased State aid. No one wishes to reduce in numbers the membership of the University, or to remunerate the teachers inadequately, and the general principle to-day is to provide the best teaching as part of a national equipment.

Our own University has an honourable record of adaptation of its work to new demands, and, above everything else, it is

essential that the remuneration and pensions of the highest teachers should make it possible for the best of them to serve their own University, and not to seek work elsewhere because in Cambridge this is imperfectly paid.

All this points to the reasonableness of the recommendations of the Commission, and there is, I hope, little doubt that they will be adopted. The report is opposed to any public grant being made to the Colleges or Public Hostels, and I feel that every member of our College will agree in the wisdom of this decision. There is grave objection to the acceptance of State aid by the Colleges, which throughout their history have been private institutions with rules and regulations of their own. The report rightly says: "If once the principle of helping Colleges is admitted by the State, an endless vista of questions will be opened out as to what are the proper claims and what should be the proper size or function of each of these societies". It might be added that such aid would sooner or later involve the sacrifice of the right to govern the College without outside assistance. At the same time the resources of the Colleges are now taxed by the share they have to take in University obligation, and therefore the endowment of University teachers and research will indirectly help the Colleges.

But if the Colleges are to be left with their present powers and responsibilities because they are private foundations, their needs must no longer be concealed under the impression that they are too dignified institutions to seek for help.

The report, in referring to the question of private benefactions and acknowledging those of the past, attributes their paucity in our generation to "the relative indifference of our countrymen to the value of education".

I am disposed to assign this, in part at least, to something else. The report refers to the large sums given to Universities in America, and this not only by men of wealth but by those of moderate means. I can offer a parallel on a small scale from my own experience in Melbourne. A sum of £60,000 was raised two or three years ago for our Church of England University College, and a scheme of enlargement, equipment, and endowment, involving a quarter of a million, has been put before the Church and members of the University.

The response is made because the need is openly declared, and no other work commended itself more unreservedly to some men of wealth and to past members of the College. In England in the past we have most of us thought of our College as possessing unlimited wealth, and quite free from the anxieties of "res augusta domi". We have associated it in our minds with Scholarships and Exhibitions for deserving students, with Fellowships and Endowments, with comfort and abundant leisure for study, but least of all with inability to meet all the demands upon its resources. If there has been indifference it has been due as much to these things as to any undervaluing of education.

Besides, the cost of a University course has become a deterrent in many hundreds of homes which would gladly provide this for their sons. The safe remedy is to see that young men who will profit by this are not excluded, and for this purpose more and more valuable Scholarships are needed. If all this were definitely stated, and help invited for specific purposes, my hope is there would be a response worthy of the traditions of the College. The confession must be freely made that past-endowments have broken down under the strain of modern needs. Amid the multiplicity of appeals which reach us, all care will have to be taken to confine the limits within which this is made, and to approach only members of the College.

I wish to add something upon the rapidly changing conditions in the older openings for University men. No College has more freely sent its men abroad than has St John's, and to-day its members hold honoured position in Church and State in most of the Dominions beyond the seas. These avenues are being closed, save in exceptional cases, where men are needed for special positions. The local Universities are producing their own men, and the spirit of nationhood is demanding that these should be preferred. It is still open to a young man to go out to Australia—say with a view of giving his life to the country—and becoming in the truest sense a citizen of it; but he must take his place side by side with local competitors, and he will find these are educated, for most of the practical purposes of life, as well as himself, and as resolved as he is to win position and recognition in the struggle to live.

The Indian Civil Service is being increasingly administered by those native born, and the man of English birth is warned off from Scotland and Ireland, while no such restrictions are placed in England upon those born in these lands.

Two professions are to-day asking for University men: (1) the teaching profession, (2) the ministry of the Church, both of them amongst the noblest of all careers, but each demanding special qualifications in its members.

I do not wish to abuse my privilege to-day by making myself the agent of those English Bishops who are seeking men for Holy Orders, but I do say to the younger members of the College: "What deters you from following the examples of the many who in the past generations made this College conspicuous for its contributions to the ministry of the Church?"

Looking at the ministry purely as a profession, it is full of opportunities of service for every type of gift and character, nor are its rewards inconsiderable for those who earn them. To say that some fail to make progress is to say no more than what happens in every profession. Barristers fail. Medical men drop out of the race for pre-eminence. Naval and military officers prove themselves unfitted for high office, and in every department of life the prominent and successful are determined by the testing powers of experience. The Church generally asks for University men in the ministry, and the whole community welcomes them as such. The newly-organised life of the Church in England, which is approximating to what some of us have known abroad, will afford better opportunities of adequate remuneration and the selection of men by merit only. Hence we can look with confidence to the future of men now entering the ministry. Like every other of the greater professions, it is a vocation—*i.e.* a man's heart must be in his task, and by patient learning of his duties he must make himself so useful that the Church seeks him out for office, and not he the office or preferment.

## THE LODGER.

## 1.

AS it was Saturday Mr Ridgy did not get up very early. He was still young and had not yet got into bad habits: also on this particular day he had no business to see to.

Looking gloomily out of his window into the backyard he saw Mrs Sprike, his landlady. She was not prepossessing and the yard was dirty. Bits of old paper and tins lay scattered about there. A repugnance filled him as he looked. Without reason he hated the woman for being plain.

## 2.

"Don't you trouble", he said cheerily, "I'll finish this off for you. I am fond of chopping wood when I have nothing else to do. I expect you would like to be busy with other things. We must help each other sometimes, you know".

When Mr Ridgy had finished his self-imposed altruism he gathered up the sticks into a neat pile and stuck the chopper firmly into the block. Then it occurred to him that it must be nearly time to get ready for going into London. He was due to lunch with a friend—a companion of clerk days, who would bring his rather nice sister. Perhaps they would all go on to a *matinée* somewhere.

Indeed, if Mr Ridgy's business was not keeping him in this miserable neighbourhood, he would now have been living in town. It was an abominable nuisance, he thought, to be so far away from the centre of life. The trains were dirty and slow, and he was forced to travel up by them.

Inside the house sat Mr Sprike. A retired bricklayer is not expected to be industrious or even civil. Mr Sprike came up to the standard. He was not a jovial mate. He had married his second wife to look after him in his old age. His demeanour suggested that the experiment had not been an unqualified success.

## 3.

As Mr Ridgy passed him on his way through the kitchen he ventured, "A dull day, Mr Sprike. Do you expect rain?" But his remark was ignored.

He could not find his back stud. Then his tie somehow went wrong. Opening a draw too hastily caused a tumbler to fall. He spent sometime picking up bits of glass. And then he was forced to put a piece of sticking-plaster on his finger.

Mr Ridgy felt that he would be inevitably late. He always was just late. He ran all the way to the station. There was nothing which was more hateful to him than rush and hurry. Yet Mr Ridgy was now in a mad, tearing hurry. He always was: he could not tell why. He knew that the entire pleasure of the occasion would be lost. If he had not chopped that confounded wood all would have gone smoothly. Everything had gone wrong because of the ugly woman.

## 4.

"Oh, here you are at last: so glad to see you, old thing. Yes. Oh, no. Fearfully sorry she couldn't. No. Had to go to see her aunt off. Still, never mind, we'll be all right on our own, won't we?"

Mr Ridgy listened to his friend; but he did not look at him.

"All right", he said, "we will go to the 'Coq d'Argent' for lunch. It is cheap there, and a good meal".

## 5.

They sat smoking over their coffee. In the far corner of the room a young man talked earnestly to a young woman. She wore a pearl necklace; but she was beautiful in spite of it. It came to Mr Ridgy that he knew very few nice young women. This was a unique position, he felt, for a quite pleasant young man.

He looked at his companion, who was studying the newspaper. Everything was all wrong. He hated his landlady more than ever.

It was dark, and a drizzle of rain made streets shine. Lamp-posts gleamed feebly upon the muffled figures passing beneath them. The play had been dull. His friend was a bore. Now he again was proceeding to the hateful lodgings.

The key fitted badly in the latch. He tried to force it and he failed. As he wiped his boots Mrs Sprike came up, with a face beaming all over.

"I do 'ope as you 'ad a good time, sir".

An unconvincing reply in the affirmative followed.

"Do you know, sir—'ave you seen my old man?"

"Well?"

"He's been

And 'e did all my shopping. It is the first time 'e done it since we was new married. 'We must all help each other', 'e says, that what 'e says; yes, sir, as he 'eard you say, sir, we must all help each other".

"Well, I'm very glad, Mrs Sprike; very glad. Good-night".

"Good-night. Here's your candle, sir, case you want it".

But Mr Ridgy did not feel very glad. He went up the creaky stairs to bed. He read a little. Then he snuffed out his candle and went to sleep.

## AUGUSTUS.

### AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

(Continued from *The Eagle*, Vol. xlii. No. 185.)

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

### ACT III.—THE TRIUMVIR.

SCENE I.—*A room in Maecenas' house. Virgil reading to Maecenas.*

VIRGIL. Who hath believed our report?

MAECENAS. Who indeed?

VIRGIL. And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

MAECENAS. To tell you the truth, my dear Virgil, I don't *want* them to. Announce that you're going to introduce the millënnium, and you put everybody's back up. The whole idea of this thing is that it should be done quietly. *If* the war I hope for between our two very ill-assorted triumvirs ever happens, and supposing that Octavian wins, the last thing I'll want is to proclaim him Emperor with a flourish of trumpets. That's been done time after time already in the world's history, and then the moment you get a bad Emperor, down goes the whole system. No; we shall give them a new constitution—in point of fact a monarchy—but we'll disguise it to look just like the old Republic. Let's hear some more of your Jewish oracles.

VIRGIL. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.

MAECENAS. Well, it mayn't be very like sheep, that, but it's certainly applicable to the last hundred years or so of Roman history.

VIRGIL. And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was



bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon him——

MAECENAS. That's good ! Exactly. The chastisement of our peace.

VIRGIL. And with his stripes we are healed.

MAECENAS. Yes ; I've no doubt whoever takes on the job is going to have a strenuous time of it. But that isn't quite the sort of stuff I want for this new poem of yours. That's appropriate to *our* generation, Virgil, but it's to be hoped the next will find this world rather a better place ; or else what are you and I here for ? Now can't some of your Hebrew prophets raise a happier strain ? For example, now, weren't you telling me the other day they announced the reign of this universal peacemaker in language that reminded you of Hesiod's description of the Golden Age ? Let's have some of that for a change.

VIRGIL. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree. The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid ; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together ; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed ; their young ones shall lie down together ; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain ; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

MAECENAS. Why, man, that's the very thing you want. They've even got your "little child" in—the celestial babe you are to celebrate—of human parentage, you see, like their Messiah, but with divine blood in him—and the basis of his rule is *not* Force, according to the immemorial fallacy of governments, but Justice ; Justice tempered with Benevolence.

VIRGIL. Their prophets have much to that purpose.—For

unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given ; and the government shall be upon his shoulder ; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. And again :—And he shall reign as king ; and this is his name by which he shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness. And more remarkable still :—With righteousness shall he judge the poor, and decide with equity for the meek of the earth ; and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked ; and righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

MAECENAS. *Justitia, Fides*—Roman virtues. A touch or two, all along, of local colour, Virgil, my boy, and your poem's written. I could wish the mother were to be a somewhat more romantic figure than the aunt of the younger Pompey, and somewhat less of a—ahem, virago—than Scribonia ; but—well, an education of the sort that *he* will get . . . ! And of course there are plenty of *other* reasons why you mustn't be too explicit : if Antony's agents here were by any extraordinary chance to *understand* your poem, Virgil, oh, there'd be no end of a rumpus. And even I, you see, don't want a breach at present ; not *quite* yet. For one thing, I have to prepare Octavian for the idea ; and he, good man, takes the triumvirate *dreadfully* seriously ; the smallest rift distresses him. Well, good-bye ; you'll dine with me tomorrow ? Right.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Rome. A room in Octavian's palace.*

*Octavian and Maecenas transacting business.*

MAECENAS. All of these various matters I'll see through. Now tell me this : How fares Scribonia with you ?

OCTAVIAN. O, she's a Fury ; but she's pregnant, somehow. 'Twill be a dear-bought heir.

MAECENAS. A boy, you think.

OCTAVIAN. Heavens, if it be a girl, the day it's whelped I will divorce her. But it will not be.

I'll tell you why, Maecenas :  
 Either this Earth revolves too fast, or Man  
 Evolves too slow. Two flickering years had spun  
 When I drew breath again, the murderers punished ;  
 Two years had Civilisation's wheel, that never  
 Stays still, unwound ; two years had the world lagged.  
 Now Caesar's blood is hushed, but Caesar's brain,  
 By night and day, still calls me ; not to avenge,  
 But to perpetuate ; Caesar's work is crying.  
 Rome's empire's now the world ; her constitution there-  
 fore  
 Must change accordingly : her vast tasks necessitate  
 Speed, and humanity ; both demand one man ;  
 Administration must be centralised,  
 Order personified. All this to Antony  
 Were folly, were it not tedium ; none but we, friend,  
 Smell history's bent : if Antony die before me,  
 I'll never fill his place up ! Two years back,  
 A nobody, and—say ten years, twenty years  
 Hence—not in name (mine is no personal aim)  
 But in activity, Earth's administrator !  
 —No ! Never that. Not I. Mine to prepare only :  
 Mine to perfect the instrument, which to exercise  
 Shall be a happier and a greater man's.  
 For, mark you this, Maecenas :  
 Herein have your Utopias ever erred,  
 That they have dreamed the ultimate polity  
 To be a rigid thing ; it must be fluid ;  
 He who would stereotype would sterilise.  
 It must be living, and who shall keep it so ?  
 Senates ? committees ? councils ? bodies ? boards ?  
 Jawbation, jobbery, jealousy and delay ;  
 Pace of the pack's brains by the heaviest member.  
 Fifty men paint a picture ? write a book ?  
 Rule is like art, and must have character.  
 Rome's heart of heart must beat. This is my principle :  
 Use their deliberative assemblies, but  
 Amass monopoly of the initiative.  
 Keep their Republic ; it is a good machine ;  
 ●But in a corner of it, like elf in bush,

Or germ in egg, perched on some lever-handle,  
 While all the parts have functions, shapes, and names,  
 The silent Spirit of it, I'll sit unseen,  
 And, breathing, drive the whole. To attain which seat  
 Since but to one is given, and since to acquire  
 The sense thereof must take a lifetime's training,  
 Who should succeed me must have learned beside me  
 Since boyhood, as from Caesar I. Tradition  
 There must be, and that personal. Therefore, it is  
 That I desire a son ; ay, more, expect him.  
 Tell Virgil to compose a poem on it.  
 This child shall introduce a Golden Age ;  
 He'll reap the harvest I with toil have sowed.

MAECENAS. So you had told me, and the poem's finished.  
 Yet if it were a girl, why not be glad ?  
 Women are half Life's sea ; the deeper half.  
 History's but foam ; the most and happiest fish  
 Swim under it all unseen.

OCTAVIAN. Talk not to me, man,  
 As to some half-grown caked misogynist.  
 Women are all born mothers, and it is  
 A beautiful thing, our spiritual anchor-hold.  
 In work, anomalies ; when laborious, dull ;  
 Slapdash and slipshod else ; yet they must potter, too,  
 With art, where all their bests are soulless stuff,  
 Elephants a-tiptoe, mere accomplishment,  
 Woefuller the cleverer, since the wonder is,  
 They do this, that were never meant to do it.

MAECENAS. Some would resent this.

OCTAVIAN. That's their ignorance.  
 No woman yet knew when a job's half done.  
 But for this business, I've another ground  
 Why she must straightway be repudiated ;  
 The State demands it. O Maecenas !  
 That helmet I put on to avenge my father  
 Feels heavier now than my poor head, and still  
 The time compels me wear it. Wars in bed  
 Bought me six months of peace at sea, but now  
 Sextus is out again ; the bitterest thought  
 Is, Who suborned him ? 'Twas Mark Antony.

MAECENAS. I cannot think 'tis so ; Pompey but seized  
 His just retention of the Peloponnese  
 For past-owed taxes, as a breach of treaty.

OCTAVIAN. No, I'm played false again ; his whole course  
 proves it.  
 Philippi won, Rome calls me ; the Orient him.  
 His long arm hits from Egypt even ; his brother,  
 Lucius, and worse, his wife, the man-boned Fulvia,  
 Boot, breech, and spurs, a horsed hermaphrodite,  
 Strident astride, stirs up the dregs of strife,  
 Ransacking Italy for thieves rakes and grumblers.  
 Not dispossessed alone, but farmers failed,  
 Soldiers at loose, war-hit small tradesmen,  
 Wastrels and rogues—all that bore life a grudge  
 Charged it on me. Two years did this drag on,  
 Ere I had crushed them at Perusia.

MAECENAS. Well, in the effect at least, that did you good.  
 Thenceforth you were supreme in Italy.

OCTAVIAN. There may be men so mad for power they're  
 willing  
 To grasp distinctions across blasted trusts,  
 And feel the mountainous waves of perfidy  
 Swirl them on shores of greatness. I'm not one of them,  
 And at his endless treacheries I feel sore.  
 Is it not enough he will not lift a finger  
 To stir an inch the imperial task wherein  
 Julius himself could just keep pace with time  
 And we stand two years in default of Julius,  
 But he must bar me from his half of duty  
 And clog me in my own ! Eggs on his agents here  
 To queer each liberal and enlightened measure.  
 Truth is, Maecenas, this divided office  
 Preys on my patience. I would have had us split  
 Not government, but the governed ; bisect Earth,  
 And let him take the West with Rome in it  
 (As being the senior he must choose), ay, let me  
 Live a mere Nabob till Mark Antony dies,  
 So I can operate where at least I am.  
 Better than crabbed and hampered even in Rome,  
 East and a free field, yes a thousand times !

