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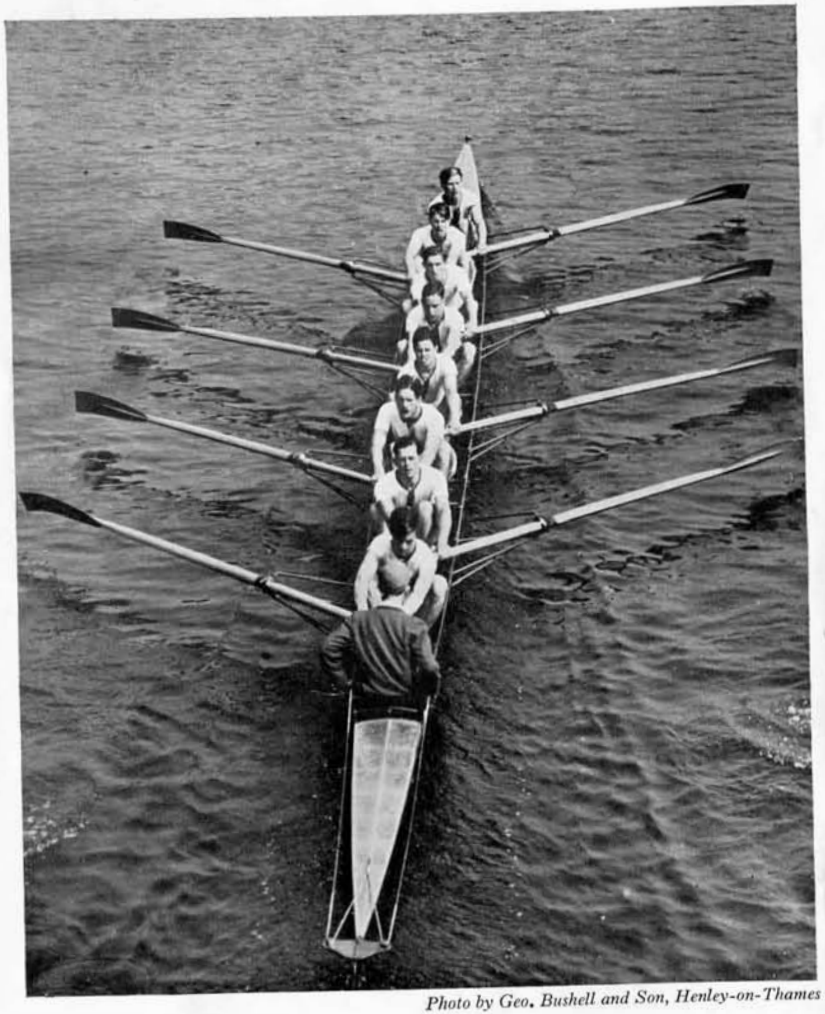

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L.M.B.C. THAMES CHALLENGE CUP BOAT AT HENLEY, 1949

THE EAGLE

VOL. LIV FEBRUARY 1950 No. 236

HENRY JESSEY

IF learning and charity joined to a fervently religious spirit are qualities which merit both admiration and some degree of fame for their possessor, then Henry Jessey deserves a place among the honoured members of his College. Palmer, in his *Non-Conformist's Memorial*, writes of him thus: "That man of God, Mr Jessey, an anti-paedobaptist of long standing; as holy I conceive as any, of good learning, and a very tender conscience; of an healing and uniting spirit—I wish there were more such anti-paedobaptists as he."

The details of Jessey's early life and parentage are not of any great interest, except for the fact that he was entered at St John's College as a Constable Scholar* on 6 November 1622, when he signed himself Henricus Jacie Eboracensis. He had matriculated in the Easter Term of 1619, and followed a course of logic and philosophy. In 1622 he resolved to enter the ministry and was episcopally ordained in 1627. Of his theological training at St John's we can learn something from the remarks of Palmer that he became well versed in the Hebrew tongue and the writings of the Rabbis. He also understood Syriac and Chaldee. While he was at the University he had the misfortune to lose his father, and the result to Jessey was a drastic drop in his income; he had but threepence a day at this time, but managed not only to live upon that sum but also to hire books for his studies.

* The Constable Scholarship held by Jessey was one of four left by the will of Sir Marmaduke Constable. This benefactor left provision for one Fellow and four poor Scholars. The advantage of the bequest was, first, for any members of his own family; secondly, for natives of York County or Diocese; thirdly, for "such as be most able and apt in the University of Cambridge after the discretion of the Master and Fellows". Jessey qualified in the second category.

The germs of dissent were stirring in his conscience while he was yet at the University, a fact illustrated in the last few pages of his *Exceeding Riches of Grace Advanced*:

Also a young gentleman, being a scholar, of whose deep despairing of ever being saved, and of his strong perswasion that he should be damned, Master Case, Master Whitakers, Master Chr. Love, and the Relator, with many other Preachers and Christians, had notice and sad observation. His father, a gentleman in the countrey, brought him up to London to procure some to speak to him, and to pray for him, having them present with them. This Christian duty was solemnly performed by those before named, and by others, in several solemn daies of Fasting and Prayer. The beginning and chief first moving cause of those so sad perswasions was, because of the Oaths and Subscriptions* imposed by the Governors in the University, which he submitted to (with the multitude that stuck not at them) though he had his conscience warning him; yet thus doubtingly or against his conscience, he yeelded to the Ordinances of his Superiors. But his thus doing, brought great sorrow on his own soule, and on his parents and friends, that sympathized with him. Amongst others, the Relator could more sympathize herein, than many others, in regard himselfe had been much afflicted in spirit, for his University Oaths and Subscriptions: and yet had found that though his sinne abounded therein, (it being done with a staggering, (or worse, with a reluctinge) conscience) yet the Grace of God had the more abounded, and been magnified towards him, in manifesting that he had forgiven so foul and hainous sins...these sad examples (and many moe of like nature that might be produced) may suffice for a Warning to Heads and Governors in Universities and Corporations; and to all Magistrates, Officers, Masters, Husbands, and Parents, all Superiors whatsoever; to beware of laying on heavie burdens, by Oaths, Subscriptions or Commands, on any persons; whose consciences when they are distressed, they are never able to relieve or release from Hellish continuall feares and torments.

In 1633 Jessey took the living of Aughton, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, but held it only for a year before being deprived for discussing ceremonies and removing a crucifix. After various moves, and a proposal to visit New England, he undertook in the summer of 1637 the charge of a congregation of Separatists assembled at Southwark. This congregation had been originally formed by Henry Jacob who, having suffered a ten years' exile in Holland, returned in 1616

* The Oaths and Subscriptions which caused such pain to the poor young man, and evidently to Jessey himself, would include the Three Articles to which adherence had to be declared (after 1616) by all taking degrees. The Articles involved admission of the Royal Supremacy in matters ecclesiastical and temporal, the use of the Book of Common Prayer, and the unreserved acceptance of the Thirty-Nine Articles.

resolved upon the formation of an Independent Puritan congregation in London. To this end a number of conferences were held, and finally a Covenant was sworn among the adherents, and a church formed. The performance of covenanting is thus described: Those who wished to have a share in the undertaking

joyning together joyned both hands each with other Brother and stood in a Ringwise: their intent being declared, H. Jacob and each of the Rest made some Confession or Profession of their faith and Repentance, some were longer and some were briefer. Then they Covenanted together to walk in all Gods ways as he had revealed or should make known to them.

Jacob went to Virginia, where tradition connects him with the foundation of Jamestown, and died there in 1624. It is improbable that Jessey ever knew him, and such mention as is made of him in Jessey's Memoranda is traditional. In 1625 the congregation at Southwark was taken over by John Lathrop, an Independent Puritan preacher from Kent. While he was in charge the congregation suffered many persecutions and imprisonments. In 1636 Lathrop himself, after a period in prison, left the country for New England, and for two years, until the arrival of Henry Jessey, the congregation was without a pastor.

Upon the 18th day of the third month called May, 1640, they divided themselves equally, and became two congregations, the one whereof continued with Mr Iessey, the other joyned themselves to Mr Praise God Barebone, each of the churches renewing their Covenant and choosing distinct officers of their own from among themselves.

This was the second secession of Baptists from the congregation of Independents, and shows the presence within the group of a growing radicalism. It was, however, another five years before Jessey adopted Baptist views and accepted immersion at the hands of Hansard Knollys in June 1645. That the intervening period had not passed without disturbance is shown from a note among the Gould MSS.

1641. Also 6 month 22^{d} at the L Nowels house y^{e} same L Mayor S^{r} Iohn Wright came violently on them, beat, thrust, pinched and kicked such men or women as fled not his handling, among others Mrs Berry who miscarryed and dyed the same week and her Child. He comitted to the Counter H. Iessey, Mr Nowel, Mr Ghosten, and that night bound them to answer at y^{e} House of Comons where they appearing he let it fall.

Apart from this recorded incident, while meeting at Queenhithe on 21 February 1638 the whole congregation was removed at the Bishop's instigation; this was repeated in May of the same year. On

21 April 1640 several members of Jessey's congregation were committed to the Tower.

Between 1650 and 1660 Jessey was able to devote himself to works of scholarship and charity. In 1652 he was a member of the committee of approval of Biblical translations. He visited congregations and preached extensively in the north and east in 1650 and 1653 respectively; and in 1655 answered a call from "the saints in Bristol" to visit a number of churches in the west. In 1657 he occupied himself with the collection of £300 for the relief of distressed Jews in Jerusalem which he forwarded thence "with good wishes for their conversion". Palmer writes of his charity:

Mr Jessey chose a single life, that he might be the more entirely devoted to his sacred work, and the better enabled to do good. Besides his own alms he was a constant solicitor and agent for the poor with others whom he knew were able to supply their wants. Above 30 families had all their subsistence from him. Nor did he limit his charity to those of his own congregation and opinion; he did good to all. And where he thought it no charity to give, he would lend, without interest or security.

At the Restoration his fortunes turned, and his name is duly recorded by Calamy among the ejected ministers. An entry in the *State Papers* (*Domestic*) records that Jessey:

Has long been in the habit of collecting notes of remarkable events; gave one sheet of them in Nov. 1660 to Mr Stanbridge and another was taken on Dec. 28 1660 when his house was searched, and he taken by order of the Duke of Albemarle; his last sheet containing a note of the strange death of Major Orde in the Bishopric of Durham, which was in the Annus Mirabilis:* particulars of wonderful things mentioned in his notes. Knows Lt. Col. Danvers, and has seen Francis Smith, and talked to them about prodigies that had happened. Also visits Mr Cockain and has written out prodigies for him and heard them from him. Heard that a book of prodigies was to be printed, and since it came forth a copy has been given him; will not say by whom.

* The *Annus Mirabilis* is worth a note whether it actually contains anything by Jessey or is by quite another hand. The edition of 1661 is a quarto pamphlet of 88 pages. The full title—which explains why Anthony Wood described it as an "imposture of a most damnable design"—runs as follows: "Mirabilis Annus, or The year of Prodigies and Wonders, being a faithful and impartial Collection of several Signs that have been seen in the heavens, in the Earth, and in the Waters; together with many remarkable Accidents and Judgments befalling divers Persons, according as they have been testified by very credible hands; all which have happened within the one year last past, and are now made publick for a seasonable warning to the People of three Kingdoms speedily to repent and turn to the Lord whose hand is lifted up amongst us."

The *Baptist Bibliography* has an entry under his name for the year 1658: "A true relation of a very strange and wonderful thing that was heard in the air, October the twelfth, by many hundreds of people."

Of the marvels recorded in the *Annus Mirabilis*, the following two are sufficiently representative:

By a letter from a very good hand from Magdalen Colledge in Oxford it is certified that about 10 Novem. last, 1660, a spectrum appeared to one Allen of that Colledge, which according to his own relation was as followeth, he heard in the night when he was in bed, a noise like the noise of Geese, he arose from his bed and looked out of his window which opened over the bridge, but saw nothing, but going to his bed again he saw a man as it were grovelling upon the floor, in his Pontificalibus, attired like a Bishop in his Lawn sleeves. At first he was not much affrighted, but called to it and adjured it to speak, the Bishop immediately rose up and approached towards his bed, at which the young man was exceedingly terrified, and crying out murder, murder, it vanished, he since says that he saw and heard something which he will discover to none; upon the report of this strange apparition in the Colledge, the next night five or six Schollars watched in that chamber, and about midnight, on a suddain the candles went out, and immediately upon it was heard a great noise as of Children crying out, which so affrighted them, that they all run out of the chamber; this is a Thing generally known and talk't of by the Students in that house, though as it is reported the subpresident did his uttermost to suppress the rumour of it, and by his menaces, hath so awed the Scholar, that except it be to some special confidents he dares not own this to any.

A second marvel—

Master Bartholomew, the late Minister of Camden in Gloucestershire who was sometime a zealous stickler for Presbyterian Reformation, and did exceedingly oppose and preach against the Common-Prayer-Book, was yet prevailed with to read some part of it, as it is feared, much against his Light and Principles; But the very first Lords day that he read it, he was struck with sickness and died before the next morning.

Cambridge does not seem to have suffered, having, at that time perhaps, a better tradition.

The *English-Greek Lexicon*, in the preparation of which Jessey had a part, is a small volume divided into seven sections of significant words, names, dialects and so on. The section of All Proper Names is attributed to Jessey on the title-page of this book, and gives their Hebrew as well as their Greek and English forms. The few pages

of Directions for the Unexpert Reader contain this interesting information:

To this knowledge of Greek (of late years) in a competent measure have many atteined, even Apprentices, Tradesmen, yea and divers Gentlewomen, which now they would not want, no, not for all the world. Mat. 16. 25, 26. Mat. 13. 44, 45.

Henry Jessey died on 4 September 1663, four or five thousand people being present at his funeral, many of whom had no doubt heard his preaching or witnessed his generosity. *State Papers* (*Domestic*) tell us that Jessey's dying words were "that the Lord would destroy the powers in being, and he encouraged the people to help the great work". The *Dictionary of National Biography* gives more details of his life than are here recorded, and also a list of his works. A glance through one or two of these latter, brief as they are, is sufficient to persuade the reader of Jessey's piety and sincerity, and to make him feel that he was a memorable scholar of this College who preserved himself from bitterness or rancour at a time of exceptional religious disturbance; and one, also, who by his whole personality did much to diminish differences of sect and creed. A. H. D.

MATER DOLOROSA

THE silken ladders of the stars
Lure me to a bright forgetting.
I touch the night's obscurest peak
And mock the moon's deceitful setting.

Blind eyelets in the purple curtain
Stare on me from behind the night,
Where tremulous, unseen and distant,
Gleams a fringeless screen of light.

But wicked witchery of moonbeams
Knows no guile to cheat my sorrow.
I scale the silken starry steps
And tumble bruised upon tomorrow. J. R. B.

December 1946

PSALM

I WOULD wash the hills in moonlight
And garland the stars with tulips;
Make a city of the starry solitude,
That the sun might bear fruit,
And the night be petalled with roses.

Let the desert blossom into music,
And lonely Mars be glad with songs of children.
Let the rainbow be tuned as a harp,
And bird-song sound in caverns of the sea.
Let no word cloud the sky of mystery,
But music and mystic silence ripple on the shores
of space.

I dreamed a dream, and called it peace.
Walking above the stars in gentle grace of sleep;
Caressed by the tender music of the world,
Sealed in silence by the kiss of holy love. J. R. B.

Michaelmas 1947

THE PROFESSOR

If the night were my blackboard
The chalky stars would preach a wiser sermon,
Quoting apt planets, making muddled clouds precise.
Diagram of truth, not sketchy beauty,
With moon as shapely footnote,
Timely, terse, and topical.

But I am pupil, and the magisterial world,
Master of all arts and doctor of all laws,
Cheats and delights;
A formal garden and a wilderness.
Kennel, college, kitchen, cave, cathedral.

I go back to nature, or turn my back to nature;
Nature imitating art, dog and don by turns.

I have taught the universe too much;
Enjoined on the starry heavens the moral law within.
Now degraduate to ignorance from folly,
In statu pupillari to tutorial time,
I sit at the feet of chaos, hear
The universe proclaim its university. J. R. B.

August 1948

LITTLE POEM

Sleep in the leafy hours
But when the blossom
Tinkles at the wind's touch
Listen.

Work in the hungry days
But when the orchard
Answers to the corn's cry
Listen.

Love in the lazy years
But when fulfilment
Orchestrates the sunset
Listen. J. R. B.