Lot me the stoniest patch, and I will till it,  
 Rather than thrive to see my labours dulled  
 And stultified by a collaborator ;  
 It makes me live an enemy to my soul.  
 So, with all this, what wonder if such dreams  
 As I can sink in while Scribonia scolds  
 Are all turned Pompeys and false Antonys.

MAECENAS. Well, for your bed, I tried to save you from it.  
 You made it : I can help you there no more.  
 But for your dreams, hear how I'll exorcise  
 Both, nor commit you. First, there's Antony ;  
 True, he's intriguing ; but I'll fix a conference  
 With his agents at Brundisium, and smooth all.  
 Young Pompey next ; well, there's new come to Rome  
 A partisan of his father's, once close friend,  
 Submitted now, though till your general amnesty  
 Adviser to this youth—oh, what's his name ?  
 He married Livia, Drusus' daughter there—  
 That's it ! Tiberius. An old man—

OCTAVIAN. I know him.  
 He has asked me twenty times to dine with him.  
 Mild humorous crony.

MAECENAS. Yes, but his cook's good.  
 Unbend, unbend ; come, make an evening of it.  
 That's what you want, you know. Tut, there's a  
 messenger.

*Enter a Servant.*

OCTAVIAN. One of my footmen ; find his business for me.  
*Maecenas goes over and talks quietly with Servant, then  
 puts his hands up in a gesture of surprise.*

MAECENAS. Octavian ! you're a father.

OCTAVIAN. No, no, it cannot be.  
 Two months yet.

SERVANT. O sir, it was the gardener, sir.

OCTAVIAN. *The gardener !*

SERVANT. O, she walloped him ; O poor man !

OCTAVIAN. This tale rings true ; let's hear the rest of it.

SERVANT. And, in conclusion, falls in such a rage—  
 It was the rage, sir, not the exertion, sir,  
 That brought it on—well, sir, the baby's born.

MAECENAS. Alive.

OCTAVIAN. O kicking certainly. Well, is he fat enough?  
Will he pull through?

SERVANT. Who, sir?

OCTAVIAN. The baby, doorpost.

SERVANT. Sir, it's a girl.

OCTAVIAN. Fetch me that paper there.

*Writes.*

Take that to Lepidus, the High Priest.

*Exit Servant.*

'Tis done. I have divorced her.

Still, I will own this piddler; I'll go look at it.

*Exit Octavian.*

MAECENAS. Poor soul, he's harried horribly this last year.

I did not think either the race or Rome

Nurtured a creature of a powerfuller will

Than our Octavian; but there's one, his wife.

I knew 'twould be a girl; 'twas boy he wanted.

I am quite sure 'twas she that married him;

He's never been himself since that same day.

Some men are helpless but for a free field:

At every point she throws him out of gear.

So this divorce I am thankful for; even then,

I piled and piled to stem her nuptial spate

But she o'erswelled me; now there's hope again

We may respire him. For the dame herself,

She's one whom even my mildness as pure hag

Might safely categorise. Well, I must fix this dinner.

*Writes.*

"Tiberius—greeting—" Ha! What was that rumour

Of his wife—that he now seeks to put her from him

In the easy Roman way—no fault of hers,

But he needs new alliances. Oh, if only—

Why, 'tis the very thing! Ah, poor Maecenas!

Had I first choice—but no, two gentle souls

United, were superfluous; neither used.

He needs her; tender handling gives him scope.

Now, should he take to her, I'll encourage it—

Alas! She's still with child: well, we must wait.

*Writes. CURTAIN.*

SCENE III.—*Brundisium; a room in the Town Hall.*

*Octavian and Maecenas in conference with Antony and Pollio.*

ANTONY. The world grows dull: dynamic principles

Long since, we know, the constellated night

Has been reduced to; now the old Earth, in course

Of warlike factors cancelled this by that—

Convergent forces and resultant blows—

Coalescent vortices of civil hate—

Works out at last quite mathematically,

And is displayed here as a vast ellipse,

One focus Alexandria, t'other Rome;

We two from these to radiate government,

All that now tasks us being the choice of seats.

Well, come along.

Nevy, nevy, nick, nake,

Which hand will ye take?

Eastern or Western: say.

OCTAVIAN. You are the senior.

POLLIO (*aside*). Now, if he'd play the man, I'd still be  
faithful.

But so besotted is he with the wiles

Of his dark paramour the Egyptian Queen,

High-nurtured Cleopatra—

ANTONY. Suppose I say

I'll take this Eastern half?

OCTAVIAN. I'm left the Western.

*Antony looks closely at him.*

Have we any business else?

ANTONY. No, none, I think.

OCTAVIAN. I beg to assure you of my firm regard

And loyal co-operation, sir, in all.

ANTONY. Right ho, my lad.

*Exeunt Octavian and Maecenas.*

POLLIO. How could you, sir?

ANTONY. What?

POLLIO. Let him

Fob off on you the rotten end of the orange

And sweatier empire?

ANTONY. Fob? I chose it, man.

POLLIO. Beg pardon, sir ; then there's no more to say.

ANTONY. Tut !—Pshaw !—Look here, Pollio, you don't understand ; I tell you I wasn't forgetting that aspect of it ; I watched him narrowly all the while. If he'd turned pale or got excited, I'd have changed hands in no time. But he never moved a muscle ; "that leaves me the Western half", says he : the tail guest at a dinner-party would have shown more emotion helping himself to the last chop. Oh, I know him, Pollio ; I've had lots of dealings with him. Absolutely immense capacity, of course ; but cold. A formal youth ; no fire in him ; and where there is no fire, Pollio, there *cannot* be ambition. Oh, don't you worry.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A hall in the house of Tiberius.*

*All along the back is a passage, at a slightly higher level than the floor of the hall ; some steps lead up to it, in the middle.*

*Enter Licinius and Caepio.*

LICINIUS. Energy ? Capacity ? Initiative ? My dear Caepio, I'll go so far, if you like, as to call him a born ruler, if ever there was one. But what I remember is, that men are fallible. I would not have a company in which I held shares managed by one director ; so neither will I have my country governed by one man.

CAEPIO. But it isn't.

LICINIUS. But it will be. Their commission of three was only two in reality, and those two are so different in temperament they'll never agree. Which wins, then ? The harder worker, and that's this boy.

CAEPIO. Well, if you're so sure of that, why don't you attack him now at once ?

LICINIUS. Because even if we succeeded we'd only get Antony instead of him, and that would be worse. No ; keep the peace, allow them to grow jealous of each other ; give them a free field to do each other the maximum of damage ; and even after that, let this man rule alone some years, and so grow confident and tyrannous ; and *then* when we knife him we destroy this damned dictatorship for good and all, and restore a true Republic.

CAEPIO. Men are fallible, you say ; well, and are not institutions ?

LICINIUS. Not in the same way ; not so dangerously. Personality or System, Caepio ; Feeling or Reason ; every man has to make up his mind in this life to be governed by one or other. If you believe that human nature contains more of good than evil, why then, choose out your hero and good-bye to you. But if you are what *I* take you for, a man of mature mind, come along, throw in your lot with us. The Machine is *my* god, anyway ; and the more soulless the better ; I've seen enough soul, thank you. Better that all men everywhere should lead a uniform life than that any man should be in a position to exercise his own will more than the majority. When was Ambition anything but the cloak of Egotism ; consciously or unconsciously is all the same.

CAEPIO. You do not believe in such a thing as love, then ?—in the broad sense, I mean.

LICINIUS. Love ? Well. Do you see who's coming along the passage there ? That's my half-sister, Terentia. She is *not* like me. She does not care for causes ; she cares for cats. Cats, Caepio ; and very soon it will be men ; indeed, it is already, I've noticed it. Nor, within decent limits, does it very much matter *which* man ; she'll set her cap at anyone with some address and a fine leg. Well, *I* believe, in all affairs of life, that Instinct should be made the slave of Reason ; and I'm going to *use* my sister. Some day yet, you'll see the result. In the meantime, leave me to manage this ; I'll follow you.

*(Exit Caepio.)*

Terentia ! *(Enter Terentia.)* One word ; the young Triumvir, Octavian, is to be the guest of honour here to-night. He has divorced his wife, you know. He had a fancy for you once.

TERENTIA. Oh, go along, silly ! And anyway, he isn't a patch on his young secretary.

LICINIUS. Bah, you're a fool. *(Goes off ; then aside.)* His secretary ? Maecenas ! Well, that would do.

*(Exit.)*

*Terentia sits at a table and plays at throwing dice.*

*Enter at back Tiberius.*

TIBERIUS. Bless my soul, here they are already Ah, good morning, my dear—at least, I mean good evening. Ahem, yes. Just amuse yourself for a moment, will you? Fact is, I'm not very well just now; sinking sensation in pit of stomach, yes; I think I'll just go and lie down awhile until dinner's ready.

*Exit.*

*Enter Octavian and Maecenas.*

OCTAVIAN. Leaving all business to subordinates! Living in open scandal with a native princess! Even rioting in public, if report speaks true; and in any case, carving up the ancient provinces of the Roman People to round off new kingdoms for the half-caste offspring of himself and this Cleopatra! No, apparently I'm not the kind of man that gets loyal colleagues. It seems to be my destiny to be deceived. First there was Cicero; look how I trusted him; threw myself on his honour. And now it's Antony. You know how openly I've dealt with him all along; you know—

MAECENAS. I know one thing, my dear Tavy, and that is that I'm not going to listen to another word of politics from this moment.

OCTAVIAN (*flushing*). Maecenas!

MAECENAS. Well, you know what I told you. If you can relax *some* time you'll have a break-down, that's all.—Now look here, just be sensible; there's Terentia, your youthful flame; go and flirt with her.

OCTAVIAN. Flirt! I'll . . . Ha-ha-ha! Right you are, old man, I will, then. Bless you, Maecenas, you're always right.

Hullo! Terentia! Well, well, well—ahem. Haven't seen *you*, I believe, for—oh, I don't know how long. Ahem. Did you have a good time at the Carnival?

TERENTIA. Rather. In the morning we went to a play; it was thrilling.

OCTAVIAN. Oh. Euripides?

TERENTIA. What?

OCTAVIAN. Was it a Euripides?

TERENTIA. Oh, an author, do you mean? I haven't the remotest notion. But the young Aesopus was in the principal part. Oh, he's wonderful! And then—but of course, just when he'd got to the most exciting moment, where he stabs his mother or something—you know—well, we had to rush away to get our seats for the chariot-races. *Not* the gladiators, thank you, not for me; horrible beastly things. And we just got there in time, too. All my family was backing red; except Licinius, of course, he never goes; but I was for the whites, and I was jolly glad I was too, when I saw the horses, the loveliest things!—you can't imagine. I can't think why they were beaten, have you any idea?

OCTAVIAN. *I have it! (Going to Maecenas).* I see it now; it's flashed on me suddenly.

MAECENAS. What has?

OCTAVIAN. Antony's naval policy.

MAECENAS. Bah! Ha-ha-ha! You can't do it. (*To Terentia*). He's no good, is he? Ha-ha-ha!

*Enter Tiberius.*

OCTAVIAN. *Now* I know what Tiberius must propose to Sextus for me.

*He talks to Tiberius, while Maecenas flirts with Terentia.*

Maecenas!

*Maecenas makes a wry face to Terentia; she nods and Exit.*

TIBERIUS. I see, young man, I see. I'm fairly intelligent, you know, though I may *look* a fool. Well now, if you two don't mind entertaining yourselves for a bit, I'll just sit down and write that letter straight away, before dinner's ready. Fact is—

(*Enter Livia at back, with one attendant; they sit down and sew. Octavian sees them.*)

—fact is, anything like that after dinner gives me a most disagreeable sensation *here*; exactly as if my stomach were full of rope-knots; do you ever have it?—no I suppose not at your age. Well, well.

*Sits down at a table and writes.*

OCTAVIAN. Maecenas, who's that?

MAECENAS. That?

Alas, for all soft-hearted folks like me,  
That's his young wife.

OCTAVIAN. Pregnant, by Heaven's pure sun !  
 Gods, what a grace goes with her ! O, but there,  
 Maecenas,  
 Moves my affinity.

MAECENAS. That cannot be.  
 You are imperative, domineering, proud.  
 Livia, if sometimes she may get her way,  
 'Tis for her sweetness' sake, none can resist.  
 You are severe, cold, cautious, critical.  
 Livia's the very spirit of gentleness,  
 Loves where she pities, pities where she loves ;  
 Trusting at every point, and not by halves,  
 Wins on suspicion easier than her breath.  
 Save for fine natures both—O, never tell me  
 She who moves there is your affinity.

OCTAVIAN. But I will tell you. Love creates alone.  
 Love lends endurance. They that cure the world  
 Take on themselves its heaviness. I am great—  
 With child, of empire, order, government,  
 Which three shall pacify and unite the earth.  
 Caesar I loved, and bear him posthumously  
 The issues of his hope. Half Livia's beauty  
 Comes of her burden, as my greatness does.  
 Therefore I call her my affinity.

MAECENAS (*aside*). Excellent sophistry ; as if there were no  
 other expectant mothers.

OCTAVIAN. Do you not see, Maecenas ? Now I know  
 What women feel like in their pregnancies ;  
 When I too, now and sometimes, peak and pine,  
 And feel myself too faint for the live hopes  
 That swell so near my heart-strings.

TIBERIUS (*to himself*). This is the stuff to work young  
 Pompey ; if I'm any judge.

OCTAVIAN. Maecenas, go to her ; speak in my name.  
 Tell her, a man that has been Fortune's slave ;  
 That sadly soars in unwished solitude,  
 And never finds dominion compensate  
 For the misanthropy which is its price ;  
 That o'er the neck of this or that lost faith  
 Miserably rises in being put upon,

And is deceived to greatness annually ;  
 Tell her, a man that is without a friend,  
 Commends himself—to her. If she can keep  
 A trust exceeding men's, I see no breast  
 That I more gladly would repose it in.  
 TIBERIUS (*to himself*). Heigh-ho ! I hope we shall get  
 some dinner soon.

MAECENAS. Lady, I speak in young Octavian's name.  
 A man, he says, that has been Fortune's slave ;  
 That sadly soars in unwished solitude,  
 And never finds dominion compensate  
 For the misanthropy which is its price ;  
 That o'er the neck of this or that lost faith  
 Miserably rises in being put upon,  
 And is deceived to greatness annually ;  
 A man (he says) that is without a friend,  
 Commends himself—to you. If you can keep  
 A trust exceeding men's, he sees no breast  
 That he more gladly would repose it in.

TIBERIUS. Those capons will be overdone, I know they will.  
 M'ph ! (*sniffing*) m'ph ! I'm certain I can smell *something*  
 burning.

LIVIA. Alas, how came you to betray him, sir ?

MAECENAS. Betray him ? I ?

LIVIA. Well, are you not his friend ?

MAECENAS. Oh, I have been his faithful friend so long  
 That he forgets to count me ; I am reckoned  
 But as an instinct of him.

LIVIA. Does he treat  
 His instincts kindly ?

MAECENAS (*after a pause*). He is his own good friend.

LIVIA. Say to him, then, that helpless Livia's heart  
 Is not her own to give even. I was wed,  
 At fifteen years, to kind Tiberius ;—

TIBERIUS (*sneezing*). Achoosh !

LIVIA. And though I knew not quite what love might mean—  
 For, I may say to you, this was a match  
 Made, not in Heaven, but by my father, sir—  
 Yet have I borne one child since, and love *him* ;  
 And I will always be his mother, say.

Take that to him for whom you spoke to me ;  
And if he still say that he has no friend,  
Ask if he never looked into your eyes.

TIBERIUS (*to the company, without turning*). My cook is a  
Syracusan, I believe that's why ; he's good, I think you I  
find, but slow ; too slow.

MAECENAS. Sir, I'm bid say that helpless Livia's heart  
Is not her own to give even. She was wed,  
At fifteen years, to—old Tiberius ;—

TIBERIUS. Oh, come, I say, this is getting past a joke. Here !  
*Beckons to slave, who enters, then exit as with a message.*

MAECENAS. And though she knew not quite what love might  
mean—

For, she made plain to me, this was a match  
Made, not in Heaven, but by her father, sir—  
Yet has she borne one child since, and loves him ;  
And she will always be his mother.

OCTAVIAN (*eagerly*). Well ?

MAECENAS. And, for your friendlessness—well, she made bold  
To disbelieve it ; she declared to me  
No man that looked into your face could doubt  
You must have those that serve you loyally.

OCTAVIAN. That's noble of her ! Oh, that rings true, rings  
true ;

Go, good Maecenas, go to her again,  
And tell her this ; this, word for word, deliver—

*Enter Davus, the Butler.*

DAVUS. Dinner is ready, sir.

*Enter various other Guests.*

TIBERIUS. Thank goodness ! I don't believe I could have  
stood it a moment longer. Why it is I can't say, for  
I had a big lunch ; but I was beginning to feel an awful  
vacuity in my stomach ; just here.

DAVUS. There, sir ? Why, that's your heart, sir, not your  
stomach. I hope there's nothing wrong ?

TIBERIUS. Ah, Davy, Davy, at my age the stomach is only  
too apt to interfere with the heart's action. (*Turning to the  
company*). I say, I do hope you haven't all been dread-  
fully bored ; I'm awfully sorry.

*Octavian hands Livia down the steps*

MAECENAS. Oh, don't apologise. We have plenty to think  
about these days, Heaven knows.

TIBERIUS. Ah yes, by the way ; just read this over at the  
dessert, if you don't mind, and tell me whether it meets  
your views.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Pass and repass Waiters with trays.*

1ST WAITER. Buck up there with the bloody vegetables ;  
can't wait all night, you know.

2ND WAITER. I say, have you seen young Caesar with my  
mistress ? Ooh !

*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter suddenly Tiberius, serviette in hand, but agitated,  
with a half-eaten apple ; marches distractedly across ;  
returns to where he can see Octavian, and stands glaring  
at the prospect ; then stamps his foot ; then fiercely flaps  
his serviette.*

All very well, I said I'd divorce her ; but I'm not ready  
yet.

*Suddenly starts wildly.*

No, I won't have it ; I've made up my mind. I'll get  
her well enough provided for, all in good time. Here  
they come, young devils.

*Re-enter Octavian and Maecenas.*

OCTAVIAN. There were my hope-earned harbour, my heart's  
home ;

Had I but her, filled be my life with toil,  
Numbered each eve by the clay's work-wrung groan,  
The love-winged soul—unheard, unfelt, what matters ?—  
Inside the breast for freedom's sake should sing !

MAECENAS. Ahem.

Worthy Tiberius, it grows late, we find,  
But ere our leave-taking, take leave to say  
We count you much to be felicitated  
On the possession of so sweet a wife.

TIBERIUS. Thank you ; good-night.

OCTAVIAN. The rhythm I breathe to, she !

MAECENAS. Should you some day feel bound to put her  
from you,



From all solicitude for her next home  
We would ourselves relieve you.

TIBERIUS. O, do not think of it.  
Good-night.

MAECENAS. Forgive my mentioning that; but rumour, sir,  
Herein as oft, it may be, premature,  
Re-marries you next month; if that were so—

TIBERIUS. Yes, yes, I know; but—(to Octavian) well, you  
see, young man, this is so sudden.

OCTAVIAN. No suddener than my love; but that's imperative.

TIBERIUS. Good Heavens, man, will you take her now, or  
shall I send her round to you next morning? I'm sorry  
I'm so short-handed just at present.

OCTAVIAN. Stand not on ceremony; I'll take her now.

TIBERIUS (*wiping his forehead*). Er-ha! Here, you, just step  
upstairs and ask your mistress to come down a moment.  
(*Exit Attendant.*)

He can't marry her yet, you know; she's expecting  
her confinement in three months; the law don't allow it.

MAECENAS. Excepting under a dispensation from the High  
Priest; and that's Lepidus.

TIBERIUS. Well, well, "you have my consent, young man"!   
*Writes.*

*Re-enter Livia, with one Attendant; then Terentia.*

Livia my dear, you will remember what  
I had told you lately; now provision's found.

This paper, lodged with the pontifices,  
Declares our marriage thenceforth null and void.

Here is Octavian for you; you've been a good wife,  
And I rejoice to leave you so well settled.

—She weeps at every change; but soon gets used to it.

OCTAVIAN. Bear up, sweet soul; no Roman husband I.

Your children both for your dear sake I'll cherish.

Your state I reverence; and though I may not more

Than kiss your pillow yet, you'll sleep at least

Under my care; what were my best wish other?

LIVIA. If this be truth you speak, all mine is yours.

Forgive these drops; even on life's thorns, I fear,

I leave some shreds of me, when I'm torn thence.

*Her maid puts a cloak over her.*

TIBERIUS. There, there (to Octavian). And when you're  
married and all, come here sometimes and dine with us,  
won't you?—with me, I mean. And—er—bring your  
wife; bring your wife. (*Aside to Livia*) I say, Livia,  
that's a perfect devil of a young man, that is; you keep  
your own end up, my girl, for God's sake!

*Exit Tiberius.*

OCTAVIAN. This is my very good friend Maecenas, whom  
you must now know better. Ah, Maecenas, you ought  
to get married; it would do you good. But there, I'm  
afraid you never will; you're not the sort, somehow.

MAECENAS. My dear Tavy, I quite realise the advantages,  
but as yet I'm in no hurry; in the long run—well, I'll  
make no rash prophecies; but if I *should* end my days  
without a helpmeet, I strongly suspect it will turn out to  
have been all your fault!—eh? Ha-ha-ha! Good luck  
to both of you.

*Exeunt Octavian, Livia, and Maid.*

H'm! The complacence of these engaged couples!  
Telling me I'd never marry!

TERENTIA. Yes, just like his cheek, isn't it?

MAECENAS (*starting*). Hey?—Just like yours, I fancy.

TERENTIA. Of course you don't marry. Why should you?  
You've never been in love.

MAECENAS. O, haven't I just! That's all the difficulty.  
I'm never out of it.

TERENTIA. But just can't get the length of a proposal,  
somehow?

MAECENAS. I get to the brink of it about three times a year.

TERENTIA. Well, all you want is a bit more courage.

MAECENAS. O that's not it, it's my tender-heartedness. Just  
at the last moment, somehow, all at once I can't help  
thinking of the other ones—d'you see?—and then I feel  
so sorry for them. I can't bear the idea of their having  
to—to fall back on someone else.

TERENTIA. Yes, I see; poor Metella.

MAECENAS. Hey? What do *you* know about Metella, I  
wonder.

TERENTIA. O, nothing to what *you* do. Only she's coming  
along the passage there.

MAECENAS (*startling back*). The devil she is.

TERENTIA. Now look here do be sensible ; you'll never have a better chance.

MAECENAS. Well, what shall I do ?

TERENTIA. Just go right up to her and—(*whispers*). And most of all, whatever you do, mind you don't remember anything about—mind you don't remember anything about me !

*Runs out in opposite direction.*

*Maecenas walks hesitatingly, and with several stoppages, towards Metella.*

MAECENAS (*suddenly, his hand to his mouth*). I say ! (*turning*) I say, Terentia !

*Runs out after her.*

*Re-enter at back Tiberius.*

TIBERIUS. The more I begin to think about it, the sicker I feel. Damn him ! Damn him for ever !

*Sees his left-off apple suddenly, and resumes it.*

CURTAIN.

SCENE V.—*A street in Rome. Expectant crowd.*

SEVERAL. Can you see them ?—Don't push behind there.—They won't come out for ages yet.

*Enter 1st Citizen.*

1ST CITIZEN. What's all this about ?

2ND CITIZEN. Don't you know ? Maecenas' marriage.

1ST CITIZEN. Goodbye. (*Turning at wing*). There are some things I'd stay to see ; but not a marriage.

2ND CITIZEN. Oh well, but such a marriage.

1ST CITIZEN. Bah, it's all the same. I suppose an Etruscan millionaire gets married for the same reason as a Roman labourer, eh ?

2ND CITIZEN. Reason ? And what may that be, then ?

1ST CITIZEN. What may it be ! Well. Come. What is it ?

3RD CITIZEN. Not a bit. There are as many reasons for getting married as there are men that marry.

2ND CITIZEN. No, you must multiply by two, to get in the women's reasons.

4TH CITIZEN. And even then you won't have got it ; no man marries for one motive only.

1ST CITIZEN. Good-bye.

*Exit.*

CROWD. Here they come, here they come ! Hurray !

*Enter Maecenas and Terentia and wedding train. General jubilation and throwing of roses. Enter an Attache.*

ATTACHE. Maecenas ! Is Maecenas there ?

MAECENAS. Here, friend.

ATTACHE. Letter from the Triumvir, sir ; and urgent.

*Exit all but Maecenas, Attache, Terentia, and one Bridesmaid.*

MAECENAS. Tell the Triumvir that I shall start in half an hour. (*Exit Attache*). Terentia. (*Exit Bridesmaid*).

Fresh trouble has broken out with Antony ; I have to meet his agents at Brundisium.

TERENTIA. O, Cilnius, how perfectly disgusting ! Do you mean you'll be off in a few days ?

MAECENAS. Days ? Jupiter ! I'll start at once.

TERENTIA. Cilnius ! No ! Not—not before to-night ?

MAECENAS. Terentia ; are you a Roman wife ?

And is it your nation, or your womanhood, That you care less for than for the idlest toys ?

Go ; bid your servant pack my necessaries.

*As she moves off in a pet, he walks after her and puts his hand on her shoulder. She looks round pouting.*

There ; be good, now ; I don't know that I *really* think—quite what I said. But—well, it's a convenient view to take at present. I'll be back in a fortnight.

*Exit Terentia.*

H'm. Damn. I must take some entertaining person. Let's see—ah ! there goes the very man. Horace ! I say, Horace ! Not so fast. I'm for Brundisium in half an hour ; I want you with me.—Eh ? Appointment ?—What appointment ? Oh, *that* sort of an appointment ; well, you must put her off, that's all.—My dear Horace, it isn't done ; you must, you know ; come along, get ready.

*Exit.*

## WORDSWORTH'S TREE.

THE tennis courts are threadbare and all but deserted. Everyone has gone down; but the Backs are still open. I can't find the tree there that Wordsworth made such a fuss about. The cuckoo's voice is broken. The wilderness is weedy. There's a gardener and a don inside—it reminds me of Curiosities, photographs of strange friendships; a dog and a cock sharing a kennel, or a cat and a butterfly playing amicably together. Anything reminds me of anything, I can't stop the wheels of my mind, but they are out of my control in any case. That's the clock that strikes the hours with male and female voice. There's a story about it, they say; for there are stories about everything queer in Cambridge. I never heard the story, and I can't remember it. I can't find the tree, I don't want to find the tree, I'm only just looking for it, and shouldn't get any satisfaction out of finding it. But a man must do something; the tennis courts are threadbare. Everyone has gone down.

How hot porters must be. Why don't they wear some other kind of clothes and hats in summer? Striped holiday suits in pale grey and panamas—it would be a distinguished costume. A young lady is painting a picture of New Court. It is quite sad to think of her disillusionment. I feel sorry about it. Isn't life rotten? I sit down and cross my legs on the grass quite near to her and repeat my observation. She wears a paintbrush between her teeth and paints fiercely at the sky. I peep at her picture. Words fail me for a while. I didn't realise how ugly New Court is. She begins with a full brush upon the grass in her picture. I wonder if she can tell me which tree it was that Wordsworth made such a fuss about. I ask gently. But it is useless. I point out to her how threadbare the tennis courts are; while Trinity strikes the quarter. I try my best. I tell her about the don and the gardener. At last she packs up her paintbox and hurries away. I see her speaking to the porter. He lifts his hot hat when she goes. Then he goes. I still sit on. I am wondering whether it is the elm-tree by the east end of the courts. I am more or less lost in wonder.

Now there are two porters at the gate looking across at me; one is much bigger than the other. It is very kind of them to come across and talk to me. I ask the big one about the tree, but he says he doesn't know. *He* would look nice in flannels and a panama—or perhaps yachting clothes. They look quite sadly at me; how sympathetic porters are. I think they are trying to find the tree for me. Or are they going to the wilderness? I forget all about porters. I am considering the possibilities of the other trees. I am rather inclined to give the vote to that one opposite the bridge. Now the porters are coming back, and the don is with them. I expect they went to ask him about the tree. He seems quite a good don. I like men with white hair, they are generally so benevolent. I get up to speak to him, and tell him about the tree. He doesn't seem to know as much as the porters did about it. I can see the gardener dodging behind the trees of the avenue. Perhaps it is one of those trees. It wasn't fair of Wordsworth to choose a tree in an avenue to make a fuss about. The don says something to the small porter and he goes away quickly. I wish he wouldn't hurry so, I'm sure he feels too hot to hurry. The don is very kind, he is trying to help to find the tree. The big porter looks quite sorry still. I wish for his sake that we could find the tree, then he could tell other people when they asked him—Americans and people of an enquiring turn of mind. The small porter is coming back with another kind-faced man. The don and the new man shake hands. They don't seem to be talking about trees. The don calls him Doctor. I wonder what he is a Doctor of—Philosophy, or something like that? How nice it would be if he had his red gown on. He is a very kind man, and takes me by the wrist while I explain about the tree to him. We are walking down the avenue. I point out that I don't think Wordsworth could have been so unfair. There is a taxi waiting by the gate. The Doctor says we will go and find Wordsworth and ask him. Why didn't I think of that before, I wonder. It will be jolly to see him and settle the question. We shall see him to-morrow. To-night we are staying in a big country house with lots of other people.

F. H. K.

### THE UNDYING HEART.

Beyond all promise of dream and fancy of rhyme  
Comes Love all dreams to excel, all rhymes to impart ;  
Bear to abide for a while this desolate time,  
Thine shall reward thee well, saith the undying heart.

Though risen again reborn in despite of stain  
I shall be weary of words, a poet no more,  
Unknowing, unknown, (I reply), unhappy again,  
Remembering thee so beautiful once before.

E. L. D.

### THE TWO SISTERS.

14—18 FEBRUARY, 1922.

**I**T is not easy to trace the beginning of operatic art in Cambridge. When Nicholas Staggins, who was to be our first Professor of Music, was created Mus.D. here by royal mandate, in 1682, he had already composed a dialogue for the second part of Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, which was produced in 1681. The dialogue begins 'How unhappy a lover am I', and is printed in J. S. Smith's *Musica Antiqua*. Maurice Greene, who was Professor from 1730 till 1755, wrote not only a dramatic pastoral, *Florimel or Love's Revenge*, in 1737, and a masque, *The Judgment of Hercules* (1740), but a pastoral opera, *Phoebe*, in 1748. John Randall, Professor 1755-99, as a boy had performed in Handel's *Esther* in 1732, taking the title rôle. This work, though not an opera, was performed on the stage with scenic effects, but without action. A half-way house, as it were. Monck-Mason attempted to secure Walmisley, who was Professor 1836-56, for English opera in 1830, but Walmisley decided to try his fortune in Cambridge, and was appointed organist at Trinity and St John's in 1833. Sterndale Bennett took the part of Cherubino in a performance of *Figaro* given by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music in the King's Theatre in 1830 when he was fourteen. His overtures to 'Parisina' and 'Naiades' and 'The Wood Nymphs' also point to the stage, though they are but concert-overtures. I know nothing of his music to the *Ajax* of Sophocles (op. 45). Macfarren's *Devil's Opera*, produced at the English Opera House in 1838, at once drew public attention; and he produced also an 'Emblematical Tribute on the Queen's Marriage' at Drury Lane (1840). In the same year he edited Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. He produced Mendelssohn's *Antigone* in 1845, and next year his

own opera of *Don Quixote* was successful at Drury Lane. In 1849 his opera of *Charles II.* was produced at the Princess's, and *Robin Hood* at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1860, *Jessy Lea* (1863), and three more operas in 1864! Several more are in manuscript.

Sir Charles Stanford has written several operas—*The Veiled Prophet* in 1881, *Savonarola* and *The Canterbury Pilgrims* in 1814, *Lorenza* (op. 55) in 1894 (not produced), *Shamus O'Brien* in 1896, an opera unnamed (op. 69) in 1898, and *Much Ado About Nothing* in 1900. *The Travelling Companion* was published by February, 1920. Dr Naylor's opera, *The Angelus*, was produced in 1909. We have Dr Rootham's *The Two Sisters* in 1922, and Dr Vaughan Williams's *Hugh the Rover* was to have a partial production this spring. Dr Charles Wood has completed an operetta based on *Pickwick*.

The production, by amateurs, of opera in Cambridge is a much shorter story. The production of Gluck's *Orpheus* in

**Opera in Cambridge.** May, 1890, deserves a fuller notice, for it is all but forgotten by the oldest inhabitants. After that nothing happened till the performance of *The Magic Flute* in December, 1911, followed by *The Faery Queen* in 1920 and *The Two Sisters* in 1922. It is not essential to chronicle here the professional performances given by travelling companies at the New Theatre since its opening in 1896, but it certainly is right to add to this list the series of operas produced by the Cambridge Amateur Opera Society since 1910, and the work of the Cambridge University Opera Society founded in 1920. Dr Rootham's opera is the first opera to be produced in Cambridge at its first performance.

'Sooner or later', says a recent writer on Debussy, 'at some epoch of their lives, most composers of note turn to opera as a means of expressing themselves'. To Dr Rootham the moment has now come. His opera has been long maturing,

**Dr Rootham's 'The Two Sisters.'** and he may be congratulated on the result. There were no mishaps. Everything that was wanted was forthcoming. In an informal speech at the end of the week the composer remarked that he had a unique experience for an English composer of our time: he had heard his own opera for six

consecutive performances. The words of *The Cambridge Review* may be recalled: 'Assisted by the devoted, hard-working company of Cambridge amateurs that he gathered about him, he has given Cambridge herself what is probably a "unique experience", namely, the opportunity of listening to an opera that owes little or nothing to the outside world, to a production for which Cambridge herself is responsible'.