June 1949

NASHE'S VERSES FROM *ECCLESIASTICUS*

In some bibliographical accounts of Thomas Nashe, his own statement that he spent "seven yere together lacking a quarter" at the "sweetest nurse of knowledge" in all Cambridge, is given as evidence of his having approached M.A. status even if he did not proceed to that degree. His other references to St John's College, however, do not give us much substantial help in determining the kind of life he lived while at Cambridge, or in deducing his relationships with his immediate contemporaries at his own and other colleges.

We can only surmise, for instance, that he knew Marlowe and Greene personally while still *in statu pupillari*: there is nothing to show conclusively that his literary collaboration with either of them began at the University. Who his partner in the production of *Terminus et non terminus** can have been, remains a mystery. But the conviction that the other person (if not Nashe himself as well) was expelled as a result of the play's appearance has worried literary historians ever since the seventeenth century. J. Bass Mullinger evidently had in mind the image of the "roystrous" Tom Nashe when he wrote that Nashe "recalcitrated at the discipline, but he reverenced the learning" at his college.† There is nothing at all in Nashe's utterances about St John's to support the former part of that assertion. It is true enough that the *Trimming of Thomas Nashe* gives him out as having led a disreputable college career: but the testimony of that tract, which was probably written at the direct instigation of Gabriel Harvey toward the end of his controversy with Nashe, is about as valuable as the latter's tilt at Harvey in *Have With You to Saffron Walden*: "...when he was but yet a fresh-man in CAMBRIDGE, he set up SIQUISSES & sent his accounts to his father in those joulting Heroicks...."‡

Nashe's allusions to his College are unfortunately lacking in those diverting particularities which make his extended observations on life in general so fascinating. When he speaks of St John's he merely expresses the kind of enthusiasm one would expect from a former student. His allusions to the "thrice fruitfull St Johns" in his *Four Letters Confuted* (1592), for example, and to "that most famous and

* See the article on "The College Plays" in *The Eagle*, vol. LIII, no. 235 (August 1949), p. 167.

† J.

‡ *Works of Nashe*, ed. R. B. McKerrow, vol. III, p. 7. "Si quis"—"a bill enquiring for anything lost: a public announcement or proclamation."

fortunate Nurse of all learning" in his preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589) are the retrospective comments of an old alumnus using worn-down expressions of approbation rather than freshly created epithets. In the *Menaphon* preface, it is true, we have a mention of the College as a university within itself which is of some historical interest; the College is described as "shining so far above all other houses, Halles, and hospitals whatsoever": and Nashe's claim that undergraduates could be found busy at work by four o'clock in the morning serves to remind us that in the sixteenth century it was nothing unusual for lectures to commence at six or seven a.m. Nashe does not tell us what we would most like to know about his career at Cambridge, however. It would be enlightening to have his opinion of the curriculum at that time, and to learn his attitude towards the various intellectual disputes which sprang into existence now and again. As things stand, we are hard put to it to see quite what Nashe means when in *Have With You* he boldly affirms that *if he had wished* he could have become a Fellow of his College.

There is, however, one item of information concerning Nashe's residence at St John's as a Lady Margaret Scholar which enables us to dispense temporarily with uncertainty and conjecture. In his edition of Nashe's works, R. B. McKerrow printed a reduced facsimile of a sheet of Latin verses by Nashe which is preserved among the State Papers in the Public Record Office.* Nashe's authorship of these verses is proved by the appended signature, "Thomas Nashe, discipulus Divi Johannis. pro illustrissima domina Margareta Fundatrice, An. Dom. 1585 Suffolciensis".† The manuscript contains eight lines of elegiac verse (hexameters followed by pentameters in couplet formation) on a text from the forty-first chapter of *Ecclesiasticus*: "O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions...." The eight lines for which Nashe is responsible are as follows:

> Quos mala nulla premunt, quos nulla pericula cingunt,
> hos rapide cruciat mortis acerba dies;
> Quos nutrit alma quies, quos jactat nulla procella,
> dura videtur iis mors miseranda viris.
> Quos jucunda quies, quos ornant foedera pacis,
> hos mors nigra movet, tristis & hora premit:
> Quos Arabi fortuna favet, quos copia Croesi,
> hos mors pallenti perculit atra metu.

That, obviously, is not a very distinguished composition. A very free prose translation of it might run: "To those who have no

* See a reference in the *State Papers* (*Domestic*), Addenda, vol. 1580–1625, p. 166.

† McKerrow, *Nashe*, vol. III, p. 299.

misfortune oppressing them, and are beset by no kind of danger, the bitter onsl ht f death is a terrible thing: to those brought up in comfortable surroundings and unruffled by the rigours of external nature, the prospect of final dissolution seems a thing to grieve over: to those who find easy preferment at hand in time of peace, the drab hand of death is an image of ghastly terror; and to those favoured with Arabian luxuries and the riches of Croesus, stark mortality threatens atrocious tortures." Any one of a dozen Latin poets could have served as Nashe's model for this performance: though it is much more likely to have been Ovid than, say, Tibullus or Propertius (there are upwards of a hundred quotations from Ovid in Nashe's later work). As a literary accomplishment the lines compare unfavourably with the elegies which Milton wrote in his eighteenth year;* and it is interesting to set them beside the *Carmina Elegiaca* which can be found in the same poet's *Commonplace Book*† and which probably date from the time when he was still at St Paul's School.

McKerrow observes that in the folio of the State Papers where Nashe's poem is to be found there are ten other sets of verses also by St John's College men. All but three of these writers indicate—as Nashe did—the county of their origin: for instance, there is a Gulielmus Baillie, Salopiensis, and Robertus Mills, Lincolniensis, etc. McKerrow has gone to some pains to identify these contemporaries of Nashe: and he has gathered a number of particulars from two manuscript lists of Cambridge scholars in the years 1581 and 1588 which form part of the Lansdowne manuscript collections in the British Museum. These documents are of great value because they give the names of the tutors under whom some of the *discipuli* were studying at that time—though, as McKerrow points out, they would be even more valuable if they related to the years between those two dates. We learn, however, that Joannes Archer, the first name to appear in the Record Office folio, was in 1581 taking Dialectics under Mr Johns: in 1588 William Mottershed and William Orwell were both studying philosophy with a Mr Rowly. Nashe, it appears, was also registered as coming under Mr Rowly's supervision—though whether he was in residence for the whole of 1588 is by no means ascertained. This Mr Rowly's identity is also something of a mystery. J. and J. A. Venn's *Alumni Cantabrigienses* makes no mention of a senior member of St John's under that name during the years concerned. A Ralph Rowley was made a Fellow of Pembroke in 1584, taking his M.A. degree in 1586. It may not be

* See E. M. W. Tillyard, *Milton*, p. 19.

† Ed. A. J. Horwood, *The Commonplace Book of John Milton* (Camden Society Publications, 1876), p. 62.

impossible that the "Mr Rowly" referred to as Nashe's tutor was in reality Laurence Ryly, also of Pembroke College, who was elected to a Fellowship at St John's in 1563 and proceeded M.A. two years later. Of the other Lady Margaret scholars mentioned in connexion with the Latin verses, the John Archer listed in the Venns' work was of B.A. status in 1585 and was ordained priest in December of the same year. William Mottershed, a Northamptonshire man (and the only graduate of that name to appear in the *Alumni Cantabrigienses*) became a Fellow in 1589 (M.A. 1590): but nothing further is known of William Orwell, except that his signature shows him to have come from Norfolk. As a matter of interest, it is curious to note the number of graduates about this time who proceeded to fellowships *before* taking their Master's degree.

More conclusive than the speculative matter advanced here, however, are the data which we have concerning the occasion for which Nashe and his colleagues produced their Latin compositions. The University Register records that Nashe matriculated as a Sizar of St John's on 13 October 1582: he would then be nearly fifteen years of age and would expect to complete his "undergraduate" course—the *quadrivium*—four years later. The Admission Book of the College shows that he was elected to a Lady Margaret scholarship in November 1584. He would therefore hold the title of Scholar at least until he graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1586.

The 1580's were, of course, momentous years in the history of St John's.* In 1580 itself the College Statutes were revised, and new enactments were "framed by a Commission of five including William Cecil Lord Burghley, at that time Chancellor of the University and a constant patron of the College of which he was a member...".† During the next year, 1581, Burghley (then Lord High Treasurer under Queen Elizabeth) made a grant of thirty pounds per annum which increased the stipend of the twenty-four Foundress' Scholars from sevenpence to twelvepence a week. Burghley also gave communion plate to the College. But the grant was also intended to provide for what have since been called the Burghley Sermons, which were to be preached at the churches of Stamford, near Burghley Park in Northamptonshire, and of Cheshunt, not far from Theobald's, the Hertfordshire home of the Cecils.

The tripartite indenture setting out the disposition of the grant was transcribed in vol. xx of *The Eagle* (December 1898) and is also to be found in R. F. Scott's privately printed *Notes from the Records of St John's College, 1889–1899* (1st ser., p. 22). In making the

* See Mullinger, *St John's College*, p. 70.

† Henry Fraser Howard, *The Finances of St John's College, 1511–1926*, p. 34.

bequest the donor stipulated that the Scholars whose stipends were to be augmented must each year fourteen days before the payment of the rents from which the necessary sum of money would be derived, "put into latyne verses some of these sentences of scripture followinge...". Of the eight texts set, one is from the book of *Jeremiah*, one from the first book of *Corinthians*, one from the second book of *Ti th* nd three from the book of *Ecclesiasticus*. The text from which as

After giving these quotations the indenture goes on to require that "so as every of the said foure and twentie scollers shall severally makine in latyne and write four or more exameter or Iambike verses subscribing the same with his proper name, and the day of the moneth and yere of our lord which said verses shall be yerely presented to the said Lord Burghley during his life at the time of payment of the said yerely rentes...". (We may notice, by the way, that Nashe did not comply with these demands in every particular, for he omitted to give the day of the month for "An. Dom. 1585".) After Burghley's death sixteen of the twenty-four Scholars were to send their original compositions to Burghley's successor in office: the remaining eight were to submit them to whoever remained in his home at Theobald's.

In some cases a writer's college exercises can help us to understand his subsequent development after he has left the University. It is useless to pretend, however, that these eight lines by the eighteen-year-old Nashe have any importance in that respect; unless, perhaps, we see some remote significance in his choosing to translate an extract from the Apocrypha in preference to one from the other books of the Bible. In his preface to Greene's *Menaphon* he refers disapprovingly to the practice of excluding the Apocrypha from printed Bibles: and in *Christs Teares over Jerusalem* (1594) there is a possible thrust at the Puritan objection to the Apocrypha's being placed alongside the other canonical books in churches, as it was by Whitgift's order of 1588. Nashe certainly admired, and used where possible, the "wisdom books" of the ancient writers: and *Ecclesiasticus*, the "Wisdom of Jesus the son of Siriach" is an interesting example of that class of literature. To the student of Nashe's work and of sixteenth-century prose literature in general, however, these *Ecclesiasticus* verses have a certain minor bibliographical interest.

McKerrow's five-volume edition of Nashe is generally acknowledged to be one of the finest pieces of scholarly research achieved in recent times. His notes to these verses, indeed, are a good example of thorough and relevant annotation. He observes that a mark after "cruciat" visible on the Record Office manuscript is evidently a comma: that "rapide" should have a cedilla accent under the final *e*

so as to read "rapidae": and that "as all the other verbs are in the present tense one is tempted to read *percutit*" instead of "perculit" —though the manuscript certainly has an *l* at the end of this word, not a *t*.* Nothing, it seems, was too insignificant for McKerrow to extract some bibliographical significance from: though very little of the material gathered together in the edition of Nashe is found to be supererogatory. But, strange as it may seem, McKerrow makes no mention at all of the Burghley bequest and the conditions which it lays down relating to the Scholars' verses. There is no reference in his Index to "Cecil": and his sole note on Burghley refers to the place in *Have With You* where Nashe ridicules Harvey for having sought a testimonial from Burghley when supplicating for the post of Public Orator in 1579. In the course of his notes McKerrow informs us that "the persons mentioned below [i.e. Nashe's fellow-scholars on the occasion when the *Ecclesiasticus* lines were presented] are, of course, all members of St John's College".

Having got that far, it seems curious that the devoted scholar who had travelled to Lowestoft especially to look at the parish registers for a record of Nashe's birth and had combed the St John's College archives for the least traces of Nashiana, should not have elaborated further. It would, of course, be an impertinence to claim that this note contributes anything material to our estimate of Nashe. Nevertheless the facts as set out above may serve to throw some light on the days when Nashe was still dependent on the bounty of that "pittying Mother", St John's College, according to him the distinctly *superior* foundation at Cambridge: and painstakingly—if not altogether felicitously—fulfilling the conditions of the award which made him a Lady Margaret Scholar. E. D. M.

* The notes to McKerrow's *Nashe* are included in the fourth volume.

ON WRITING AN ESSAY

I NEVER write an essay until the last possible moment; I might waste time which could better be devoted to the study of Wodehouse, or to the pleasures of a game of golf. It is a matter of principle.

Now the deadline for this particular essay was 11 a.m. on Monday; and Saturday evening found me poised on the verge of a cocktail party. I *had* to go: so I went: and then someone said "Bridge tonight?" Well, of course, I did intend to work on the essay; but on principle I never refuse a game of Bridge.

On Sunday morning, after a leisurely breakfast (I make a point of rising late on Sunday) it seemed that something must be done. The subject was simply "Isocrates". A Greek, I was convinced, and not a Roman: but what did he do, and when? So, round to a fellow-sufferer, to borrow some relevant books. "Coffee?" he said. I *never* refuse a cup of coffee.

Half-an-hour later I retired to my rooms, laden with weighty tomes. Isocrates, it seemed, was an orator and ——: but lunch-time intervened. Now Sunday lunch must never be hurried: and an excellent meal it was, rounded off by coffee and a cigarette (not to mention *The Observer* and Terence Reese). Shortly before three I started my notes, and it soon became clear that a regrettably vast amount of Isocrates' work had survived him. I hurriedly scanned selections of it, in the Loeb translation of course.

Tea-time came, and some Rugger men: what an endless and compelling subject Rugger is. At half-past-six we were still discussing our prospects for Twickenham. Just time for a quick half-pint before Hall.

After Hall, coffee; "I will write my essay", I thought, "later this evening".

But after coffee, a glass of port; and after one glass, another. A glorious feeling of sleepy contentment crept stealthily over my limbs. How inevitably right these ancient customs are. Coffee, port, and companionship: what more could any man want?

My sense of virtuous satisfaction, as I lay in bed that night, was perhaps rather remarkable in one whose sheaf of foolscap lay virgin on the desk.

At eight in the morning I woke with a start. It is one of my principal principles never to rise before nine: so I had an hour for contemplation. Should I postpone the supervision; or 'forget' it? But the Don in question is a busy man, and mighty in his wrath. I put off contemplation, and put on my clothes.

A hasty shave and a hurried breakfast (not more than an hour in all). Nine-thirty found me, pen in hand, awaiting the spark from heaven. So did ten.

Then I started work. The most difficult parts of an essay are the beginning and the end: so I started in the middle. The recipe was simple; take notes from various authors; stir well, to conceal their source. Pad out the notes to essay length and pepper with quotations from Loeb (*et al.*): salt with wit to taste.

In forty minutes the middle was finished, and I constructed an opening paragraph, foretelling what I had already said. Some cunning manipulation was needed to fit this prophecy into the number of lines left blank: but by stretching the first words and compressing the last, my efforts were crowned with success. A paraphrase of the beginning served for an end; and a pithy bit of plagiarism rounded off the whole.

I arrived at the Supervision, apologetic and breathless, only five minutes late. Trying hard to sound confident I read the essay aloud. The unfortunate transposition of two of the pages made no perceptible difference. At the end I waited, trembling, while the Great Man cleared his throat—

"You write well," he said, "better than some. Of course the subject-matter is hardly original; but you do have a beginning and an end to your essay, as well as a middle. You should try doing a bit of serious writing."

So that's why I've written this.

D. R. O.

SOME NEGLECTED JOHNIAN POETS

ROBERT WYLDE

Colleges will always praise their famous men to some extent, even if only in an extra glass of port; but some, like Robert Wylde (1609–79), become important during their lifetime, hear their ballads upon everybody's lips, and then are forgotten by all but a few bookworms. Wylde's poetry was such that, as Dryden says, one could see them "reading it in the midst of 'Change so vehemently that they lost their bargains by the candle ends", but only this ballad, set in its day to the tune of "Halloo my Fanny" (whatever that was), reaches us undimmed by time.