It is not necessary here to enlarge upon the story of *The Two Sisters* and the sources from which the composer and the librettist drew their inspiration. Like Dohnanyi's opera, produced in March, Dr Rootham's opera is founded on a ballad. Mr Dennis Arundell wrote an admirable exposition of this, which appeared in the programme. Mrs Marjory Fausset's libretto has come in for a good deal of adverse criticism, in some of which the author herself would perhaps join. When Dr Rootham has written as many operas as Telemann, who wrote forty, we shall be able to tell to what extent the music was subservient to the words. To the present writer the most effective music was when the curtain of blood-red trees was down in the third Act; and in the dances of Act III. That is to say, the music was best when the ballad was out of the way. Act I. ended in gloom, but as *The Two Sisters* is a tragedy, how else could it end?

A word of praise may be permitted for the scenery of Mr Lionel Penrose. The evening scenery of Act I. was wholly successful, the success being largely enhanced by what Herrick calls the daffodil sky. That the sky remained daffodil in the first scene of Act III. which takes place, by contrast, in the morning was a technical mistake. Mr Penrose's second success was the adroit management of his river across the stage in the back cloth of Act II. The treatment of the trees was a mistake. In the last Act the colour scheme was again a success.

It remains to chronicle such members of the cast and of the orchestra as, like the composer, were members of the College. First and foremost Mr Dennis Arundell, **Johnian Performers.** the producer and singer of the ballad. Mr Herbert Sharp and Kenneth Moncrieff were Forest Voices and also Foresters. Mr Stuart Wilson, the

Harper, is the son of a Johnian. Mr Lionel Penrose designed scenery, as aforesaid, and dresses. In the scene painting he was assisted by Mr Rolf Gardiner. Mrs Rootham may surely claim membership of the College as well as thanks for her direction in the local production of the dresses. In the Chorus were Mr Desmond Cranley, Mr Edward Davison, and Mr Déra Peiris among the tenors; Mr O. R. Fulljames, Mr Macklin, and Mr R. Macklin among the basses. Among the dancers were Mr Gardiner and Mr R. Holttum. Twelve choristers from the College choir took part:

Keith Liddle	Alfred Kirk
Leonard Tingey	Edward Carter
Cecil Longley	Maxwell Jones
Robert Sharp	Bernard Colchester
Montague Fry	Gordon Chapman
Edward Egan	Robert Ashby

An appreciative criticism of the opera, from the pen of Mr E. J. Dent, appeared in the March number of the *British Music Bulletin*, the journal of the British Music Society, of which Dr Rootham is President this year. Mr Dent speaks of the production of *The Two Sisters* as 'an event of importance' and 'a remarkable achievement'. "Considered as an opera by itself it presents new ideas in opera. . . Dr Rootham offers an original and very admirable solution. He has also evoked a vocal style of his own". He adds that the opera contains "much music that is genuinely beautiful and individual". We may safely leave criticism in Mr Dent's hands.

We in Cambridge may look forward with hope to the future of a school of opera, as of drama, and of music. In opera Dr Rootham is pioneer.

CHARLES SAYLE.

It is worth recording that photographic reproductions of the scenes, by Mr Walter Benington, appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of February 25 (p. 265).

## REVIEWS.

*Memories of a Long Life.* By T. G. Bonney, Sc.D., etc.  
(Cambridge, Metcalfe & Co., 1921, 7/-).

Dr. Bonney's *Memories of a Long Life*, unpretentious and brief, calls for appreciative notice in the pages of the *Eagle*, ever ready to welcome reminiscences of the past from its older supporters. And in any case a man who remembers the death of William IV. must be able to recall much that is of interest to his readers.

The range of these Memories is wide, and the detail sometimes minute. The writer carries us over Alpine peaks and glaciers in an outline sketch of strenuous achievement; and one is compelled to remind oneself that these are the doing not only of an athletic climber but of an eminent Geologist. To follow the narrative in these matters would be merely to restate in other words what has been set forth by a Fellow of the Royal Society and a notable member of the Alpine Club. This unprofitable effort I shall not presume to make.

Nor is it here necessary to deal at length with the manifold experiences of a man who has been an active schoolmaster, who has done much literary work, who is also an antiquarian, and has been and still is a preacher. But I would add that he was for some years a representative in England of my dear friend J. B. Pearson, Bishop of Newcastle, N.S.W., whose loss was to him as great a sorrow as it was to me.

It is the reminiscences of Cambridge and St John's, the changes of over half a century in University and College life, and the opinions of a deeply-interested observer on men and things, the variations of habit and fashion, the contrasts of Old and New, that must be for the *Eagle* its chief concern. If we are to be honest as well as sympathetic (and I for one am the latter) we must admit that some of the views put forth in this book would not in their present form commend

themselves to other observers of the same events. I like them all the better for their candour, even when they seem to me susceptible of modification. But, to one who himself remembers a great part of the persons and things referred to, it appears a pity that names are not given (*e.g.* on pages 40-1). For the remarks on persons are fair, not uncharitable, evidently written under pressure of mighty self-restraint. The present generation can have no notion of the state of things in St John's in those days. It was certainly not easy for a vigorous reformer of the period to 'suffer gladly' the majority of the then rulers of the College. As Dr Bonney truly shews, all depended on the subtle discretion of the Master, Dr Bateson.

Most of the internal details of the College system as described by Dr Bonney were still in existence when I came up in 1867. College lectures and examinations were mostly futile. Great importance was attached to a man's place in his Tripos; indeed Fellowships were awarded on that 'order of merit'. But, with success of this kind in view, it was the students' general aim to cut lectures and get practical training from a Coach. The help of Classical lectures may be guessed from my experience. I cut a set of lectures on a set subject in a College examination, and read it myself. Yet I came out first in the paper on this subject, beating a number of good men who had attended the lectures. It was too absurd.

Morning Chapel at 7 o'clock was rather a trial. As Dr Bonney suggests, it was not easy to get breakfast after it in time for 8 o'clock lecture. I did it for a while, but had to give it up at last—I mean the Chapel—and so had trouble with Deans. No doubt these officers had an awkward duty to perform, as Dr Bonney implies. But he was himself the best Dean of my time. When 'hauled' for insufficient attendance at Chapel, the average Undergraduate made flimsy and often insincere excuses. Conscious of this, he was rather relieved when his Dean brushed aside his rubbish and simply gated him. Some Deans tried to persuade a reluctant youth by what seemed arguments, blind to the fact that compulsion was of the essence of the system, and that the Undergraduate meant either to be compelled or let alone. And the causes of the difficulty were even then more deep-

seated than those in authority were aware. Discipline was all very well, but it could not be worked by arguing.

Dinner in Hall was still very much as Dr Bonney describes it, a simple meal of joint and potatoes, which you could supplement at your own cost by 'sizing' for extras such as apple pie. Bread was cut up into lumps, which old Moses carried round in a basket saying 'bootiful bread, Gentlemen'. You helped yourself as he passed. Joints were on the table. After cutting off what you fancied, you shoved the dish on. By the time it had run its course, the joint was a ghastly sight, and the last man had to choose from the least ineligible remnants of a mangled ruin.

Some of us began to form sets, taking turns to carve for the other partners. When carving off the table by skilled carvers came in, I cannot remember. But, as to the circumstances of the great change by which the College took over the Kitchens and arranged to provide dinners on a more modern scale, I should give a different account from Dr Bonney. The old cook, lessee of the Kitchens, Owen Jones, died a poor man. D. Bruvet, a Frenchman, succeeded him as lessee, promising much. He offered to provide a complete dinner at a slightly higher price, and so to put an end to Sizing. This, which was known as the 'Cook's dinner', was soon accepted by most Undergraduates. I was one of the few who stood out from motives of thrift, and tried to do without extras. But separation from table-companions soon drove one to submit to one's fate.

Opinions might differ as to the food supplied by the Frenchman. At all events he seemed to have made the Kitchens pay; for he took to money-lending, and had to go. Then the College was persuaded to take over the Kitchens and work them under the Steward, with a Head-Cook as College Servant, not Lessee. That this plan has ever been a real financial success, I am not aware. That it has on occasion been so represented, I know. But in justice to the memory of Mr W. F. Smith I must record my belief that when he became Steward the department was in a sad plight, and he had a hard task to keep it going in his earlier years.

The great breakfast parties referred to by Dr Bonney

were in full swing in my time. Beer or various Cups followed a massive meal, and the session begun at 9 could be (and on occasion was) prolonged to noon. It was not good for study, but it wasn't meant to be. And it only happened now and then. Smoking had the charm of being forbidden in the courts and grounds. I doubt whether many men really cared for it on its own merits. 'Wines' were an entertainment of which I should speak more severely than Dr Bonney. In some Colleges they were a grave evil, and they were bad enough in St John's. Fashion ruled such matters, and has probably changed. I hope so.

The ways of Undergraduates in moments of undue excitement do not, I think, change greatly. I cordially agree with most of the remarks on the subject in these *Memories*. A recent affair indicates that the change is not always for the better. Liquor played a larger part (say) fifty years ago. But the doings on 20 October last make me think of the saying of a Scotch magistrate 'What would he have done if he had been sober?' For there was no sign of drunkenness then (I saw the mob); only a flock of silly sheep led by vulgarity. I trust no members of St John's took a share in the business. But I hesitate to add 'if they did, I hope they were drunk'.

So too in the matter of traffic in the streets. I agree with the censure passed on the various forms of extreme road-hoggery. But the indifference of young men to the convenience or safety of other people is much the same as of old. The inventions of recent times have furnished more abundant facilities for exuberant misconduct. In my time we were less tempted. And in the last year or two I have several times noticed men behaving quite like gentlemen in the street. Dress is very undress nowadays, but it used to be over-dress, I should say. On the whole perhaps I am, rather more than Dr Bonney, on the side of the moderns.

But I wax garrulous, and a threatening avalanche of rich anecdote must be stopped. I am to criticize another's *Memories*, not to write my own. Readers of the book will find a number of interesting sketches of notable men, friends of the author, among them Charles Kingsley and E. H. Palmer.

Also many other matters that need not be catalogued here. There is too an excellent index, in which you can find your way to the various topics, including recipes for punch and sherry beaker. I only miss the item 'Diving-Bell' (see page 2). For I had as a boy exactly the same unpleasant experience, and have never forgotten it.

I only wish all subscribers to the *Eagle* as long a range of memories as this little book covers, and as much of interest to record.

W. E. HEITLAND.

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*Wishes Limited.* By the Author of *Alf's Bullon* (W. A. Darlington). (Herbert Jenkins, London, 1922, 7/6).

The unsatisfactory nature of the fulfilment of fairy wishes is not a new topic. The story in Grimm of the three wishes which only resulted in the appearance of a black pudding, followed by its application to and subsequent removal from the victim's nose, is probably older than Grimm. The same idea was worked out in a much more suggestive and attractive form by Hans Andersen in *The Goloshes of Fortune*. Mr Darlington approaches the problem on new lines, modernising the traditional scenery and characters, but conscientiously adhering to the fundamental doctrine of the past, that fairy wishes are dangerous things because there is sure to be a catch somewhere.

John Benstead is a youth of comely exterior, athletic prowess, and thoroughly decent ideas. He is of course a Cambridge man, and we strongly suspect him of being a member of Mr Darlington's college. He is in love with an attractive damsel, but marriage is at present beyond the horizon, as he is only a writer of short stories which do not bring in much money. To him appears suddenly through the wall of his room the modernised fairy godmother, who had discarded the steeple-crowned hat and other trappings of the story-books in favour of "extremely high-heeled shoes, silk stockings, a skimpy yellow frock cut low at the neck,



long fair plaits, and a floppy black hat". Instead of a fairy wand she carried a magic sunshade; "wands", she explains, "are simply not worn now". We learn from her lips that Fairyland itself has also been brought up to date. Owing to labour troubles among the djinns who had formerly carried out the fairies' behests, the old Fairy Kingdom has been replaced by a Republic run on strict Trade Union lines, but Rule 19 allows a fairy godmother to grant to a mortal god-child one wish a month, although this, by Rule 36, must be limited like a telegram to 12 words. Money and jewels are barred by Rule 7, so Benstead's first wish—for £50,000 invested in War Loan—cannot be granted; but he gets round this difficulty by wishing that he might be the author of a successful novel.

At this point the hero's troubles begin. The djinns are set to work, but the efforts at literary self-expression of a syndicate of evil spirits leads to the publication in Benstead's name of a novel of so salacious a character that his friends begin to drop him, and even Beth's faith in him is shaken, while the work has an enormous sale and his fortune is made. The unforeseen consequences of the fairy gift are worked out by the author with unfailing skill, and the unfortunate hero, now rich enough to marry a girl who will no longer marry him, collapses into a brain fever of indefinite duration.

With this, the main thread of the story, is skilfully interwoven another which continuously supplies comic relief. The fairy godmother, when leaving Benstead's room through the wall, had necessarily appeared on the other side of the wall in an apartment occupied by Mr Spalding, a family solicitor of unimpeachable respectability, who had not unnaturally called her an "impudent, brazen hussy"—provocative terms which led her at once to transform him by the help of the sunshade into a black-beetle; and we have the usual nine-days' wonder of the absconding solicitor with the sleuth-hounds of the law in full pursuit. Benstead, who had heard the appalling truth from the fairy's own lips, had collected Mr Spalding in a cigar-box with the humane intention of using up his next monthly wish in restoring him to his natural shape. But until this can happen, he is encompassed by the perplexing problems offered by the

cigar-box and its contents. Should an elderly family solicitor who has been transformed into a black-beetle be offered boot polish and leather bindings, or lamb and green peas? How is he to be protected against sudden extinction under the impact of the human foot? What is to be done to protect an eccentric novelist of decadent morals who insists on making a pet of a black-beetle from incarceration in a lunatic asylum? The difficulties are got over by the aid of a priceless manservant and Peter Careswell, a loyal friend, who is modelled on the Archie of Mr P. G. Wodehouse, although he displays greater restraint than that breezy youth in the manufacture and use of expressions not hitherto known to English literature. With this material Mr Darlington accomplishes some excellent fooling. Benstead recovers from his illness, and Mr Spalding survives in his cigar-box until the day comes for the restoration to be accomplished. Beth and Peter, both admitted to the secret at last, suggest a train as the most suitable scene for it, so three persons and a cigar-box enter a carriage with four first-class tickets. One of the tickets is placed in Mr Spalding's box; he is transferred to an empty compartment; the twelve words of the wish are pronounced; and the transformation is successfully accomplished. But Fairyland scores again. Mr Spalding comes to life in cream-silk pyjamas "illustrated with a neat wall-paper pattern", and a dressing-gown "of a startling crimson shade of silk", "embroidered at intervals with silver storks". At that moment the train draws up at the main-line platform at Waterloo, and fresh complications of an intriguing character at once ensue.

As in Anstey's *Brass Bottle* a happy ending to the story is provided by the obliteration of everything from the minds of all the parties concerned with the exception of the hero and heroine, and the success of a new novel, written without the intervention of the fairy godmother, brings their happiness within reach. But Mr Darlington links up the device of forgetfulness happily with his conception of a modernised Fairyland by making it the result of a fresh strike on the part of the djinns, who, not content with refusing to write any more novels, destroy, by a kind of sabotage, the work which they have already done.

This rapid sketch gives only an inadequate idea of the ingenuity of Mr Darlington's plot, or the zest and skill with which he works it out. His own enjoyment of the situations which he is creating carries the reader joyously over all the critical points, and he sits up far beyond his usual bedtime rather than break so fascinating a thread. The principal characters are lovable; granted the preliminary assumptions on which the story proceeds, the events are probable; and the fun bubbles up naturally, without the intervention of the common pump. A comparison with *Alf's Button* is inevitably suggested. To the reviewer it appears that *Wishes Limited* is more ambitious, maturer, written with a surer and more delicate touch. Whether it will make an equal contribution to its author's fame and fortune remains to be seen.

## Obituary

Mrs R. H. HORTON-SMITH.

By the death of Mrs Marilla Horton-Smith, which took place in the last week of January, in her 84th year, there passes one who held a position which has probably been unique in the annals of either of the two older Universities. Widow of the late Richard Horton Horton-Smith, K.C., and theretofore Q.C., a Master of the Bench and in 1903 Treasurer of the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn, who died in November 1919 in his 88th year,<sup>1</sup> she was the eldest daughter of the late John Baily, Q.C., a Master of the Bench of the same Inn and Counsel to the University of Cambridge. Her father,<sup>2</sup> her only brother,<sup>3</sup> her husband, and her two eldest sons were, all of them, Fellows of one and the self-same Cambridge College, all of them being Fellows of St John's. It would be interesting, indeed, to know whether this record from one and the same College can be equalled at either Oxford or Cambridge. The third son of the marriage, a Foundation Scholar of the same College,<sup>4</sup> did not live to win a Fellowship, but in his memory his father founded at Cambridge, in 1900, the University Prize which is called after his name, "The Raymond Horton-Smith Prize". From the point of view, moreover, of conspicuous loyalty to a College, it may further be mentioned that her brother's two sons who went to the University were Foundation Scholars of the self-same College, while her eldest grandson is also a Foundation Scholar of the same, and has stroked Cambridge to victory over Oxford on the Thames in each of the past three years, 1920-22.

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<sup>1</sup> Obituary in *Eagle*, December 1919, pp. 48-51.

<sup>2</sup> John Baily, Q.C.—first of "The Seven Johnian Stars" of 1828—died on the 19th June, 1877..

<sup>3</sup> Obituary in *Eagle*, June 1918, p. 242.

<sup>4</sup> Obituary in *Eagle*, December 1899, pp. 91-102

She and her husband celebrated their Golden Wedding in December 1914.<sup>1</sup>

Mrs Horton-Smith was an excellent linguist, a lady of rare intellect, of a consistently shrewd and delightful wit and humour, of an astounding memory so that, for example, Sir Walter Scott's poems touching Scotland she seemed to know by heart, and even Tasso was not far behind, of an intense sincerity coupled with a no less intense practical ability, of an entire disdain for the merely superficial and the sham, of a marvellous and never-failing brightness and buoyancy of temperament whatever the surrounding difficulties of life, of unabated and supreme certainty of faith in the Christian verity, and of a wonderful and sustained vitality which seemed, despite the advance of years, to make her no older than her succeeding generation, a lady of singular personal charm who not only endeared to herself, but absolutely bound to herself in devotion, all who had the good fortune to know her.

She was a grand-niece of Francis Baily, the celebrated astronomer, remembered on all hands even to-day by "Baily's Beads" in the sun, to whom the nation, through the authorities, wished to give burial in Westminster Abbey, desisting only in deference to family desires, and a niece of Miss Ann Louisa Baily the centenarian, one of the early travellers in Egypt and the Holy Land, who died in October 1917.

Her grand-uncle, Capt. William Thomas Graham—the elder of the two sons of her great-grandfather, Alexander Graham, who was a lineal descendant of James Graham, 7th Lord Graham and 5th Earl and 1st or "Great" Marquis of Montrose—was the hero of the desperate sea-fight with the Joasmi pirates in the Persian Gulf in 1808, so well described in Mr C. R. Low's *History of the Indian Navy*, 1613-1863 (published in 1877), vol. i. chap. x., pp. 320-322,<sup>2</sup> and detailed by Capt. Graham himself in his official report, dated from H.M.S. *Neriade* the 28th October 1808, which was published nearly a century later in the *Navy League Journal* for July

<sup>1</sup> See "*Family and College: Some Interesting Records and a Golden Wedding: 22 December 1914.*", published in the *Cambridge Daily News* of the 2nd January, 1915.

<sup>2</sup> Mr Low inadvertently gives Capt. Graham's second initial incorrectly on p. 321, but rectifies the matter on pp. 533-6 and in vol. ii. pp. 577 sqq.

1899, together with a covering and explanatory letter from the pen of her second son.

She was also a direct descendant of William Ruthven, fourth Lord Ruthven, hereditary Sheriff of Perth, and first Earl of Gowrie, whose share in the "Raid of Ruthven" takes our memories back to 1582.

For many years of her married life she did infinite personal work amongst the poor of Nine Elms, where earlier had lain a part of the life-work of two of her father's sisters, after the death of their second brother, who was a Fellow of Clare and Queen Victoria's Chaplain at Hampton Court;<sup>1</sup>—and in later years Lincoln's Inn Chapel hardly knew a Sunday in term-time, year in and year out, when she and her husband were not present at its services.

She retained all her faculties and vitality and maintained all her interests to the end, and she passed onward peacefully and without suffering.

Her body was laid to rest in the family vault at Highgate Old Cemetery, where her husband and her two youngest sons had been buried before her, the funeral service being conducted throughout by the Rev. J. Percy Hales, M.A., Rector of Cotgrave, Notts.

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#### GEORGE BALLARD MATHEWS.

George Ballard Mathews was born in London 23 February, 1861, was sent to Ludlow Grammar School, of which the headmaster was a devoted linguist, was then a student under Henrici at University College, London, and was Senior Wrangler in 1883. With characteristic independence, Mathews preferred as coach the lecturer of his own College, Dr W. H. Besant, and proved his mathematical ability by breaking the long succession of Senior Wranglers who were trained by Dr E. J. Routh. Other distinguished names in that year are those of Gallop, Lachlan, Whitehead, Chree, Morley. He did not, however, obtain a Smith's Prize. In 1884 he went as Professor to the recently founded University

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. William Percival Baily, B.D.;—who died on the 3rd August, 1871.

College at Bangor for about twelve years. In 1902 he came back to Cambridge and served for four years as College Lecturer in Mathematics at St John's. This work he resigned in 1905 and again became attached to Bangor as Special Lecturer. He died 19 March, 1922. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1897, and served on the Council 1905-6. He served on the Council of the London Mathematical Society from 1897 to 1904. He was made LL.D. of Glasgow in 1915. He was a Fellow of University College, London.

He was, one gathered, an accurate linguist, of wide literary interests, devoting much time to studies of which he scarcely ever spoke; he was also an unostentatious student of music. One felt of him that there was always something more to learn, if he were not so retiring and self-depreciatory.

As a mathematician it is easy not to rate him highly enough. Through life he bore the impress of Henrici's teaching at King's College, London; but at Cambridge there must still have been many to whom the Mathematical Tripos was the important thing, and mathematics only the means. Dr Besant certainly used occasionally to count up, with one of those little chuckles which his friends learned to like, how many years he had held the market with his *Elementary Hydrostatics*. It would have been easy for Mathews to adopt the prevailing complacency. What is striking is that he broke away from this, became a student of a wide range of mathematics, till, in later years, one of his Reviews of new books in *Nature* was an event, letting in the light and furnishing a stimulus for a wide range of readers. Mathews was one of the first in England to appreciate the beauty and importance of an exact logical treatment of his subject; his exposition of Number, in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, is a model of careful statement; and his volume on the *Theory of Numbers*, though its reception discouraged him from continuing it, was a piece of pioneer work here. His exposition of the Principles of Projective Geometry, after von Staudt, and his account of Galois' theory of groups, if they contained nothing very new to readers of the original authorities, were also done in despite of the current opinion of those about him. His

knowledge of languages, and his historical interests, would have made him an ideal exponent of the progress of his subject; but he was subject to fits of depression, and of poor vitality, at least in later life, and did himself far less than justice.

His resignation of his post as lecturer in mathematics in the College was instructive in this respect. He held strong views about education, and, when stirred, would express himself with enthusiasm. Coming back to us from Bangor he did not perhaps quite understand the anxieties of a College Tutor in Cambridge. Beneath the wilfully neutral tones of our Combination Room conversation he failed, I think, to detect the deep-lying concern for the ultimate purposes of a University. And, doubtless, his health was not vigorous. At any rate, he was quite explicit as to the reasons why he could not bear the life any longer. He preferred to go back to a life which to him, I suppose, seemed a life of ineffective loneliness. But I am sure that there were many to whom the news of his death came as a saddening shock, as of a steadily burning light, which had its beneficent place, gone out beyond repair.

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MR ERNEST CARPMAEL, K.C.

We regret to record the death, in December, 1921, of Mr Ernest Carpmael, K.C. We take the following from the *Times* of 8 December: "The seventh son of William Carpmael, C.E., of Lincoln's Inn, he was born in 1844, and went up to St John's College, Cambridge, where he was Sixth Wrangler in 1867 and was elected a Fellow of his College in 1869. In that year he was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple, and went the Northern Circuit. Mr Carpmael practised chiefly in patent cases, and took silk in 1895. He was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Royal Astronomical Societies, and a member of the Royal Institution. He married, in 1876, Matilda Catherine, only daughter of James Henry Butler, F.R.C.S., Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals, Bengal Army".

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## Professor

We regret to record the death, in January, 1922, of Professor J. H. Cotterill, M.A., F.R.S., who was for many years on the teaching staff of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. We take the following from the *Times* of January 18: "James Henry Cotterill was born in 1836, the youngest son of the Rev. Joseph Cotterill, of Blakeney, Norfolk. He was educated at Brighton College, and after serving an apprenticeship in the engineering works of Messrs. Fairbairn at Manchester, went up to St John's College, Cambridge. In 1866 he became Lecturer and in 1870 Vice-Principal of the Royal School of Naval Architecture at South Kensington. The school was removed to Greenwich in 1873, and became part of the Royal Naval College, in which Cotterill was Professor of Applied Mathematics till his retirement in 1897. Sir William White, Sir Philip Watts, and Sir Francis Elgar were students in the school, and they and many others, chief constructors and chief engineers, similarly trained, by their distinguished services profoundly influenced the shipbuilding industry and the development of the Royal Navy.

"Professor Cotterill was mainly responsible for the organization of the theoretical part of the instruction, and was a clear and original teacher. Besides some papers dealing with problems in naval architecture he published, in 1878, a treatise on 'The Steam Engine, considered as a Thermodynamic Machine'; and in 1884 a treatise on 'Applied Mechanics'. These text-books have passed through several editions, are still in use, and have much influenced the teaching of their subjects in engineering schools both here and in America. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1878, and Hon. Vice-President of the Institution of Naval Architects in 1905. Professor Cotterill was unmarried".

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Mr J. A. FOOTE, K.C.

We regret to record the death on January 26, 1922, of Mr John Alderson Foote, K.C., at the age of 73. We take the following from the *Times* of January 27: "Foote's

prospects at the Bar were at one time brilliant, in the opinion of his colleagues. Although he could never have been called a great or a subtle lawyer, he had the learning, the gift of lucid expression, and the practical ability which it was thought might well bring him to the Bench. However, others were promoted and the time went by. Once, in 1913, he was appointed a Commissioner of Assize on the North-Eastern Circuit. Manners and methods change at the Bar, as in other professions, and it was a pathetic reflection in Foote's later days that the man who was destined by merit, in the opinion of many, for the High Court Bench, was said to have applied for a County Court Judgeship. He lost much of his practice as he grew older, and as men of more superficially attractive qualities gained favour. He had no trick of courting the popular suffrages, and though his conduct of a case was always courteous, he had a certain polite tolerance, which was more amusing than successful. Had the views of the Bar been considered, he would have won a better place, for he was respected and liked in his profession, both for his legal attainments and his personality.

"He had a remarkable career at St John's College, Cambridge, to which he went from Charterhouse. There, after winning Scholarships in 1868 and 1870, he took a First Class in the Classical Tripos in 1872. A year later he was Chancellor's Legal Medallist and Senior Whewell Scholar of International Law. He won a senior studentship at the Bar examination of 1874, and on his call by Lincoln's Inn in 1875 he joined the Western Circuit. He was made a revising barrister in 1892, counsel to the Post Office on the Western Circuit in 1893, and Recorder of Exeter in 1899, and was elected a Bencher of his Inn in 1905. In 1905 he was appointed, with Mr M. L. Romer, K.C., counsel to the University of Cambridge.

"Foote was the eldest son of Captain John Foote, R.N., and brother of Admiral Sir Randolph Foote, formerly of the Ordnance Board. He married, in 1877, Jessie, daughter of J. A. Easton, C.E., of the Priory, Shrewsbury, and leaves one daughter".

MR A. F. WATERHOUSE.

We regret to record the death on February 13, 1922, of Mr Alfred Francis Waterhouse, of 3, Lewes Crescent, Brighton. He was born on November 17, 1865, and was a son of the late Alfred Waterhouse, of London and Brighton. He came up to St John's in 1875 from Brighton College, but resided only three terms and did not take a degree. He was a member of the Union Club, Brighton, and, in his younger days, a regular follower of the Crawley and Horsham Hunt. In spite of physical handicaps in recent years, he was always cheerful, and a very familiar figure in his carriage on the Brighton front. For the past ten years he has been President of the Sussex County Chess Club. He married in December, 1919, Muriel Gertrude Jane Anne Baillie, who survives him.

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REV. EDWARD BREWER.

We regret to record the death on Wednesday, May 31, 1922, of the Rev. Edward Brewer, Honorary Canon of Worcester since 1916. He came up to St John's in 1869, was ordained in 1872, and served his first curacy at Broadwater, Sussex. He was appointed London Diocesan Home Missionary at St John's, Islington, in 1874, and four years later became Vicar of St Thomas, Islington. He moved to the diocese of Worcester as Vicar of Old Hill, Staffordshire, in 1888, and retired only two years ago.

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W. H. R. RIVERS, F.R.S.

We regret to record the death on Sunday, June 4, 1922, of William Halse Rivers Rivers, F.R.S., Fellow and Prælector in Natural Sciences of the College.

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## OUR CHRONICLE.

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The New Year Honours contained the name of Mr Dudley William Ward (B.A. 1907), formerly Fellow, who was awarded the C.B.E. Mr Ward was Officer in charge of statistics, Treasury, 1916-19, and was attached to the British Delegation for the International Conference at Brussels, 1920.

In the Birthday Honours List of June 4, 1922, is the name of Dr E. H. Hankin (B.A. 1889), formerly Fellow, Honorary Fellow of Allahabad University, late Chemical Examiner to the Government, United Provinces, who is awarded a Kaiser-i-Hind Medal of the first class for Public Services in India.

Mr William Bateson, F.R.S., Honorary Fellow of the College, Director of the John Innes Horticultural Institution at Merton, Surrey, has been elected a Trustee of the British Museum.

Dr C. B. Rootham's "Brown Earth" for Chorus, Semi-chorus, and Orchestra is one of five musical compositions which have been selected by the Trustees of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust for publication.

Mr Alexander Hamilton Thompson, F.S.A. (B.A. 1895), Reader in Medieval History in the University of Durham, has been appointed Reader in Medieval History in Leeds University. He has been Editor of the Archaeological Journal since 1919, and is Secretary of the Surtees Society.

Mr N. B. Jopson (B.A. 1912) has been elected to the Readership in Comparative Slavonic Philology in the University of London, tenable at King's College.

Mr Cowasjee Jehangier (Matric. 1897) has been appointed a member of the Bombay Government during the absence on special duty of Sir Ebrahim Rahimtulla. This occasion, since the Executive Councils in India were opened to Indians in 1909, that membership has been conferred upon a Parsee.

Sir George Greenhill (B.A. 1870) has been elected a correspondent in the section of mechanics of the Paris Académie des Sciences, as successor to the late Professor W. Voigt.



The Hon. Sir Charles Parsons, F.R.S. (B.A. 1877) has been elected Master of the Shipwrights' Company.

Mr Harker (B.A. 1882), Fellow of the College, has been awarded the Wollaston Medal of the Geological Society.

Sir Humphrey Rolleston (B.A. 1886) has been elected President of the Royal College of Physicians. He delivered the Linacre Lecture on May 6, on "Medical Aspects of Old Age".

Mr Terry Thomas (B.A. 1913) has obtained the Ph.D. degree in Science in the University of London.

Mr Harold Jeffreys (B.A. 1913), Fellow of the College, was a British delegate to the International Astronomical Congress recently held in Rome.

Mr P. Lake (B.A. 1887) and Mr J. M. Wordie (B.A. 1912), Fellow of the College, have been elected members of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society.

All the three present Editors of the *Cambridge Medieval History*, Dr Tanner, Mr Previt -Orton, and Mr Z. N. Brooke, are members of the College.

M. D. Bhansali (B.A. 1919), E. Booth (B.A. 1920), and P. G. Hutton (B.A. 1921) have been elected to McMahon Law Studentships. Mr Booth was placed in the second class in the Final Bar Examination in January, and was called to the Bar from Lincoln's Inn on January 26.

Mr H. F. Dunkley (B.A. 1908), who was awarded a Certificate of Honour by the Council of Legal Education in the Michaelmas Term, 1921, was called to the Bar from Lincoln's Inn on May 10.

Mr B. B. Low (B.A. 1921) has been appointed Demonstrator in Mechanical Engineering at the Artillery College, Woolwich.

Mr R. Meldrum (B.A. 1906) has been appointed Assistant Lecturer at the University Training College for Schoolmasters.

The Rev. Dr A. W. Greenup (B.A. 1889) has been appointed Examiner in Theology, University of London, for 1922-25; and Examiner for the B.D. degree and for the B.A. Honours in Theology, Durham University, 1922.

At the Advent ordinations, 1921, Mr G. W. Silk (B.A. 1920) was ordained Deacon in Ecclesfield Church, Sheffield, and was licensed to St Leonard's, Dinnington.

Mr R. H. S. Gobbitt (B.A. 1920) was ordained Priest in Southwark Cathedral on Trinity Sunday, 1922.

C. W. Stokes (B.A. 1922) has been appointed to a mastership at Shrewsbury School.

F. B. Baker (B.A. 1921) has been appointed to a Mastership at Oundle School.

We take the following from the *Cambridge Review* :

"Retirement comes in time to all wise teachers; and when it comes the scholar can only be called happy who is followed into his leisure by affection and gratitude such as attend Dr John Skinner, who is now giving up the posts of Principal and Professor of Hebrew at Westminster College. Modest scholars are no novelty in Cambridge, but in this case Cambridge has surely allowed a scholar of world-wide eminence to carry the *bene qui latuit* too far. But Dr Skinner never sought plaudits. His own pupils, as one finds whenever one meets Westminster men, have for him feelings, of which it is hard to speak. They gave the College his bust in marble a term or two ago as a memorial of their relations with him. His scholarship and learning, his high character, his standards of honesty in work and religion, are contributions to his Church and to the University, which no one who knows him will be afraid of overvaluing. Oxford has given him an honorary D.D.; that is not in our power statutorily; but so far as an honorary M.A. can do it, he was many years ago made one of ourselves. May he long be with us!"