ALAS, POOR SCHOLAR

In a melancholy study,
None but myself,
Me thought my Muse grew muddy;
After seven years reading,
And costly breeding,
I felt but could find no pelf:
Into learned rags
I've rent my plush and satin,
And now am fit to beg
In Hebrew, Greek and Latin;
Instead of Aristotle,
Would I had got a patten.
Alas, poor scholar, whither wilt thou go.

Cambridge now I must leave thee,
And follow fate,
College hopes do deceive me.
I oft expected
To have been elected,
But desert is reprobate.
Masters of colleges
Have no common graces,
And they that have fellowships
Have but common places,
And those that are scholars
They must have handsome faces:
Alas, poor scholar, whither wilt thou go.

I have bowed, I have bended,
And all in hope
One day to be befriended.

I have preached, I have printed
Whate'er I hinted,
To please our English Pope:
I worshipped towards the East
But the Sun doth now forsake me;
I find that I am falling,
The Northern winds do shake me:
Would I had been upright,
For bowing now will break me.

At great preferment I aimed—
Witness my silk;
But now my hopes are maimed:
I looked lately
To live most stately,
And have a dairy of Bell-ropes' milk;
But now alas,
Myself I must not flatter,
Bigamy of steeples
Is a laughing matter;
Each man must have but one,
And curates will grow fatter.
Alas, poor scholar, whither wilt thou go.

Into some country village
Now I must go,
Where neither tithe nor tillage
The greedy patron
And parched matron
Swear to the Church they owe:
Yet if I can preach,
And pray too on a sudden,
And confute the Pope
At adventure—without studying,
Then ten pounds a year,
Besides a Sunday pudding.

All the arts I have skill in,
Divine and Humane,
Yet all's not worth a shilling;
When the women hear me,
They do but jeer me,
And say I am profane:
Once, I remember,
I preached with a weaver,

I quoted Austin,
He quoted Dodd and Cleaver;
I nothing got,
He got a cloak and beaver:
Alas, poor scholar, whither wilt thou go.

Ships, ships, ships, I discover
Crossing the main;
Shall I in and go over,
Turn Jew or Atheist,
Turk or Papist,
To Geneva or Amsterdam?
Bishoprics are void
In Scotland; shall I thither?
Or follow Windebank
And Finch, to see if either
Do want a priest to shrive them?
O no, 'tis blustering weather.
Alas, poor scholar, whither wilt thou go.

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it,—
Peace, good man fool;
Thou hast a trade wilt fit it;
Draw thy indenture,
Be bound at adventure
An apprentice to a free-school;
Where thou mayest command
By William Lyly's charters;
There thou mayst whip, strip,
And hang and draw and quarter
And commit to the red rod
Both Will and Tom and Arthur.
Ay, ay, 'tis thither, thither I will go.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

Henry Kirke White (1785–1806) is another of our less famous men. During the nineteenth century over thirty editions of his few poems were issued; the last was in 1908. Now his popularity has gone, and few people read them. We are particularly rich in those poets who, promising great things, died young and left us fruitlessly wondering what they might have become. Philanthropy brought him, a butcher's son, to this College, and overwork undermined a naturally weak constitution. He had more reason than most romantic poets for being melancholy.

(i)

Sweet to the gay of heart is summer's smile,
Sweet the wild music of the laughing spring;
But ah, my soul far other scenes beguile,
Where gloomy storms their sullen shadows fling.
Is it for me to strike the Idalian string,
Raise the soft music of the warbling wire,
While in my ears the howls of furies ring,
And melancholy wastes the vital fire?
Away with thoughts like these—To some lone cave
Where howls the shrill blast, and where sweeps the wave,
Direct my steps; there, in the lonely drear,
I'll sit remote from worldly noise, and muse,
Till through my soul shall peace her balm infuse,
And whisper sounds of comfort in my ear.

(ii)

Yes, 'twill be over soon. This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,
Yon landscape smile, yon harvest grow,
Yon sprightly lark on mountain wing will soar
When my name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress;
They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless
While I am mouldering in the silent grave.
God of the just, thou gav'est the bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON

"Is it advisable to know the Master?" a Freshman asked Hilton. "Yes," he said, "for you see the Master has considerable influence with the Head Porter." Such gloriously practical philosophy was natural to Arthur Clement Hilton (1851–77) who died a parish priest at the age of twenty-six. While he was at St John's an ephemeral but important University magazine, *The Light Green*, sprang up under his care. It was a collection of his parodies: all are worth looking at, but "The Octopus", hitting off his Algernon Charles Sin-Burn so completely, remains the best. Ironically enough his works, unlike Wylde's and Henry Kirke White's, have only run to one edition (1904).

THE OCTOPUS

Strange beauty, eight limbed and eight handed,
Whence camest to dazzle our eyes?
With thy bosom bespangled and banded
With the hues of the seas and the skies;
Is thy home European or Asian,
O mystical monster marine?
Part molluscous and partly crustacean,
Betwixt and between.

Wast thou born to the sound of sea trumpets?
Hast thou eaten and drunk to excess
Of the sponges—thy muffins and crumpets,
Of the seaweed—thy mustard and cress?
Wast thou nurtured in caverns of coral
Remote from reproof or restraint?
Art thou innocent, art thou immoral,
Sinburnian or Saint?

Lithe limbs, curling free, as a creeper
That creeps in a desolate place,
To enroll and envelope the sleeper
In a silent and stealthy embrace,
Cruel beak craning forward to bite us,
Our juices to drain and to drink,
Or to whelm us in waves of cocytus,
Indelible ink.

O breast, that 'twere rapture to writhe on.
O arms 'twere delicious to feel
Clinging close with the crush of the python,
When she maketh her murderous meal.
In thy eight-fold embraces enfolden,
Let our empty existence escape,
Give us death that is glorious and golden,
Crushed all out of shape.

Ah, thy red lips, lascivious and luscious,
With death in their amorous kiss,
Cling round us, and clasp us, and crush us,
With bitings of agonised bliss;
We are sick with the poison of pleasure,
Dispense us the potion of pain;
Ope thy mouth to its uttermost measure
And bite us again.

IN A STRANGE LAND

[G. A. Horridge, P. M. Lloyd and P. L. F. Smith of St John's, together with J. Pierson of Peterhouse, spent nine weeks during the Long Vacation, 1949, bird-watching on the island of Gomera, Canary Islands.]

We reached the top of the Alto Garajonay as the sun began to merge into the lower stratum of clouds which, scarcely perceptibly, separated the brightening night sky from the motionless stretch of dim Atlantic. Standing on the cairn of stones which marked the peak of Gomera it was easy enough, in this regularising serenity of a magnificent summer night, to let the impressionable mind wander from the simple facts of our mountain camp into meanderings of fantasy. The rugged cuts and edges of the island we knew so well lay in silhouette below us—the Roque de Agando, the mountain Fortaleza at Chipude, the heart- and back-breaking barrancos which led down from our Cedro camp to the livid banana levels and black, volcanic seashore: all the familiar cliffs and goat paths, the woods of twisted Giant Heather and Laurel which sheltered the beautiful paloma "Rabiche", the rough villages with their gofio mills and protection of terraced, maize-producing hills—all, from this undiscriminating height, lay under the encroaching, levelling twilight, regardless of sweat and flies and village feuds. Had this meaningless, volcanic bubble, part of the lost continent of Atlantis it was said, fulfilled its destiny at last by the summer visit of four Englishmen who came to watch its birds and to see it subside into oblivion one night as the sun went down into the Atlantic? Would we see it crumble down into the sea again when we left the island for ever in a few days' time, when we slid out under the cloudland—far below us now—in our little boat, heading for Tenerife, for the Peninsula, for England?

Gomera, indeed, seemed to be our very own island: for months we had conferred together in college rooms, been interviewed by unhelpful shipping lines, made lists of the kit we should want—from mess-tins to *Paradise Lost* and the *Handbook of British Birds*; we had applied for grants and gifts to make the expedition possible; we had borrowed notes, specimens and a walking-stick gun from Bannerman of the British Museum, had made plans and counter-plans, filled our Commando rucksacks, pondering over each redundant ounce; and at last on an early July morning, dressed like snails, we left Victoria on the first stage of our journey. By the seventh of July we had crossed the Franco-Spanish frontier at Hendaye-Irun

THE ISLAND OF GOMERA

and were rattling furiously through the flat plains and deep gorges of the Pyrenean foothills towards Madrid and the south:

It is breath-taking countryside—vast, panoramic glimpses of hard, orange-earthed mountains, grotesque cliffs, crucifixes built on to topmost peaks, remote villas, farms and homesteads. Philip spent most of last night in the corridor talking with a private in the Spanish army—a psychiatrist who earns ½ peseta a day.... Sleep is difficult in this train: our wooden seats in the corridored, windowless "compartment" are very small, and we are surrounded by overwhelmingly friendly people and animals—a priest from Sévilla, an enormous woman with a suckling child, like a great fertility symbol; peasants and beggars, crates of hens and pigeons, three señoritas who say they are servant maids in Madrid, and are very embarrassed by our shorts and long, pale legs.... During the night secret police patrol the corridors. One flashes the badge under his lapel, asks to see our papers....

But at last, after the fierceness of Madrid, Sévilla and the sublime richness of her cathedral. Then three long days in the squalid Pension Maria in Cadiz, where the raucous voice of Maria herself was uplifted day and night in an unceasing, unforgettable tirade of abuse against her household, her voice mingling with the barking of the mongrels which infested the house, indiscriminately fond both of door-lintels and bed legs. After those days, spent suppliant-like at the grilles of booking-offices, we embarked on the *Sil*, travelling "Cubierta" on the aft hatch-covers with Franco's soldiers, a German ex-officer, students, women, and a baby subject to fits and frequent sea-sickness.

The "tag-tag" of the canvas awning woke me at about 3 a.m. Orion was plunging and soaring, the moon sailing fast across the sky. Someone lurched up through the piles of kit and bodies. Phil turned over, murmured sleepily "Was I all right?"

Stage by stage we had left the white European cities on the big islands—Las Palmas in Grand Canary, Santa Cruz in Tenerife—and the little inter-island steamer, *Leon y Castillo*, brought us one morning to the rocky steps of the landing-stage at San Sebastian, village-port of Gomera. We watched our great rucksacks being hauled ashore for the last time. "Los cuatro ingleses", as we came to be called by the whole island, had arrived.

What were the best parts of the weeks that followed? I ask myself. They had been weeks of extreme simplicity spent very close to the earth. We would rise very early, before the sun smote through the feathery spray of the heather canopy above our tents, and before the pricking flies began their pricking bombardment. We lived through days of determined climbing, of soft footfalls when birds approached, of ice-cold bathes in the mountain stream, of big meals,

cooked by the one who stayed on guard while the others set out with staves, cameras, note-books and bird-glasses. And at night we would talk until the moths and crane flies gathered round the fire and the candles; bullfrogs and crickets, and the for-ever soothing stream, by breaking it, added to the silence of the rough night around us.

Went with Paul to-day [wrote Adrian in his diary] up the valley, and looked out over those magnificent, wooded hillsides stretching away dark green in the great cancer-shaped sides of the hills. The skyline too is quite exciting, not very jagged but steep in places and varied. The great bulk of Tenerife, thirty miles away, was shrouded in mist but looked quite near despite this. It must be a superb sight on really clear days.

And after our first day's bird-watching I had written:

John and I had a particularly successful morning out. The first encounter was a robin in full song at the top of a bare giant heather; then enormous confusion over a small warbler, several of which were flitting about in the firs. It isn't a goldcrest. We saw many chaffinches—magnificent specimens which gave us a good display. They are very blue, but are not the Canarian Blue Chaffinch. The prize sight of the morning was a Blackcap seen at very close range, on a bush in a particularly attractive part of the river valley. There was another warbler---either a Berthelot's Pipit or some sort of linnet; many blackbirds, two pigeons, a red-legged partridge and a kestrel completed the morning.

How dull such an entry would have seemed to an ornithologist at home, working for six hours in English woods! But on this volcanic island, so little of its 110 square miles covered with anything but wilderness scrub and monotonous laurel and heather, we had been delighted to find even these common birds in the penetrating stillness of the grotesque mountain woods, so disappointingly devoid of any bird-song except the characteristic and ever present "chiff-chaff". Our detailed counts at all levels—mountain top, monteverde, barranco, arid plain and seashore—had numbered only twenty-seven species in all in a five weeks' survey. But our observations on habitat, food, habits and physical characteristics of these cousins of our British birds had made up in quality for the disappointing variety of species. And there had been a few exciting moments: the brilliant-feathered, hen-like Hoopoe, and the beautiful white-tailed laurel pigeon.

And we had made almost as many friends as there were species of birds. "Florencia" was our oldest—the strange, gifted Englishwoman with olive skin and disturbingly expressive eyes who, thirty years before, had left her job as dramatic critic on *The Times* and

sailed out to this remotest island of the Canary Archipelago to become governess to the family of Don Mario, a fish canner. Now, converted to Catholicism and more of a Spaniard than some of the natives, she taught French and English at the "Academia" for six months of the year, and climbed the mountain path on a donkey to go into retreat in her Cedro bungalow when the glare and gossip of sea-level Hermigua became too much for her. In Santiago, in the south of the island, we had met Stanley Bowyer, an Englishman in charge of a tomato plantation. One night he had taken us up a long winding road—the only one on Gomera, built by himself fifteen years ago—to his "medienero's" where we drank glass after glass of new grape wine, not adulterated, as it is so often, with brandy or pepper or white of egg. Then there had been Miguel the Falangist, a Forest Guard, Alphonso the woodman who often acted as guide (starting out in the early morning with us, when the moon was still up), and Rosa and Francesco who sold us milk and eggs and gofio.

Most of all we had loved our Cedro camp, our principal H.Q. by the Hermita in the woods, from which we would go out in pairs for a few days at a time to cover all other parts and levels of the island.

All our problems and questions seem to have been left behind in northern Europe. The outside world seems most remote, Cambridge especially.... Nothing much to do till supper time but to wait for the others and to keep the flies away.... The stream flows on, and still we sit as the trees, and wait for death.... A warning frog may croak tuneless, or a cricket "count-count" with clocklike moments all the evening long.... Only the halting chiff-chaff sings occasionally in the thick canopy of evergreen. Why were we chosen to arrive?... The chill of evening mist, floating slowly over, obscures the sun. Will they not come soon? We are hungry and waiting. It is not so odd that the Spanish people do not distinguish between hoping and waiting. The peasant women, strong and broad-waisted, who pad bare-footed past our tents murmur "Adios!" in reply to our greeting. They hardly seem to fit the warmer atmosphere of the lower valley or of the Peninsula. May they one day have a greater reward than the couple of pesetas for the bundle of weeds and sacks of gofio they walk fifteen miles through the night to sell.

The fiesta at Chipude had been our only "social" occasion during these weeks. In the dusty, shadeless plaza of the little village, which lay at the foot of the great Fortaleza rock, tiny stalls with wooden uprights and bracken roofs had been erected, each of them laden with glasses of wine, biscotchon cakes, pieces of meat, prickly pears, cucumbers, coconut-ice. The Mass of the Saint was a crude and garish spectacle, but afterwards, in the sun outside, the procession of Our Lady of Chipude formed up. She was lifted on to the shoulders

of four stalwart servers, pelted with flowers and carried round the Plaza while the villagers shouted and sang, kicking up the dust in great clouds under the unmerciful sun. At last the shadows began to creep up the sides of the Fortaleza rock, and little processions of quietly satisfied families, with empty baskets on their heads, began to set out over the hills and long rocky paths to their own distant villages and hamlets.

It was quite dark on the Alto ridge by now: the dim shapes of the other Canary Islands had sunk beneath the thick brilliance of the night sky. But it had been just as quiet that afternoon, save for the curious and perpetual noise of conversation flies, that would probably have driven one mad in time. We could hear each other swallow; even the sound of pencil on paper was noticeable.

This time next week we shall be crossing back to the Peninsula. Then third-class railways, and the red-hot intensity of Madrid; the frontier, camping under the Pyrenees once more, Paris, the Channel, and the clean green melancholy flats between Newhaven and Victoria.

How far had we conquered the sinister torpor of lotus-land—the siesta, the "mañana" attitude, the tired, listless atmosphere? How well had we scrambled up these mountains? How eager had we been to stay out on the silent rocks at noon for the sake of the bird that might appear? We had gained beards and blisters—one of us a serious abscess—but what else were we going to carry back home—in our secret, invulnerable minds? A little knowledge of resourcefulness and tolerance, perhaps; a greater richness of perspective, with its accompanying power of detachment; a clearer, mellower eye.