The following University appointments of members of the College have been made since the issue of our last number: Dr Anderson Scott, to be an Elector to the Regius Professorship of Divinity until 20 Feb., 1922; Mr J. Skinner, an Elector to the Regius Professorship of Hebrew until 20 Feb., 1922; Sir Arthur Schuster, a member of the Solar Physics Committee until 31 Dec., 1925; Mr W. H. R. Rivers, an Examiner for the Anthropological Tripos; Mr P. Lake, an Examiner for the Geographical Tripos and the Diploma in Geography, 1922; Dr H. F. Stewart, a member of the Syndicate on Departmental Finance; Dr P. H. Winfield, Chairman of the Examiners for the Law Tripos; Mr F. C. Bartlett, co-opted additional member of the Degree Committee of the Special Board for Moral Science until 19 Dec., 1922; Mr R. H. Adie, co-opted additional member of the Degree Committee of the Special Board for Agriculture and Forestry until 19 Dec., 1922; Mr J. M. Wordie, a member of the Board of Geographical Studies until 31 Dec., 1922; Mr R. H. Adie, Representative of the Special Board for Agriculture and Forestry on the General Board of Studies until 31 Dec., 1923; Dr Anderson Scott, co-opted additional member of the Degree Committee of the Special Board for Divinity until 19 Dec.

1922 ; Mr P. Lake, Chairman of Examiners for the Geographical Tripos ; Prof. J. T. Wilson, a member of the Managing Committee for the Diploma in Psychological Medicine until 31 Dec., 1924 ; Sir John Sandys, an additional member of the Special Board for Classics until 31 Dec., 1922 ; Mr G. G. Coulton, a member of the Special Board for Medieval and Modern Languages until 30 Sept., 1922 ; Mr G. Udney Yule, an additional member of the Special Board for Economics and Politics until 31 Dec., 1922 ; Prof. O. H. P. Prior (in French) and Mr W. H. Bruford (in German), Examiners in Parts I. and II. of the Modern and Medieval Languages Tripos ; Dr H. F. Stewart, an additional Examiner for Part II. of the Modern and Medieval Languages Tripos ; Mr J. W. H. Atkins, an Examiner in Sections A and B of the English Tripos ; Prof. O. H. P. Prior, an Examiner for the Oral Examination in French, 1922 ; Mr Z. N. Brooke, an Examiner for the Winchester Reading Prizes, 1922 and 1923 ; Dr Anderson Scott, a member of the Board of Electors to the Regius Professorship of Divinity until 20 Feb., 1930 ; Mr J. Skinner, a member of the Board of Electors to the Regius Professorship of Hebrew until 20 Feb., 1930 ; Dr W. J. Sollas, a member of the Board of Electors to the Woodwardian Professorship of Geology until 20 Feb., 1930 ; Prof. G. Elliot Smith, a member of the Board of Electors to the Professorship of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy until 20 Feb., 1930 ; Prof. Sir Joseph Larmor, a member of the Board of Electors to the Cavendish Professorship of Experimental Physics until 20 Feb., 1930 ; Hon. Sir Charles Parsons, a member of the Board of Electors to the Professorship of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics until 20 Feb., 1930 ; Mr F. F. Blackman, a member of the Board of Electors to the Professorship of Physiology until 20 Feb., 1930 ; Prof. O. H. P. Prior, an Examiner in French for the Examinations for the Ordinary B.A. Degree, 1922 ; Mr C. W. Guillebaud, an Examiner in Political Economy for the Special Examination for the Ordinary B.A. Degree, and in Economics I. and II. for the Examinations for the Ordinary B.A. Degree, 1922 ; Mr C. W. Guillebaud and Mr G. H. Guttridge, Examiners in Military Subjects I. for the Examinations for the Ordinary B.A. Degree, 1922 ; Mr E. A. Benians, an Examiner for Part I. of the Economics Tripos ; Mr F. H. Colson, a member of the Sub-Committee of the Cambridge and County School for Boys until March, 1923 ; also member of the Cambridge County Education Committee until March, 1923 ; Chairman of Examiners for Part III. of the Previous Examination, 1922 ; Mr P. Lake and Mr H. Woods, Examiners in Geography for the Examinations for the Ordinary B.A. Degree, 1922 ; Mr F. C. Bartlett, an Examiner in Psychology

for the Examinations for the Ordinary B.A. Degree, 1922 ; Mr G. F. Stout, an Examiner for the Moral Sciences Tripos ; Mr S. Lees, an Examiner for the Mechanical Sciences Tripos ; Mr G. G. Coulton, an Examiner for the Lightfoot Scholarship, 1923 ; Mr R. S. Cripps, an Examiner in Hebrew for the Stewart of Rannoch Scholarships, 1922 ; Dr Anderson Scott, an Examiner for the Carus Greek Testament Prizes until Feb., 1924 ; Mr W. H. R. Rivers, a member of the Committee of Management of the Littleton House Association until 31 Mar., 1923 ; Mr R. H. Adie, Mr F. L. Engledow, and Mr C. W. B. Wright, Examiners for the Examinations in Agriculture, Estate Management, Forestry, and Horticulture for the Ordinary B.A. Degree, 1922 ; Mr F. L. Engledow, an Examiner for the Diploma in Agriculture, 1922 ; Mr C. W. B. Wright, an Examiner for the Diploma in Horticulture, 1922 ; Mr S. A. Notcutt, a member of the East Suffolk County Education Committee until March, 1925 ; Mr R. H. Adie, a member of the West Suffolk Agricultural Committee until 12 April, 1925 ; Mr E. A. Benians, Chairman of the Examiners for Part I. of the Economics Tripos ; Mr E. E. Sikes, a member of the Special Board for Classics, 1 Oct., 1922 to 30 Sept., 1925 ; Mr W. E. Heitland and Mr C. W. Previté-Orton, Assessors for Part II. of the Historical Tripos ; Mr J. W. H. Atkins, an Examiner in Part II. (Philological Division) of the Modern and Medieval Languages Tripos ; Dr F. W. Burton-Fanning, a Governor of King Edward the Sixth's School, Norwich, until 28 May, 1925 ; Mr R. F. Scott, Master, an Assessor to the Visitor of Clare College until Feb., 1927 ; Dr H. F. Stewart, an Adjudicator of the Le Bas Prize, 1923 ; Prof. Rapson, an Examiner in Sanskrit and in Pali for the Previous Examination ; Mr S. Lees, University Lecturer in Thermodynamics, 1 Oct. 1922 to 30 Sept., 1925 ; Prof. Rapson, to represent the University at the meetings of the Société Asiatique, July, 1922 ; Mr J. M. Wordie, a Pro-Proctor for 1922-23 ; Dr Rootham, an Examiner in Music for the Examinations for the Ordinary B.A. Degree, 1922 ; Mr W. H. R. Rivers, an Examiner for the Diploma in Anthropology, May, 1922 ; Dr J. R. Crowther, an Examiner for Part I. of the Examination for the Diploma in Medical Radiology and Electrology, April and July, 1923 ; Mr T. R. Glover, University Lecturer in Ancient History, 1 Oct., 1922 to 30 Sept., 1927 ; Mr G. E. Briggs, an additional Examiner in Biology for the First M.B. Examination, June, 1922 ; Mr H. H. Brindley, an Examiner for Part III. of the First M.B. Examination, June, 1922 ; Dr H. F. Stewart, Reader in French ; Mr F. C. Bartlett, Reader in Experimental Psychology and Director of the Psychological Laboratory, 1 Oct., 1922 to 30 Sept., 1927.

The following books by members of the College have appeared or are announced:—*Principles of Geometry*, by Professor H. F. Baker, F.R.S. (Camb. Univ. Press); *Memories of a Long Life*, by T. G. Bonney, Sc.D., F.R.S. (Metcalf); *The Soul of Central America*, by Rev. J. Roscoe (Cassell); *Wishes Limited*, by W. A. Darlington (Jenkins); *Through the Fourth Wall*, by W. A. Darlington (Chapman and Hall); *Mind in Animals and Man: an introduction to Psychology*, by Professor W. McDougall, F.R.S. (Methuen); *Prophecy and Religion: studies in the life of Jeremiah*, by Rev. J. Skinner (Camb. Univ. Press); *The Cambridge Medieval History*, edited by H. M. Gwatkin, J. P. Whitney, D.D., J. R. Tanner, Litt.D., and C. W. Previté-Orton, vol. III. (Camb. Univ. Press); *Tudor Constitutional Documents, A.D. 1485—1603, with an historical commentary*, by J. R. Tanner, Litt.D. (Camb. Univ. Press); *The Owl and the Nightingale*, edited by J. W. H. Atkins, M.A. (Camb. Univ. Press); *A treatise on the Analysis of Spectra, based on an essay to which the Adams Prize was awarded in 1921*, by W. M. Hicks, Sc.D., F.R.S. (Camb. Univ. Press); *Selections from the poems of Sir Walter Scott*, edited by A. Hamilton Thompson, M.A. (Camb. Univ. Press); *Poems; second series*, by J. C. Squire (Hodder and Stoughton); *The Roman Fale; an essay in interpretation*, by W. E. Heitland, M.A. (Camb. Univ. Press); *A little book on Water Supply*, by W. Garnett, M.A. (Camb. Univ. Press); *Essays on the depopulation of Melanesia*, edited by W. H. R. Rivers, F.R.S. (Camb. Univ. Press); *The Refusal of ye Hand; a mock-heroical poem*, by G. C. Moore Smith, Litt.D., (Reprint from *The Library*) (Oxford University Press).

### Corrigendum.

There is an unfortunate slip on p. 212 of the last number of *The Eagle*. The phrase "Dr Gerald Sharp has been consecrated Archbishop of Brisbane" should read "has been translated to the Archbishopric".

### JOHNIANA.

'In his time St John's was reckoned a Tory college; and a young fellow, who was looked upon as a Whig, was appointed to speak in the College Hall an oration on the 5th Nov. After having dwelt some time upon the double deliverance of that day, in his peroration he passed from King William to King George, on whom he bestowed great encomium. When the speech was over, Mr Foster and the young orator being at table together; says the former to the latter, "I did not imagine, sir, that you would decline King George in your speech——"

"Decline! what do you mean? I spoke very largely and handsomely of him".

"That is what I mean, too, sir; for you had him in every case and termination; Georgius, gii, gio, gium, O Georgi!"——.

(Nichols: *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. I., p. 223).

Vere Foster, admitted 1714, B.A. 1718, elected Fellow 4 April, 1720, M.A. 1722, B.D. 1730. Presented by the College in 1730 to the Rectory of Barrow-on-Soar, Leicestershire. Died there October, 1756, and was buried by his own desire in one of the churchyard paths, without a stone or any memorial.

A Gouache drawing by Louis Goupy of Brook Taylor, LL.D., F.R.S., 1685—1731, admitted a Fellow Commoner of St John's in 1701, has recently been purchased by the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

'By far the most important incident that has taken place in recent years in connection with Great Circle Sailing is the publication by the Hydrographical Department of the Admiralty of a series of greatly improved Gnomonic Charts . . . (in which points on the sphere are projected from the centre on to a tangent plane, so that great circles become straight lines). The introduction of the Gnomonic Chart into Navigation can clearly be traced to the paper read by the late Mr Hugh Godfray to the Cambridge Philosophical Society on the 10th May, 1858 (*Transactions*, vol. 10, p. 271) . . . But for the paper read by that gentleman . . . it is possible there might be no Gnomonic Charts to-day . . . How comes it, one is tempted to ask, that the name of "Godfray" is conspicuous (on the modern charts) only by its absence?'

*Nautical Magazine*, February and March, 1922.

(Hugh Godfray, St John's College, B.A. 1852, 3rd Wrangler; Esquire Bedell, 1854-77; Author of *A Treatise on Astronomy*; d. 1877).

### LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

*President*—The Master. *Treasurer*—Mr Cunningham. *1st Boat Capt.*—C. A. Francis. *2nd Boat Captain*—H. W. Shuker. *Hon. Sec.*—C. J. Johnson.

### Lent Term.

We had five boats in the Lents. A sixth boat entered for the getting-on races, but did not get on. The first boat suffered a serious misfortune when Canon Carnegie Brown, who was coaching them, was compelled to stop coaching early in the term owing to ill-health. C. J. Johnson then took over the coaching and continued up to the races. A few days before the races G. F. Oakden, who was rowing "4", went sick, and R. Buckingham, who had been stroking the second boat, came into the first boat. This disorganised the second boat, who never got together again. The first boat started fourth and rowed over the first two nights. On the third night they were bumped by Jesus II., who had previously

bumped Pembroke I. On the last night they rowed over. The second boat had an unfortunate experience. Owing to illness they were only in their final order for three days, and they went down to St Catharine's I., King's I., and Pembroke II. The Rugger boat, which rowed as the fifth boat, were coached by A. S. Davidson. They were the best and keenest Rugger boat since the war. They were unfortunate in being bumped by Jesus IV. on the first night. They were their distance ahead at Ditton, but were held up by a bump ahead, lost about a length, and were bumped at the Railway Bridge. However, they regained their place by bumping Corpus II. on the third night.

## 1st LENT BOAT.

- W. S. McCarthy (*bow*)  
 2 R. Buckingham  
 3 L. E. B. Dunkerley  
 4 A. S. Finlay  
 5 A. F. Dunlop  
 6 C. B. Tracey  
 7 R. E. Breffit  
 H. W. Shuker (*stroke*)  
 D. B. Haseler (*cox.*)

## Clinker Fours.

We had a four, consisting of :

- A. S. Davidson (*bow*)  
 2 T. C. H. Sanderson  
 3 C. B. Tracey  
 R. E. Breffit (*stroke*)  
 D. B. Haseler (*cox.*)

which was coached by the Rev. A. C. Roberts. They and Pembroke were admittedly far superior to any other four entered.

In the first round they met Queens', and, in spite of the fact that bow broke his blade on the first stroke, won easily.

In the second round they met Pembroke and had front station with a tremendous head wind down Long Reach. This is an immense handicap, but they were only beaten by two seconds after a terrific struggle. Had the stations been reversed the result would almost certainly have been different. Pembroke easily won the final.

## Fairbairn Junior Sculls.

L. E. B. Dunkerley distinguished himself by getting into the final after winning three rounds. In the final he lost to Nesbitt, of Pembroke.

## May Term.

Mr F. J. Escombe, the Trinity Hall Blue, very kindly coached the first boat for a week early in the term, and the Hon. J. W. H. Fremantle, the Third Trinity Blue, took us for a week later on. As there were six members still up of the previous year's first boat, which was in the final of the Ladies' Plate at Henley, great things were hoped for this year. C. A. Francis, however, was unable to row owing to a strained heart, and A. S. Davidson badly hurt himself at the 'Varsity Land and Water Steeplechase a week before the races. Even allowing for these accidents the first boat were disappointing and went down from fourth to sixth place, being bumped on the second night by Third Trinity I. and on the last night by Caius I.

The boat did well the first night in keeping away from Third Trinity, who were very fast over the first half of the course, Hartley doing some wonderful stroking when it seemed impossible that we could get away. Twice, between Grassy and Ditton, we were overlapped by several feet, but each time Hartley spurred at the psychological moment. The new May Colours were R. E. Breffit "7", A. F. Dunlop "5", and L. E. B. Dunkerley "3". The second boat started Sandwich boat and rowed over the first night, hotly persued all the way by Caius II. They were bumped by Caius the next night, but hoped to regain their place by bumping Selwyn. Caius, however, were unable to hand Selwyn down to us owing to the Caius "7" breaking his slide, and we went down two more places to First Trinity II. and Corpus I. The third boat lost two places, finishing up sixth in the third division.

Very hearty congratulations to P. H. G. H.-S. Hartley in stroking the 'Varsity boat victoriously for the third successive year, also to F. W. Law, who was spare man for the 'Varsity boat, in which he performed exceedingly creditably on several occasions.

## 1ST MAY BOAT.

C. J. Johnson ( <i>bow</i> ) .....	10	6
2 H. W. Shuker .....	10	12
3 L. E. B. Dunkerley .....	11	8
4 C. B. Tracey .....	13	9
5 A. F. Dunlop .....	12	8
6 F. W. Law .....	12	10
7 R. E. Breffit .....	11	7
P. H. G. H.-S. Hartley ( <i>stroke</i> ) ..	11	4
D. B. Haseler ( <i>cox.</i> ) .....		

## CRICKET CLUB.

President—Dr Shore. Captain—D. A. Riddell. Hon. Sec.—G. O. Hovil.

The side have had a successful season under D. A. Riddell's captaincy. At the beginning of the Term, with only two old colours left, it seemed probable that the side would be a weak one, but fortunately a galaxy of talent amongst the freshmen filled the breach. As soon as it had settled down the XI. proved itself a useful combination, though suffering from the lack of a really fast bowler. With eight or nine old colours left for next year we have every promise of a very successful season.

The 2nd XI. won most of its matches under the energetic leadership of H. H. Fagnani.

Results and averages are appended :

## FIRST XI. MATCHES.

Played	...	Won	...	Lost	...	Drawn
15		6		3		6

## FIRST XI. BATTING AVERAGES, 1922.

	No. of Innings	Times not out	Highest Score	Runs	Average
D. A. Riddell .....	11	3	141*	484	60.5
G. O. Hovil.....	12	0	88	458	38
C. W. Walker.....	13	3	100*	356	35.6
H. K. Kefford.....	9	3	69	183	30.5
T. I. Skinner .....	12	0	84	323	26.9
F. M. Eagles .....	10	1	66	208	23.1
F. Raynes .....	3	1	27	41	20.5
O. R. Fulljames .....	8	2	35	114	19
E. C. Marchant .....	6	0	37	95	15.8
D. P. Thres.....	8	3	28	67	13.4
L. C. Woodhouse ...	4	2	5*	13	6.5

\* Denotes not out.