Nous avons plus de force que de volonté, et c'est souvent pour nous excuser à nous-mêmes que nous nous imaginons que les choses sont impossibles. P. M. L.

LIGHT

"...To save her from the foggy, foggy dew!"

(*Click—click.*)

But that switched it off again.

"Let there be light (*click*) and there was light." Lighten our darkness, O Lord! Lord, what a party!

He went weaving up the stairs in exaggerated zigzags, beating the banisters with the white crock pot.

"Oh, what a THUMP-tiful party,
Oh, what a THUMP-tiful day,
Oh, what a THUMP-tiful party,
Everything's THUMP-ing my way!"

Top landing: first on the right. Straight through to the bedroom; walking deliberately; placing each foot with care. Boy, do I feel sick!

He looked down at the pot in his hand. Ah—no! not there: not in the bonny bedroom utensil. For you a better fate, me beauty. The topmost point on the Chapel tower. Sir, I give you my solemn word as an ex-officer and a gentleman. Ere dawn it shall be there.

He turned on the taps and was sick in the wash-basin.

When he awoke the light from the bare bulb on the ceiling struck down into his painful eyes. Sitting up on the bed, he looked at the clock. Twenty to six. Hell's bells, must get a move on. Still dark outside. Head like a turnip; mouth full of muck.

He stumbled across the room and opened the bottom drawer. Battledress blouse and slacks. Fumble them on. Thick socks and gym shoes. Another pair of socks in the pocket. Old tie through the handle of the jerry; loop round the neck. Thrust the pot into the bosom and button up the blouse. If possible.

Painted by Picasso.

Rest there my bosom friend.

Outside in the court the wind was bitter. Non-stop from Russia, and enough to cool the most ardent Communist. He looked up into the darkness. Silence. No moon.

Crossing the court on tiptoe, swiftly, he passed over the grass. On the far side, the Chapel, felt rather than seen; looming, darker than the dark.

At the foot of the wall he stopped. The first part would be easy. Pulling on the spare socks over his shoes and hitching up his slacks, he started the climb. Fingers in well behind the square drain-pipe;

lean back; feet on the wall, and up. The wool gave a good grip in the rough cut stone.

Fifteen feet to the first ledge; he scrambled on to it, panting. No hang-over now—only the suppressed thrill of the climb, and the sharp air filling his lungs.

He stood up carefully, back to the wall, and edged out to the right; above the spiked railings on to the Fen Street end of the Chapel. Pausing at the corner, with a firm grip on the moulding, he pivoted and leant back into space.

Above him and to the right lay the Great Window, its thick mullions ornamented with carvings of fruit and flowers: above that, the second ledge: and above that again, only the tower reaching another hundred feet into emptiness. A no-man's-land of stone, with the broad copper strip of the lightning conductor running up, like a lifeline, to the slatted windows of the bell-chamber. But strain as he did, he could see none of this; only the blackness enclosing him, pressing on his eyes.

The long stride from the ledge to the first mullion was chancy in the dark. Turning cautiously, he shuffled forwards until he felt the end of the ledge under his toes. Now, raising the inside leg and pressing his right hip firmly against the wall, he stepped out deliberately into space. One moment's panic, falling, his stomach tense with anticipation; then the jar of his foot against the mullion and the grate of scrabbling fingers on the deep carved flowers. For a few seconds he clung to the safe stone, his mind blank with relief; then upwards on the bosses, as easy as climbing a ladder.

The second ledge was wider than he expected, overhanging awkwardly into space. Cursing foully, he wriggled and clutched, hampered by the bulk in his blouse; then he stood up and leant back gratefully, pausing to recover his breath. No sound from the street beneath him, and nothing but blackness above and below. Only the touch of the cold stone to tell him he was not dead.

Suddenly light struck at him through the darkness and he flattened instinctively against the wall. Across the road an uncurtained window flooded the night; so near, it seemed, that he could almost touch. He held his breath and waited, pinned down by the glare.

A young woman crossed to the window and peered out, unseeing, into the night. As she turned away the light shone for a moment through her thin nightdress, shaping her body in shadow; then she stooped from sight. When she reappeared her arms held a baby, struggling and kicking in petty rage. With soothing caresses she rocked it gently; then, slipping the nightdress from her shoulder, pressed the child to her breast. It lay quite still; content now, sucking: curtained by her long dark hair.

Into the frame a man walked; yawning and stretching, tousled with sleep. He stood behind the woman with his hands on her shoulders, lightly pressing his lips to her hair. She leant back against him, and they stayed there together; close, motionless, looking down at the child.

The light went out again but the watcher did not move. Suddenly life was empty and loneliness ached in his heart. He wanted to cry out "My darling, my darling!"—but there was no one in the world to cry out to. Numbed and weak he stood there, despising himself; a shivering futile fool. Tears of self-pity rose to his eyes.

He started to climb down again, slowly, his knees trembling with fatigue. Over the town the cold night air was luminous with approaching dawn. In the tower the clock chimed and struck six.

J. P.

ON FIRST COMING TO ENGLAND

PERHAPS it might be given as a rule that one should not know too much of a country before one sets foot in it; for if one does, one will have the disadvantage of losing one of the greatest pleasures of travel—the capacity for being surprised. At any rate this is true in my case. I learned so much about England and its people in my own country, China, that when I actually came to visit it, my experience was like that of reading a detective story whose plot had been told to me already. Since my arrival I have often been asked by kind-hearted people if I do not feel a bit strange here. I am entirely at a loss for an answer because on the one hand I do not want to tell lies and on the other I do not want to disappoint kind-hearted people by giving them an unexpected answer. The fact is that although I do not find things here quite as I expected them to be, still they are close enough to my expectation to exclude any sense of strangeness.

I remember when the ship was passing through the Channel on its way to London, I, like the other passengers, stretched my neck to have a first glimpse of the dreamland I was coming to. It was sunset. The sky, the land, the water were all clothed in a cold, glimmering light. I tried to imagine where Dickens might have stood when he came to the coast of Dover which he mentioned so often in *David Copperfield*. Both the sight and the imagination were exhilarating and yet somehow they did not strike me as unusual.

I spent only one and a half days in London, so it was not my luck to see much of that city. However, thanks to the extreme enthusiasm of an old schoolmate of mine, we managed to visit a large part of the West End in one evening. Nearly every district, every street, every building he brought me to, was familiar to me by name. But there was one surprise. I never dreamed that things in London are so much smaller than they should be. Take the British Museum for example. I used to think that it must be a tremendous building covering hundreds of acres of land, while, as a matter of fact, it is not much bigger than an ordinary department store or a mansion-house. Buckingham Palace is also far too small to be justly impressive and that world-famous 10 Downing Street is almost ridiculous both in appearance and in stature. It took me some time to learn that size is not the thing that the English people can be proud of or really care about. The most fascinating things I saw in London are the innumerable statues and the fantastic shades of grey and black on the weather-beaten walls of the historic buildings.

I came down to Cambridge one Thursday morning. Mr Harvey

of the British Council who met me at the station took me to my lodgings in a car and pointed out to me on the way some of the colleges. Here again I experienced a slight surprise and disappointment. I had always thought that this ancient University must be located somewhere in a secluded spot far away from the town. Who could believe that it exists just in the midst of traffic and din? If there is anything I dislike in Cambridge, it is the vulgar bustle occasioned by so many buses, cars and bicycles. Let me tell you an incident which took place many days later. One morning I went to attend a lecture given by a well-known critic. I started rather late, so when I got to the street it was packed up with bicycles rushing to the same destination. With great difficulty I brought myself to the building where the lecture was to be given. There I saw dozens of people jostling against one another at the entrance of the lecture-room. All of a sudden I became disillusioned. I thought this lecture-room was too much like a stock exchange. So I hurried away without the lecture.

However, when I first arrived at Cambridge it was not the traffic and din that impressed me, it was rather the silence of the place. At that time the town was deserted. Every evening after eight o'clock, with the exception of an occasional passing of a car, there was not a sound to be heard. One of the characteristics of the English people, I noticed, is that they never talk, they just whisper. I remember years ago an Englishman told me that when he first came to Shanghai, he was frequently shocked. People there talked so loud and gesticulated so vehemently in the street that he was induced to think something in the nature of a riot must have occurred. This illusion is indeed very illuminating. But if noisiness could produce terror, absolute quietness can also give rise to uneasiness. Personally, I did feel somewhat uneasy during my first few days in this town. Sometimes it amazes me to see the street so full of people and yet so devoid of human voices. Also when I look at a queue proceeding to a bus, I cannot help thinking of some scenes in Dante where a string of spirits were led quietly to some unknown destination.

Another interesting thing I noticed early is the extreme tameness of the English dogs. One morning I annoyed my landlady by summoning her to drive away two dogs from the gateway through which I wished to go out. "Is this all you rang for?" she asked surprisedly. "Please go your way. They won't touch you!" I went my way and the dogs actually did not bother me at all. Later on I learned that the English dogs not only do not bite or spring at strangers, they simply do not care to bark very much either. This is indeed a miracle, especially to me who came from a country where the howling of dogs is a kind of natural music to be heard everywhere.

Many people in my country who seldom see foreigners usually think that all foreign faces are alike. According to them it is as difficult to distinguish foreign faces as to distinguish those of dogs and cats. I wonder if the same opinion is held by the people of other countries. But I think there are very few new faces in the world. Nearly every face I have seen here bears a certain similarity to that of one of my friends or relatives or the people I have met somewhere in my own country. It is a most thrilling experience to enter a room full of strangers and yet to find there every face familiar to you. Such experience has been repeated many times since I came to this place. Physiognomists will not be surprised at this. There are, I believe, not more than a dozen types of human face. Of course the number of slight variations might be very great, but if you look carefully THEY are all there. And it is also true everywhere that a certain type of face will bear a certain trait of character, such as honesty, geniality, cunningness, pompousness, etc., etc. Every evening when I sit lonely in the Hall, it is my habit to study the faces around me. This exercise is quite useful, especially when the food is bad.

The English people are most self-confident. They never seem to have felt the necessity of being apologetic. But if they do, it must be about their food. One of the first things people do to me here is, invariably, to inquire about my opinion concerning the food. It is lucky for them that I am not particularly squeamish in such matters. If I do not like English food I never curse it as loudly as some of my compatriots would do. The only thing I really hate is their way of doing vegetables. Here, indeed, they deserve a scold. They make their vegetables both most ugly to look at and most abominable to eat. Whenever I see in front of me something like a lump of moss piled on a dish together with potatoes, I close my eyes hastily in order to avoid a sudden fit of vomit.

It is rather a mystery that a people so highly developed in all other branches of art as the English should be so backward in the art of cuisine. The answer may be that they use their tongue so skilfully in one way that they forget how to use it properly in the other; for there are only two ways of using tongues—to speak and to taste. I do not remember ever meeting a tongue-tied person here and I wonder if there are any. It seems to me the English students, at least, are all very eloquent. The best proof is to be found at a public lecture where, when a speaker has done, nearly all members in the audience will jump up to poke questions or express opinions. There might not be much in the substance of their speeches but their way of delivering them is always very effective. This is enough to impress me deeply and cause me to mourn over the lost art of eloquence in my country. Two thousand years ago, our politicians turned out

similes, metaphors and even parables in their speeches as easily as most people dig up potatoes. One thousand years ago our scholars talked philosophy over a cup of tea as glibly as if they were carrying on daily conversation. But now, alas, our scholars are all as dumb as mules and our politicians look up to the ability of gabbling American slang as if it were the greatest achievement in life!

A great deal has been said about the English character. To me the most striking thing in it is its uniformness. In other countries there might be some people who are more reserved and probably there are many who are as reserved as the English, but certainly nowhere else in the world can we find a people so uniformly reserved. I cannot imagine that there can be any difference between the way an English shop-woman snubs a customer and the way an English Prime Minister reprimands his inferiors. Unlike the people of other nations, the English never express their displeasure by means of shouting, screaming or other kinds of violent outbursts. They always do it mildly, just to let you know what is in their mind. They seem never to be able to become hysterical or, if they can, they will fight hard to restrain their emotions. Yes, I think this is the explanation. They are not necessarily reserved by nature, they merely have greater powers of self-restraint. It must be that: for whenever they are allowed to indulge themselves publicly, the English can go as far as anyone in the way of antics and follies.

It naturally follows that there is not much of the kind of personal freedom which is allowed in China. The English are allowed to say what they like, but they must act exactly as everybody else acts. They think they are free men in a free state but they are actually completely at the mercy of that four-footed monster—Society. Talk a little too loud in your own room and you will feel immediately that the walls are condemning you. Walk a little too abandonedly in the street and you will find even the lamp-posts are grimacing at you. Here a foreigner begins to realise why men like Byron or D. H. Lawrence found it so difficult to live in their fatherland which they loved so much. It would be most unkind to say that the English have established and maintained a custom of prying into people's private lives. But I do suspect that something very much like supervision goes on under the name of service. For example, I can never understand why the landlady of a lodging-house will insist on making your bed so that she may spend half an hour every morning in your room. In college, when the bedmaker comes to wake me up day after day by knocking at my door and repeating the same formula, "a quarter to eight, sir!", I cannot take it in any other way than that the representative of the Proctor or the Dean is there, bidding me to leave my bed and be a good boy during the rest of the day.

I think I like the Backs. Anyone with eyes should be able to do justice to this place. However, I must confess that I fail completely to account for the exorbitant fame of the River Cam. This internationally known river seems to me not much bigger than a ditch and, I venture to add, not a very clean one either. If such a small stream can command so great a reputation, why, then, should not every river in the world be equally famous? It is generally believed in China that whatever place was visited by the Sung poet Su Tung-po became a scenic spot. Perhaps the same story may be told of the River Cam. It has become important not because of its intrinsic value but through the fact that it has been part of the life of many illustrious people for so many centuries.

Finally, a word must be said about the bell. Of all things here I like the ringing of the bells the best. Every evening it resounds through the town, and on Sundays the bell at Great St Mary's lasts as long as half an hour at dusk. It usually makes me homesick but sometimes it gives me food for thought. In my country bells and Buddhist monks are closely related. Whenever you hear the bell you are sure that some monks are doing their morning or evening prayers. Here the bell seems to exist without the monks. While the bells are ringing those who should be at their prayers are either sitting in the Halls engaged in heretical talk over cups of beer or chatting at home with their wives and children. You may congratulate yourself on the progress of civilisation, but you cannot help thinking of the loss of meaning in the bell.

C. T. C.

FOUR POEMS

I

GIVE me my sight, Ananias.
The desert has not shrunken, but your hands
Scoop up my aridness. Damascus ends
Where touch restores us both.

I have returned from sleep of prayer
Like one come from a flower bed
Into a street that reeks of care
Smiling the secrets he has bled;
Like one come to the brink of fear
Still aware of the rose's red.

Now clasp me and release me from
This terror fixing me to earth,
The helpless struggle to the womb,
The aching burden of my birth;
Now touch me and prepare the tomb
For life's returning to its death.

No words encircle what has sprung
From silence bubbling in the throat;
Only the lap of lips at song,
In touch, in anguish as they meet
And shape the groan of labour's long
Redeeming and reclaiming note.

I suffer with you, Ananias,
In threat and slaughter slobbered forth,
I call upon you for our eyes
And melt into you for our birth;
I call upon you for our tears
To wash away this cling of earth.

II

In my thoughts is loneliness,
Is learning left by you;
Of all wisdom I possess
The void that you bestow.

In my heart is weariness
Rejoicing at your thought,
But my voice cannot express
The pain that I have sought.

In my life is emptiness,
Is void without a God;
You to bear the sole witness
And fill me with the Word.

III

Swift as the dolphin's way and lonely
As folding waters carving out
The sharp divide of melancholy,
Lipping at an empty pap,
Lapping at a barren gout
That lies across the ocean's lap;

You will also voyage there,
Down the dolphin's curve of heart,
To lose yourself like an Ohthere
In a mist of suffering,
And weep the curses of a start
That eases life with languishing.

Swifter than the dolphin's dart
And deeper than the bottom's gloom,
The wisdom that the waves impart
Is sorrow in the sailor's quest:
The one who feels resurgence come
And bear him to another breast.

IV

I raise my soul to stars and stare
Supra-wise on love's control,
Angels misting on the air
Drape the stars about my soul.
Above the heavens, still above
The deepness of enchanting deeps,
Surges harmony that calls
To reason where my worship weeps;
And in my vision stillness fills
The spaces filled with awe.

Where is higher? what mind found
A deeper reason, what desire
A richer meaning, than this sound,
This sounding sound, this stretching choir
Of all-surrender, self asunder,
Sweep and swell and harboured awe?
O, clasp me to my fear, my wonder:
In eternity restore
My heart, my soul, my mind, my will,
In God's consuming fire.

ANON.

ILLEGAL ENTRY

IT was one of those mornings: a chill wind sweeping through Third Court; a few dim figures loping across to a nine o'clock lecture; fish for breakfast. After the third cup of coffee I decided with great reluctance that I had better go round to see Hugo. The previous evening I had left him in a particularly morbid frame of mind, suffering from "Grant" trouble. I had listened to his tale of woe for the best part of an hour, smoked his cigarettes, and helped him finish a bottle of Cointreau, tactfully ignoring his remark that he really didn't know where the next one was coming from. He had always been prone to looking on the gloomy side, and his bitter complaint that THEY were snatching the very food from his lips took a little swallowing; but he had fixed ideas on a reasonable standard of living, and I was beginning to regret that I had not left him a cigarette.

I put on a sweater, scarf and overcoat, and hurried round to Second Court. When I entered his rooms I found him pacing the floor in his dressing-gown, muttering to himself. He swung round, peered at me, then suddenly snapped—

"Why do you use Glom?"

I stared at him in alarm. He stepped nearer, and trapped me behind the door, prodding me with a dramatic finger.

"Why do you use Glom?"

I countered with a helpful suggestion, stalling for time.

"Have some coffee?"

I was quite worried. Somehow his rooms had acquired an amazing number of periodicals and magazines overnight; they lay about everywhere. Eventually it all came out. Hugo had A Scheme.

Apparently he had been turning the pages of a popular weekly paper after I had left him the previous night, thinking rather of having to sell the things pretty soon than anything else, when he had come across an amazing act of charity by some philanthropic firm. They merely wanted to know why you used their product, in so many words, and they were willing to part with fifty pounds! His interest had been aroused; he had scanned similar publications and found to his surprise that altruism was not yet dead—how sadly he had misjudged his fellows! There was a whole host of benevolent institutions eager to part with vast sums of money; others settled for holidays in Monte Carlo; high-powered cars were two-a-penny. He intended to enter into the spirit of the thing without delay. The odd rhyme there, the well-turned phrase here; it was quite ludicrous. I agreed, and said so; then I went in search of coffee. You never really knew with Hugo.

I saw very little of him during the week that followed, but from time to time various reports of his progress reached me. He spent most of his days and nights immersed in gaudy-coloured magazines, emerging occasionally to scribble in a small note-book. He had tried to persuade several members of the College to buy cornflakes, insisting vehemently on their great nutritional superiority over porridge—it later transpired that he required fifteen packet tops to enclose with an entry, apparently as a sign of true faith. He had been expelled from a supervision after interrupting with the audible assertion that he preferred Stodge because it had that creamy, creamy flavour. His pastime was becoming quite notorious.

Finally I plucked up courage and paid him a visit in person. My inquiry upon the progress of God's Gift to the Penniless Undergraduate was not well received. He was hunched in a chair before an empty grate, the picture of despair. I relented.

"Cheer up!" I said, slapping him on the shoulder. "You'll win some day."

He grunted, indicating the table.

"I have."

My eyes lighted on a large, red packet labelled "Glamor—The Super Shampoo", which occupied a prominent place on the table.

"Splendid, splendid!" I yelped. "Why so sad?"

He told me, in no uncertain terms. He had won a screen test, the chance to play a leading part in a production of *Romeo and Juliet*. I tried to sympathise. After all, the publicity would be worth something. He was very patient with me. There had been a misunderstanding—after all, it *was* a shampoo powder. For obvious reasons he had suppressed his first name, and given his home address. In short, he had won the promised principal role—Juliet. The irony of it was that the second prize had been fifty pounds. A mere fifty pounds. I shuddered at the hoarse cackle that broke from his lips.

What could I say? I rose from my chair, crossed the room and, turning, struck a pose.

"Well," I bellowed, "wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

I suppose I was a little obnoxious. I just got round the doorpost as a packet of Glamor (Family Size) burst in a heavy white cloud against the corridor wall.

A. C. T.

BOOKSHELVES

Of all the problems that face an undergraduate, that of his bookshelf is the most insistent. He can, if he wishes, flee from female society—indeed, after certain hours, he must—but his bookshelf is inescapable. Whenever he opens his door, it confronts him, with all the desirable, woman-like qualities of being passive, ever-present and tormenting. How often is his heart depressed at the sight of all those books unread!

The fresher who gingerly unpacks his trunk, so full of crockery and cake, digs out the few volumes he has managed to squeeze in—a book of somebody's poems, to add "tone" to his rooms, and, if he is very daring, the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. But these hardly fill the space provided, and he hastily displays, with colourful intermingling, the cards of all the lesser known Societies which he has not the slightest intention of joining. If this array is a little too monotonous, there are always those few trophies of military service, just to show he is not as young as all that.

This "barren" stage does not last long. His supervisor recommends the standard text-books, and he rushes to fill part of his gap. The process of acquisition once begun, how soon his books "go forth and multiply". Having obtained what he was sure were quite enough, there is always just one more—and the off-chance Saturday morning bargain at David's. The scientist's bottom-shelf piles up with note-books, while the historian's patiently ebbs and flows with the latest additions from the Library. Most of all, pity the English student who cannot distinguish the "good" books he ought to have from the text-books he must. His bookshelf bears a double burden.

By the middle of his second year, the problem of space has taken a new form. By this time kind aunts have showered birthday presents on him, and he has acquired those essential volumes of light literature to be read when physics pall. The cards and trophies have long been swept away, and now, how shall he arrange this conglomerate mass of the printed word? He must bow to the dictates of size—for the shelves are invariably non-adjustable—but within these there are many variations he can try. He may want to group his books according to subject, but that destroys the harmony of the standard edition series. The Everyman on its own looks so forlorn and lonely that it demands to be restored to its fellow, notwithstanding the shock of Plato juxtaposed with Priestley. But where shall Tennyson rest, dignified in green morocco? And what of the sad, homeless remnant? Wearily he concedes victory to the bookshelf, and allows unsightly anarchy to rule.

The Tripos comes, and he no longer regrets the book that was left at home, but wishes more were there. His sympathies are with Prospero now, "I'll drown my book". So he withdraws, as gracefully as he can, from the struggle with the shelves, leaving them free to win again the fight with yet another fresher. And on his final exit, as a signal of his own defeat, can he refrain from cocking a snook at them?

J. S. C.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, 1949

Hurrying, hurrying,
Blue early, red late, the noses
Truth-ferrets, rabbits political,
Historical, intellectual, classical,
Legal, analytical, metaphysical;
Quotient fantastic
One hundred and fifty minimum,
Henry not Sir Henry
Stringholder.

Steady and whole but
Time must have a stop.

Autumn Crocus
Passion according to St Matthew
Physics according to Cavendish
Journey according to St Pancras
Beer, Namco, Hippocrene or
Quis multa gracilis jostle.

What price Apulia?
Grave disturbed, Quintus?
What price salvation
Nine for twenty-four weeks?
Sixteen a second,
M.O.U.I.S.P. and book gules etcetera—the Board!

Admitto te... that's past.
Come, Horace.

A. L. L. A.

"PARNASSUS", 1949

THE newly formed Lady Margaret Players have one main difficulty to face at the beginning of their career: the lack of a suitable place in which to perform. Whereas University societies can use the A.D.C. or Arts Theatres, and Queens' College has a court ideally suited for open-air productions, the Lady Margaret Players are presumably unable to afford the hire of a theatre at this early stage, and the College itself presents no really adequate site. The choice of the Fellows' Garden as a place in which to present the "Parnassus" plays was therefore unfortunate but inevitable. It was unfortunate because an open-air production is very risky even under the best conditions. The audience is at the mercy of the weather, and audibility at the mercy of the wind. Few plays are really suitable for an outdoor performance, and none gains by it, so an exceptionally interesting play is needed to keep the listeners' attention away from an uncomfortable seat. This performance, however, was always interesting and often amusing.

Any one of the "Parnassus" plays performed in its entirety, however interesting it might be to the scholar, would be a very dull form of entertainment for the average playgoer. The producer, Michael Stephens, was therefore very wise to take the cream from each of the three plays for one complete performance. He managed to preserve the characters whose counterparts are to be seen in Cambridge to-day and who were therefore more easily understood by a modern audience. Modern dress also helped to achieve this understanding. The incidents were amusing in themselves, and followed each other with as much speed and contrast as in a revue, though much of the satire has lost its sting.

The play presented few difficulties for the producer. There were seldom more than three characters appearing together, so large-scale grouping was never called for. All that was required was audibility and variety. The latter, with intelligent playing, was inherent in the construction of the play itself, and the sound, which might have been ruined by an unfavourable breeze, was always clear.

The two undergraduates, Philomusus and Studioso, whose journey through and from the University holds the play together, were played by John Denson and Derek Bond. Both gave a cheerful freshness to their very unrewarding parts, and their appearance was always welcome. Angus Mackay as their wealthy companion gave a performance full of style and poise. Among the assortment of characters encountered by the students, the most memorable were an urbane and learned tutor, played by Wheatley Blench; Gullio

a gull, appropriately presented as a modern "army type" by Derek Whitehead; and Peter Rowe's Furor Poeticus whose fine frenzy took command of the stage. Peter Croft's Yokel was wonderfully angular and dull-witted; John Creed's portrayal of Ingenioso, the disillusioned graduate, lively and convincing. The rest of the large cast realised at least as much of their characters as the script allowed, and, giving the piece plenty of variety, they prevented dullness from creeping in.

John Hosier's music seemed rather academic and mechanical, but certainly deserved more attention from an audience interested mainly in ice-cream. John Hunt's scenery was no more than adequate, but he is to be congratulated on a delightful programme cover.

The Lady Margaret Players attempted a play which would not otherwise have been seen in performance, and from it provided a pleasant afternoon's entertainment. It is to be hoped that their future productions of College plays will be as successful as the first.

J. S. W.

RECITAL OF JOHNIAN POETRY AND MUSIC

THURSDAY, 10 NOVEMBER 1949

To many besides myself the number and variety of talented poets and musicians who were in one way or another connected with St John's College must, on this evening, have come as something of a revelation. One knew, of course, of Wordsworth, Matthew Prior, Robert Herrick, Sir Thomas Wyatt and Samuel Butler. But how many of those present could, if they cared to do so, boast of having as their illustrious predecessors the Elizabethan lyricists Robert Greene and Henry Constable, the Puritan poet and divine Robert Wylde, the royalist and cavalier Cleveland, "Bruiser Churchill", the *mauvais prêtre* of the Hell Fire Club, or that mystical metaphysical, Edward Benlowes? Johnian services to music, though less brilliant, are hardly less distinguished. For nearly forty years the Chair of Music in the University was held successively by two Johnians, T. A. Walmisley and W. Sterndale-Bennett, and more than a few among the audience that evening must have remembered with pleasure the pre-war dramatic presentations of Purcell and Handel that were conducted by the late Dr Rootham.

There are, to be sure, extenuating circumstances for our ignorance. The College cannot claim sole proprietary interest in many of those whose work was represented in this recital. Robert Greene, for instance, graduated at St John's College, 1578–9, but subsequently migrated to Clare Hall where he proceeded M.A. in 1583. John Cleveland, on the other hand, took the degree of B.A. in 1631 as a member of Christ's College and only came to this College, as a Fellow, in 1634 (where, however, he remained for nine years, "the delight and ornament of St John's society"). According to *D.N.B.* Robert Herrick, in a state of acute financial embarrassment, migrated from St John's in 1616 to Trinity Hall, "with the twofold object of reducing his expenditure and of devoting himself to legal studies". Evidently he continued to ply his extra-legal studies, for it appears from account-books preserved at Trinity Hall, that as late as 1629–30 he was still in the Hall's debt. But the most remarkable case of multi-collegiate affiliations was that of Dr Walmisley, who in 1833 was elected organist of Trinity and St John's Colleges, and in that capacity played, in addition, for the services in King's College Chapel and St Mary's, and so was kept very busy on Sundays: 7.15 a.m. St John's; 8 a.m. Trinity; 9.30 a.m. King's; 10.30 a.m. St Mary's; 2 p.m. St Mary's; 3.15 p.m. King's; 5 p.m. St John's; 6.15 p.m. Trinity. College organists to-day have much to be thankful for.

The programme itself was a nice blend of the grave and gay—"poetry" being a term of evidently liberal application, including as it did a long extract from *The Unfortunate Traveller*. It began with the "Introduction and Fugue" from the Overture to Samuel Butler's dramatic oratorio *Ulysses*, spiritedly performed as a pianoforte duet by John Davies and Adrian Officer. Any adverse comment that might have been forthcoming on this excellent pastiche of Handel was forestalled by Butler himself in a letter to Mr H. Heathcote Statham (14 October 1901):

> Both my friend Jones (Henry Festing Jones) and I should regard any poking fun at Handel as a *mauvaise plaisanterie* of the most odious kind. We adore him.

A reading by John Wilders of Wordsworth's *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey* was succeeded by a performance of Dr Rootham's deservedly popular part-song, "A Shepherd in a Glade", delightfully sung by a section of the Lady Margaret Singers. Then came a group of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century love-lyrics, including the peerless "See, the chariot at hand" by Ben Jonson, whose connexions with the College are unhappily of the most tenuous. This was followed by a performance of Walmisley's charming "Sonatina, 2, for oboe and pianoforte", by James Clinch and Alan King, a work originally written for one Alfred Pollock, an undergraduate whose oboe-playing Walmisley much admired. The last item before the interval consisted of variations on the well-worn theme of the languors and raptures of undergraduate life. Here, Cleveland's oblique reference to the innocent pleasures to be sought in the town ("Come hither Apollo's bouncing girl") came as a refreshing contrast to the splenetic gloom of Churchill and Wylde.

After coffee in the Old Music Room we returned to hear two polite and agreeable Diversions for Piano Duet by Sterndale-Bennett, ably performed by John Davies and Adrian Officer. The two items that followed would alone have made the evening thoroughly worth while. The first was a thunderous diatribe against luxury from that rum product of indisputable genius, *Theophila* by Edward Benlowes, finely read by Peter Croft. The second was a really beautiful performance by John Rust of Mr Robin Orr's exquisite setting of three Chinese poems translated by Arthur Waley. In harmony with the melancholy mood induced by these songs came six elegiac sonnets, including "Sweet to the gay of heart is summer's smile" and "Yes, 't will be over soon" by Henry Kirke White. Not even the reader's

tactful substitution in the latter sonnet of "*my* name" for "Henry's name"—at the expense of the metre—in the lines

> Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar
> When Henry's name is heard no more below

could hush the strident note of self-pity that pulsates through the verse of this much-to-be-pitied poet, who died of consumption in 1806 after only a year's residence in the College. The "Hornepype" by Hugh Ashton (or Aston) that followed, admirably played as a pianoforte solo by Alan King, was of rather more historical than artistic significance. Ashton was one of the earliest English composers for the virginals, and according to Dr van den Borren this little "Hornepype" shows the art of variation on a drone bass at a degree of development of which the Continent offers no example. Unhappily there is again no respectable evidence for identifying the composer with the Ashton who became Comptroller to the Lady Margaret and finally Archdeacon of York. After Patrick Cullen had read with immense virtuosity a superbly shambling, digressive piece of full-bodied prose from *The Unfortunate Traveller*, the last musical contribution was an entertaining double parody, in which Sir John Squire's well-known skit on Newbolt, "It was eight bells in the forenoon", was humorously set to music by Dr Rootham after the manner of Charles Villiers Stanford. A. C. Hilton's rather *too* devastating parody of Swinburne entitled "The Octopus" fell curiously flat, through no fault in the reading, but the recital came to an end in an atmosphere of high good humour with a reading of Samuel Butler's "O Critics, O cultured critics", which once again subtly disarmed criticism.