## FIRST XI. BOWLING AVERAGES, 1922.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
L. C. Woodhouse ...	142	15	428	28	15.5
E. C. Marchant .....	181	23	439	25	17.6
D. P. Thres.....	35	0	151	8	18.8
F. Raynes .....	78	8	288	10	28.8
D. A. Riddell .....	37	2	115	3	38.3
C. W. Walker.....	10	0	49	0	—

## Characters.

*D. A. Riddell* (Crusader). Has proved himself a cheerful and clever leader, and finished up the season making runs with astonishing certainty and rapidity.

*G. O. Hovil* (Crusader). A bad bat who made runs.

*C. W. Walker*. Easily the most correct and stylish bat of the side. With a year's experience behind him should go far next season. A very good point.

*E. C. Marchant*. Has bowled indefatigably throughout the season and been the mainstay of the attack.

*F. M. Eagles*. Has made runs, especially when badly needed—a thing which few batsmen can do. Has kept

*T. I. Skinner*. Favours the two-eyed stance and makes most of his runs behind the wicket. His sound defence seems to ensure his making runs whenever he is content to wait for them to come without forcing the pace.

*L. C. Woodhouse*. Out of form at the beginning of the season, soon shared the attack with Marchant and took some really useful wickets.

*F. Raynes*. Has proved himself not only a useful change bowler but also a batsman of some distinction.

*D. P. Thres*. His fielding at cover has been a pleasure to watch, and it seems difficult to understand how he gets out whilst batting so stylishly.

*H. K. Kefford*. On hard wickets a run getter, who hits the ball hard in front of the wicket. A safe field.

*O. R. Fulljames*. Developed into a sound bat at the end of the season when he began to get more confidence. A good field.

## LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

President—Mr Benians. Captain—F. C. W. Van Geysel.  
Hon. Sec.—I. C. Bell.

The Lawn Tennis VI. has had a moderate season, the results of 1st VI. League matches in particular being rather disappointing. This is chiefly due to the fact that for various reasons we seldom had a full side out. On two occasions, with the first pair absent, our second pair won all their matches, and a full side might have altered the result. We succeeded in overcoming Peterhouse, after a stern struggle, in the final tie, and so avoided the bottom position in the League, Division II.

The 2nd VI. has had a splendid record, only having been defeated once.

The College Tournament has actually been finished, and was won by our versatile Cricket Secretary, G. O. Hovil.

## Characters of 1st VI.

*F. C. W. Van Geysel* (Capt.). An outstanding player with a special liking for half-volleys. Dispels the idea that tennis should require any effort.

*A. L. Thomas*. A useful player. Has not been very consistent this season. Has been known to win his service.

*A. L. Davies*. A sound stroke player and a great advocate for top spin. Can throw his racquet farther than most.

*S. K. Chandhuri*. The personification of accuracy. Good overhead and with several hands is almost ubiquitous. With Davies has made a strong pair.

*W. S. Maclay*. Has played very well this Term. Ground strokes good and is still improving his volleying.

*I. C. Bell*. A very efficient player. Is most accurate except when working too hard.

2nd VI. colours have also been awarded the following :—  
J. de Mahé, J. Downs, E. W. F. Craggs, G. S. Graham, and  
H. S. Lee.

### GENERAL ATHLETIC CLUB.

#### Statement of Accounts, 1919-20.

President—Mr Benians. Hon. Treas.—Mr R. P. Dodd.  
Hon. Sec.—L. Bloomer.

Receipts.		Expenditure.	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Balance from 1918-19...	201 5 10	L.M.B.C. ...	600 0 0
Subscriptions, Michael- Term, 1919 (including £73/10/- Subscriptions for Long Vacation, 1919) ...	711 17 6	Field Clubs ...	450 0 0
Ditto, Lent Term, 1920	363 0 0	Donation to C.U.H.C. ...	25 0 0
Ditto, Easter Term, 1920	381 10 0	Donation to C.U.A.C. ...	30 0 0
		Payment to C.U. Five & Racquets Club ...	17 12 0
		Payment to C.U. Swimming Club	24 14 0
		18 returned 1914 Sub- scriptions ...	22 10 0
		1 returned 1919 Sub- scription ...	2 10 0
		Printing, Postage, Che- que Book; Lock for Treasurer's Box ...	1 12 6
		Collectors' Fees ...	20 16 0
		Balance to 1920-21 ...	462 18 10
<hr/>	<hr/>		
1657	13 4	1657	13 4

#### Statement of Accounts, 1920-21.

President—Mr Benians. Hon. Treas.—Mr Appleton.  
Hon. Sec.—A. C. Trott.

Receipts.		Expenditure.	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Balance from 1919-20 ...	462 18 10	L.M.B.C. ...	640 0 0
Refund from Athletic Club...	15 14 3	Field Clubs ...	989 0 0
Subscriptions ...	1830 17 0	Athletic Club ...	37 10 0
		Fives and Racquets Club	16 6 4
		Swimming Club ...	15 10 0
		C.U. Swimming Club ...	35 0 0
		Investment of £210 of 5% War Stock, 1929- 47, @93½+Commission	196 11 3
		Printing, Postage, etc....	1 5 0
		Collectors' Commission.	22 7 7
		Balance to 1921-22 ...	355 19 11
<hr/>	<hr/>		
2309	10 1	2309	10 1

### HOCKEY CLUB.

President—Mr Benians. Captain—I. C. Bell. Hon. Sec.—F. B. Baker.

It appeared, at the beginning of the Lent Term, that the cup of our humiliation was full. By a series of misfortunes no single member of the 1920-21 team was left. In fact, I have heard it stated by members of other Colleges that this year's first eleven was inferior to last year's second eleven—and this is probably true. Added to this, with one team in the first and one in the second division, the Club have this year had to defend a more exalted position than it has ever had since the League first began.

But the worst did not happen; the first eleven had many very even games, and Queens', not we, ended up bottom of the division. The second eleven, however, could not stave off the inevitable, and will play in the third division next year—but there is no disgrace in that.

The match against the Old Johnians was played on January 14th, resulting in their defeat by 10—7.

Results :

	1st XI.			
	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
League matches .....	12	1	2	9
Friendly matches ...	4	3	1	0
	2nd XI.			
	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
League matches .....	14	1	0	13
Friendly matches ...	3	1	0	2

And there have been twelve 3rd XI. matches.

### CHESS CLUB.

Secretary—W. A. P. Fisher.

The Club have to congratulate themselves (in case others forget) on winning the Board Competition this year. This achievement was mainly due to our old Half-Blues, to wit, L. S. Penrose, A. M. Ewbank, and M. H. A. Newman.

Having drawn a bye in the first round, we met and defeated Emmanuel on Wednesday, 22nd February, and, in the final, defeated Peterhouse by 3½—1½.

Friendly matches were played against Selwyn (won 5½—½), Emmanuel (lost 2½—3½), and Sidney Sussex (lost 2—4).

Score in final v. Peterhouse.

L. S. Penrose .....	1	Atherton .....	0
A. M. Ewbank .....	1	Lucas .....	0
M. H. A. Newman ...	1	Perry .....	0
J. W. Harmer .....	½	Satthianachan...	½
W. A. P. Fisher .....	0	Ricks .....	1
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	3½		1½

Unfortunately, we shall lose some of our best players this term; we therefore hope that all who can will attend the Club meetings next year.

## FIVES CLUB.

*President*—Mr White. *Captain*—L. C. Soar. *Hon. Sec. and Captain of Eton Fives*—S. B. Taylor.

Both the Eton and Rugby Fives Clubs have enjoyed a successful season. The former, turning out a very strong first pair under the leadership of S. B. Taylor, lost only one match, though it must be confessed that only one match was won. This state of affairs was due to a weak second pair, making the team as a whole badly balanced. The Rugby Fives Club was more fortunate in having many good players from which to choose a team, the second pair being as a rule nearly as strong as the first. The only match in which a weak second pair played was against Clare, resulting in a most disappointing draw. The remaining eight matches were all won, the most notable victories being against Caius and the O.M.T. team.

In the University Rugby Fives Competition four Johnians reached the semi-final—Bell, Cole, Riddell, and Soar. The competition was eventually won by Riddell and Soar, who, playing first pair for the College, were unbeaten throughout the season. Mention must be made of the valuable help given to the Eton Fives team by Mr E. E. Raven, who played whenever his duties allowed. Colours were awarded as follows:

*Eton*—S. B. Taylor, J. G. Holt. *Rugby*—L. C. Soar, I. C. Bell, G. A. Cole, G. O. Hovil, D. A. Riddell.

## THE SWIMMING CLUB.

*President*—Mr Brindley. *Captain*—C. S. C. Duchesne.  
*Hon. Sec.*—V. S. Mitcheson.

## Results of Matches.

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
Swimming .....	5	3	2	0
Water Polo .....	7	4	2	1

Our record would have been better had not Davidson and McKellar, our two best swimmers, and Lean, the mainstay of the Water Polo side, been prevented from turning out on several occasions, owing to accidents. Nevertheless, we got through a fairly heavy programme without many disasters. Mitcheson, our Secretary, worked very hard and keenly, and deserves thanks for seeing through the fixture list in the face of casualties and many other calls upon our swimmers. In the water he did great work in long-distance racing and was most useful at back. McKellar was invaluable, when he could turn out for us. Nest and Dunn were consistently keen and useful; and the latter has greatly improved at

back. J. J. Nery showed considerable improvement towards the end of the session and should be of great value to the side next year.

Sidney were the only College to beat us at Swimming and Water Polo; and our low place in the Inter-College Team Race—4th—was partly due to the absence of Davidson and Lean's unfitness. Bishops Stortford College are a good side and thoroughly deserved their victory.

Fresh talent will have to be discovered next year. Nery is the only Colour who is sure to be up. But we hope it will be forthcoming and that a prosperous session will result.

## MUSICAL SOCIETY.

*President*—Prof. Rapson. *Treasurer*—Mr Creed. *Musical Director*—Dr Rootham. *Hon. Sec.*—H. C. J. Peiris. *Committee*—D. D. Arundell, W. R. Foster, K. Moncrieff, O. R. Fulljames, H. V. Dicks, L. H. Titterton, L. H. Macklin.

The May Concert was held in the College Hall on the evening of Monday, June 12th, and proved a success. The big item on the programme was the Bach Concerto—a great achievement for a College Orchestra. Madrigals and Folk Songs have always been a feature of our May Concerts, and this year was no exception. The College Chorus was good and the audience thoroughly appreciative. The Rounds, as usual, went down well, and special mention must be made of D. D. Arundell's song from "Prince Igor".

The programme was as follows:—

## PART I.

## 1. MADRIGALS:

- (a) "All creatures now are merry minded" ... John Bennett (1599)  
(b) "I thought that Love had been a boy" ... William Byrd (1589)  
(c) "Like two proud armies" ... T. Weelkes (1596)

## THE CHORUS.

2. PRELUDE, Choral et Fugue pour piano ... César Franck  
E. V. AVERY.

3. SONGS ... (a) "Not full twelve years" ... } Thomas Ford  
(b) "What then is love?" ... } (1607)

## K. MONCRIEFF.

## 4. FOLK SONGS:

- (a) "Celtic Hymn" ... Arr. for Unaccompanied Chorus by  
Hugh S. Robertson  
(The Outgoing of the Boats)  
(b) "The Hexhamshire Lass" ... Arr. for Unaccompanied Chorus by  
W. G. Whittaker  
(North Country)

## THE CHORUS.

5. MINIATURE SUITE for 2 VIOLINS, VIOLA, VIOLONCELLO  
and PIANOFORTE ... .. C. B. Rootham.  
*Allegretto: Lento assai: Allegro Moderato e leggiero: Molto vivace.*

Violins: K. MONCRIEFF, H. C. J. PEIRIS.

Viola: H. E. H. OAKLEY. Violoncello: E. G. DYMOND.

Pianoforte: M. H. A. NEWMAN.

6. ROUNDS:

- (a) "The wise men were but seven" ... .. W. Lawes  
(b) "The Silver Swan" ... .. Anonynous  
(c) "Give me the sweet delights" ... .. Harrington

D. D. ARUNDELL, K. MONCRIEFF, H. C. J. PEIRIS.

PART II.

7. CONCERTO in D major for FLUTE, VIOLIN and PIANOFORTE with  
accompaniment for String Orchestra ... .. J. S. Bach  
*Allegro: Affettuoso: Allegro.*

Flute: L. H. BURD (Pembroke). Solo Violin: H. V. DICKS.

Pianoforte: M. H. A. NEWMAN.

Violins: D. P. DALZELL, W. R. FOSTER, O. R. FULLJAMES,

L. H. HARDEN, K. G. LOW, H. C. J. PEIRIS.

Violas: K. MONCRIEFF, H. E. H. OAKLEY.

Violoncellos: E. G. DYMOND, C. J. JOHNSON.

Double Bass: E. D. BERRIDGE.

8. SONG ... .. "Prince Igor's Song" ... .. Borodine  
(from Prince Igor, Act II)

D. D. ARUNDELL.

9. FOLK SONGS:

(a) "Brigg Fair" ... .. Arr. for Unaccompanied Chorus by  
(Lincolnshire) Percy Aldridge Grainger

(b) "The Deil's awa'" ... .. Arr. for Unaccompanied Chorus by  
(Scottish) W. G. Whittaker

THE CHORUS.

10. PIANOFORTE DUET ... Paraphrases ... ..  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} C. Cui \\ A. Liadow \\ N. Rimsky- \\ Korsakow \end{array} \right.$   
F. W. LAW, D. D. ARUNDELL.

11. SONG ... "Jenny's Mantle" (Old Welsh Air) ... Arr. by  
(From Songs of the Four Nations) ... Arthur Somerwell

H. C. J. PEIRIS.

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

FIRST MAY BOAT and CHORUS,  
with accompaniment of Pianoforte and Strings.

THE GADFLIES SMOKING CONCERT.

Held in the College Hall on Friday, February 24th, 1922.  
Programme:—

1. BARITONE SOLO with CHORUS:  
"With Cat like Tread" ... .. *Pirates of Penzance*  
L. H. TITTERTON.
2. TRIO ... .. "Faint Heart" ... .. *Iolanthe*  
L. H. MACKLIN, O. R. FULLJAMES, F. W. LAW.
3. BASS SOLO with CHORUS ... "Heavy Dragoon" ... .. *Patience*  
R. S. MAXWELL.
4. At the PIANO ... ..  
Dr C. B. ROTHAM.
5. BASS SOLO with CHORUS... "The Englishman" ... .. *H.M.S Pinafore*  
E. W. F. CRAGGS.
6. TENOR SOLO with CHORUS... "The Wandering Minstrel" ... .. *Mikado*  
H. C. J. PEIRIS.
7. QUARTETTE ... "In Friendship's Name" ... .. *Iolanthe*  
O. R. FULLJAMES, L. H. MACKLIN, H. C. J. PEIRIS, F. W. LAW.
8. CONJURING ... ..  
J. S. FINLAY.
9. SONG ... .. "The Major-General" ... .. *Pirates of Penzance*  
D. D. ARUNDELL
10. TRIO ... .. "I am so proud" ... .. *Mikado*  
L. H. MACKLIN, O. R. FULLJAMES, F. W. LAW.
11. SONG ... .. "Take a pair of Sparkling Eyes" ... .. *Gondoliers*  
E. L. DAVISON.
12. SELECTIONS ... .. *Beggar's Opera*
13. SONG ... .. "The Orderly Song" ... ..  
W. A. HARRIS.
14. TRIO ... .. "Paradox" ... .. *Pirates of Penzance*  
B. S. JAQUET, H. C. J. PEIRIS, R. B. LLOYD.
15. CHORUS ... .. "Peers' Chorus" ... .. *Iolanthe*



## MAY WEEK BALL.

*President*—Mr B. W. F. Armitage. *Hon. Sec.*—F. Simkin. *Assit. Hon. Sec.*—A. B. S. Young. *Hon. Treas.*—A. F. Dunlop. *Committee*—The Master, Mr E. E. Sikes, Dr P. H. Winfield, R. A. S. Black, J. V. Dockray, P. H. G. H.-S. Hartley, F. W. Law, L. H. Macklin, G. A. D. Tait, J. B. Wilson.

The College Ball was held on Wednesday, 14th June, and was voted a great success by everybody. The usual arrangements were observed. By kind permission of the Master and Fellows, Dancing took place in the Hall, and Supper was served in the Combination Room. A lounge and buffet was arranged in a marquee in Chapel Court. Owing to the likelihood of inclement weather, the Master and Mrs Scott very kindly permitted the use of the ground floor of the Lodge, and this added very greatly to the pleasure of the company.

The illuminated courts and grounds seemed to us to look more beautiful than usual, and altogether the great natural advantages of the College were used to the full. The Supper Room, as usual, aroused much enthusiasm by its beauty and distinction.

It is high time that the Ball Committee should follow the example of some others and have its own dancing floor, so that the present great expense of hiring one may be removed and the cost of tickets correspondingly diminished.

Our thanks are due to those who worked so hard to give the Ball its success, and especially to the chair-carriers!