R. A. S.

"CHRIST'S COMET"

By Christopher Hassall

The Lady Margaret Players have, in the College Chapel, an admirable setting for the religious dramas it is their policy to present at the end of each Michaelmas Term; but an audience demands more than mere visual satisfaction on these occasions, and it must be admitted at the outset that the acoustics of the Chapel play havoc with the spoken word. They are perversely most unkind to good character acting, which often requires speed in delivery and certain variations of pitch. On this occasion, for instance, Herod and the Blind Man were for long stretches almost unintelligible in the echoes—though sufficient came through to demonstrate that these were two of the best of the evening's performances—and this made it doubly infuriating that much uninspired declaiming was audible to the last syllable.

Christ's Comet is a deceptive play for the would-be producer. It reads like excellent "theatre", yet a great deal of it takes the stage in a way which suggests it would yield much more if perused in the study. The first act is by either count the least effective: nothing happens and little is said at great length. Act two is better, and contains one scene of considerable strength, though it goes on too long and the dramatic conflict is entirely secular. This scene could in fact almost be performed by itself as a one-act play on the character of Herod, such is its peculiar excellence and such its isolation from the central theme of things. In the third act alone is there any real fusion of religious impulse and dramatic effectiveness. It is a very fine third act, and much was made of it in this production: if only the approach to it had been shortened, either by judicious pruning or else by increased tempo—though the Chapel acoustics would have made the latter a risky proposition.

Peter Croft's production of the play did nearly all that was necessary. There was little that it could do in Act one except achieve a certain fluency, and leave the rest to the actors. Here the producer was well served. John Hosier's Blind Man admirably suggested senility without loss of force, a first-rate performance well matched by Jessie Faber's Laila: it might have been better, however, had these two actors agreed on a common method of attack. The

> Three Kings that journeyed from afar,
> Kaspar, Melchior, Balthazar

were good, but might have been so much better had a little imagination been expended on developing them into separate personalities;

and Kaspar in particular suffered from an ugly costume and careless make-up.

At the very beginning, Act two achieved a vitality that had been lacking in the previous act. This was due to the presence of David Goldstein in the small, and arguably not very difficult, part of the Captain of the Muleteers: this actor has an authority of gesture and intonation that many of his colleagues might profitably study. The largest and most interesting scene of the play—the Herod scene—is the test piece of a good producer, and only in a few minor details do I differ from Peter Croft's conception of it. For instance, being seated at the back of the "stage", Herod was repeatedly addressed with the speaker's back to the audience, an irritation that should somehow have been avoided. Michael Littleboy as Achiabus achieved something of the arrogance and cunning which the part demands, but was constantly thwarted by grouping apparently designed to make him as inconspicuous as possible. Brian Cannon saw Herod as the unhappy father rather than as the ageing despot and, granting this conception, his performance was the best of the evening. What a pity, though, that his final remark about the nightingale, which resolves the mood of the entire scene, should have been thrown away in a mutter as the lights faded.

In Act three the best of Mr Hassall was matched by the best of Mr Croft. There were at least two moments in it when sheer imagination transcended the mere mechanics of stagecraft. The first was when Barabbas (sensitively portrayed by Michael Stephens) revealed his identity to Artaban and the Muleteer; and the second—more prolonged—was the final tableau, grouped and lighted with rare skill to look like a Veronese, to the accompaniment of a simple yet tuneful carol which was well sung by John D'Arcy and a small male-voice choir.

The principal parts were performed by Paul Lloyd as Artaban, the fourth Magus, and Patrick Cullen as the Muleteer. Both aged remarkably convincingly for the last act; before this Paul Lloyd (who looked magnificent) had declaimed many long speeches in a fine voice which he kept too consistently at a high pitch, and had shown us some—but not, I fear, enough—of the man behind the poetry. Patrick Cullen brought great skill to bear in his fusion of comedy and pathos: he had his audience with him from the very beginning. When he learns how a funny line can be made funnier by expert timing, he will be in the front rank of light comedians.

What emerged at the end of the evening was a play that would be improved by cutting—the author himself commented that it was the fullest version of his play that he had seen performed—a production that was always adequate if seldom inspired, and a tendency among the performers to substitute declaiming for acting. The sum total was by no means a failure, but the Lady Margaret Players must do better than this with better material if they are to maintain the high reputation which they gained a year ago as a result of *Murder in the Cathedral*.

D. H. R.

HOLISTIC SCIENCE

LET organismic fancies then hold sway,
Forbid that cold dissection win the day.
For you are not yourself nor am I me
In virtue of bone, brain and artery.
The stream of life is one not fractionate,
Dismembered parts cannot the whole relate.
And we dishonour life who feebly try
To fabricate truth from such falsity.

The cow when quietly grazing in the field
Is trifled not by concepts such as "yield".
Nor doubts her native power to orchestrate
Discordant themes within her mortal crate.
Does labouring sow when loosing piglets free
Attend her task with oxytocic glee;
Or ram consider androgenic state
Assuaging his primeval urge to mate;
Can fleetest hound assess the complex source
Whence careless springs his locomotive force;
Should laden fowl omit to set the spell
Would eggs delivered then be lacking shell?

The living creature grows, behaves, persists
And nature's wings are clipped by analysts.
Persuade synthetic science start apace
And counsel order from disruptive race,
The universe of life may then unfold
Top secrets of a fathomable mould.
Pursue analysis, then life resign,
Where once was man is now math'matic sign.

B. A. C.

REVIEWS

The Lost Province, or the Worth of Britain. By M. P. CHARLESWORTH, F.B.A., F.S.A., Hon. D.Litt. (Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 1949. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

This book by the President, consisting of the four Gregynog Lectures for 1947–8, though little more than 80 pages in extent, is nevertheless so rich in suggestion for future research that it may well become the father of many theses. Those who have had the privilege of hearing the author lecture will warmly approve his retention of the colloquial lecture form, for to the pleasure of instruction is thus added, as it were, the persuasive charm of a familiar voice.

Mr Charlesworth has set himself to answer two questions, one somewhat novel and the other frequently asked, but seldom satisfactorily answered. In the first, looking at Britain with the detachment of the ancient historian, he asks: "Why did the Romans choose to incorporate this island in their Empire? Why, that once done, did they retain it for nigh on four hundred years? What did they gain from the occupation?" The second—an insular English, or must we say British, inquiry—"What have we gained, or what did this island retain when the legions had departed?"—is one with which every Roman archaeologist has been confronted. To it he devotes his last and most exciting lecture.

Though it is no part of the author's purpose to retell the history of Roman Britain, the first two lectures are, perforce, devoted to this; but the story is told with a fresh emphasis. The reasons that led Claudius to undertake the conquest are well known, but it is not so often remembered that "down to A.D. 150 Rome, in keeping an army of about 40,000 men in garrison here...was footing a very heavy bill for benefits that are not immediately apparent". The disasters at the close of the second century might well have led her to cut her losses, but "that hard-headed ruler" Severus was in no doubt, and so thorough was his reconquest of the province that for long he was regarded as the original builder of the Wall. Again, some seventy years later, Aurelian, though he abandoned Dacia, held on to Britain. It was at this time that trouble for the province began in earnest. The Irish raided south-western Wales, as the sack of villas shows, and Saxon pirates so harried the south-east that Constantius (or was it Carausius?) was forced to establish an elaborate new system of coastal defences. The author's map of these Saxon Shore defences (p. 88) is an important new contribution to this neglected subject, of which a comprehensive study is long overdue. For the first time on one map can be seen, with our Saxon Shore forts from Brancaster to Carisbrooke, the Continental defences that are their complement and counterpart.

To the closing years of the occupation and after, Mr Charlesworth devotes a considerable part of his second lecture. While recognising that here he is moving in a "cloud of hypotheses", where archaeology as yet has little light to throw, he persuasively disentangles probability from legend.

To the non-specialist reader the last lecture, dealing with our debt to the Roman occupation, is likely to prove the most rewarding, for the answer to the author's second question is given unhesitatingly. To quote his own words: "For the first time in its history our country emerges as a whole, one unified territory, organized and governed from a centre, intended to function as a unit, 'the Britains'....This unity was at once manifested in and strengthened by language, communications, culture, art and religion."

As he was addressing a Welsh audience it is fitting that the impress of Roman civilisation should be illustrated from survivals in the language of the Celtic fringe. These include words connected with shipping, building, country work, the instruments of eating and drinking, vegetables, fruit and trees, and "that highly civilized thing, washing". Of communications it is not easy to say much that is new, but it is well to be reminded of the skill shown by Rome in the siting of cities, where they were accessible not only by land but also by sea. Under that "slightly vague term Culture" the author includes not only art, religion and the craft of building, of which much has been written, but those less well-explored fields of agriculture and horticulture. The "hard-headed" Roman is not usually pictured as a lover of gardens and flowers, yet it is claimed that we owe to him the introduction of roses, violets, poppies, pansies and lilies. Delicious fruits, nuts and many of our common vegetables also figure among our debts, and for some there is archaeological as well as linguistic evidence. It is gratifying to the reviewer that, after seventeen years of oblivion at the bottom of the well where he found them, the walnut and the twigs of cherry and chestnut should have been re-excavated by the author and given their true significance along with the unpublished cabbage-stalk from the well at Vindolanda (p. 72). The reader will approve the author's opinion that these are not trivial topics any more than the art of cookery and the equipment of the kitchen that follow, for they go to show that Rome brought to the Britons a new standard of civilisation.

Once or twice in these illuminating pages an archaeologist is tempted to feel that the evidence has been somewhat strained. It may well be that the Fenland was a large Imperial corn estate administered from Castor (p. 57), but it is a pity that such a happy guess, for that is all that it is at present, should have become "almost certain" (p. 70) in the next lecture. Again, if the vigorous scene of chariot-racing on the Horkstow pavement is evidence of successful horse-breeding in Lincolnshire, what conclusions are we to draw as to stock-raising in Kent from the recently discovered pavement at Lullingstone depicting Europa and the Bull, or as to bull-fighting in East Yorkshire from the *Taurus omicida* pavement at Rudston?

The University of Wales Press has produced a volume that it is a pleasure to handle, beautifully, if not impeccably, printed, and one that will fit into the pocket of many a Johnian. P.C.

'Patriarcha' and other Political Works of Sir Robert Filmer. Edited by PETER LASLETT. (Basil Blackwell, 12*s*. 6*d*.)

This addition to the Blackwell series of political texts contains the first complete collection of Filmer's political works. The "Patriarcha" manuscript used in this edition was discovered by the editor, a Fellow of the College, before the war, and is the only handwritten version known to have survived. This is its first appearance in print. The editor's introduction contains, appropriately, the first authoritative treatment of Filmer as a political writer, in the setting of his time, as the butt of the much more famous Locke and against the background of modern anthropology and political thought. F.H.H.

The Three Parnassus Plays (1598–1601). Edited, with an Introduction and Commentary, by J. B. LEISHMAN, B.Litt., M.A. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 1949. £2. 2*s*.)

The casual study which produced an "acting" edition of the "Parnassus" Plays must have shocked their present editor as he watched their performance in June (see this magazine, p. 42); and many whose interest in the Plays was then first aroused, or revived, will be happy now to find them the subject of a work of vastly superior scholarship. In his Preface, Mr Leishman notes that his attention was first drawn to the Plays "as a fruitful subject for research" some twenty years ago, and almost every page examples the thoroughgoing, scholarly technique which has been employed in the preparation of this edition. There has, until now, been published only one collective edition of the Plays (Macray, 1886). Comparison with it must inevitably form part of this review, but our primary interest is in the long Introduction (90 pages) which precedes the new Text and Commentary.

Although much of the discussion here entertained is not altogether new, each point of interest and controversy is dealt with very carefully, and many arguments which have until now been scattered in various periodicals and critical works, not always easy of access, are brought together for the first time under one cover. From the ample description of the MSS. and early printed texts of the Plays first set out, two points of general interest emerge. The first is the rediscovery of the MS. of the third Play (Halliwell-Phillipps), which disappeared some time after Macray used it. It has now been located in the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington. Its emigration involved the use of photostat copies, two sets of which were lost by enemy action, and from these the editor has deduced that the first printed edition of 1606 is "almost certainly nearer to the autograph than is the MS".

This brings Leishman to his first main problem—that of dates. He confirms that the first Play, *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, was almost certainly performed first at Christmas 1598-9, and the third Play, *The Return*, Part Two (or *The Progresse from Parnassus*?—see p. 28) at the same season, 1601-2. At this latter point an article by Professor

Previté-Orton (*Cambridge Review*, 9 Feb. 1911), in which a more precise date is suggested, seems to have been overlooked or ignored. From the examination of Immerito by Sir Raderick and the Recorder (*The Return*, Part Two, Act III, Sc. i) the information is given that the moon's last quarter fell on "the 5. day, at 2. of the clock and 38. minuts in the morning". It has been ascertained that the last quarter in fact fell at one minute past 3 a.m. on 5 January 1602; noting this, and also a further reference to "the fift day" (line 1122), Previté-Orton believed this to be the date of the third Play's performance. Since this occasion would also be the twelfth night of Christmas, 1601-2, the probability is even greater as the performance would then mark the climax of the seasonal festivities. For the First Part of *The Return* Leishman prefers the date 1599-1600, but cannot altogether disallow the alternative year 1600-1. He further suggests that the prose prologue to the Second *Return* was added on the occasion of a second performance at Christmas 1602-3 (the date suggested by Moore Smith, *College Plays*, p. 66) thus accounting for the four-year period of the Plays indicated by the line in that prologue

"is it not a pretty humor to stand hammering vpon two...schollers, some foure yeare?"

Leaving aside for the moment the important section in which the authorship of the Plays is discussed, the remainder of the Introduction first sets these Plays against the background of contemporary academic drama, and incidentally makes it clear that the revival of play-acting in St John's after 1595 (see "The College Plays", *The Eagle*, vol. LIII, no. 235) was largely due to the succession in that year of Richard Clayton to the office of Master, upon the death of the puritanical Whitaker. Of Clayton, Baker wrote: "One thing was owing to his government, that puritanism, that had taken such deep root, was now in great measure rooted out of the college" (*History of St John's College*, p. 196); and though it was lamented that he left not so much as one book to the College Library (op. cit. p. 197), he at least made possible the performance of the "Parnassus" Plays.

Section VI of the Introduction compares the satire of the Plays with that of many other contemporary works, and attempts quite convincingly to interpret the author's critical opinions from the many references to Spenser, Shakespeare, Jonson, Nashe and others contained in the dialogue. Lastly the question of personal allusion by caricature is discussed at great length but without yielding much new information. It is generally agreed that many of the characters represent known persons (Ingenioso = Nashe, for example) while at the same time they provide usually unsympathetic portraits of a particular class or profession (the Recorder may represent Francis Brackyn, a Cambridge town official who was certainly satirised by Ruggle in *Ignoramus*, 1615; but in *The Return*, Part Two, the butt is rather the whole profession of Common Lawyers). Sarrazin's suggestion (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, XXXI) that Gullio impersonates Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton and later a benefactor of the College, is dismissed;

Lühr's suggestion (*Die Drei Cambridge Spiele von Parnass*), that Luxurio imitates Gabriel Harvey, is admitted as a half-truth at least; and a new suggestion is made that Stupido represents William Gouge of King's, a notorious Puritan and nephew of William Whitaker. His remark, "I have a good man to my vncle, that neuer wore capp nor surples in his life", would then be given added point before a Johnian audience, as a reference to their late Master; it might, however, instead refer to another of Gouge's uncles, Chaderton, then Master of Emmanuel.

Probably the only controversial section of the Introduction—the rest is substantially a revision and collation of earlier scholarship—is that which deals with the authorship of the Plays. Mr Leishman is here concerned only with direct textual evidence, and wisely omits any notice of claims advanced on the tenuous basis of analogy of style alone—he will not therefore be troubled by the most recent claim put forward, albeit casually, by the editor of *The Poems of Joseph Hall* (A. Davenport: Liverpool University Press, 1949) on behalf of his subject—but if the field is thus narrowed, it is immediately broadened again by the proposition that there was more than one author. This assumption has been made elsewhere recently by Mary Crapo Hyde (*Playwriting for Elizabethans, 1600–5*, Columbia University Press, 1949) who writes of the Plays as "the product of certain unknown Cambridge wits", and refers again later to "the authors". But because she offers no argument to support an opinion which has not so far been generally approved (and she cannot have seen the present work) Miss Hyde may possibly be suspected of the folly of wishing three authors where she finds three plays.

Mr Leishman, in contrast, has a carefully argued case to present. He follows a line suggested by Moore Smith (*Modern Language Review*, vol. x), who first drew from some words in the verse prologue to *The Return*, Part Two, the notion that *The Pilgrimage* and *The Return*, Part One, were written by different authors.