## COLLEGE LECTURES.

On January 28th, Sir Lewis Dibdin, Dean of the Court of Arches, gave a description of the once powerful ecclesiastical court of which he now remains the only member. The court takes its name from the church of St Mary of the Arches (St Mary-le-Bow) where it was formerly held. The Dean, or ecclesiastical judge originally exercised metropolitan jurisdiction for the Archbishop of Canterbury and had under him a considerable number of minor authorities with 'peculiar' jurisdiction in various dioceses which had the effect of curtailing the powers of the bishops. The Dean was at first distinct from the supreme ecclesiastical judge, and had himself only a peculiar power. Owing to frequent absences of the judge, the office of Dean, originally carrying with it jurisdiction over the metropolitan parishes, gradually became merged with that of Archbishop's judge.

The Court of Arches had many vicissitudes: it was abolished by the Puritans, and started again in a rather morbid condition at the Restoration. During the past century its powers have gradually become curtailed and its use discontinued. It still remains a legal court, however, from which appeal can only be made to the Privy Council.

The lecturer quoted some interesting cases from the records of the Court, illustrating its powers over the clergy and to a certain extent also the laity. The definition of the latter powers had in the past led to conflict with lay judicial authorities.

The story of the records themselves was of great interest. Unfortunately, records previous to the seventeenth century had been destroyed by fire: since that date they had been kept intact, but were buried away and forgotten until Sir Lewis discovered them in a mouldering condition and restored and arranged them as far as was possible. They are now available for the use of research workers.

On February 17th, Mr Wordie gave an account of the last polar expedition of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton, of which the lecturer himself was a member.

The account was illustrated by very many excellent lantern slides, and made the more interesting by detailed descriptions of the life of the party in strange and often very unpleasant circumstances.

The expedition was not primarily intended as an attempt to reach the South Pole (although Shackleton and a small party set out to get there and but for peculiar difficulties would have done so), but rather for the investigation of the geography and geology of the south polar continent.

Mr Wordie described the passage of the ship through the pack-ice, which eventually closed around her, the attempt of the party to cut a passage through to clear water not far away, and the final crushing of her timbers. The party with the ship drifted for weeks northwards with the ice on which they had encamped. When it began to break up they were obliged to take to their boats, and so reached the precipitous shores of Elephant Island. This was a place of hardship and of short rations: the party had indeed counted on a supply of penguins which lived on the shore near their encampment, but early one morning the camp sentry reported to their general consternation that the whole of their prospective food supply was making off to sea!

From there Shackleton himself and a small party made an exceedingly adventurous voyage in a small boat to South Georgia: they crossed a range of mountains, although in an exhausted condition, and finally reached a whaling station on

the opposite coast of the island, whence they returned to South America and were able to send a ship to rescue their comrades from Elephant Island.

The lecturer paid a tribute to Shackleton's wonderful leadership and resource of which he gave many examples.

On March 10th, Mr G. G. Coulton gave a lecture on "Rustic Life in the Middle Ages", in which he reconstructed vividly the details of every-day life for an inhabitant of a mediæval villiage. His house was a poor affair, his furniture almost non-existent. The Lord of the Manor had very great powers over him, not only in matters such as concerned the tenure of his land but in many matters of purely personal privilege. Land-customs, which have not always even yet died out, were extremely complicated: the holding of land among the members of a community entailed its division into a very large number of small plots, of which one person might hold several groups in distant parts of the manor. For these he owed certain dues, for example his best beast, to his Lord. Besides yeoman who held their own land there was a large class of peasants or serfs who possessed no land of their own but worked on the lord's land in return for their keep. It was possible for them to earn a certain small amount of money by voluntary work in the place of someone who wanted to be excused from his feudal duties, and by accumulation of such earnings they might be enabled to buy their freedom.

The powers of the manor extended even to the matrimonial affairs of the yeomen and serfs, though perhaps less in England than on the Continent: a lord could and did order a man to marry the widow of one of his underlings, and punished him severely if the order were not carried out. Generally it was obeyed. Intermarriage of a freeman with a serf was discouraged by loss of freedom.

Mr Coulton drew examples from very many records of an interesting and entertaining character. He discussed villiage industries, agriculture, amusement, and social intercourse. The picture was, as contemporary writers recognised, not altogether a pleasant one. The villager had little chance of improving his condition, which was not one to make easy friendly relations with his neighbours.

There was a lively discussion after the lecture, and Mr Coulton dealt very successfully with a large number of questions put by the audience.

#### HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

*President*—Mr Benians. *Secretary*—G. R. Crone.

On January 25 L. J. L. Lean read a paper on "The Spread of Cultures", which, within reasonable compass, treaded this wide subject exhaustively. Illustrated by a wide range of examples, the paper demonstrated the important field now being opened up by the comparatively new study of anthropology.

On February 8 Mr Previt -Orton read a paper on "Marsilius of Padua". At the outset, emphasis was laid upon the influence exerted by the course of events in Padua on Marsilius' great work, the "Defensor Pacis". With its free Commune and its University, Padua was in the main current of the thirteenth century, reproducing in its internal affairs the movements troubling the world outside. Already, to quell the disturbances arising from the immunities of the clergy, the authorities had become the champions of lay rights. Born perhaps in 1270, after a restless early life Marsilius eventually found his way to the University of Paris, becoming Rector in 1312, and making the acquaintance of John of Jandun. The "Defensor Pacis" was produced in 1324 in view of the Emperor Lewis' controversy with the Pope. Its object was to shew that all the troubles disturbing Christendom had their root in the false position assumed by the Papacy. The true legislator is the people; government may be performed by an elective monarch or a board of administrators; the relation of Church and State is summed up in the phrase "one state, one government".

By upholding the standard of the New Testament and the authority of a General Council, Marsilius foreshadowed the programme of the Reformation; his insistence upon the sovereignty of the people and his analysis of the sphere of government anticipated much of Rousseau's work; while, though his historical evidence would not be accepted to-day, his critical method, his use of induction and his rejection of argument from allegory, give his work a distinctly modern flavour.

J. G. Dower read a paper on February 22 dealing with "The Drainage of the Fens". Having briefly dealt with the main fen areas of England, he devoted the greater part of his time to those surrounding the Wash. Pleasantly varied by quotations from Kipling, copious references to Dugdale, and hits at Mr Belloc, the paper conveyed a good idea of the difficulties, both natural and human, confronting the successive enterprises, the mistakes made by the earlier pioneers, and the methods finally adopted, including a sketch of that extraordinarily persistent Dutchman, Vermeuden.

## THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

*President*—W. R. Foster. *Hon. Sec.*—F. E. P. S. Langton.

Four meetings of the Society were held in the Lent Term, at which the following papers were read: "James Laynez", by G. R. Potter; "Blessed John Fisher", by Dom. Bede Cam, O.S.B., M.A.; "The Communion Service in the Three Prayer Books", by F. E. P. S. Langton; "The Girton Conference", by the Dean.

One very successful meeting has been held this Term, to which all members of the College were invited. The Rev. J. W. Hunkin, M.A., O.B.E., M.C., read a paper on "Psychology and Religion"; an interesting discussion followed, which was opened by Mr F. C. Bartlett.

## ECONOMICS CLUB.

*President*—Mr Foxwell. *Vice-President*—Mr Benians.  
*Hon. Sec.*—J. B. Palmer.

Three very successful meetings were held during the Lent Term. On February 3rd B. S. Jaquet read a paper on "The Payment by Germany". On February 17th Mr E. Foxwell gave a lantern lecture on "Japan" in the Arts School. This meeting was open to all members of the University and about 190 were present. On March 3rd Mr Shove, of King's, read a paper on "The Class Conflict: its character and place in history". A Business Meeting followed, when a balance of 16s. 5d. was passed on to next year's accounts. The President and Vice-President were re-elected, and B. S. Jaquet was elected Secretary for the coming year.

## COLLEGE MISSION.

*President*—The Master. *Chairman of Committee*—Mr Yule. *Senior Treasurer*—Mr White. *Junior Treasurers*—J. S. Boys-Smith, W. G. Riley. *Senior Secretary*—Rev. E. E. Raven. *Junior Secretary*—G. F. Oakden. *Missioner*—Rev. E. E. Raven.

It is now two years since the College moved its Mission from Walworth to Maurice Hostel, Westmoreland Place, Hoxton, and already it has shown abundantly its possibilities as a means of bringing members of the College into touch with those brought up in widely different circumstances.

During the course of the year the Mission boys have spent two week-ends at Cambridge. During the Lent Term the Mission football side came up and played the College second team, while at Whitsuntide the boys' cricket team were similarly entertained. In connection with these visits our

best thanks are due to all who by their work and hospitality made the visits such tremendous successes. The boys slept in the pavilion and had dinner and supper in a lecture-room, while for breakfast and tea they were sumptuously feasted by different undergraduates.

The effect of these visits cannot well be overestimated. The boys, far from feeling upset by the sight of the luxuries of College life, very quickly settled down to the spirit of friendliness of their hosts, and there are no more ardent supporters of the College to be found anywhere than in Hoxton. On the other hand, the fact that there is not a single undergraduate who has once had the boys to a meal, who has not repeated his invitation subsequently, shows that it has not been such an ordeal as one might naturally imagine. In this way a spirit of genuine friendship has arisen which has quickly broken down once for all the barriers of class and position.

Moreover, this has led on in many cases to undergraduates paying a visit to the Club in Hoxton, where the boys enthusiastically welcome the opportunity to repay the kindness they have received. It is not yet widely enough known that the Mission has a Residents' House attached, where at least a dozen people can be put up. Any who are going down to work in London and are looking for digs would be especially welcome, and by giving up some of their evenings to the Club would be invaluable to the work. The inclusive charge for bed, breakfast, and dinner, with all meals on Sunday, is only 30/- a week, and we would ask all who consider the possibility of doing this to write direct to the Missioner at Hoxton. The mere presence of fresh officers in the Club, even on a few days' visit, does more than anything to arouse the keenness and heighten the ideals of the boys.

In finance we would congratulate the undergraduates on contributing over £150 this year as against £57 last year. This has made a big difference, but there is still need for further support. Last year we received two special gifts of £50 each, which have naturally not been repeated this year, and we began the year with a deficit of £27. Unless unexpected assistance comes in we fear that we shall end the year some £50 in debt, and there are urgent repairs in addition which must be done. It is a thankless task to have to keep begging for money, but we feel that the part that the Mission is playing in the life of the College, and the debt which we who have enjoyed the pleasures of 'Varsity life owe to those whose lot has been cast in far different circumstances, justifies us in appealing for still further support, especially from old members of the College.

## ESSAY PRIZE SUBJECTS, 1922.

A Prize of Books of the value of three guineas for each of the three years is awarded annually to the author of the best Essay on a given Subject.

The following are the Subjects for the present year :

For Candidates of the third year :

*Charles Dickens.*

For Candidates of the second year :

*The British Rule in India.*

For Candidates of the first year :

*The poetry of Thomas Hardy.*

The exercises are to be sent to the Master on or before Wednesday, 11 October, 1922, after which no Essay will be received.

## THE LIBRARY.

Donations and Additions to the Library during the half-year ending Lady Day, 1922.

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

### Donations.

DONORS.

<p>MS. St John's College, Cambridge. Copy of the Statutes of Queen Elizabeth. sm. 4to (Written c. 1630).....</p>	
<p>— Contemporary copy of Dr John Dowman's foundation charter of the Fraternity or Guild of the Name of Jesus, of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of St Nicholas in the church of Pocklington, Yorks, together with the annexed Pocklington School. 3 Feb. 1516/7. Also copy of the deed of gift of the Dowman Sizarships to St John's College, Cambridge. 1 Dec. 1525. fol. ....</p>	The Master.
<p>*Jeudwine (J. W.). The first twelve centuries of British story. 8vo Lond. 1912 .....</p>	
<p>— The manufacture of historical material. 8vo Lond. 1916 .....</p>	
<p>— The foundations of society and the land. 8vo Lond. 1918 .....</p>	
<p>*Manisty (G. E.). Currency for the crowd. 8vo Lond. 1896 .....</p>	
<p>War List of the University of Cambridge, 1914-1918. Edited by G. V. Carey. 8vo Camb. 1921.....</p>	
<p>"A collection of curious fine poems, songs, elegies, etc." [Commonplace book of John Cruso, LL.D. (ob. 1681)]. (Belonged to William Wordsworth*) .....</p>	Gordon Wordsworth, Esq.
<p>Water colour portrait of William Craven*, D.D., Master of St John's College, Cambridge, 1789-1815 .....</p>	E. C. Kocq, Esq.
<p>MS. Deed of sale of lands in Hadlow, Kent. 16 July 1555 .....</p>	
<p>— Grant of Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, to J. C. Geraldini. 1 Feb. 1635.....</p>	F. E. P. Langton, Esq.
<p>Pomponius Mela. De Situ Orbis. [16- ]. [Belonged to and containing early autographs of S. T. Coleridge and W. Wordsworth*] .....</p>	
<p>Wrangham (F.), <i>Trin. Coll., Camb.</i> Poems. 8vo Lond. 1795. [Containing editions principes of translations by W. Wordsworth* and S. T. Coleridge which were not revised again by the translators] .....</p>	P. L. Babington, Esq.
<p>Paolo of Pius IX. 1867 .....</p>	E. C. Ratcliff, Esq.
<p>*Bonney (Rev. T. G.), <i>Sc.D.</i> Memories of a long life. 8vo Camb. 1921 .....</p>	The Author.
<p>*Macalister (R. A. S.), <i>Litt.D.</i> Ireland in pre-Celtic times. 8vo Dublin, 1921 .....</p>	
<p>— A text-book of European Archaeology. Vol. I. 8vo Camb. 1921 .....</p>	
<p>— The history and antiquities of Inis Cealtra. (<i>Proc. Royal Irish Acad.</i> Vol. 33. Section C. 6). 1a. 8vo Dublin, 1916 .....</p>	The Author.
<p>— Temair Breg: a study of the remains and traditions of Tara. (<i>Idem.</i> Vol. 34. Section C. 10). 1a. 8vo Dublin, 1919.....</p>	
<p>— The language of the Nawar or Zutt, the Nomad Smiths of Palestine. (Gypsy Lore Society Monographs. No. 3). 8vo Lond. 1914 .....</p>	

- \*Greenhill (Sir George). The Fourier and Bessel Function contrasted. (Comptes rendus du Congrès International des Mathématiciens, Strasbourg, 1920), 4to Toulouse, 1920.....
- The uniaxial potential function and its orthogonal force function contrasted. (Congrès International...Strasbourg, 1920). Reprinted from *Journal de Mathématiques*. 8me série. Tome IV.). 4to Paris, 1921.....
- Mathematical Examination Papers of the University and Colleges of Cambridge. 44 vols. 4to & fol. 1860-1908 .....
- \*McDougall (W.). National welfare and national decay. 8vo Lond. [1921] .....
- \*Norwood (G.). Euripides and Shaw. 8vo Lond. 1921 .....
- \*Roscoe (Rev. J.). Twenty-five years in East Africa. 8vo Camb. 1921 .....
- The soul of Central Africa. 8vo Lond. 1922 .....
- \*Nunn (Rev. H. P. V.). An introduction to Ecclesiastical Latin. sm. 8vo Camb. 1922 .....
- \*Rolleston (Sir Humphry), *M.D., K.C.B.* Sir William Burnett, the first Medical Director-General of the Royal Navy. (Reprinted from *Journal of the Royal Naval Medical Service*. Jan. 1922) .....
- Tractate Suddah. A critical Hebrew text. Edited by Rev. A. W. Greenup\*. 8vo Lond. 1921 .....
- Historical Register of the University of Cambridge. 1917. Slip proof (unpublished) of the account of St John's College. Edited by J. R. Tanner\*, Litt.D. ....
- Tudor Constitutional Documents, A.D. 1485-1603. With an historical commentary by J. R. Tanner\*, Litt.D. 8vo Camb. 1922 .....
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- Duruy (V.). History of Rome and the Roman people. Edited by J. P. Mahaffy. 6 vols. la. 8vo Lond. 1883-6 .....
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- Scherer (W.). History of German literature. Translated by Mrs F. C. Conybeare. Edited by F. Max Müller. 2 vols. 8vo Oxford, 1886 .....
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Sir George Greenhill

The Author.

The Author.

The Author.

The Author.

The Author.

The Editor.

Dr Tanner.

The Rt Hon. the Earl of Plymouth.

- Jefferson Physical Laboratory, Harvard University. Contributions from the J.P.L., and from the Cruft High-Tension Electrical Laboratory, 1919 and 1920. Vol. XIV. 8vo Camb., Mass. [1921]
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- [Aubery du Maurier (L.)?]. Histoire des Princes d'Orange de la maison 1692 .....
- Lewis (T.), *M.D.* The law of cardiac muscle with special reference to conduction in the mammalian heart. Abridged from the Linacre Lecture, 1921. (Off-print from *Quarterly Journal of Medicine*. Vol. XIV. 1921) .....
- Stopes (C. C.). The life of Henry, third Earl of Southampton\*, Shakespeare's patron. 8vo Camb. 1922.....
- Anthiaume (A.). Le Navire: sa construction en France et principalement chez les Normands. 8vo Paris, 1922 .....
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Sir Joseph Larmor.

Mr Glover,  
Public Orator.

The Author.

The Author.

Mr Brindley.

The Author.

R. Griffin, Esq.

Master and Fellows  
of C.C.C.Hale Memorial  
TrusteesSmithsonian  
Institution.

## Additions.

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END OF VOL. XLII.