> "In Scholers fortunes twise forlorne and dead
> Twise hath our weary pen earst laboured,
> Making them Pilgrims to *Pernassus* hill,
> Then penning their returne with ruder quill."

The key to the argument is the phrase "with ruder quill" which, to both Moore Smith and Leishman, "naturally" means "by a different author", and on this assumption a further phrase is invoked to support the interpretation. In the prose prologue to the same play the observation is made:

"and at this time the scene is not at *Pernassus*, that is, looks not good inuention in the face".

This, writes Leishman, "can only be interpreted as an apology for the professed inferiority of the present play (and also, perhaps, of its predecessor) to *The Pilgrimage*, whose scene *was* at Parnassus". Further, assuming two authors, thus "to set up a predecessor's work as a standard, and to regret that you yourself have failed to reach it, is to be polite to your audience" while, assuming a single author, "to declare that your present work is inferior to what you have given them before is, surely, to insult them" (note on p. 222, ll. 47–8). This argument might have been at least plausible but for the fact that Leishman has already asserted (Introduction, p. 24) that the prose prologue from which the significant sentence is taken was added in 1602-3 on the occasion of a second performance, and was written by someone other than the author (note on p. 220, ll. 23–4). The reference is assuredly to someone else's work, but does not therefore support the argument for two authors.

In any case, if we are allowed to question the initial "natural" interpretation, a counter-claim for unity of authorship can be established. Remembering that *The Pilgrimage* is written, and delightfully, in the form of an allegory, while the other two Plays are direct and lifelike, it seems no less "natural" to suppose that the phrase "with ruder quill" refers to this difference in theme and construction, and corresponding difference in style and spirit. From this point of view, the second phrase quoted detracts nothing: the allegorical form of *The Pilgrimage* is, in fact, brilliantly "good inuention". This construction does not seem quite to be that of the "ideal, 'Parnassian', standard" which Leishman has dismissed as "forced and unconvincing" (loc. cit. p. 222), but rests on the obviously different dramatic forms of *The Pilgrimage* and the two *Returns*; if this does explain adequately the suggestion of the "ruder quill", the case for two authors breaks down completely. Leishman himself notes (p. 29) that "the general resemblance in style and presentation between all three plays is very striking, and proves, if it be really true that more than one author was concerned" (he asserts shortly afterwards that "the balance of evidence seems to be in favour of two authors"), "what a surprising unity could, in that age, be achieved by collaborators". The various orthographic differences cited may again suggest more than one hand behind the writing, but Previté-Orton's observation about the author—"no doubt a friend or two may have helped him at times when invention ran dry"—seems quite adequate, and even probable, as an explanation. It was, after all, a College play, and collaboration of this sort would be quite natural.

The nature and circumstances of the Plays should be borne in mind as we turn to look briefly at the succeeding Text and Commentary. As far as the text is concerned, many corrections of Macray's reading have been made (a work initiated by Moore Smith in 1915, *Modern Language Review*, vol. x), and punctuation—a perpetual problem with this sort of material—has been thoroughly revised to give, in certain places, slightly new shades of meaning. But on the whole, though it may be comforting to know that the text at hand has been prepared with all caution and care, its narrative is essentially as before. One who is quite familiar with Macray's text has to look very carefully, and often to a note in the Commentary, in order to locate many of the changes made.

The Commentary itself is overwhelming: great industry and research lie behind its findings and no opportunity for explanations is missed. It is this as much as anything that distinguishes the two complete editions of the Plays. Macray, as Leishman reminds us, "was primarily an historian and archivist", so that we should not expect from him more than the three pages of Notes and three of Glossary which follow his text. Mr Leishman, on the other hand, sets out to be of service to the whole academic world. Defining in the Preface his role as editor of the "Parnassus" Plays, he insists that he must "bear in mind the interests, not merely of the general reader and the student of Elizabethan drama, but those of specialists in many particular fields: those (to name but a few) of literary, social, academic, legal and ecclesiastical historians; those of historians of education, of medicine, of sports and pastimes; those of antiquaries in general; those of philologists and lexicographers; and also, because of the opportunities here afforded of comparing a manuscript with a printed text, those of bibliographers and textual critics" (p. vi). The result is that information has been crowded into the Commentary in such a way that, while a particular note may be of interest to one it will bore nine, and another which is commonplace for one (the one, often, for whose special taste it is included) will be news to nine; and the text assumes an importance not for what it is but for what it has been forced to become.

If Macray had his faults as an editor, as an archivist and historian he was never exposed to the danger of overestimating his material. It must be insisted that the "Parnassus" Plays, hurriedly perhaps, and with rough skill, compiled for a festive entertainment, were conceived with all of the humour and levity that inspires a College revue. They have an abiding interest, first for members of the College in which they were originally written and performed, and secondly as a unique example of undergraduate spirit in a past age. But can the passage of time alter our sense of values so much that yesterday's "Christmas toy" can to-day become its encyclopaedia? With the new edition of the "Parnassus" Plays before us, we can only admit that it is so. But we can also sound a forlorn note of regret that, under the whole apparatus of modern critical technique, something has been lost to view. We prize above all the spirit of these comedies, their transient qualities, their rich but rude relevance to their age and the society which produced them, their gay innuendo and vulgar wit—and we almost miss all this as we find the Plays wreathed with an aura of academic respectability. Where is Madido now?

"O, the genius of xij^{d} a quart will indite manie liuelie lines in an houre, whils an ould drousie Academicke, an old Stigmaticke, an ould sober Dromeder toiles a whole month & often scratcheth his wittes head for the bringinge of one miserable Period into the worlde."

There is undoubtedly a great deal of value and interest in this new edition of the "Parnassus" Plays, and their publication rescues them from the fate of general oblivion: what had become rare now only remains costly. But it is a strange fate which has allowed these Plays,

so rich in their humanism and satire, to fall unwitting victims to that very scholasticism at which the Elizabethan undergraduates laugh so loudly in their pages. M. W. S.

No Place to Hide. By DAVID BRADLEY. (London, 1949.)

D. J. Bradley was a member of the College in the period immediately preceding the war. Later his duties as a doctor during and after the war led to a gruesome assignment as "radiological monitor" with the task force that carried out the atom-bomb tests at Bikini—the aptly named "Operation Crossroads". This book, first published in America, contains no secrets, but only the day-to-day record of the precautions, the tests, and the aftermath. As such it gives a closer impression of the layman's attitude than other more sensational accounts, an attitude which is summed up by the only English-speaking native of Kwaj'lin Atoll. 'Told that they would not be able to return to their homes, perhaps for years, and must remain in an inferior island without their accustomed supply of fish and coconuts, "he said, sadly and respectfully, 'Oh. We are very sorry to hear this'". I.P.W.

The Last Chronicle of Blaydencroft or *Why Go to the Zoo?* A Comedy in three Acts, by COLIN JAMES and DONALD RUDD. (Published privately by the Young Writers' Group. Cambridge, 1949.)

"The genuine source of comic writing", wrote Hazlitt, "'Where it must live, or have no life at all', is undoubtedly to be found in the distinguishing peculiarities of men and manners." Those first in the field of this writing, at a given point in time, have the advantage over those who follow them: really to live, therefore, comedy must focus upon the ever-changing norm rather than upon the momentarily conspicuous eccentricity. The joint-authors of this piece, the latter of whom is an undergraduate of this College, often show signs in their writing that they have grasped this point quite firmly, so that *Why Go to the Zoo?* sets out with earnest of success. It has already gained first award in the Young Writers' Group annual competition, which ensures its early performance in Cambridge; and since it is a play which must be seen to be believed (which should be true of all plays) final judgement should be deferred. Meanwhile, something relevant can be said.

We shall gaze for three Acts upon the domestic scene of one of England's stately homes, seat of Arthur, Lord Blaydencroft, where attempt is being made to avert complete and Crippsian ruin. The main device employed is the establishment within its walls of a Commercial Academy for Young Ladies. "It may mean opening the stables", twitters Maud, the dowager, "but I've always maintained they were too good for horses." This brings the outside world to Blaydencroft, a world gently dominated by Joanna Meredith, the Principal; organised by her efficient and iconoclastic A.D.C., Miss Pinogle; and kept in

smooth running order by Leonard Potts, a suburban socialist full of Marxian anticipation of the fall of the aristocracy. He, and the audience with him, learn here the lesson Marx never taught, how human ingenuity, accidental common sense, and good-humoured disbelief prevent the relentless operation of iron economic laws. Blaydencroft is saved by the haphazard accumulation of human devices; the threatened disintegration of the geyser again becomes the dominant social problem, which it has never entirely ceased to be; and the play ends.

The plot adequately sustains the dialogue, which is the chief delight of the play and explains the significance of its main title. It never becomes complicated, and is rarely allowed to be more than incidental, though attached to it are some cleverly conceived "plotlets" and sequences. One of these—built around a policeman's helmet, a slightly tipsy Guards officer, an oil-painting, and a stunned lady on a couch, to the accompanying cry of "Burglars!"—provides the funniest dramatic situation of the play, and proves the skill of the authors as theatrical architects. But it is character and conversation which here matter most, and in these there is not always the same degree of accomplishment. The old regime which triumphs in the end is delightfully represented by Lord Blaydencroft himself, "a twentieth-century Canute waiting for the tide to turn . . . whose attention is divided between the past and the future, leaving none for the present". Twin pillar of this regime is Perivale, the eternal butler, who "tends to look upon the servants' wing as his own castle—as, in a way, it is, since he's the only one" (here is the ever-changing norm at its best). These two, allied to Mr Potts senior, who has been a Conservative ever since he shook hands with the King during the Blitz, save the situation by their perpetual disbelief in the worst—they are "more content being than doing". The main clash of ideologies and temperaments centres in Marian Truman-Hastings, daughter of the house, alternately wooed by Jeffrey Maltravers—"he's practically indistinguishable from any other Guards officer who's been through public school"—and Len (socialist) Potts who wins her in the end, and thereby helps to bolster up the regime whose end he has been taught to expect daily.

The character who disappoints the reader most—but who may well delight the audience—is Nicholas Truman-Hastings (his friends call him Nicky). Poet, playboy, "up at Oxford", he is a brittle, whimsical creature, thrown into the play to add variety to its dialogue, rarely, if ever, to enrich its plot. He must be more familiar to the authors than the writing suggests, but, at just that point where they might most naturally be expected to draw from their own experience, they offer only a suggestive shell, leaving too much to the imagination of reader, producer or actor. Here, though there are hints of it elsewhere, is revealed the main inadequacy of their craft, leading us to ask: Where does the population of this play come from? Too often, I think, from life at second-hand, from the theatre itself and from the novel. Some of the characters achieve subtle refinements which make them just sufficiently different, but some seem to come straight

from that world of Waugh and Coward to which, in this piece, they are invited again to belong. In such a closed circle, therefore, they are too familiar and incline to be a trifle drab. There is a lot of Brideshead about Blaydencroft, too much Sebastian in Nicholas. The producer and actors will certainly be able to give to these characters distinctive qualities, nice individuality, which the authors have withheld from them, and the play will, as suggested, draw new life from performance. But at two removes from reality, the peculiarities of men are less effective differentiae. In this play the fault is limited, and will not be its undoing; but to sustain their comic writing on the high level it often reaches, these authors must draw more fully from the deeper, fresher spring of their actual, rather than their intellectual, experience of men and manners.

M. W. S.

JOHNIANA

(*a*) *Received from R. Somerville:*

Roger Kenyon to his brother George, 7 April 1711:

"You are so much a college man still that I dare say you will be concerned to know that we have lost Dr Gower at St John's, who died about ten days ago. His place, indeed, is very worthily filled by Dr Jenkins, who was a part of our family in Brownlow Street, two or three months since Christmas. He is likewise chosen Margaret professor."

Dr Gower had died on 27 March: he was buried in the College chapel on the day on which Kenyon wrote. Robert Jenkins, who was elected Master on 9 April, was admitted on the 13th. Kenyon's knowledge of and interest in these events came from the fact that he was a Fellow.

(*b*) *Received from H. H. Huxley:*

THREE JOHNIAN MATHEMATICIANS

"Sanctius his animal, cui quadravisse rotundum
Musae suadet amor, Camique ardentis imago,
Inspicat calamos contracta fronte malignos,
Perque Mathematicum pelagus, loca turbida, anhelat.
Circum dirus Hymers, nec pondus inutile, 'Lignum',
'Salmo'-que, et pueris tu detestate, Colenso,
Horribiles visu formae; livente notatae
Ungue omnes, omnes insignes aure canina."

In 1853 Charles Stuart Calverley, then an undergraduate and perhaps already admitted a scholar of Christ's College (of which he was later to become Lady Margaret Fellow) composed the *Carmen Saeculare*, a celebrated skit on Cambridge life. C. S. C.'s genius, as was made evident both by examinations and by his published works, was classical rather than mathematical; and from the passage quoted above it may be inferred that poetical numbers alone attracted him.

Of the four mathematicians (Hymers, "Lignum", "Salmo" and Colenso) to whose works humorous reference is made, all except "Salmo" entered St John's College as sizars and were subsequently elected to fellowships. "Salmo" is George Salmon (1819–1904), Fellow of the Royal Society and a distinguished alumnus of Trinity College, Dublin. Dr James Wood ("Lignum"), Senior Wrangler, first Smith's prizeman and Fellow in 1782, became Master of the College in 1815 and Vice-Chancellor in 1816. Dr John Hymers, a distant relation of Wordsworth, was placed second wrangler in 1826 and in 1827 elected to a fellowship. His name lives to-day in a well-known Yorkshire school. One of Hymers's many successful pupils was John William Colenso, second wrangler and second Smith's prizeman in 1836, Fellow in 1837 and Bishop of Natal from 1853.

COLLEGE NOTES

Honorary Degrees

At the celebration of Foundation Day in the University of London on 25 November 1949, Honorary Doctorates were conferred on six "persons of conspicuous merit". Of these, three were members of the College: Sir Edward Appleton, Sir Frederic Bartlett and Sir Percy Winfield. The following addresses were delivered by the Public Orator on this occasion:

Chancellor, I present to you Sir EDWARD APPLETON.

In Sir Edward Appleton the University would honour one who has combined the difficult functions of being not only a scientific investigator of a rare and original kind but also one of those statesmen of science upon whom the welfare and destiny of our country have come so increasingly to depend. He stands in that great succession of British physicists and, particularly for his work in the field of electro-magnetism, may be regarded as a rightful successor in the direct line of descent from Clerk Maxwell, who preceded him by some sixty-five years in the Wheatstone Chair of Physics at King's College. The range of his most original discoveries in the fields of electricity and wireless telegraphy is of a character which cannot be reduced to a language which the layman can easily comprehend. Such had been his discoveries even as a young man in the properties of areas of the upper atmospheres that a whole region of the empyrean has been named after him, an ambition for which even Lucifer himself did not contend. For those discoveries his name has been enshrined in *Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary* which defines *Appleton layer* as "an ionised region in the atmosphere, about 150 miles up, that deflects ether waves".

Thus Sir Edward, assured of immortality, moves with an ease and an equanimity in the higher atmospheres far beyond the understanding of ordinary men, and indeed is able not only to convey messages to these high places but to measure their distortion. His discoveries are characteristic of the greatest glories of English physics: simple and original in their origin, carried through by the most arduous and elegant complexities to lucid conclusions of profound significance. Further he has had the exceptional gift of being able to express his findings on scientific and other matters in clear and gracious English. To hear the record of his accomplishment is to learn of that formidable conquest over nature which man has made during our own generation, either for his own welfare or for the culmination of a tragic destiny.

Sir Edward's own record confirms that not only does his scientific work take him to where the angels were conventionally said to dwell but that here below he is also on the side of the forces of righteousness. His labours in the highest ranges of academic administration have extended from the Director of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research to the Vice-Chancellor and Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Sir Edward has already been awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics and university institutions both in England and in Scotland and on the continent have extended to him their honorary degrees, so that this process must almost by now have gained an element for him of the habitual. We would hope that our own honorary degree would have for him the value not only of extending our recognition of his great original work and of his contributions to university education as a whole but in recollection of that long and important connection with the University of London.

I request you, Chancellor, by the authority of the Senate, to admit EDWARD VICTOR APPLETON to the Degree of Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa*.

Chancellor, I present to you Professor Sir FREDERIC BARTLETT.

It is within the period of living memory that Psychology has established itself as one of the major disciplines of our University studies, and the results of its research and investigation have coloured the concepts of individual conduct and relationships of all types in industry and society.

It is gratifying to recall that Sir Frederic Bartlett, now Director of the Psychological Laboratory at Cambridge, who is pre-eminent in this field, began his career in the University of London as a graduate in the older discipline of Philosophy, and followed his studies with a Mastership with special distinction in Sociology and Ethics. From that early study in Philosophy he brought to psychological investigation the scientific methods of experiment and research, while ever retaining a profound interest in the social implications of his investigations. There are, indeed, few aspects of human life which Sir Frederic has not illuminated by psychological method. His earliest work dealt with that problem so baffling to the majority of investigators in all fields, that of memory, and some of his most recent experiments have been on that problem which comes to all men and women in time, the problem of old age. Further his research in the field of personnel selection and conditions of work has probably increased the happiness and the professional competence of innumerable

men and women and has also been of great value to the armed services. Sir Frederic's laboratory at Cambridge, one of the earliest centres of University study in Psychology in Great Britain and now the largest and best equipped in the country, has been a training ground for many of the best known psychologists. No tribute to Sir Frederic's distinction or his powers of collaboration with those working in other fields is possibly greater than his appointment to the Medical Research Council, a body which does not without considerable scrutiny admit non-medical members to its counsels.

I request you, Chancellor, by the authority of the Senate, to admit FREDERIC CHARLES BARTLETT to the Degree of Doctor of Science, *honoris causa.*

Chancellor, I present to you Professor Sir PERCY WINFIELD.

In none of the great professions is the relationship of the daily and routine practice to the contemplation of fundamentals more important than in the law. We in the University of London who have maintained a long tradition in legal education and research, confirmed recently by the establishment of our Institute of Advanced Legal Studies, can most properly acclaim the honour of adding to the number of our honorary graduates the most distinguished academic lawyer of our time. We live in a perilous period, when the interpretation of the meaning of law, and the application of its sanctions, have been subjected to abuse and a most specious usage, and for these very reasons we can value the more highly the work of one who has examined and clarified with such sincerity and distinction the principles upon which the law of a civilised community must be based. The pageantry of law and its glittering prizes will continue to belong to those who preside and practise in our courts, but behind them there must be the fundamental study and constant pursuit of first principles by those among whom Sir Percy Winfield is eminent. With him teaching and research have always gone hand in hand, and his deep knowledge of our legal history has continually been used to illumine the problems of contemporary law. It can safely be said that there is no teacher of law in recent times whose writings are cited by practitioners and listened to by judges with greater respect, and who at the same time has placed so high his duty to his students and won so firm a place in their affections and respect.

I request you, Chancellor, by the authority of the Senate, to admit PERCY HENRY WINFIELD to the Degree of Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa.*

Elections to Fellowships

JACK DAVIES, University Lecturer in Anatomy.

RAYMOND ARTHUR LYTTLETON, formerly Fellow, University Lecturer in Mathematics; appointed College Lecturer.

Honours List

Birthday Honours, 1949:

O.B.E.:

Mr L. H. MACKLIN (B.A. 1924), General Secretary of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music.

University Awards

The following University awards have been made to members of the College:

Burney Studentship for 1949: L. A. GRINT (B.A. 1947).

Clerk Maxwell Scholarship: G. W. HUTCHINSON (B.A. 1942).

Grant from the George Charles Winter Warr Fund: M. COFFEY (B.A. 1949).

Wiltshire Prize (shared): E. WRIGHT (B.A. 1949).

Senior Scholefield Prize: W. H. VANSTONE (Matric. 1948).

Ricardo Prize in Thermodynamics: F. N. KIRBY (B.A. 1944).

Academic Appointments

The following University appointments are announced:

Reader in Microbiology: Dr E. F. GALE (B.A. 1936), Fellow.

University Lecturer in Mineralogy and Petrology: Dr W. A. DEER (Ph.D. 1937), Fellow.

University Lecturer in Law: Mr K. SCOTT (B.A. 1939), Fellow.

University Demonstrator in Engineering: Mr K. J. PASCOE (B.A. 1941).

University Assistant Lecturer in Mathematics: Dr D. G. NORTHCOTT (B.A. 1938), Fellow.

University Assistant Lecturer in English: Mr J. I. BROMWICH (B.A. 1937), Fellow.

Mr N. F. ASTBURY (B.A. 1929) has been appointed Professor of Applied Physics in the New South Wales University of Technology, Sydney (1949).

Mr R. J. GETTY (B.A. 1930), formerly Fellow, Professor of Latin at University College, Toronto, has been Visiting Professor of Latin at the University of Chicago during the Summer Quarter, 1949.

Mr A. L. HALES (B.A. 1933) has been appointed Professor of Applied Mathematics in the University of Cape Town (1949).

Mr W. K. HAYMAN (B.A. 1946), Fellow, lecturer in Mathematics at University College, Exeter, has been appointed lecturer at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, for the session 1949–50.

Mr J. H. HORLOCK (Matric. 1946) was awarded a scholarship for a summer course at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts, from June to September 1949.

Dr L. HOWARTH (B.A., from Caius, 1933), Fellow, has been appointed Professor of Applied Mathematics in the University of Bristol.

Mr K. H. JACKSON (B.A. 1931), formerly Fellow, Professor of Celtic at Harvard University, has been appointed Professor of Celtic Languages, Literature, History and Antiquities in the University of Edinburgh (1949).

Dr M. G. KENDALL (B.A. 1929) has been appointed Professor of Statistics at the London School of Economics, University of London, from 1 October 1949.

Mr D. M. LANG (B.A. 1945), Fellow, has been appointed part-time research lecturer in Georgian at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London (1949). He has also been appointed Editor of the *Cambridge Review* for the year 1949–50.

Mr H. M. PELLING (B.A. 1942) has been elected an Official Fellow and Praelector in Modern History in the Queen's College, Oxford.

Dr A. J. B. ROBERTSON (B.A. 1941), formerly Fellow, has been awarded a Senior Studentship by the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, for research in Physical Chemistry at the Royal Institution, London (1949).

Mr J. A. C. ROBERTSON (B.A. 1934), of H.M. Treasury, has been elected to a Commonwealth Fund Fellowship, tenable at a University in the United States, for the year beginning September 1949.

Ecclesiastical Appointments

The Rev. A. F. BELLMAN (B.A. 1912), vicar of Almondbury, Yorkshire, to be honorary canon of St Cuthbert in Wakefield Cathedral (1949).

The Rev. J. P. DENHAM (B.A. 1911), vicar of Hursley, Hampshire, to be rector of Dunsfold, Surrey (1949).

The Rev. C. L. HOLTHOUSE (B.A. 1909), vicar of Chertsey, Surrey, to be vicar of Hursley, Hampshire (1949).

The Rev. A. F. LUTLEY (B.A. 1922), priest in charge of Great with Little Somerford, Wiltshire, to be vicar of Charlton with Brokenborough, Malmesbury (1949).

The Rev. W. J. REYNOLDS (B.A. 1936), vicar of White Ladies Aston, to be vicar of Hallow, Worcestershire (1949).

The Rev. P. R. K. WHITAKER (B.A. 1931), vicar of Loversal, Yorkshire, to be vicar of St John, Masborough (1949).

Ordinations, 12 June 1949:

Deacon: Mr G. W. WOODWARD (B.A. 1947), by the Archbishop of York, to the curacy of St John, Middlesborough.

Priest: The Rev. J. H. SWINGLER (B.A. 1941), by the Bishop of Bath and Wells; the Rev. J. C. WORTHINGTON (B.A. 1939), by the Bishop of Sheffield; the Rev. F. C. LINDARS (B.A. 1945), by the Bishop of Durham.

25 September 1949:

Deacon: Mr H. W. MANCE (B.A. 1940), by the Bishop of Ripon, to the curacy of St George, Leeds.

Other Appointments

Dr S. G. ASKEY (B.A. 1910) has been elected vice-president of the Society of Ornamental Turners (1949).

Mr P. R. L. BENNETT (B.A. 1943) has been given a bursary by his firm Crompton Parkinson, Limited, electrical engineers, to take a two-year post-graduate course in business administration at Harvard (1949).

Mr A. A. A. FYZEE (B.A. 1925) has been appointed Indian Ambassador to Egypt (1949).

Mr G. H. G. HARRIS (B.A. 1948) has been appointed assistant youth employment officer at Guildford, Surrey (1949).

Mr T. R. LEATHEM (B.A. 1933), headmaster of Ludlow Grammar School, has been appointed headmaster of Caterham School from January 1950.

Mr G.W. Pattison (B.A. 1948) has been appointed tutor-organiser of the Fenland Federation of the Workers' Educational Association (1949).

Mr G. H. Walker (B.A. 1930) has been adopted as prospective Liberal candidate for Barnsley (1949).

Marriages

Martin Ackland Benians (B.A. 1941) to Elisabeth Grant Matthews, younger daughter of A. Grant Matthews, of Surbiton—on 11 August 1949, at Wesley Church, Cambridge.

Malcolm Norman Davidson (B.A. 1947) to Helen Audrey Lynas, daughter of Francis William Lynas, of Bangor, Co. Down—on 14 September 1949, at Helen's Bay Presbyterian Church, Co. Down.

Richard James Lance Davis (Matric. 1946) to Evelyn Athol Vaughan Simpkinson, daughter of the Rev. F. V. Simpkinson, of Repton—on 16 August 1949, at St Wystan's Church, Repton.

Roland Arthur Ellis Franklin (Matric. 1944) to Nina Stoutzker, elder daughter of the Rev. A. Stoutzker—on 23 June 1949, at the New West End Synagogue.

Michael Verner Haggard (B.A. 1944) to Nancie Lyle, daughter of Dr J. B. Lyle, of Broxbourne, Wakefield, Yorkshire—on 23 July 1949, at St Luke's, Sydney Street, S.W. 3.

Michael Brewer Hamilton (B.A. 1948) to June Ormrod, only daughter of Marcus Ormrod, of Cambridge—on 22 July 1949, at St Edward's, Cambridge.

Charles Stephens Hedley (B.A. 1928) to Joan Vivian More—on 8 July 1949, in London.

Bartholomew Francis Knight (B.A. 1938) to Audrey Ruscombe Sandford, third daughter of Brigadier D. A. Sandford, of Ewhurst, Surrey—on 12 August 1949, at the Church of St Peter and St Paul, Ewhurst.

John Noel Leuchars (B.A. 1937) to Elsa Hazel Parkes, daughter of C. E. Parkes, of Esher—on 3 September 1949, at Christ Church, Esher.

Ronald Thornton Masser (Matric. 1944) to Heather Rust, youngest daughter of Arnold Rust, of Chelsea—on 2 July 1949, at St Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Cheam, Surrey.

George Luen Merrells (B.A. 1937) to Wendy Gledhill—on 25 June 1949, at Wallington, Surrey.

Kenneth Airlie Ogilvy (Matric. E. 1943) to Caroline McCance, daughter of Professor R. A. McCance, of Bartlow, Cambridgeshire—on 17 September 1949, at St Edward's, Cambridge.

Ronald Walter Radford (B.A. 1937) to Alison Strange, only daughter of L. H. Strange, of Olton, Birmingham—on 10 September 1949, at Olton.

Kenneth John Stewart Ritchie (B.A. 1947) to Wanda Margaret Angela Bowlby, only daughter of Captain C. F. B. Bowlby, R.N.—on 7 July 1949, at St Michael's, Chester Square, S.W. 1.

George Stanley Rushbrooke (B.A. 1936) to Thelma Barbara Cox, only child of Herbert Cox, of Leeds—on 16 July 1949, at Headingley Hill Church, Leeds.

Richard Stainton Edward Sandbach (B.A. 1937) to Brenda Mary Cleminson—on 10 September 1949, at St Margaret's Church, Putney.

John Richard Seale (B.A. 1948) to Elisabeth C. Grillet—on 22 October 1949, in Cambridge.

Richard Boddington Serjeant (B.A. 1932) to Priscilla Amy Stogdon, daughter of J. Stogdon, H.C., of Swanage—on 15 October 1949, in London.

Norman Johnson Smith (B.A. 1943) to Joan Elizabeth Kendall, only daughter of B. Kendall, of Harrogate—on 6 August 1949, at St John's Church, Bilton, Harrogate.

Alfred Gimson Stansfeld (B.A. 1938), M.B., to Jean Mary Thoburn, elder daughter of Hugh Thoburn, of Pympne Manor, Benenden, Kent—on 18 June 1949, at St George's Church, Benenden.

Robert Ian Stokes (B.A. 1947) to Hazel Joan Lidstone—on 17 August 1949, at Harrow Congregational Church.

Douglas Ross Telfer (B.A. 1948) to Hedy Lehner, younger daughter of Friedrich J. Lehner, of Vienna—on 23 August 1949, at Aughton Parish Church, Lancashire.

David Healy Tew (Matric. E. 1942) to Norah Kathleen Murphy, only daughter of T. W. Brown, of Albrighton, Wolverhampton—on 3 October 1949, in London.

OBITUARY

CECIL BERTRAM SCOTT ALLOTT (B.A. 1908), science master at Hymers College, Hull, since 1922, died at Hull 23 June 1949, aged 63.

EDWARD ARNOLD ANTHONY (B.A. 1888), Congregational minister, died 19 September 1949 at Banstead, Surrey, aged 81.

JOHN BAIRSTOW (B.A. 1890), for many years secretary of the Yorkshire Union of Golf Clubs, died at Halifax 9 August 1949, aged 80.

WILLIAM EDWARD BANNERMAN (B.A. 1887), late vicar of Levens, Westmorland, died in Ireland 5 October 1949, aged 82.

ROBERT RICHARD BRANFORD (B.A. 1947) died at Brackley 29 August 1949, aged 29.

FRANCIS DOUGLAS CAUTLEY (B.A. 1900), formerly headmaster of Hawtreys Preparatory School, Westgate, died 23 September 1949 at the Lodge, Westgate on Sea, Kent, aged 71.

ARDESHIR RUSTOMJI DALAL, K.C.I.E. (B.A. 1907), formerly of the Indian Civil Service, a director of the Tata Iron and Steel Company, Limited, and a member of the Viceroy's Council for Planning and Development, died in Bombay 8 October 1949, aged 65.

JOHN HERBERT CRANGLE FEGAN (Matric. 1888), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., formerly deputy commissioner of medical services, Ministry of Pensions, died at Leverstock Green, Hertfordshire, 26 July 1949, aged 77.

SAMUEL DAVENPORT FAIRFAX HARWOOD (B.A. 1901), head of the chemical department, South-Eastern Agricultural College, Wye, Kent, died at Wye 3 July 1949, aged 69.

CHARLES HERBERT HEATH (B.A. 1888), master at King Edward's School, Birmingham, from 1898 to 1931, curate of St Augustine, Edgbaston, died at Edgbaston 22 June 1949, aged 84.

MURRAY HORNIBROOK (B.A. 1898) died 9 September 1949 at Etretat, France, aged 76.

GWILYM JAMES (B.A. 1905), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of Llanelly and Aberystwyth died at Aberystwyth 24 June 1949, aged 69.

PHILIP LAKE (B.A. 1887), Reader in Geography in the University of Cambridge from 1919 to 1927, died in Cambridge 12 June 1949, aged 84.

ROBERT KNOX MCELDERRY (B.A. 1894), formerly Fellow, Emeritus Professor of Greek, Queen's University, Belfast, died 10 July 1949, aged 80.

WILLIAM BLAIR MORTON (B.A. 1892), Professor Emeritus of Physics in Queen's University, Belfast, died 12 August 1949, aged 81.

FRANCIS CHARLES NEWBERY (B.A. 1892), honorary canon of St Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, died 24 November 1949, aged 80.

HUGH NIVEN (B.A. 1911), vicar of Christ Church, Penrith, from 1937, died 8 July 1949, aged 61.

EDWIN HALL PASCOE (B.A. 1900), knight, Sc.D., formerly Director of the Geological Survey of India, died in London 5 July 1949, aged 71.

WILLIAM CHARLES BERTRAND PURSER (B.A. 1900), missionary in Burma from 1904 to 1928, and author of a dictionary of the Pwo-Karen dialect, died 25 June 1949 at Bromley College, Kent, aged 71.

ARTHUR ERNEST VIZARD (B.A. 1897) died at Hove 21 June 1949, aged 78.

CHARLES PARRY WAY (B.A. 1892), prebendary of Lichfield, and formerly vicar of Eccleshall, Staffordshire, died 1 December 1949, aged 79.

GEORGE ALFRED YATES (B.A. 1931) died 20 June 1949, aged 39.